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THE WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRD;

CONTAINING

DRYDEN,	KING,
SMYTH,	SPRAT,
DUKE,	HALIFAX.

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THE ENGLISH POETS.

THE POEMS OF JOHN DRYDEN.

ON DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BE gone, you ſlaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the ſcourges, and your maſter know;
Let free, impartial men, from Dryden learn
Myſterious ſecrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing ſenſe,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (Reverend Lee) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Muſt be an angel, but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his impoſing ſeat,
Our ſects a more tyrannic power aſſume,
And would for ſcorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics caſt the pearls of heaven to ſwine:
What then have thinking honeſt men to do,
But chuſe a mean between th' uſurping two?
Nor can th' Aegyptian patriarch blame thy muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat excuſe;
Where'er councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface ſure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read, you'll ſay:
'Tis true: but ſo ſhe will th' Apocrypha;
And ſuch as can believe them, freely may.
But did that God (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures and make man their king,
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt inſects are?
O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs millions muſt be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And ſo do all their followers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning, Indian ſtray,
Shall the great gulph be ſhew'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln angels room will be but ill ſupply'd.
That Chriſt, who at the great deciding day,
(For he declares what he reſolves to ſay)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And ſave the ſheep for actions, not for thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to ſend men to hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.
To what ſtupidity are zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity profuſely ſhown
In damning crowds of ſouls, may damn their own.
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF THE ANCIENT POETS.

BY G. GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

AS flowers tranſplanted from a ſouthern ſky,
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing die;
Miſſing their native ſun, at beſt retain
But a faint odour, and ſurvive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a ſenſeleſs draught.
While we tranſfuſe, the nimble ſpirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit deſire,
Muſt imitate with Roman force and fire,
In elegance of ſtyle and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius, and the flame.
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong,
Cœleſtial poet! ſoul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
Thy trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight;

Deck'd in thy verſe, as clad with rays they ſhine,
All glorified, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich ſoil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on every ſhore
For foreign wealth, inſatiate ſtill of more;
To her own wool the ſilks of Aſia joins,
And to her plenteous harveſts India's mines;
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote ſends forth his learned muſe,
The nobleſt ſeeds of foreign wit to chooſe:
Feaſting our ſenſe ſo many various ways,
Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirſt of praiſe?
That, by comparing others, all might ſee
Who moſt excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

BY

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

HOW long, great poet, ſhall thy ſacred lays
Provoke our wonder and tranſcend our praiſe!
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat and quench thy rage?
Not ſo thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chill'd his breaſt, and check'd his riſing thought;
Penſive and ſad, his drooping muſe betrays
The Roman genius in its laſt decays.
Prevailing warmth has ſtill thy mind poſſeſt,
And ſecond youth is kindled in thy breaſt.
Thou mak'ſt the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boaſts of riches not her own:
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majeſty,
And Horace wonders at himſelf in thee.
Thou teacheſt Perſius to inform our iſle
In ſmoother numbers, and a clearer ſtyle:
And Juvenal, inſtructed in thy page,
Edges his ſatire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy caſts a fairer light on all,
And ſtill outſhines the bright original.
Now Ovid boaſts th' advantage of thy ſong,
And tells his ſtory in the Britiſh tongue;
Thy charming verſe and fair tranſlations ſhow
How thy own laurel firſt began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himſelf, ran howling thro' the woods.
O may'ſt thou ſtill the noble tale prolong,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs interrupt thy ſong:
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and diſſolv'd in ſtreams,
Of thoſe rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold;
How ſome in feathers, or a ragged hide
Have liv'd a ſecond life, and different natures try'd.
Then will thy Ovid, thus tranſform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himſelf can tell.

Mag. Coll. Oxon.
June 2, 1693.

FROM
ADDISON'S ACCOUNT
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

BUT ſee where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next! whoſe tuneful muſe affords
The ſweeteſt numbers and the fitteſt words.
Whether in comic ſounds, or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, ſhe moves our ſmiles and tears.
If ſatire or heroic ſtrains ſhe writes,
Her hero pleaſes, and her ſatire bites.
From her no harſh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dreſſes, and ſhe charms in all:
How might we fear our Engliſh poetry,
That long has flouriſh'd, ſhould decay in thee:
Did not the Muſes' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear!
Congreve! whoſe fancy's unexhauſted ſtore
Has given already much, and promiſ'd more.
Congreve ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muſe ſhall in his friend ſurvive.

ON
ALEXANDER'S FEAST:
OR,
THE POWER OF MUSIC.
AN ODE.

FROM MR POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM, l. 378.

HEAR how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow.
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdued by ſound.
The power of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN,
FROM AN ODE OF GRAY.

BEHOLD, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

TO
THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR
OF
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

TAKE it as earneſt of a faith renew'd,
Your theme is vaſt, your verſe divinely good:
Where, though the Nine their beauteous ſtrokes repeat,
And the turn'd lines on golden anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook them at a heat.
So all ſerenely great, ſo juſt refin'd
Like angels love to human ſeed inclin'd,
It ſtarts a giant, and exalts the kind.
'Tis ſpirit ſeen, whoſe fiery atoms roll,
So brightly fierce, each ſyllable 's a ſoul.
'Tis miniature of man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the world would be, but wants the art;
To whom even the fanaticks altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe;
As if a Milton from the dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the ruſt, and the right party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the gloomy ſay;
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis gracious all, and great: puſh on your theme;
Lean your griev'd head on David's diadem.
David, that rebel Iſrael's envy mov'd;
David, by God and all good men belov'd.
The beauties of your Abſalom excel:
Put more the charms of charming Annabel:
Of Annabel, than May's firſt morn more bright,
Chearful as ſummer's noon, and chaſte as winter's night,
Of Annabel, the Muſe's deareſt theme;
Of Annabel, the angel of my dream.
Thus let a broken eloquence attend,
And to your maſter-piece theſe ſhadows ſend.

NAT. LEE.

TO
THE CONCEALED AUTHOR
OF
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

HAIL, heaven-born Muſe! hail, every ſacred page!
The glory of our iſle and of our age.
Th' inſpiring ſun to Albion draws more nigh,
The north at length teems with a work, to vie
With Homer's flame and Virgil's majeſty.
While Pindus' lofty heighth our poet fought,
(His raviſh'd mind with vaſt ideas fraught)
Our language fail'd beneath his riſing thought.
This checks not his attempt; for Maro's mines
He drains of all their gold, t' adorn his lines:
Through each of which the Mantuan genius ſhines.
The rock obey'd the powerful Hebrew guide,
Her flinty breaſt diſſolv'd into a tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn language he prevails,
And makes the Helicon in which he ſails;
The dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And, with his poem, a new ſpeech preſents.
Hail, then, thou matchleſs Bard, thou great unknown,
That give your country fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain; for every where your praiſe you find,
And, not to meet it, you muſt ſhun mankind.
Your loyal theme each loyal reader draws,
And ev'n the factious give your verſe applauſe,
Whoſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their idol cauſe:
The cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a flood
Of civil gore, nor ſpar'd the royal blood;
The cauſe, whoſe growth to cruſh, our prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our heroes fought;
Yet by one ſtab of your keen ſatire dies;
Before your ſacred lines their ſhatter'd Dagon lies.
Oh! if unworthy we appear to know
The fire, to whom this lovely birth we owe:
Deny'd our ready homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankful be by gueſs;
This hope remains: May David's godlike mind
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown author find;
And, having found, ſhower equal favours down
On wit ſo vaſt, as could oblige a crown

N. TATE.

UPON
THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL.

ONCE more our awful poet arms, t' engage
The threatening hydra faction of the age;
Once more prepares his dreadful pen to wield,
And every Muſe attends him to the field.
By art and nature for this taſk deſign'd,
Yet modeſtly the fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the torrent of his verſe to pour,
Nor loos'd his ſatire till the needful hour.
His ſovereign's right, by patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his avenging genius to his aid.
Bleſt Muſe, whoſe wit with ſuch a cauſe was crown'd,
And bleſt the cauſe that ſuch a champion found!
With choſen verſe upon the foe he falls,
And black ſedition in each quarter galls;
Yet, like a prince with ſubjects forc'd t' engage,
Secure of conqueſt he rebates his rage;
His fury not without diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal bolts, but on devoted heads;
To leſs-infected members gentle ſound,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours balm into the wound.

Such generous grace, th' ungrateful tribe abuſe,
And treſpaſs on the mercy of his Muſe:
Their wretched doggrel rhymers forth they bring,
To ſnarl and bark againſt the poets' king;
A crew, that ſcandalize the nation more,
Than all their treaſon-canting prieſts before.
On theſe he ſcarce vouchſafes a ſcornful ſmile,
But on their powerful patrons turns his ſtyle:
A ſtyle ſo keen, as ev'n from faction draws
The vital poiſon, ſtabs to th' heart their cauſe.
Take then, great Bard, what tribute we can raiſe;
Accept our thanks, for you tranſcend our praiſe.

N. TATE.

TO THE
UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THE MEDAL;
AND OF
ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praiſe,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raiſe:
They knew not the lov'd deity; they knew
Divine effects a cauſe divine did ſhew;
Nor can we doubt when ſuch theſe numbers are,
Such is their cauſe, though the worſt Muſe ſhall dare
Their ſacred worth in humble verſe declare.
As gentle Thames, charm'd with thy tuneful ſong,
Glides in a peaceful majeſty along;
No rebel ſtone, no lofty bank, does brave
The eaſy paſſage of his ſilent wave:
So, ſacred poet, ſo thy numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy lovers wooe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as planets move,
Yet ſoft as down upon the wings of love.
How ſweet does virtue in your dreſs appear;
How much more charming, when much leſs ſevere!
Whilſt you our ſenſes harmleſsly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy ſtyle;
Y' inſinuate loyalty with kind deceit,
And into ſenſe th' unthinking many cheat.
So the ſweet Thracian with his charming lyre
Into rude nature virtue did inſpire;
So he the ſavage herd to reaſon drew,
Yet ſcarce ſo ſweet, ſo charmingly as you
O that you would, with ſome ſuch powerful charm,
Enervate Albion to juſt valour warm!
Whether much-ſuffering Charles ſhall theme afford,
Or the great deeds of godlike James's ſword.
Again fair Gallia might be ours, again
Another fleet might paſs the ſubject main,
Another Edward lead the Britons on,
Or ſuch an Offory as you did moan;
While in ſuch numbers you, in ſuch a ſtrain,
Inflame their courage and reward their pain.
Let falſe Achitophel the rout engage,
Talk eaſy Abſalom to rebel rage;
Let frugal Shimei curſe in holy zeal,
Or modeſt Corah more new plots reveal;
Whilſt conſtant to himſelf, ſecure of fate,
Good David ſtill maintains the royal ſtate.
Though each in vain ſuch various ills employs,
Firmly he ſtands, and ev'n thoſe ills enjoys;
Firm, as fair Albion, midſt the raging main,
Surveys incircling danger with diſdain.
In vain the waves aſſault the unmov'd ſhore,
In vain the winds with mingled fury roar,
Fair Albion's beauteous cliffs ſhine whiter than before.
Nor ſhalt thou move, though hell thy fall conſpire,
Though the worſe rage of zeal's fanatic fire;
Thou beſt, thou greateſt of the Britiſh race,
Thou only fit to fill great Charles's place.
Ah, wretched Britons! ah, too ſtubborn iſle!
Ah, ſtiff-neck'd Iſrael on bleſt Canaan's ſoil!
Are thoſe dear proofs of heaven's indulgence vain,
Reſtoring David and his gentle reign?
Is it in vain thou all the goods doſt know,
Auſpicious ſtars on mortals ſhed below,
While all thy ſtreams with milk, thy lands with honey flow?
No more, fond iſle! no more thyſelf engage
In civil fury, and inteſtine rage:
No rebel zeal thy duteous land moleſt,
But a ſmooth calm ſoothe every peaceful breaſt,
While in ſuch charming notes divinely ſings
The beſt of poets, of the beſt of kings.

J. ADAMS.

To Mr. DRYDEN,
ON HIS
RELIGIO LAICI.

THOSE Gods the pious ancients did adore,
They learnt in verſe devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to uſe the common way
Of talk, when they did to ſuch beings pray.
Nay, they that taught religion firſt, thought fit
In verſe its ſacred precepts to tranſmit:
So Solon too did his firſt ſtatutes draw,
And every little ſtanza was a law.
By theſe few precedents we plainly ſee
The primitive deſign of poetry;
Which, by reſtoring to its native uſe,
You generouſly have reſcued from abuſe.
Whilſt your lov'd Muſe does in ſweet numbers ſing,
She vindicates her God, and godlike king.
Atheiſt, and rebel too, ſhe does oppoſe
(God and the king have always the ſame foes).
Legions of verſe you raiſe in their defence,
And write the faſ'ous to obedience;
You the bold Arian to Arms defy,
A conquering champion for the Deity
Againſt the Whigs firſt parents, who did dare
To diſinherit God-Almighty's heir.
And what the hot-brain'd Arian firſt began,
Is carried on by the Socinian,
Who ſtill aſſociates to keep God a man.
But 'tis the prince of poets' taſk alone
T' aſſert the rights of God's and Charles's throne.
Whilſt vulgar poets purchaſe vulgar fame
By chaunting Chloris' or fair Phyllis' name;
Whoſe reputation ſhall laſt as long,
As ſops and ladies ſing the amorous ſong.
A nobler ſubject wiſely they refuſe,
The mighty weight would cruſh their feeble Muſe.

So, ſtory tells, a painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a deity:
And he, by frequent practiſing that part,
Could draw a minor-god with wondrous art:
But when great Jove did to the workman ſit,
The thunderer ſuch horror did beget,
That put the frighted artiſt to a ſtand,
And made his pencil drop from 's baffled hand.

TO MR. DRYDEN, UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE THIRD BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

A PINDARICK ODE.

By Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

WHILE mounting with exoanded wings
The Mantuan ſwan unbounded heaven explores,
While with ſeraphic ſounds he towering ſings,
Till to divinity he ſoars:
Mankind ſtands wondering at his flight,
Charm'd with his muſic, and his height:
Which both tranſcend our praiſe.
Nay Gods incline their raviſh'd ears,
And tune their own harmonious ſpheres,
To his melodious lays.
Thou, Dryden, canſt his notes recite
In modern numbers, which expreſs
Their muſic, and their utmoſt might:
Thou, wondrous poet, with ſucceſs
Canſt emulate his flight.

II.

Sometimes of humble rural things,
Thy Muſe, which keeps great Maro ſtill in ſight,
In middle air with varied numbers ſings;
And ſometimes her ſonorous flight
To heaven ſublimely wings.
But firſt takes time with majeſty to riſe,
Then, without pride, divinely great,
She mounts her native ſkies;
And, Goddeſs like, retains her ſtate
When down again ſhe flies.
Commands, which judgment gives, ſhe ſtill obeys,
Both to depreſs her flight, and raiſe.
Thus Mercury from heaven deſcends,
And to this under world his journey bends,
When Jove his dread commands has given:
But ſtill, deſcending, dignity maintains,
As much a God upon our humble plains,
As when he, towering, reaſcends to heaven.

III.

But when thy Goddeſs takes her flight,
With ſo much majeſty to ſuch a height,
As can alone ſuffice to prove,
That ſhe deſcends from mighty Jove:
Gods! how thy thoughts then riſe, and ſoar, and ſhine!
Immortal ſpirit animates each line;
Each with bright flame that fires our ſouls is crown'd,
Each has magnificence of ſound,
And harmony divine.
Thus the firſt orbs, in their high rounds,
With ſhining pomp advance;
And to their own coeleſtial ſounds
Majeſtically dance,
On, with eternal ſymphony, they roll,
Each turn'd in its harmonious courſe
And each inform'd by the prodigious force
Of an empyreal ſoul.

*** See a Poem by DUKE, in this work

DRYDEN'S ORIGINAL POEMS.

UPON

THE DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

MUST noble Haſtings immaturely die,
The honour of his ancient family,
Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding ſheet?
Muſt virtue prove death's harbinger? muſt ſhe,
With him expiring, feel mortality?
Is death, ſin's wages, grace's now? ſhall art
Make us more learned, only to depart?
If merit be diſeaſe; if virtue death;
To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
Himſelf to diſcipline? who'd not eſteem
Labour a crime? ſtudy ſelf-murther deem?
Our noble youth now have pretence to be
Dunces ſecurely, ignorant healthfully.
Rare linguiſt, whoſe worth ſpeaks itſelf, whoſe praiſe,
Though not his own, all tongues beſides do raiſe:
Than whom great Alexander may ſeem leſs;
Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
In his mouth nations ſpake; his tongue might be
Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy.
His native ſoil was the four parts o' th' earth;
All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
A young apoſtle; and with reverence may
I ſpeak it, inſpir'd with gift of tongues, as they.
Nature gave him a child, what men in vain
Oft ſtrive, by art, though further'd, to obtain.
His body was an orb, his ſublime ſoul
Did move on virtue's, and on learning's pole:

Whose regular motions better to our view,
Than Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did shew.
Graces and virtues, languages, and arts,
Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
Scatter'd in others; all as in their sphere,
Were fix'd conglobate in his soul; and thence
Shone through his body, with sweet influence;
Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
The whole frame render'd was celestial.
Come, learn'd Ptolemy, and trial make,
If thou this hero's altitude canst take:
But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus astronomical.
Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone
More bright i' th' morn, than others beam at noon,
He'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here
What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.
Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,
Where was room left for such a soul disease?
The nation's sin hath drawn that veil which shrouds
Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds,
Heaven would no longer trust its pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.
Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
So many spots, like naeves on Venus' soil,
One jewel set off with so many a foil;
Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh did sprout
Like rose-buds, stuck i' th' lily skin about.
Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit:
Which rebel-like, with its own lord at strife;
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The cab'net of a richer soul within?
No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whose corps might seem a constellation.
O! had he dy'd of old, how great a strife
Had been, who from his death should draw their life?
Who should, by one rich draught, become whate'er
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were?
Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An universal metempsychosis.
Must all these aged fires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame
Had swoln 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
But hasty winter, with one blast, hath brought
The hopes of autumn, summer, spring, to nought.
Thus fades the oak i' th' sprig, i' th' blade the corn;
Thus without young, this Phœnix dies, new-born.
Must then old three-leg'd grey-beards with their gout,
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three long ages out?
Time's offals, only fit for th' hospital!
Or to hang antiquaries rooms withal!
Must drunkards, lechers spent with sinning, live
With such helps as broths, possets, physic give?
None live, but such as should die? shall we meet
With none but ghostly fathers in the street?
Grief makes me rail; sorrow will force its way;
And showers of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
The tongue may fail; but overflowing eyes
Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
Now thy beloved, heaven-ravished spouse is gone,
Whose skilful fire in vain strove to apply
Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
With greater than Platonic love, O wed
His soul, though not his body, to thy bed:
Let that make thee a mother; bring thou forth
Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth;
Transcribe th' original in new copies; give
Hastings o' th' better part; so shall he live
In's nobler half; and the great grandsire be
Of an heroic divine progeny:
An issue, which t' eternity shall last,
Yet but th' irradiations which he cast.
Erect no mausoleums: for his best
Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

HEROIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

I.

AND now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;
Since heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own:

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise;
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly circular;
For in a round what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,
With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortune, that eaſy miſtreſs to the young,
But to her ancient ſervants, coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd amongſt,
When ſhe her beſt-lov'd Pompey did diſcard.

IX.

He private mark'd the faults of others' ſway,
And ſet as ſea-marks for himſelf to ſhun:
Not like raſh monarchs, who their youth betray
By acts their age too late would wiſh undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his deſign;
We owe that bleſſing, not to him, but heaven,
Which to fair acts unſought rewards did join;
Rewards, that leſs to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like ſticklers of the war,
Firſt fought t' inflame the parties, then to poiſe:
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cauſe abhor;
And did not ſtrike to hurt, but make a noiſe.

XII.

War, our conſumption, was their gainful trade:
We inward bled, whilſt they prolong'd our pain;
He fought to end our fighting, and eſſay'd
To ſtaunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and reſiſtleſs through the land he paſt,
Like that bold Greek who did the Eaſt ſubdue,
And made to battles ſuch heroic haſte,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought ſecure of fortune as of fame:
Still by new maps the iſland might be ſhewn,
Of conqueſts, which he ſtrew'd where'er he came,
Thick as the galaxy with ſtars is ſown.

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not ſtand,
Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:
Heaven in his portrait ſhew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a ſhade.

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had baniſh'd, and did now reſtore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To ſeat themſelves more ſurely than before.

XVII.

Her ſafety reſcu'd Ireland to him owes;
And treacherous Scotland, to no intereſt true,
Yet bleſt that fate which did his arms diſpoſe
Her land to civilize, as to ſubdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like thoſe ſtars which only ſhine,
When to pale mariners they ſtorms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majeſty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all ſouls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where ſovereign gold doth grow.

XX.

When paſt all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield;
Succeſsful councils did him ſoon approve
As fit for cloſe intrigues, as open field.

To ſuppliant Holland he vouchſaf'd a peace,
Our once bold rival of the Britiſh main,
Now tamely glad her unjuſt claim to ceaſe,
And buy our friendſhip with her ideal, gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' aſſerted ſea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that ſide muſt conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely, as for empire, ſtrove.

XXIII.

No ſooner was the Frenchman's cauſe embrac'd,
Than the light Monſieur the grave Don out-weigh'd:
His fortune turn'd the ſcale where'er 'twas caſt;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When abſent, yet we conquer'd in his right:
For though ſome meaner artiſt's ſkill were ſhown
In mingling colours, or in placing light;
Yet ſtill the fair deſignment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could ſervice draw;
The worth of each with its alloy, he knew,
And, as the confident of nature, ſaw
How the complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their ſingle virtues did ſurvey,
By intuition in his own large breaſt,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
That were the rule and meaſure to the reſt.

XXVII.

When ſuch heroic virtue heaven ſets out,
The ſtars, like commons, ſullenly obey;
Becauſe it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a tax they feldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high ſpring our foreign conqueſts flow,
Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
If ſprings as high as mountains may aſcend.

XXIX.

He made us free-men of the continent,
Whom nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the Engliſh lion ſent,
And taught him firſt in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unqueſtion'd pirate of the land,
Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk heard;
And trembling wiſh'd behind more Alps to ſtand,
Although an Alexander were her guard.

XXXI.

By his command we boldly croſs'd the line,
And bravely fought where ſouthern ſtars ariſe;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

XXXII.

Such was our prince; yet own'd a ſoul above
The higheſt acts it could produce to ſhow:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
Whilſt the deep ſecrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went leſs,
But when freſh laurels courted him to live:
He ſeem'd but to prevent ſome new ſucceſs,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His lateſt victories ſtill thickeſt came,
As, near the center, motion doth increaſe;
Till he, preſs'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the veſtal, under ſpoils deceaſe.

XXXV.

But firſt the ocean as a tribute ſent
The giant prince of all her watery herd;
And th' iſle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obſequies loud ſighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No civil broils have ſince his death aroſe,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that reſpect for his repoſe,
As winds for halcyons when they breed at ſea.

XXXVII.

His aſhes in a peaceful urn ſhall reſt,
His name a great example ſtands, to ſhow
How ſtrangely high endeavours may be bleſt,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II, 1660.

"Jam redit & virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna."
VIRG.

The laſt great age foretold by ſacred rhimes
Renews it's finiſh'd courſe: Saturnian times
Roll round again.

NOW with a general peace the world was bleſt,
While our's, a world divided from the reſt,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worſer far
Than arms, a ſullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring ſkies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid ſtillneſs firſt invades the ear,
And in that ſilence we the tempeſt fear.
Th' ambitious Swede, like reſtleſs billows toſt,
On this hand gaining what on that he loſt,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his row guideleſs kingdom peace bequeath'd.
And heaven, that ſeem'd regardleſs of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compoſe in peace
As nature bred, and intereſt did increaſe.
We ſigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Muſt grow a lily to the lily's ſide,
While our croſs ſtars deny'd us Charles's bed,
Whom our firſt flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long abſence church and ſtate did groan;
Madneſs the pulpit, faction ſeiz'd the throne:
Experienc'd age in deep deſpair was loſt,
To ſee the rebel thrive, the loyal croſt:
Youth that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envy'd grey hairs that once good days had ſeen:
We thought our fires, not with their own content,
Had ere we came to age our portion ſpent.

Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt:
For when by their deſigning leaders taught
To ſtrike at power which for themſelves they ſought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd;
Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
The ſacred purple then and ſcarlet gown,
Like ſanguine dye, to elephants was ſhewn.
Thus when the bold Typhœus ſcal'd the ſky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
(What king, what crown, from treaſon's reach is free,
If Jove and heaven can violated be?)
The leſſer gods, that ſhar'd his proſperous ſtate,
All ſuffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now ſuch freedom did enjoy,
As winds at ſea, that uſe it to deſtroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawleſs ſavage liberty,
Like that our painted anceſtors ſo priz'd,
Ere empire's arts their breaſts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
Was forc'd to ſuffer for himſelf and us!
He, toſs'd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,
Heir to his father's ſorrows, with his crown,
Could taſte no ſweets of youth's defir'd age;
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn eſtate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breaſt,
Which by his virtue were with laurels dreſt.
As ſouls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his baniſhment.
That ſun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the ſkies.
How eaſy 'tis, when deſtiny proves kind,
With full-ſpread ſails to run before the wind!
But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too.
He would not, like ſoft Otho, hope prevent,
But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd fortune to repent.
Theſe virtues Galba in a ſtranger ſought,
And Piſo to adopted empire brought.
How ſhall I then my doubtful thoughts expreſs,
That muſt his ſufferings both regret and bleſs?
For when his early valour Heaven had croſt;
And all at Worc'ſter but the honour loſt;
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries where he came his own;
And, viewing monarchs' ſecret arts of ſway,
A royal factor for his kingdom lay,
Thus baniſh'd David ſpent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And when reſtor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
Thoſe choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions ſhown
To conquer other realms, but rule his own:
Recovering hardly what he loſt before,
His right endears it much; his purchaſe more.
Inur'd to ſuffer ere he came to reign,
No raſh procedure will his actions ſtain:
To buſineſs ripen'd by digeſtive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they, who firſt proportion underſtand,
With eaſy practice reach a maſter's hand.
Well might the ancient poets then conſer
On night the honour'd name of Counſellor,
Since, ſtruck with rays of proſperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.

In such adversities to sceptered train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd:
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast powers,
As holy and as catholic as ours:
'Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.
Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epocha mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
'Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles's too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost like Adam wise.
Tremble, ye nations, which secure before,
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we bore;
Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.
With alga who the sacred altar strews?
To all the sea gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main:
For those loud storms that did against him roar,
Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
Yet as wise artists mix their colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go;
Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd sight:
So on us stole our blessed change; while we
Th' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,
Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
But what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of peace would like himself confer
A gift unhop'd, without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care,
That we should know it by repeated prayer;
Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
As heaven itself is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show,
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
Th' attempt was fair; but heaven's prefixed hour
Not come: so, like the watchful traveller
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene,
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With each such fond chimæra we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.

How hard was then his task! at once to be
What in the body naturally we see?
Man's architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense;
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he stook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude:
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossest:
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind heaven would wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.
And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.
Th' incensed powers beheld with scorn from high
And heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.
'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it fit,
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fougue* must spend at lesser rate,
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss:
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True, sorrow'd Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails deny'd.
The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,
The merry seamen's rude but chearful shout;
And last the cannons voice that shook the skies,
And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.

The Naſeby, now no longer England's ſhame,
But better to be loſt in Charles's name,
(Like ſome unequal bride in nobler ſheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himſelf alone a freight;
The Swift-ſure groans beneath great Gloſter's weight:
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with theſe,
He that was born to drown might croſs the ſeas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a ſtake.
The ſame indulgence Charles's voyage bleſs'd,
Which in his right had miracles confeſs'd.
The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their ſtrengthen'd lungs, or conſcious of their charge,
The Britiſh Amphytrite, ſmooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning prince to entertain
With the ſubmittted faſces of the main.
AND welcome now, great monarch, to your own;
Behold th' approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and ſorrow bears.
But you, whoſe goodneſs your deſcent doth ſhew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that ſame mildneſs, which your father's crown
Before did raviſh, ſhall ſecure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge leſs ſweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moſes give
A ſight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-ſuffering, goodneſs, mercy, in his name.
Your power to juſtice doth ſubmit your cauſe,
Your goodneſs only is above the laws;
Whoſe rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is ſofter made. So winds that tempeſts brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, loſe their ſpite.
And as thoſe lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated ſoul of generous wine:
So tears of joy, for your returning, ſpilt;
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I ſee thoſe crouds on Dover's ſtrand,
Who, in their haſte to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their ſtill-growing ſtore,
And made a wilder torrent on the ſhore:
While, ſpurr'd with eager thoughts of paſt delight,
Thoſe, who had ſeen you, court a ſecond ſight;
Preventing ſtill your ſteps, and making haſte
To meet you often whereſoe'er you paſt.
How ſhall I ſpeak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May!
(A month that owns an intereſt in your name:
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That ſtar, that at your birth ſhone out ſo bright,
It ſtain'd the duller ſun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worſhip you.
And now Time's whiter ſeries is begun,
Which in ſoft centuries ſhall ſmoothly run:
Thoſe clouds, that overcaſt your morn, ſhall fly,
Diſpell'd to fartheſt corners of the ſky.
Our nation with united intereſt bleſt,
Not now content to poize, ſhall ſway the reſt.
Abroad your empire ſhall no limits know,
But, like the ſea, in boundleſs circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet ſhall, with a wide command,
Beſiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring ſwallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all ſeas ſhall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants ſhall no more adventurers be:
Nor in the fartheſt Eaſt thoſe danger fear,
Which humble Holland muſt diſſemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not he beſtows;
And France, that did an exile's preſence fear,
May juſtly apprehend you ſtill too near.
At home the hateful names of parties ceaſe,
And factious ſouls are wearied into peace.
The diſcontented now are only they,
Whoſe crimes before did your juſt cauſe betray:
Of thoſe your edicts ſome reclaim from ſin,
But moſt your life and bleſt example win.
Oh happy prince, whom heaven hath taught the way
By paying vows to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! Oh times like thoſe alone,
By fate reſerv'd for great Auguſtus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreſhew
The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

IN that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When life and ſin one common tomb had found,
The firſt ſmall proſpect of a riſing hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it falſe and ſlippery ground;
And the more ſolemn pomp was ſtill deferr'd,
Till new-born nature in freſh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal ſir, to ſee you landed here,
Was cauſe enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care thoſe glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be ſecure and great:
Till your kind beams, by their continued ſtay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then ſooneſt vaniſh when they higheſt riſe.
Had greater haſte theſe ſacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs ſhar'd:
But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be ſhown.
We had not yet exhauſted all our ſtore,
When you refreſh'd our joys by adding more:
As heaven, of old, diſpens'd celeſtial dew,
You gave us manna, and ſtill give us new.
Now our ſad ruins are remov'd from ſight,
The ſeaſon too comes fraught with new delight:
Time ſeems not now beneath his years to ſtoop,
Nor do his wings with ſickly feathers droop:

Soft weſtern winds waſt o'er the gaudy ſpring,
And open'd ſcenes of flowers and bloſſoms bring,
To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
Of your own pomp yourſelf the greateſt part:
Loud ſhouts the nation's happineſs proclaim,
And heaven this day is feaſted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair ſpectators view,
From their high ſtandings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each fingles out a prey,
And longs to date a conqueſt from your day.
Now charg'd with bleſſings while you ſeek repoſe,
Officious ſlumbers haſte your eyes to cloſe;
And glorious dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you ſaw before.
Next to the ſacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more ſacred head:
How juſtly from the church that crown is due,
Preſerv'd from ruin, and reſtor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more ſolemn joy.
Wrapt ſoft and warm your name is ſent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incenſe fly:
Muſick herſelf is loſt, in vain ſhe tries
Her choiceſt notes to praiſe the beſt of kings:
Her melting ſtrains in you a tomb have found,
And lie like bees in their own ſweetneſs drown'd.
He that brought peace, all diſcord could atone,
His name is muſic of itſelf alone.
Now while the ſacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant ſcents, begun from you, are ſpread
Through the large dome; the people's joyful ſound,
Sent back, is ſtill preſerv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which in one bleſſing mix'd deſcends on you;
As heighten'd ſpirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wiſhes do increaſe your ſtore,
Full of yourſelf you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expreſſing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know thoſe bleſſings which we muſt poſſeſs,
And judge of future by paſt happineſs.
No promiſe can oblige a prince ſo much
Still to be good, as long to have been ſuch.
A noble emulation beats your breaſt,
And your own fame now robs you of your reſt.
Good actions ſtill muſt be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nouriſh'd with reſembling food.
You have already quench'd ſedition's brand;
And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous ſects, that dare not truſt their cauſe
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their ſynod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæſar make.
Kind heaven ſo rare a temper did provide,
That guilt repenting mix'd in it confide.
Among our crimes oblivion may be ſet:
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.
Virtues unknown to theſe rough northern climes
From milder heavens you bring without their crimes.
Your calmneſs does no after-ſtorms provide,
Nor ſeeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire firſt from families did ſpring,
Then every father govern'd as a king:
But you, that are a ſovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal ſway.
From thoſe great cares when eaſe your ſoul unbends,
Your pleaſures are deſign'd to noble ends?
Born to command the miſtreſs of the ſeas,
Your thoughts themſelves in that blue empire pleaſe.
Hither in ſummer evenings you repair
To taſte the *fraicheur* of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
With Cæſar's heart that roſe above the waves.
More I could ſing, but fear my numbers ſtays;
No loyal ſubject dares that courage praiſe.
In ſtately frigates moſt delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
When ev'n your pleaſures ſerve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fiſhes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters ſleep;
When, tir'd at ſea, within this bay they creep.
Here the miſtruſtful fowl no harm ſuſpects,
So ſafe are all things which our king protects.
From your lov'd Thames a bleſſing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whoſe chaſte womb ordain'd by fate,
The ſouls of kings unborn for bodies wait.
It was your love before made diſcord ceaſe:
Your love is deſtin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty king preſents rich ore,
While that with incenſe does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you chooſe,
This muſt receive a crown, or that muſt loſe.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are anſwers fought, and deſtinies foretold:
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the ſacred boughs.
Your ſubjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suſpend to both their doubtful love or hate:
Chuſe only, ſir, that ſo they may poſſeſs
With their own peace their children's happineſs.

TO THE

LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crouds officiouſly appear,
To give themſelves, not you, an happy year;
And by the greatneſs of their preſents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love;
The Muſes, who your early courtſhip boaſt,
Though now your flames are with their beauty loſt,
Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
They were your miſtreſſes, the world may not:
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love;
And now preſent, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.

For ſtill they look on you with ſuch kind eyes,
As thoſe that ſee the church's ſovereign riſe;
From their own order choſe, in whoſe high ſtate,
They think themſelves the ſecond choice of fate.
When our great monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion ſuffer'd baniſhment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrap'd in fire and ſmoke,
The helpleſs gods their burning ſhrines forſook;
They with their vanquiſh'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
At length the Muſes ſtand, reſtor'd again
To that great charge which nature did ordain;
And their lov'd Druids ſeem'd reviv'd by fate,
While you diſpenſe the laws, and guide the ſtate.
The nation's ſoul, our monarch, does diſpenſe,
Through you, to us, his vital influence;
You are the channel, where thoſe ſpirits flow,
And work them higher, as to us they go.
In open proſpect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth ſeems join'd unto the ſky:
So in this hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heaven can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, though your orbs of different greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each other's uſe diſpos'd,
His to incloſe, and yours to be inclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptineſs had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And ſhare his burden where he ſhares his heart.
In you his ſleep ſtill wakes; his pleaſures find
Their ſhare of buſineſs in your laboring mind.
So when the weary ſun his place reſigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection ſhines.
Juſtice, that ſits and frowns where public laws
Exclude ſoft mercy from a private cauſe,
In your tribunal moſt herſelf does pleaſe;
There only ſmiles becauſe ſhe lives at eaſe;
And, like young David, finds her ſtrength the more,
When diſincumber'd from thoſe arms ſhe wore.
Heaven would our royal maſter ſhould exceed
Moſt in that virtue, which we moſt did need;
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with power was join'd)
His fatal goodneſs left to fitter times,
Not to increaſe, but to abſolve, our crimes:
But when the heir of this vaſt treaſure knew
How large a legacy was left to you
(Too great for any ſubject to retain),
He wiſely ty'd it to the crown again:
Yet, paſſing through your hands, it gathers more,
As ſtreams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore
While empiric politicians uſe deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat;
You boldly ſhew the ſkill which they pretend,
And work by means as noble as your end:
Which ſhould you veil, we might unwind the clue,
As men do nature, till we came to you.
And as the Indies were not found, before
Thoſe rich perfumes, which, from the happy ſhore,
The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whoſe guilty ſweetneſs firſt their world betray'd;
So by your counſels we are brought to view
A rich and undiſcover'd world in you.

By you our monarch does that fame aſſure,
Which kings muſt have, or cannot live ſecure:
For proſperous princes gain their ſubjects heart,
Who love that praiſe in which themſelves have part.
By you he fits thoſe ſubjects to obey,
As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
His power unſeen, and man to his deſigns,
By his bright miniſters the ſtars, inclines.
Our ſetting ſun, from his declining ſeat,
Shot beams of kindneſs on you, not of heat:
And, when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true,
Made you the favourite of his laſt ſad times,
That is a ſufferer in his ſubjects crimes:
Thus thoſe firſt favours you receiv'd, were ſent,
Like heaven's rewards in earthly puniſhment.
Yet fortune, conſcious of your deſtiny,
Ev'n then took care to lay you ſoftly by;
And wrap'd your fate among her precious things,
Kept freſh to be unfolded with your king's.
Shewn all at once you dazzled ſo our eyes,
As new-born Pallas did the gods ſurprize:
When, ſpringing forth from Jove's new-cloſing wound,
She ſtruck the warlike ſpear into the ground;
Which ſprouting leaves did ſuddenly incloſe,
And peaceful olives ſhaded as they roſe.
How ſtrangely active are the arts of peace,
Whoſe reſtleſs motions leſs than wars do ceaſe!
Peace is not freed from labour but from noiſe;
And war more force, but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty ſwiftneſs of your mind,
That, like the earth, it leaves our ſenſe behind,
While you ſo ſmoothly turn and rowl our ſphere,
That rapid motion does but reſt appear.
For, as in nature's ſwiftneſs, with the throng
Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the ſoul of the ſame harmony,
So, carried on by your unwearied care,
We reſt in peace, and yet in motion ſhare.
Let envy then thoſe crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
Envy, that does with miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
I think it not hard, if at ſo cheap a rate
You can ſecure the conſtancy of fate,
Whoſe kindneſs ſent what does their malice ſeem,
By leſſer ills the greater to redeem.
Nor can we this weak ſhower a tempeſt call,
But drops of heat, that in the ſun-ſhine fall
You have already wearied fortune ſo,
She cannot farther be your friend or foe;
But ſits all breathleſs, and admires to feel
A fate ſo weighty, that it ſtops her wheel.
In all things elſe above our humble fate,
Your equal mind yet ſwells not into ſtate,
But, like ſome mountain in thoſe happy iſles,
Where in perpetual ſpring young nature ſmiles,
Your greatneſs ſhews: no horror to affright,
But trees for ſhade, and flowers to court the ſight:
Sometimes the hill ſubmits itſelf a while
In ſmall deſcents, which do its height beguile;
And ſometimes mounts, but ſo as billows play,
Whoſe riſe not hinders, but makes ſhort our way.
Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
Sees rowling tempeſts vainly beat below;

And, like Olympus' top, th' impreſſion wears
Of love and friendſhip writ in former years.
Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but ſeems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And meaſure change, but ſhare no part of it.
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this new year, whoſe motions never ceaſe.
For ſince the glorious courſe you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the ſun,
It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the centre of it is above.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662.

As needy gallants, in the ſcrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mort-gag'd lands;
The firſt fat buck of all the ſeaſon's ſent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of ſome Engliſhmen is ſuch,
To fawn on thoſe who ruin them, the Dutch.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a war
With thoſe, who of the ſame religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you.
Some are reſolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries foe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame religion anſwers all.
Religion wheedled us to civil war,
Drew Engliſh blood, and Dutchmen's now would ſpare.
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Intereſt's the god they worſhip in their ſtate,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But ſtates are atheiſts in their very frame.
They ſhare a ſin; and ſuch proportions fall,
That, like a ſtink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falſhood, cruelty,
And that what once they were, they ſtill would be.
To one well-born th' affront is worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their miſchiefs do;
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient nation;
For they were bred ere manners were in faſhion:
And their new commonwealth has ſet them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lubber ſtate mankind beſtride.
Their ſway became them with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches ſwell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato, fruits of Afric did diſplay;
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal Engliſh will like him conclude;
Let Cæſar live, and Carthage be ſubdued.

To her Royal Highneſs the DUTCHESS of YORK, on the memorable Victory gained by the DUKE over the HOLLANDERS, June the 3d, 1665, and on her Journey afterwards into the North.

MADAM,

When, for our ſakes, your hero you reſign'd
To ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and ſet free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your breaſt
(The manſion where ſoft love ſhould only reſt):
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The nobleſt conqueſt you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your ſouls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much eaſier to ſubdue
Thoſe foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two ſuch navies ſaw,
As each unmatch'd, might to the world give law.
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he ſhould obey,
Held to them both the trident of the ſea:
The winds were huſh'd, the waves in ranks were caſt,
As awfully as when God's people paſt:
Thoſe, yet uncertain on whoſe ſails to blow,
Theſe, where the wealth of nations ought to flow
Then with the duke your highneſs rul'd the day:
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaſte vows! the wind and tide
You brib'd to combat on the Engliſh ſide.
Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
An unknown ſuccour, ſent the neareſt way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
(So Moſes was upheld while Iſrael fought)
While, from afar we heard the cannon play,
Like diſtant thunder on a ſhiny day.
For abſent friends we were aſham'd to fear,
When we conſider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, men, and arms, our country might reſtore;
But ſuch a leader could ſupply no more.
With generous thoughts of conqueſt he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquiſh than return.
Fortune and victory he did purſue,
To bring them as his ſlaves to wait on you.
Thus beauty raviſh'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to ſpread another way
By land your conqueſts, far as his by ſea,
Leaving our ſouthern clime, you march'd along
The ſtubborn North, ten thouſand Cupids ſtrong.
Like commons the nobility reſort,
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like ſome new envoy from the diſtant ſun,
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Bleſſing themſelves, and wondering at the ſhow.
So when the new-born Phœnix firſt is ſeen,
Her feather'd ſubjects all adore their queen,
And while ſhe makes her progreſs through the Eaſt,
From every grove her numerous train's increas'd:
Each Poet of the air her glory ſings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

ening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the cloſe of that one ſyllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the ſenſe of all the reſt. But in this neceſſity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verſe more eaſy, though not ſo proper for this occaſion: for there the work is ſooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only ſo, but to bear along in his head the troubleſome ſenſe of four lines together For thoſe, who write correctly in this kind, muſt needs acknowledge, that the laſt line of the ſtanza is to be conſidered in the compoſition of the firſt. Neither can we give ourſelves the liberty of making any part of a verſe for the ſake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current Engliſh, or uſing the variety of female rhymes; all which our fathers practiſed: and for the female rhymes, they are ſtill in uſe amongſt other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiſcuouſly, with the French alternately; as thoſe who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And beſides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verſes of ſix feet; ſuch as amongſt us is the old tranſlation of Homer by Chapman: all which, by lengthning of their chain, makes the ſphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my ſtanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will haſten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only ſay, I have never yet ſeen the deſcription of any naval fight in the proper terms which are uſed at ſea: and if there be any ſuch in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharſalia, yet I could not avail myſelf of it in the Engliſh; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the ſmoke, the diſorder, and the ſlaughter; but all theſe are common notions. And certainly, as thoſe who in a logical diſpute keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; ſo thoſe who do it in any poetical deſcription, would veil their ignorance.

" Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores,
" Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, Poeta ſalutor?".

For my own part I had little knowledge of the ſea, yet I have thought it no ſhame to learn: and if I have made ſome few miſtakes, it is only, as you can bear me witneſs, becauſe I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being firſt written, and now ſent you from a place where I have not ſo much as the converſe of any ſeaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was no more than recompenſed by the pleaſure. I found myſelf ſo warm in celebrating the praiſes of military men, two ſuch eſpecially as the prince and general, that it is no wonder if they inſpired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well ſatisfied, that, as they are incomparably the beſt ſubject I ever had, excepting only the royal family, ſo alſo, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praiſe, and I have exalted them; and made them fruitful; but here—" Omnia ſponte ſua reddit juſtiſſima tel-" lus." I have had a large, a fair, and a pleaſant field; ſo fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harveſts in a ſummer, and in both oppreſſed the reaper. All other greatneſs in ſubjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the teſt of danger; the greatneſs of arms is only real: other greatneſs burdens a nation with its weight; this ſupports it with its ſtrength. And as it is the happineſs of the age, ſo it is the peculiar goodneſs of the beſt of kings, that we may praiſe his ſubjects without offending him. Doubtleſs it proceeds from a juſt confidence of his own virtue, which the luſtre of no other can be ſo great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never ſafely praiſed under a bad or a degenerate prince.

But

But to return from this digreſſion to a farther account of my poem; I muſt crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe thoughts with elocution. The compoſition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to uſe a ſchool-diſtinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble ſpaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it ſprings the quarry it hunted after: or, without metaphor; which ſearches over all the memory for the ſpecies or ideas of thoſe things which it deſigns to repreſent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy reſult of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or hiſtorical poem; I judge it chiefly to conſiſt in the delightful imaging of perſons, actions, paſſions, or things. It is not the jerk or ſting of an epigram, nor the ſeeming contradiction of a poor antitheſis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomaſia; neither is it ſo much the morality of a grave ſentence, affected by Lucan, but more ſparingly uſed by Virgil; but it is ſome lively and apt deſcription, dreſſed in ſuch colours of ſpeech, that it ſets before your eyes the abſent object, as perfectly, and more delightfully than nature. So then the firſt happineſs of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of the thought; the ſecond is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment repreſents it proper to the ſubject; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, ſo found and varied, in apt, ſignificant, and ſounding words: the quickneſs of the imagination is ſeen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expreſſion. For the two firſt of theſe, Ovid is famous amongſt the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary paſſions, or extremely diſcompoſed by one. His words therefore are the leaſt part of his care; for he pictures nature in diſorder, with which the ſtudy and choice of words is inconſiſtent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or diſcourſe, and conſequently of the drama, where all that is ſaid is to be ſuppoſed the effect of ſudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickneſs of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent alluſions, or uſe of tropes, or in fine any thing that ſhews remoteneſs of thought or labour in the writer. On the other ſide, Virgil ſpeaks not ſo often to us in the perſon of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almoſt all things as from himſelf, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to expreſs his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confeſs as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he deſcribes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her paſſions, yet he muſt yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althaea, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I muſt acknowledge, that if I ſee not more of their ſouls than I ſee of Dido's, at leaſt I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched thoſe tender ſtrokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or perſons are to be deſcribed, when any ſuch image is to be ſet before us, how bold, how maſterly are the ſtrokes of Virgil! We ſee the objects he preſents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but ſo we ſee them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them ſo beautiful in themſelves. We ſee the ſoul of the poet, like that univerſal one of which he ſpeaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

"—— Totamque infuſa per artus
"Mens agitat molem, & magno ſe corpore miſcet."

We behold him embelliſhing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her ſon Æneas."

" ——— lumenque juventæ
" Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores:
" Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
" Argentum Pariuſve lapis circumdatur auro."

See his Tempeſt, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas: and in his Georgics, which I eſteem the divineſt part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and thoſe many other excellent images of nature, moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he deſcribes them are ſo excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was ſaid by Ovid, " Materiem " ſuperabat opus! the very ſound of his words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject; and while we read him, we ſit, as in a play, beholding the ſcenes of what he repreſents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification; and this is it which Horace means in his epiſtle to the Piſo's:

" Dixeris egregiè, notum ſi callida verbum
" Reddiderit junctura novum——"

But I am ſenſible I have preſumed too far to entertain you with a rude diſcourſe of that art which you both know ſo well, and put into practice with ſo much happineſs. Yet, before I leave Virgil, I muſt own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my maſter in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what ſucceſs, but I am ſure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the reſt are imitations of him. My expreſſions alſo are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in tranſlation. And this, ſir, I have done with that boldneſs, for which I will ſtand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your firſt peruſal of this poem, you have taken notice of ſome words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to ſay refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into Engliſh proſe, ſo I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verſe; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

" Et nova fictaqe nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
" Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta——"

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, ſuppoſing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he uſed this liberty but ſeldom, and with modeſty; how much more juſtly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the ſame pre-requiſites, from the beſt and moſt judicious of Latin writers! In ſome places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not ſeem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tedioufneſs, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such deſcriptions or images well wrought, which I promiſe not for mine, are, as I have ſaid, the adequate delight of heroic poeſy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burleſque, which is contrary to this, by the ſame reaſon beget laughter; for the one ſhews nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other ſhews her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with diſtorted face and antique geſtures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, becauſe it is a deviation from nature. But though the ſame images ſerve equally for the Epic poeſy, and for the hiſtoric and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a ſeveral ſort of ſculpture is to be uſed in them. If ſome of them are to be like thoſe of Juvenal, " Stantes

" in

" in curribus Æmiliani," heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, " Spirantia mollius æra:" there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her Highness the Dutchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did, " humi serpere;" that I wanted not only height of Fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, " Nunc non erat his locus;" I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; " Nec sunt " parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant;" I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candor in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

The most obedient, and most

Faithful of your servants,

From Charleton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

MDCLXVI.

I.

IN thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

II.

Trade, which like blood ſhould circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom loſt:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And ſeem'd but ſhipwreck'd on ſo baſe a coaſt.

III.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat;
In eaſtern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did ſweat,
And in hot Ceilon ſpicy foreſts grew.

IV.

The ſun but ſeem'd the labourer of the year;
Each waxing moon ſupply'd her watery ſtore,
To ſwell thoſe tides which from the line did bear
Their brim-full veſſels to the Belgian ſhore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her ſhips, ſtood Carthage long,
And ſwept the riches of the world from far;
Yet ſtoop'd to Rome, leſs wealthy, but more ſtrong:
And this may prove our ſecond Punic war.

VI.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more ſtrong)
Or if a peace, it ſoon muſt have an end;
For they would grow too powerful were it long.

VII.

Behold two nations then, engag'd ſo far,
That each ſeven years the fit muſt ſhake each land:
Where France will ſide to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vaſt deſigns withſtand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
To render us his timely friendſhip vain:
And while his ſecret ſoul on Flanders preys,
He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

IX.

Such deep deſigns of empire does he lay
O'er them, whoſe cauſe he ſeems to take in hand;
And prudently would make them lords at ſea,
To whom with eaſe he can give laws by land.

X.

This ſaw our king; and long within his breaſt
His penſive counſels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed ſhould be oppreſs'd,
And he leſs for it than uſurpers do.

XI.

His generous mind the fair idea drew
Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

XII.

The loſs and gain each fatally were great;
And ſtill his ſubjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people ſet,
Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

XIII.

He firſt ſurvey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs riſe,
It would in richer ſhowers deſcend again.

XIV.

At length reſolv'd t' aſſert the watery ball,
He in himſelf did whole Armadoes bring:
Him aged ſeamen might their maſter call,
And chuſe for general, were he not their king.

XV.

It ſeems as every ſhip their ſovereign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So hear the ſcaly herd when Proteus blows,
And ſo to paſture follow through the ſea.

XVI.

To ſee this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the ſkies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets riſe.

XVII.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the ſun, or ſeeming ſo alone;
Or each ſome more remote and ſlippery ſtar,
Which loſes footing when to mortals ſhewn.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright companion of the ſun,
Whoſe glorious aſpect ſeal'd our new-born king;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious York did firſt with fam'd ſucceſs,
To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus heaven our monarch's fortune did confeſs,
Beginning conqueſt from his royal race.

XX.

But ſince it was decreed, auſpicious king,
In Britain's right that thou ſhouldſt wed the main,
Heaven, as a gage, would caſt ſome precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawſon ſhould be ſlain.

XXI.

Lawſon among the foremoſt met his fate,
Whom ſea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian ſtate,
He firſt was kill'd who firſt to battle went.

XXII.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride preſum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confeſs'd heaven preſent, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean ſaw.

XXIII.

To neareſt ports their ſhatter'd ſhips repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
When thunder ſpreads the angry gods abroad.

XXIV.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
With all the riches of the riſing ſun:
And precious ſand from ſouthern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

XXV.

Like hunted caſtors, conſcious of their ſtore,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coaſts they bring:
There firſt the North's cold boſom ſpices bore,
And winter brooded on the eaſtern ſpring.

XXVI.

By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, ſtank'd with rocks, did cloſe in covert lie:
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye,

XXVII.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The Engliſh undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ſhips alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Beſiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

XXVIII.

Theſe fight like huſbands, but like lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain enjoy:
And to ſuch height their frantic paſſion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to deſtroy.

XXIX.

Amidſt whole heaps of ſpices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd againſt them fly:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd porcelain fall,
And ſome by aromatic ſplinters die.

XXX.

And though by tempeſts of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the ſeas and wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly loſt we ſo deſerv'd a prey;
For ſtorms repenting part of it reſtor'd;
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic ſea,
The Britiſh ocean ſent her mighty lord.

XXXII.

Go mortals now and vex yourſelves in vain
For wealth, which ſo uncertainly muſt come:
When what was brought ſo far, and with ſuch pain,
Was only kept to loſe it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The ſon, who twice three months on th' ocean toſt,
Prepar'd to tell what he had paſs'd before,
Now ſees in Engliſh ſhips the Holland coaſt,
And parents, arms, in vain, ſtretch'd from the ſhore.

XXXIV.

This careful huſband had been long away,
Whom his chaſte wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

Such are the proud deſigns of human-kind,
And ſo we ſuffer ſhipwreck every where!
Alas, what port can ſuch a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate muſt blindly ſteer!

XXXVI.

The undiſtinguiſh'd ſeeds of good and ill,
Heaven in his boſom from our knowledge hides:
And draws them in contempt of human ſkill,
Which oft for friends miſtaken foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let Munſter's prelate ever be accurſt,
In whom we ſeek the German faith in vain:
Alas, that he ſhould teach the Engliſh firſt,
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never truſt a ſtranger's will,
Whoſe friendſhip 's in his intereſt underſtood!
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

Till now, alone the mighty nations ſtrove;
The reſt, at gaze, without the liſts did ſtand;
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

XL.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t' enjoy;
Whoſe noiſeful valour does no foe invade,
And weak aſſiſtance will his friends deſtroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his ſecret hate to ſhew:
Which Charles does with a mind ſo calm receive,
As one that neither ſeeks nor ſhuns his foe.

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their ſlave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They ſilently confeſs that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the Engliſh from his ſhore;
But Charles the French as ſubjects does invite:
Would heaven for each ſome Solomon reſtore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

XLIV.

Were ſubjects ſo but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbours realms would deſerts make.

XLV.

He without fear a dangerous war purſues,
Which without raſhneſs he began before:
As honour made him firſt the danger chuſe,
So ſtill he makes it good on virtue's ſcore.

XLVI.

The doubled charge his ſubjects love ſupplies,
Who in that bounty to themſelves are kind:
So glad Egyptians ſee their Nilus riſe,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
Two ſuch as each ſeem'd worthieſt when alone;
Each able to ſuſtain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praiſe;
Their duty, faith, and intereſt too the ſame,
Like mighty partners equally they raiſe.

XLIX.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
But once poſſeſs'd did abſolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes ſtrove,
And conquer'd firſt thoſe beauties they would gain.

L.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with diſdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, riſe once more;
And ſhook aloft the faſces of the main,
To fright thoſe ſlaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the watery camp they haſte,
Whom matrons paſſing to their children ſhow:
Infants firſt vows for them to heaven are caſt,
And future people bleſs them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous pomp or Aſian train,
To infect a navy with their gaudy ſcars;
To make ſlow fights, and victories but vain:
But war, ſeverely like itſelf appears.

LIII.

Diffuſive of themſelves, where'er they paſs,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glaſs,
And does its image on their men project.

LIV.

Our fleet divides, and ſtraight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:
The narrow ſeas can ſcarce their navy bear,
Or crowded veſſels can their ſoldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, leſs numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody croſſes on his flag-ſtaffs riſe.

LVI.

Both furl their ſails, and ſtrip them for the fight;
Their folded ſheets diſmiſs the uſeleſs air:
Th' Elean plains could boaſt no nobler fight,
When ſtruggling champions did their bodies bare.

LVII.

Borne each by other in a diſtant line,
The ſea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vaſt the noiſe, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations ſtrove.

LVIII.

Now paſs'd, on either ſide they nimbly tack;
Both ſtrive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more cloſely they come back,
To finiſh all the deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whoſe ſhade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears and ſo defy'd
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

LX.

And as the built, ſo different is the fight;
Their mounting ſhot is on our ſails deſign'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a paſſage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whoſe batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like ſome old oak which tempeſts beat,
He ſtands and ſees below his ſcatter'd leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, ſhelter ſought;
But he who meets all danger with diſdain,
Ev'n in their face his ſhip to anchor brought,
And ſteeple-high ſtood propt upon the main.

LXIII.

At this exceſs of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremoſt of his foes a while withdraw:
With ſuch reſpect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high-chairs the god-like fathers ſaw.

LXIV.

And now as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek;
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings diſplay,
And theirs the nobleſt ſpoils of Britain ſeek.

LXV.

Mean-time his buſy mariners he haſtes,
His ſhatter'd ſails with rigging to reſtore;
And willing pines aſcend his broken maſts,
Whoſe lofty heads riſe higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like ſwans, in long array his veſſels ſhow,
Whoſe creſts advancing do the waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, recharge, and all along the ſea
They drive, and ſquander the huge Belgian fleet.
Berkely alone, who neareſt danger lay
Did a like fate with loſt Creüſa meet.

LXVIII.

The night comes on, we eager to purſue
The combat ſtill, and they aſham'd to leave:
Till the laſt ſtreaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' Engliſh fleet each ſhip reſounds with joy,
And loud applauſe of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they ſtill deſtroy,
And ſlumbering ſmile at the imagin'd flame.

LXX.

Not ſo the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and doſe,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint ſweats all down their mighty members run;
Vaſt bulks which little ſouls but ill ſupply.

LXXI.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
Or, ſhipwreck'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead:
They wake with horror and dare ſleep no more.

LXXII.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
Of ſhips, which by their mould bring new ſupplies,
And in their colours Belgian Lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful general had diſcern'd from far
This mighty ſuccour, which made glad the foe:
He ſigh'd, but like a father of the war,
His face ſpake hope, while deep his ſorrows flow.

LXXIV.

His wounded men he firſt ſends off to ſhore,
Never till now unwilling to obey;
They, not their wounds, but want of ſtrength, deplore,
And think them happy who with him can ſtay.

LXXV.

Then to the reſt, Rejoice, ſaid he, to-day;
In you the fortune of Great-Britain lies:
Among ſo brave a people, you are they
Whom heaven has choſe to fight for ſuch a prize.

LXXVI.

If number Engliſh courages could quell,
We ſhould at firſt have ſhunn'd, not met our foes:
Whoſe numerous ſails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows.

LXXVII.

He ſaid, nor needed more to ſay: with haſte
To their known ſtations chearfully they go;
And all at once diſdaining to be laſt,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encou rag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themſelves, they ſtood:
So thick, our navy ſcarce could ſteer their way,
But ſeem'd to wander in a moving wood.

LXXIX.

Our little fleet was now engag'd ſo far,
That like the ſword-fiſh in the whale they fought:
The combat only ſeem'd a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our paſſage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conqueſts former Kings did gain.

LXXXI.

The mighty ghoſts of our great Harries roſe,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To ſee this fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promis'd them their Charles ſhould riſe.

LXXXII.

Mean-time the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chaſe-guns through our ſterns they ſend:
Cloſe by their fire-ſhips, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in ſmoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:
In theſe the height of pleas'd revenge is ſhewn,
Who burn contented by another's ſide.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes from fighting ſquadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themſelves, or to preſerve ſome friend,
Two grapling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
And Engliſh fires with Belgian flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows leſs;
And, like maim'd ſo wl, ſwim lagging on the main:
Their greater loſs their numbers ſcarce confeſs,
While they loſe cheaper than the Engliſh gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not ſeen when whiſtled from the fiſt,
Some falcon ſtoops at what her eye deſign'd,
And with her eagerneſs the quarry miſs'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

LXXXVII.

The daſtard crow that to the wood made wing,
And ſees the groves no ſhelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
Who ſafe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

LXXXVIII.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and diſdain'd to fly;
Paſt hope of ſafety, 'twas his lateſt care,
Like falling Cæſar, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet pity did his manly ſpirit move,
To ſee thoſe periſh who ſo well had fought:
And generouſly with his deſpair he ſtrove,
Reſolv'd to live till he their ſafety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muſes write his proſperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings reſtor'd:
But mine ſhall ſing of his eclips'd eſtate,
Which, like the ſun's, more wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitleſs force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as ſick men from the noiſe.

XCII.

His fiery cannon did their paſſage guide,
And following ſmoke obſcur'd them from the foe:
Thus Iſrael ſafe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

XCIII.

Elſewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs ſubdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which firſt the Aſian empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold ſin
Was ſunk; as he that touch'd the ark was ſlain:
The wild waves maſter'd him and ſuck'd him in,
And ſmiling eddies dimpled on the main.

XCV.

This ſeen, the reſt at awful diſtance ſtood:
As if they had been there as ſervants ſet
To ſtay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not purſue but wait on his retreat.

XCVI.

So Libyan huntſmen, on ſome ſandy plain,
From ſhady coverts rouz'd, the lion chace:
The kingly beaſt roars out with loud diſdain,
And ſlowly moves unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if ſome one approach to dare his force,
He ſwings his tail, and ſwiftly turns him round;
With one paw ſeizes on his trembling horſe,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidſt theſe toils ſucceeds the balmy night;
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd guns reſtore;
And weary waves withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent ſhore.

XCIX.

The moon ſhone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering ſilver play,
Upon the deck our careful general ſtood,
And deeply mus'd on the ſucceeding day.

C.

That happy ſun, ſaid he, will riſe again,
Who twice victorious did our navy ſee:
And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
Without one ray of all his ſtar for me.

CI.

Yet like an Engliſh general will I die,
And all the ocean make my ſpacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie:
The ſea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

CII.

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnant of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ſhips, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eaſtern ſky.

CIII.

But now his ſtores of ammunition ſpent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon ſent,
And ſolitary guns are ſcarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had fortune power, he forc'd to ſtay,
Nor longer durſt with virtue be at ſtrife:
This as a ranſom Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of ſo great a life.

CV.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whoſe waving ſtreamers the glad general knows:
With full-ſpread ſails his eager navy ſteers,
And every ſhip in ſwift proportion grows.

CVI.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of Engliſh overmatch'd, and Dutch too ſtrong,
Who never fought three days but to purſue.

CVII.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now ſilent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

CVIII.

Stung with her love, ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

CIX.

With ſuch kind paſſion haſtes the prince to fight,
And ſpreads his flying canvaſs to the ſound:
Him whom no danger were he there could fright,
Now abſent every little noiſe can wound.

CX.

As in a drought the thirſty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And firſt the martlet meets it in the ſky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train.

CXI.

With ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing men
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiouſly would claim the ken,
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

CXII.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harveſt their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like thoſe, when rolling thunders roar,
And ſheets of lightning blaſt the ſtanding field.

CXIII.

Full in the prince's paſſage, hills of ſand,
And dangerous flats in ſecret ambuſh lay,
Where the falſe ſides ſkim o'er the cover'd land,
And ſeamen with diſſembled depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd
This new Meſſiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving veſſels ſteer'd,
To tempt his courage with ſo fair a bait.

CXV.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he pleaſe to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boaſting valour ſlight.

CXVI.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the ſubſtance not th' appearance choſe:
To reſcue one ſuch friend he took more pride,
Than to deſtroy whole thouſands of ſuch foes.

CXVII.

But when approach'd, in ſtrict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in ſafety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The chearful ſoldiers, with new ſtores ſupply'd,
Now long to execute their ſpleenful will;
And, in revenge for thoſe three days they try'd,
Wiſh one, like Joſhua's, when the ſun ſtood ſtill.

CXIX.

Thus reinforc'd, againſt the adverſe fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the firſt bluſhes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

CXX.

His preſence ſoon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns ſpeak thick like angry men:
It ſeem'd as ſlaughter had been breath'd all night,
And death new pointed his dull dart again.

CXXI.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchleſs courage, ſince the former fight:
Whoſe navy like a ſtiff-ſtretch'd cord did ſhew,
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

CXXII.

The wind he ſhares, while half their fleet offends
His open ſide, and high above him ſhows:
Upon the reſt at pleaſure he deſcends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms beſtows.

CXXIII.

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
And ſullenly to his revenge he ſails:
So glides ſome trodden ſerpent on the graſs,
And long behind his wounded volume trails.

CXXIV.

Th' increaſing ſound is borne to either ſhore,
And for their ſtakes the throwing nations fear:
Their paſſions double with the cannons roar,
And with warm wiſhes each man combats there.

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and cloſe as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy waſtes away:
So ſicken waneing moons too near the ſun,
And blunt their creſcents on the edge of day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ſhips like waſted patrimonies ſhow;
Where the thin ſcattering trees admit the light,
And ſhun each others ſhadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike prince had ſever'd from the reſt
Two giant ſhips, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one ſo vigorouſly he preſs'd,
And flew ſo horme they could not riſe again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the paſſing winds they call:
The paſſing winds through their torn canvaſs play,
And flagging ſails on heartleſs ſailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd ſides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into ſhades below:
Without grim death rides barefac'd in their ſight,
And urges entering billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire ſhot, the laſt they could ſupply,
Cloſe by the board the prince's main-maſt bore:
All three now helpleſs by each other lie,
And this offends not, and thoſe fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I ſeen ſome fearful hare maintain
A courſe, till tir'd before the dog ſhe lay:
Who ſtretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,
Paſt power to kill, as ſhe to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey:
His warm breath blows her flix up as ſhe lies;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beſeeching eyes.

CXXXIII.

The prince unjuſtly does his ſtars accuſe,
Which hinder'd him to puſh his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuſe,
By mortal valour never muſt be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky hour the wiſe Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have ſo got off with equal ſtakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The general's force as kept alive by fight,
Now not oppos'd no longer can purſue:
Laſting till heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakneſs knew.

CXXXVI.

He caſts a frown on the departing foe,
And ſighs to ſee him quit the watery field:
His ſtern fix'd eyes no ſatisfaction ſhow,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though as when fiends did miracles avow,
He ſtands confeſs'd ev'n by the boaſtful Dutch:
He only does his conqueſt diſavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the fleet reſolv'd to ſtay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domeſtic joys and cares he puts away;
For realms are houſholds which the great muſt guide.

CXXXIX.

As thoſe who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digeſts the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day:

CXL.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' eſſay and rudiments of great ſucceſs:
Which all maturing time muſt bring to light,
While he like heaven does each day's labour bleſs.

CXLI.

Heaven ended not the firſt or ſecond day,
Yet each was perfect to the work deſign'd:
God and kings work, when they their work ſurvey,
A paſſive aptneſs in all ſubjects find.

CXLII.

In burden'd veſſels firſt with ſpeedy care,
His plenteous ſtores do ſeaſon'd timber ſend:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the ſurgeons of maim'd ſhips attend.

CXLIII.

With cord and canvas from rich Hamburgh ſent,
His navy's molted wings he imps once more:
Tall Norway fir, their maſts in battle ſpent,
And Engliſh oak, ſprung leaks and planks, reſtore.

CXLIV.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:
Like labouring bees on a long ſummer's day,
Some ſound the trumpet for the reſt to ſwarm,
And ſome on bells of taſted lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy wax ſome new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors upon duty ſtay,
Or tend the ſick, or educate the young.

CXLVI.

So here ſome pick out bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old okum through each ſeam and riſt:
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they liſt.

CXLVII.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the ſeams inſtops:
Which, well paid o'er, the ſalt ſea waves withſtand
And ſhakes them from the riſing beak in drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
Or ſear-cloth maſts with ſtrong tarpawling coats;
To try new ſhrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their eaſe or ſtiffneſs notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful monarch ſtands in perſon by,
His new-caſt canons firmneſs to explore:
The ſtrength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge ſorts for every bore.

CL.

Each day brings freſh ſupplies of arms and men,
And ſhips which all laſt winter were abroad;
And ſuch as fitted ſince the fight had been,
Or new from ſtocks, were fall'n into the road.

CLI.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The Phœnix, daughter of the vaniſh'd old,
Like a rich bride does to the ocean ſwim,
And on her ſhadow rides in floating gold.

CLII.

Her flag aloft ſpread ruffling to the wind,
And ſanguine ſtreamers ſeem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom deſign'd,
Goes on to ſea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty ſtrength,
Whoſe low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught and warlike in her length,
She ſeems a ſea-waſp flying on the waves.

CLIV.

This martial preſent, piouſly deſign'd,
The loyal city gave their beſt-lov'd king:
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art
Makes mighty things from ſmall beginnings grow:
Thus fiſhes firſt to ſhipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

CLVI.

Some log perhaps upon the waters ſwam,
An uſeleſs drift, which rudely cut within,
And hollow'd firſt a floating trough became,
And croſs ſome rivulet paſſage did begin.

CLVII.

In ſhipping ſuch as this, the Iriſh kern,
And untaught Indian on the ſtream did glide:
Ere ſharp-keel'd boats to ſtem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did ſpread from either ſide.

CLVIII.

Add but a ſail, and Saturn ſo appear'd,
When from loſt empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber ſteer'd,
Where coin and commerce firſt he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their ſhips was navigation then;
No uſeful compaſs or meridian known;
Coaſting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-ſtar ſhone.

CLX.

Of all who ſince have us'd the open ſea,
Than the bold Engliſh none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
They make diſcoveries where they ſee no ſun.

CLXI.

But what ſo long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is ſought,
Shall in this age to Britain firſt be ſhown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

CLXII.

The ebbs of tides and their myſterious flow,
We, as art's elements, ſhall underſtand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whoſe paths ſhall be familiar as the land.

CLXIII.

Inſtructed ſhips ſhall ſail to quick commerce,
By which remoteſt regions are ally'd;
Which makes one city of the univerſe;
Where ſome may gain and all may be ſupply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our globe's laſt verge ſhall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the ſky:
From thence our rolling neighbours we ſhall know,
And on the lunar world ſecurely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel from your auſpicious care,
Who great in ſearch of God and nature grow;
Who beſt your wiſe Creator's praiſe declare,
Since beſt to praiſe his works is beſt to know.

CLXVI.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your maker's mind:
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the level'd uſe of human-kind.

CLXVII.

But firſt the toils of war we muſt endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the ſeas.
War makes the valiant of his right ſecure,
And gives up fraud to be chaſtis'd with eaſe.

CLXVIII.

Already were the Belgians on our coaſt,
Whoſe fleet more mighty every day became
By late ſucceſs, which they did falſely boaſt,
And now by firſt appearing ſeem'd to claim.

CLXIX.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
And by their pride their prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor staid the English long; but well supply'd,
Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe:
The combat now by courage must be try'd,
And the success the braver nation show.

CLXXI.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
Which in the Straights last winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold;
As once old Cato in the Roman sight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,
Born, Cæsar like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

CLXXVI.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well,
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

CLXXVII.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail,
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

CLXXVIII.

Now anchors weigh'd the seamen shout so shrill,
That heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

CLXXIX.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the English coast:
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

CLXXX.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of the thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

CLXXXI.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

CLXXXII.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
Or if with caution leisurely were past,
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

CLXXXIII.

But with a forewind pushing them above,
And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
With all his hosts of waters at command,
Beneath them to submit th' officious flood;
And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

CLXXXV.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

CLXXXVI.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
The midmost battles hastening up behind:
Who view far off the storm of falling fleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

CLXXXVII.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

CLXXXVIII.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
The linstocs touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians side,
For honour, which they seldom fought before:
But now they by their own vain boasts were ty'd,
And forc'd at least in shew to prize it more.

CXC.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
Rouze conscious virtue up in every heart,
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

CXCI.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæsar's bear:
Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight;
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

CXCIII.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them all the Sates stood by.

CXCIV.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

CXCV.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy Engliſh cloſe to fight;
Now draw their beaten veſſels cloſe to ſhore,
As larks lie dar'd to ſhun the hobbies flight.

CXCVI.

Whoe'er would Engliſh monuments ſurvey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the ſtory of this day,
Whoſe fame was blemiſh'd by too baſe a foe.

CXCVII.

Or if too buſily they will enquire
Into a victory which we diſdain;
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron ſaint of injur'd Spain.

CXCVIII.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:
England, which firſt by leading them aſtray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to deſtroy her king.

CXCIX.

Our fathers bent their baneful induſtry,
To check a monarchy that ſlowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foreſee,
Whoſe riſing power to ſwift dominion flew.

CC.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathleſs deſtiny;
Whoſe dark reſorts ſince prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what ſhall be

CCI.

But whate'er Engliſh to the bleſs'd ſhall go,
And the fourth Harry or firſt Orange meet;
Find him diſowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him deteſting a Batavian fleet.

CCII.

Now on their coaſts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land beſets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
They lie aſleep with prizes in their nets.

CCIII.

So cloſe behind ſome promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;
And give no chace, but ſwallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws miſtake the way.

CCIV.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote,
Deſtructive fires among whole fleets we ſend;
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ſhips at home their voyage end.

CCV.

Thoſe various ſquadrons variouſly deſign'd,
Each veſſel freighted with a ſeveral load,
Each ſquadron waiting for a ſeveral wind,
All find but one to burn them in the road.

CCVI.

Some bound for Guinea golden ſand to find,
Bore all the gauds the ſimple natives wear:
Some for the pride of Turkiſh courts deſign'd,
For folded turbants fineſt Holland bear.

CCVII.

Some Engliſh wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of ſpungy ſoftneſs made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worſe ware our ſtaple trade.

CCVIII.

Our greedy ſeamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier cheſt;
And as the prieſts who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and ſacrifice the reſt.

CCIX.

But ah! how inſincere are all our joys!
Which, ſent from heaven, like lightning make no ſtay:
Their palling taſte the journey's length deſtroys,
Or grief ſent poſt o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late ſucceſſes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to croſs,
We urge an unſeen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with Engliſh loſs.

CCXI.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a ſmile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raiſe,
So now he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, London, empreſs of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didſt expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of time,
Muſt fall, and riſe a nobler frame by fire.

CCXIII.

As when ſome dire uſurper heaven provides,
To ſcourge his country with a lawleſs ſway;
His birth, perhaps, ſome petty village hides,
And ſets his cradle out of fortune's way.

CCXIV.

Till, fully ripe, his ſwelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty miſchiefs on;
His prince, ſurpriz'd at firſt, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV.

Such was the riſe of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings firſt obſcurely bred,
From thence did ſoon to open ſtreets aſpire,
And ſtraight to palaces and temples ſpread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of trade and noiſeful gain,
And luxury more late, aſleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her ſilent reign
No ſound the reſt of nature did invade.

CCXVII.

In this deep quiet, from what ſource unknown,
Thoſe ſeeds of fire their fatal birth diſcloſe;
And firſt few ſcattering ſparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin roſe.

CCXVIII.

Then in ſome cloſe pent room it crept along,
And ſmouldering as it went, in ſilence fed;
Till th' infant monſter with devouring ſtrong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

CCXIX.

Now like ſome rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for priſon which he breaks with gold;
Who freſher for new miſchiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

CCXX.

So ſcapes th' infulking fire his narrow jail,
And makes ſmall outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force aſſail,
And beat him downward to his firſt repair.

CCXXI.

The winds like crafty courtezans with-held
His flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And every freſh attempt he is repell'd
With faint denials weaker than before.

CCXXII.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd deſire:
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide ſurvey,
And nods at every houſe his threatening fire.

CCXXIII.

The ghoſts of traitors from the bridge deſcend,
With bold fanatic ſpectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And ſing their ſabbath notes with feeble voice.

CCXXIV.

Our guardian angel ſaw them where they ſate
Above the palace of our ſlumbering king:
He ſigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

CCXXV.

At length the crackling noiſe and dreadful blaze
Call'd up ſome waking lover to the ſight;
And long it was ere he the reſt could raiſe,
Whoſe heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

CCXXVI.

The next to danger, hot purſued by fate,
Half-cloath'd, half-naked, haſtily retire:
And frighted mothers ſtrike their breaſts too late,
For helpleſs infants left amidſt the fire.

CCXXVII.

Their cries ſoon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noiſes riſe in every ſtreet:
The more remote run ſtumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men juſtle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary bees in little cells repoſe;
But if night-robbers lift the well-ſtor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now ſtreets grow throng'd and buſy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and ſome the engines play;
And ſome more bold mount ladders to the fire.

CCXXX.

In vain: for from the Eaſt a Belgian wind
His hoſtile breath through the dry rafters ſent;
The flames impell'd ſoon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

CCXXXI.

A key of fire ran all along the ſhore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fiſh in ſhining waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old father Thames raiſ'd up his reverend head,
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he ſought his ſedgy bed,
And ſhrunk his waters back into his urn.

CCXXXIII.

The fire, mean-time, walks in a broader groſs;
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the ſtreets, and ſtraight he reaches croſs,
And plays his longing flames on th' other ſide.

CCXXXIV.

At firſt they warm, then ſcorch, and then they take;
Now with long necks from ſide to ſide they feed:
At length grown ſtrong their mother-fire forſake,
And a new colony of flames ſucceed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their reſtleſs tide:
In parties now they ſtraggle up and down,
As armies unoppoſ'd for prey divide.

CCXXXVI

One mighty ſquadron, with a ſide-wind ſped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haſte,
By powerful charms of gold and ſilver led,
The Lombard bankers and the Change to waſte.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And ſlowly eats his way againſt the wind:
But the main body of the marching foe
Againſt th' imperial palace is deſign'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,
Whoſe early care had robb'd him of his reſt:
Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender breaſt.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
By ſparks, that drive againſt his ſacred face.

CCXL.

More than his guards his ſorrows made him known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did ſhower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

CCXLI.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
And what ſo well had merited his love;
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty ſtrove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs may redreſs;
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes deſpairers hope for good ſucceſs.

CCXLIII.

Himſelf directs what firſt is to be done,
And orders all the ſuccours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy ſuch a king.

CCXLIV.

He ſees the dire contagion ſpread ſo faſt,
That where it ſeizes all relief is vain:
And therefore muſt unwillingly lay waſte
That country, which would elſe the foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames ſtand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on ſo large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting fires a while themſelves conſume,
But ſtraight like Turks forc'd on to win or die,
They firſt lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

Part ſtay for paſſage, till a guſt of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a ſhining ſheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus to ſome deſert plain, or old wood-ſide,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or ſweep in clouds above the blaſted ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way:
And ſcarce the wealthy can one half retire,
Before he ruſhes in to ſhare the prey.

CCL.

The rich grow ſuppliant, and the poor grow proud:
Thoſe offer mighty gain, and theſe aſk more:
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others ruin may increaſe their ſtore.

CCLI.

As thoſe who live by ſhores with joy behold
Some wealthy veſſel ſplit or ſtranded nigh;
And from the rocks leap down for ſhipwreck'd gold,
And ſeek the tempeſts which the others fly:

CCLII.

So theſe but wait the owners laſt deſpair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morſels tear,
And on their backs the ſpoils of Vulcan lade.

CCLIII.

The days were all in this loſt labour ſpent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And ſo ſhone ſtill in his reflective light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without darkneſs or repoſe,
A diſmal picture of the general doom;
Where ſouls diſtracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

CCLV.

Thoſe who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a laſt lodging call their wandering friends:
Their ſhort uneaſy ſleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own deſtruction tends.

CCLVI.

Thoſe who have none, ſit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm aſhes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some ſtir up coals and watch the veſtal fire,
Others in vain from ſight of ruin run;
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would ſhun.

CCLVIII.

The moſt in fields like herded beaſts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the graſſy floor;
And while their babes in ſleep their ſorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their ſtore.

CCLIX.

While by the motion of the flames they gueſs
What ſtreets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the paps would preſs,
And meets, inſtead of milk, a falling tear.

CCLX.

No thought can eaſe them but their ſovereign's care,
Whoſe praiſe th' afflicted as their comfort ſing:
Ev'n thoſe, whom want might drive to juſt deſpair,
Think life a bleſſing under ſuch a king.

CCLXI.

Mean-time he ſadly ſuffers in their grief,
Out-weeps an hermit, and out-prays a ſaint:
All the long night he ſtudies their relief,
How they may be ſuppli'd, and he may want.

CCLXII.

O God, ſaid he, thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and diſtreſs!
Who me unfriended brought'ſt by wondrous ways,
The kingdom of my fathers to poſſeſs:

CCLXIII.

Be thou my judge, with what unweary'd care
I ſince have labour'd for my people's good;
To bind the bruiſes of a civil war,
And ſtop the iſſues of their waſting blood.

CCLXIV.

Thou who haſt taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompenſe as friends the good miſled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy ſervant's head.

CCLXV.

Or if my heedleſs youth has ſtep'd aſtray,
Too ſoon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy juſt diſpleaſure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

CCLXVI.

We all have ſinn'd, and thou haſt laid us low,
As humble earth from whence at firſt we came.
Like flying ſhades before the clouds we ſhow,
And ſhrink like parchment in conſuming flame.

CCLXVII.

O let it be enough what thou haſt done;
When ſpotted deaths ran arm'd through every ſtreet,
With poiſon'd darts which not the good could ſhun,
The ſpeedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forſaken place:
And now thoſe few who are return'd again,
Thy ſearching judgments to their dwellings trace.

CCLXIX.

O paſs not, Lord, an abſolute decree,
Or bind thy ſentence unconditional:
But in thy ſentence our remorſe foreſee,
And in that foreſight this thy doom recal.

CCLXX.

Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'ſt revoke:
But if immutable and fix'd they ſtand,
Continue ſtill thyſelf to give the ſtroke,
And let not foreign foes oppreſs thy land.

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Choſe out the cherub with the flaming ſword;
And bade him ſwiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were ſtor'd.

CCLXXII.

The bleſſed min iſter his wings diſplay'd,
And like a ſhooting ſtar he cleit the night:
He charg'd the flames, and thoſe that diſobey'd
He laſhed to duty with his ſword of light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive flames chaſtis'd went forth to prey
On pious ſtructures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting orphans ſaw with watery eyes,
Their founders charity in duſt laid low;
And ſent to God their ever-anſwer'd cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them ſo.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert ſacred to thy Maker's praiſe:
Though made immortal by a poet's ſong;
And poets ſongs the Theban walls could raiſe.

CCLXXVI.

The daring flames peep'd in, and ſaw from far
The awful beauties of the ſacred quire:
But, ſince it was prophan'd by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow ſtreets it ſwiftly came,
And widely opening did on both ſides prey:
This benefit we ſadly owe the flame,
If only ruin muſt enlarge our way.

CCLXXVIII.

And now four days the ſun had ſeen our woes:
Four nights the moon beheld th' inceſſant fire:
It ſeem'd as if the ſtars more fickly roſe,
And farther from the feverish north retire.

CCLXXIX.

In th' empyrean heaven, the bleſs'd abode,
The thrones and the dominions proſtrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And an huſh'd ſilence damps the tuneful ſky.

CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty caſt a pitying eye,
And mercy ſoftly touch'd his melting breaſt:
He ſaw the town's one half in rubbiſh lie,
And eager flames drive on to ſtorm the reſt.

CCLXXXI.

An hallow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguiſher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove.

CCLXXXII.

The vanquiſh'd fires withdraw from every place,
Or ſull with feeding ſink into a ſleep:
Each houſhold genius ſhews again his face,
And from the hearths the little lares creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With ſober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when ſharp froſts had long conſtrain'd the earth
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And firſt the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And ſtraight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

CCLXXXV.

By ſuch degrees the ſpreading gladneſs grew
In every heart which fear had froze before:
The ſtanding ſtreets with ſo much joy they view,
That with leſs grief the periſh'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The father of the people open'd wide
His ſtores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place ſupply'd,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds ſo deep did print the ſenſe;
That if the ruins ſadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the ſight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

But ſo may he live long, that town to ſway,
Which by his auſpice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their aſhes by his ſtay,
And not their humble ruins now forſake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not loſt their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth ſo low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquiſh'd foe.

CCXC.

Not with more conſtancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile ſent,
Their royal city did in duſt behold,
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmoſt malice of the ſtars is paſt,
And two dire comets, which have ſcourg'd the town,
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the laſt,
Or dimly in their ſinking ſockets frown.

CCXCII.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-rais'd Jove from his dark priſon freed,
Thoſe weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will glorioufly the new-laid work ſucceed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
I ſee a city of more precious mold:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With ſilver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

CCXCIV.

Already labouring with a mighty fate,
She ſhakes the rubbiſh from her mourning brow,
And ſeems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

CCXCV.

More great than human now, and more auguſt,
Now deify'd ſhe from her fires does riſe:
Her widening ſtreets on new foundations truſt,
And opening into larger parts ſhe flies.

CCXCVI.

Before ſhe like ſome ſhepherdeſs did ſhow,
Who ſat to bathe her by a river's ſide;
Not anſwering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

CCXCVII.

Now like a maiden queen ſhe will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly ſuitors come;
The Eaſt with incenſe, and the Weſt with gold,
Will ſtand like ſuppliants to receive her doom.

CCXCVIII.

The ſilver Thames, her own domeſtic flood,
Shall bear her veſſels like a ſweeping train;
And often wind, as of his miſtreſs proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more ſhall boaſt,
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her luſtre ſtain'd, and traffic loſt.

CCC.

The venturous merchant, who deſign'd more far,
And touches on our hoſpitable ſhore,
Charm'd with the ſplendor of this northern ſtar,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful navy ſhall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world ſhall vindicate her trade.

CCCII.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The Britiſh ocean ſhall ſuch triumphs boaſt,
That thoſe, who now diſdain our trade to ſhare,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coaſt.

CCCIII.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the leſs dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not ſo great to vanquiſh as to find.

CCCIV.

Thus to the eaſtern wealth through ſtorms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A conſtant trade-wind will ſecurely blow,
And gently lay us on the ſpicy ſhore.

AN

ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN, AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

HOW dull, and how inſenſible a beaſt
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the reſt!
Philoſophers and poets vainly ſtrove
In every age the lumpiſh maſs to move:
But thoſe were pedants, when compar'd with theſe,
Who know not only to inſtruct, but pleaſe.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Myſterious mortals gently to convey
In charming numbers; ſo that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiſer too.
Satire has always ſhone among the reſt,
And is the boldeſt way, if not the beſt,
To tell men freely of their ſouleſt faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and valner thoughts.
In ſatire too the wiſe took different ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd, and ſcorn'd them into ſhame.
But of theſe two, the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides,
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Beſides 'tis labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Afton teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wiſe at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes thoſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind;
That little ſpeck which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage;
Above all cenſure too, each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a ſatire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtory-tellers too muſt pine and die,
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;

Like her, who miſs'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common coxcomb muſt be mention'd here:
Not the dull train of dancing ſparks appear;
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched rabble who would write?
Much leſs half wits: that's more againſt our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull knavery makes ſo much ado;
Till the ſhrewd fool, by thriving too too faſt,
Like Æſop's fox, becomes a prey at laſt:
Nor ſhall the royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly or too eaſy to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet ſauntering Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnley and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of buſy blockheads ſhall have here no place;
At council ſet as fools on Dorſet's ſcore,
To make that great falſe jewel ſhine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company and chuſe
Some fitter ſubject for a ſharper Muſe.
First, let's behold the merrieſt man alive
Againſt his careleſs genius vainly ſtrive;
Quit his dear eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay,
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his beſt friends, and be
Juſt as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reaſon or at rule,
He turns himſelf at beſt to ridicule.
Let him at buſineſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That ſhadow of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be deſtroy'd.
So at transform'd ſat gravely and demure,
Till mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure;
But ſoon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We muſt fall back to our own fleſh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimbleſt creature of the buſy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body ſhakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that 's ill.
'Were crime in any man but him alone
To uſe a body ſo, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilſt he creeps his vigorous thoughts can ſoar.

Alas! that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy groveling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' entranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune ſlights;
Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one, whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives,
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and ſtones,
Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,
To turn a wheel and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friend, his freedom, and his fame.
Though ſatire nicely writ no humour ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things;
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos ſake;
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing ſmoothly, and for reaſoning wrong.
As boys on holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way;
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly cit in her flower'd fooliſh dreſs:
So have I mighty ſatisfaction found,
To ſee his tinſel reaſon on the ground:
To ſee the florid fool deſpis'd, and know it,
By ſome who ſcarce have words enough to ſhow it:
For ſenſe fits ſilent, and condemns for weaker
The ſinner, nay ſometimes the wittieſt ſpeaker:
But 'tis prodigious ſo much eloquence
Should be acquired by ſuch little ſenſe;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abuſive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolſack, fop at council-table.
Theſe are the grievances of ſuch fools as would
Be rather wiſe than honeſt, great than good.
Some other kind of wits muſt be made known,
Whoſe harmleſs errors hurt themſelves alone;
Exceſs of luxury they think can pleaſe,
And lazineſs call loving of their eaſe:
To live diſſolv'd in pleaſures ſtill they feign,
Though their whole life 's but intermitting pain:
So much of ſurfeits, head-aches, claps are ſeen,
We ſcarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this groſs miſtake,
And pleaſure loſe only for pleaſure's ſake;
Each pleaſure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we ſquander life away.
Thus Dorſet, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiſer puſs ne'er thought of that:
And firſt he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's maſtives at his kindeſt time;

Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill reſtor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to ſcape the ſnare,
Though learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair:
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To ſee him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wiſh'd-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with ſorrow ſee,
As his eſtate, his perſon too was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will:
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and power
Break not his toaſted quiet every hour.

And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong,
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 'tis a miracle we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe;
Which from all ſtink can with peculiar art
Extract perfume and eſſence from a ſ—t:
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.

Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find:
And ſo like witches juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killegrew without good-nature.
For what a Teſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For there 's the folly that's ſtill mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 'tis a nobler thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance ſtill:
Falſely he falls into ſome dangerous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe;
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out 's the cinderwoman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here;
Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwiſe;
Ev'n he, who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhewn,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own;
That we may angels ſeem, we paint them elves,
And are but ſatires to ſet up ourſelves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my maſter, who firſt ſatire taught;
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill unreach'd by former time:
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

" Si propiùs ſtes,
" Te capiet magis——"

PART I.

TO THE READER.

IT is not my intention to make an apology for my poem: ſome will think it needs no excuſe, and others will receive none. The deſign I am ſure is honeſt: but he who draws his pen for one party, muſt expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are conſequents of Whig and Tory; and every man is a knave or an aſs to the contrary ſide. There is a treaſury of merits in the Fanatic church, as well as in the Popiſh: and a pennyworth to be had of ſaintſhip, honeſty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads: but the longeſt chapter in Deuteronomy has not curſes enough for the Anti-Bromingham. My comfort, is their manifeſt prejudice to my cauſe will render their judgment of leſs authority againſt me. Yet if a poem have genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there is a ſweetneſs in good verſe, which tickles even while it hurts: and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleaſes him againſt his will. The commendation of adverſaries is the greateſt triumph of a writer, becauſe it never comes unleſs extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſy terms: if I happen to pleaſe the more moderate ſort, I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt party, and, in all probability, of the beſt judges: for the leaſt concerned are commonly the leaſt corrupt. And I confeſs I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the ſatire, where juſtice would allow it, from carrying too ſharp an edge. They who can criticiſe ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my worſt, may be convinced at their own coſt that I can write ſeverely, with more eaſe than I can gently. I have but laughed at ſome men's follies, when I could have declaimed againſt their vices: and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you ſhould return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am: but if men are not to be judged by their profeſſions, God forgive you commonwealth's-men for profeſſing ſo plauſibly for the government. You cannot be ſo unconſcionable as to charge me for not ſubſcribing my name; for that would reflect too groſly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to ſecure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may poſſibly be in my writing; though it is hard for an author to judge againſt himſelf. But more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent on both ſides will condemn the character of Abſalom, as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I deſire to pleaſe. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confeſs freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himſelf could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But ſince the moſt excellent natures are always the moſt eaſy, and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill counſels, eſpecially when baited with fame and glory; it is no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have reſiſted the two devils, the ſerpent and the woman. The concluſion of

the ſtory I purpoſely forbore to proſecute, becauſe I could not obtain from myſelf to ſhew Abſalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waiſt; and if the draught be ſo far true, it is as much as I deſigned.

Were I the inventor, who am only the hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the piece, with the reconcilement of Abſalom to David. And who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the ſtory: there ſeems yet to be room left for a compoſure; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt Achitophel; but am content to be accuſed of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himſelf may at laſt be ſaved. For which reaſon, in this poem, he is neither brought to ſet his houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his perſon afterwards as he in wiſdom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not ſo, becauſe he is not infinite.

The true end of ſatire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honeſtly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the phyſician to the patient, when he preſcribes harſh remedies to an inveterate diſeaſe; for thoſe are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *Enſe reſcindendum*, which I wiſh not to my very enemies. To conclude all; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as neceſſary in a hot diſtempered ſtate, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

IN pious times ere prieſtcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a ſin;
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was curſedly confin'd;
When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of concubine and bride;
Then Iſrael's monarch after heaven's own heart
His vigorous warmth did variouſly impart
To wives and ſlaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A ſoil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral mothers bore
To god-like David ſeveral ſons before.
But ſince like ſlaves his bed they did aſcend,
No true ſucceſſion could their ſeed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, ſo brave as Abſalom:
Whether inſpir'd by ſome diviner luſt,
His father got him with a greater guſt,
Or that his conſcious deſtiny made way,
By manly beauty to imperial ſway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and ſtates ally'd to Iſrael's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone 'twas natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And paradiſe was open'd in his face.
With ſecret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his ſon renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deny'd;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had, for who from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes which the law forbore,
Were conſtrued youth that purged by boiling o'er;
And Amnon's murder by a ſpecious name,
Was call'd a juſt revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undiſturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heav'n puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The Jews, a headſtrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with eaſe,
No king could govern, nor no God could pleaſe;
Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That godſmiths could produce or prieſts deviſe:
Theſe Adam-wits too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but ſavages were ſlaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made ſoliſh Iſhboſheth the crown forego;
Who baniſh'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a general ſhout proclaim'd him king:
Thoſe very Jews, who at their very beſt
Their humour more than loyalty expreſt,
Now wonder'd why ſo long they had obey'd
An idol monarch, which their hands had made;
Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf a ſtate.
But theſe were random bolts: no form'd deſign,
Nor intereſt made the factious crowd to join:
The ſober part of Iſrael, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And, looking backward, with a wiſe affright,
Saw ſeams of wounds diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly ſcars,
They curſt the memory of civil wars.
The moderate ſort of men thus qualify'd,
Inclin'd the balance to the better ſide;
And David's mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to rebel.
But when to ſin our bias'd nature leans,
The careful devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill deſires:
The good old cauſe reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or falſe are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jeruſalem
Were Jebuſites; the town ſo call'd from them;
And theirs the native right——
But when the choſen people grew more ſtrong,
The rightful cauſe at length became the wrong;
And every loſs the men of Jebus bore,
They ſtill were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to David's government:
Impoveriſh'd and depriv'd of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they loſt their land;
And what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their gods diſgrac'd and burnt like common wood.
This ſet the heathen prieſthood in a flame;
For prieſts of all religions are the ſame.
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their godhead be,
Stock, ſtone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his ſervants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewiſh rabbins, though their enemies
In this conclude them honeſt men and wiſe:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' eſpouſe his cauſe, by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curſe,
Bad in itſelf, but repreſented worſe;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but daſh'd and brew'd with lies,
To pleaſe the fools, and puzzle all the wiſe.

Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebuſites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſavoury deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for worſhip and for food.
By force they could not introduce theſe gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds.
So fraud was us'd, the ſacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than perſuade.
Their buſy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and ſtews:
Which Hebrew prieſts the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to ſlay
By guns invented ſince full many a day:
Our author ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebuſites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common ſenſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous conſequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The ſtanding lake ſoon floats into a flood,
And every hoſtile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
So ſeveral factions from this firſt ferment,
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the power to which they could not riſe.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinſmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of theſe the falſe Achitophel was firſt;
A name to all ſucceeding ages curſt:
For cloſe deſigns, and crooked councils fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Reſtleſs, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of diſgrace:
A fiery ſoul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He ſought the ſtorms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the ſands to boaſt his wit.
Great wits are ſure to madneſs near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Elſe why ſhould he with wealth and honour bleſt,
Refuſe his age the needful hours of reſt?
Puniſh a body which he could not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of eaſe?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a ſon;
Got, while his ſoul did huddled notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs lump, like anarchy.
In friendſhip falſe, implacable in hate;
Reſolv'd to ruin, or to rule the ſtate.
To compaſs this the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public ſafety ſhook;
And fitted Iſrael for a foreign yoke:
Then, ſeiz'd with fear, yet ſtill affecting fame,
Uſurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So eaſy ſtill it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How ſafe is treaſon, and how ſacred ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the people's will!
Where crouds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own?
Yet fame deſerv'd no enemy can grudge;
The ſtateſman we abhor, but praiſe the judge.
In Iſrael's court ne'er ſat an Abethdin
With more diſcerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unſought, the wretched to redreſs;
Swift of diſpatch, and eaſy of acceſs.
Oh! had he been content to ſerve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankneſs of the ſoil been freed
From cockle, that oppreſs'd the noble ſeed;
David for him his tuneful harp had ſtrung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal ſong.
But wild ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawful fame, and lazy happineſs,
Diſdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to ſhake the tree.
Now, manifeſt of crimes contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cauſe
Againſt the crown, and ſculk'd behind the laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the plot he takes;
Some circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emiſſaries fill the ears
Of liſtening crowds with jealouſies and fears
Of arbitrary counſels brought to light,
And proves the king himſelf a Jebuſite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with people eaſy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the ſame track when ſhe the prime renews;
And once in twenty years their ſcribes record,
By natural inſtinct they change their lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as warlike Abſalom.
Not that he wiſh'd his greatneſs to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the crowd:
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with ſtudied arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his venom in ſuch words as theſe.
Auſpicious prince, at whoſe nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the ſouthern ſky;
Thy longing country's darling and deſire:
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their ſecond Moſes, whoſe extended wand
Divides the ſeas, and ſhews the promis'd land:
Whoſe dawning day, in every diſtant age,
Has exercis'd the ſacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's viſion, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confeſs,
And, never ſatisfy'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift unbeſpoken pomps thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering babes are taught to liſp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriouſly to paſs thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praiſe;
Till thy freſh glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow ſtale and tarniſh with our daily ſight?

Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit muſt be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with ſkill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt impreſſion takes the bent;
But if unſeiz'd ſhe glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her locks before you as ſhe flies.
Had thus old David, from whoſe loins you ſpring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might ſtill remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsful youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of declining age:
Behold him ſetting in his weſtern ſkies,
The ſhadows lengthening as the vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's ſand
The joyful people throng'd to ſee him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the ſtrand;
But like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public ſcorn:
Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt return:
Thoſe heaps of people which one ſheaf did bind,
Blown off and ſcatter'd by a puff of wind.
What ſtrength can he to your deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of friends, and round beſet with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful ſuccour he ſhould uſe,
A foreign aid would more incenſe the Jews:
Proud Egypt would diſſembled friendſhip bring;
Foment the war but not ſupport the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t' aſſiſt the Jebuſite;
Or if they ſhould, their intereſt ſoon would break,
And with ſuch odious aid make David weak.
All ſorts of men by my ſucceſsful arts,
Abhorring kings, eſtrange their alter'd hearts
From David's rule; and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Iſrael hope, and what applauſe
Might ſuch a general gain by ſuch a cauſe?
Not barren praiſe alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid power:
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a ſucceſſive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
What cannot praiſe effect in mighty minds,
When flattery ſoothes, and when ambition blinds?
Deſire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet ſprung from high is of celeſtial ſeed:
In God 'tis glory: and when men aſpire,
'Tis but a ſpark too much of heavenly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him ſtruggled ſtill,
He thus reply'd.—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unqueſtion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, juſt, obſervant of the laws;
And heaven by wonders has eſpous'd his cauſe.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who ſues for juſtice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom juſt revenge did to his wrath expoſe!
Mild, eaſy, humble, ſtudious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averſe from blood.
If mildneſs ill with ſtubborn Iſrael ſuit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary ſway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curſe with ſuch a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a ſervile train.
If David's rule Jeruſalem diſplay,
The dog-ſtar heats their brains to this diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawleſs might
Oppreſs'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebuſite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my ſpirits and reſtrain my hands:
The people might aſſert their liberty:
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wiſhes, and out-runs deſire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—But here he paus'd, then ſighing, ſaid—
Is juſtly deſtin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils ſhall reſt,
And late augment the number of the bleſt,
His lawful iſſue ſhall the throne aſcend,
Or the collateral line, where that ſhall end.
His brother, though oppreſs'd with vulgar ſpite,
Yet dauntleſs and ſecure of native right,
Of every royal virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the braveſt and the beſt.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy ev'n th' offending crowd will find;
For ſure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why ſhould I then repine at heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate, propitiouſly inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large ſoul not all her treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean deſcent!
I find, I find my mounting ſpirits bold,
And David's part diſdains my mother's mould.
Why am I ſcanted by a niggard birth?
My ſoul diſclaims the kindred of her earth;
And made for empire whiſpers me within,
Deſire of greatneſs is a god-like ſin.
Him ſtaggering ſo, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue ſcarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours freſh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, ſupremely good and wiſe,
Imparts not theſe prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reſerv'd to bleſs your reign!
Againſt your will your arguments have ſhown,
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildneſs I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than ſubjects ought to have;

For laviſh grants ſuppoſe a monarch tame,
And more his goodneſs than his wit proclaim.
But when ſhould people ſtrive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty Sanhedrim ſhall keep him poor:
And every ſhekel, which he can receive,
Shall coſt a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome expenſive war;
Which when his treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the remains of kingſhip, buy
His faithful friends, our jealouſies and fears
Call Jebuſites, and Pharaoh's penſioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to public ſcorn.
The next ſucceſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the ſtate;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for ſums of neceſſary gold,
Shall firſt be pawn'd, and afterwards be ſold;
Till time ſhall ever-wanting David draw,
To paſs your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right ſupreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.
All empire is no more than power in truſt,
Which, when refum'd, can be no longer juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:
If altering that the people can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they choſe,
God was their king, and God they durſt depoſe.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that univerſal call,
To which ev'n heaven ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their poſterity.
Or let his kindneſs by th' effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aſide.
God ſaid, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof, than to anoint him king?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the ſhepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a flock as Iſrael.
Would David have you thought his darling ſon,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may bluſh to bear:
Is 't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives ſupreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th' old harp, on which he thrums his lays,
Or ſome dull Hebrew ballad in your praiſe.
Then the next heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin diſguiſes of your arts,
And marks your progreſs in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty ſoul its grief contains:
He meditates revenge who leaſt complains:
And like a lion, ſlumb'ring in the way,
Or ſleep diſſembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearleſs foes with nearer diſtance draws,
Conſtrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the laſt his time for fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden vengeance from the ground:
The proſtrate vulgar paſſes o'er and ſpares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your caſe no tame expedients will afford:
Reſolve on death, or conqueſt by the ſword,
Which for no leſs a ſtake than life you draw;
And ſelf-defence is nature's eldeſt law.
Leave the warm people no conſidering time:
For then rebellion may be thought a crime:
Avail yourſelf of what occaſion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whoſe ſacred life each minute would expoſe
To plots, from ſeeming friends and ſecret foes.
And who can ſound the depth of David's ſoul?
Perhaps his fear his kindneſs may controul.
He fears his brother, though he loves his ſon,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery, to ſeem conſtrain'd.
Doubt not: but when he moſt affects the frown,
Commit a pleaſing rape upon the crown.
Secure his perſon to ſecure your cauſe:
They who poſſeſs the prince poſſeſs the laws.
He ſaid; and this advice above the reſt,
With Abſalom's mild nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of life, ambition ſet aſide,
Not ſtain'd with cruelty, nor puſt with pride.
How happy had he been, if deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not ſo high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bleſt all other countries but his own.
But charming greatneſs ſince ſo few refuſe,
'Tis juſter to lament him than accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandiſhments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly proſecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Iſraelites:
Whoſe differing parties he could wiſely join,
For ſeveral ends, to ſerve the ſame deſign.
The beſt, and of the princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Miſtaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but ſeduc'd by impious arts.
By theſe the ſprings of property were bent,
And wound ſo high, they crack'd the government.
The next for intereſt ſought to embroil the ſtate,
To ſell their duty at a dearer rate;
And make their Jewiſh markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to ſerve their own.
Others thought kings an uſeleſs heavy load,
Who coſt too much, and did too little good.
Theſe were for laying honeſt David by,
On principles of pure good huſbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king;
The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treaſon bold;
Cowring and quaking at a conqueror's ſword,
But loſty to a lawful prince reſtor'd;
Saw with diſdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And ſcorn'd by Jebuſites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judges days they bore,

Refum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Purſued their old belov'd theocracy:
Where ſanhedrim and prieſt enſlav'd the nation,
And juſtify'd their ſpoils by inſpiration:
For who ſo fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
Theſe led the pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt-mouth'd againſt the government.
A numerous hoſt of dreaming ſaints ſucceed,
Of the true old enthuſiaſtic breed:
'Gainſt form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much,
Theſe out of mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers God and property;
And by the ſame blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebuſite did hate:
Born to be ſav'd even in their own deſpite,
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the firſt rank of theſe did Zimri ſtand:
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Was chemiſt, fiddler, ſtateſman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt madman, who could every hour employ,
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Railing and praiſing were his uſual themes;
And both, to ſhew his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In ſquandring wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but deſert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom ſtill he found too late;
He had his jeſt, and they had his eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from court, then ſought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For ſpite of him the weight of buſineſs fell
On Abſalom, and wiſe Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of lords, below the dignity of verſe.
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the beſt:
Kind huſbands, and mere nobles, all the reſt.
And therefore, in the name of dulneſs, be
The well-hung Balaam, and cold Caleb, free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porrige for the paſchal lamb.
Let friendſhip's holy band ſome names aſſure:
Some their own worth, and ſome let ſcorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the raſcal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could ſtatutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treaſon law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curſe;
Shimei, whoſe youth did early promiſe bring
Of zeal to God, and hatred to his king;
Did wiſely from expenſive ſins refrain,
And never broke the ſabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curſe unleſs againſt the government.
Thus heaping wealth by the moſt ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Againſt his maſter, choſe him magiſtrate.
His hand a vaſe of juſtice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
During his office treaſon was no crime;
The ſons of Belial had a glorious time:
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himſelf.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Againſt the monarch of Jeruſalem,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them:
And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curſe than break good company.
If any durſt his factious friends accuſe,
He pack'd a jury of diſſenting Jews;
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly cauſe
Would free the ſuffering ſaint from human laws.
For laws are only made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leiſure time he had from power,
Becauſe 'tis ſin to miſemploy an hour:
His buſineſs was, by writing to perſuade,
That kings were uſeleſs and a clog to trade:
And that his noble ſtyle he might refine,
No Rechabite more ſhunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaſte were his cellars, and his ſhrieval board
The groſſneſs of a city feaſt abhorr'd:
His cooks with long diſuſe their trade forgot;
Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
Such frugal virtue malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, ſuch magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With ſpiritual food he fed his ſervants well,
But free from fleſh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moſes' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witneſs of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou ſhalt from oblivion paſs;
Erect thyſelf, thou monumental braſs,
High as the ſerpent of thy metal made,
While nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet comets riſe
From earthly vapours ere they ſhine in ſkies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's iſſue, as by prince's ſon.
This arch-atteſtor for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever aſk'd the witneſs's high race,
Whoſe oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his ſaint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moſes' face.
His memory, miraculouſly great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never ſuch deviſe.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witneſs fail'd, the prophet ſpoke:

Some things like viſionary flight appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
And gave him his rabinnical degree,
Unknown to foreign univerſity.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence ſo well,
And ſuited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebuſitic crimes.
Let Iſrael's foes ſuſpect his heavenly call,
And raſhly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for ſuch affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life, who takes away his trade.
Were I myſelf in witneſs Corah's place,
The wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to heaven made him his prince deſpiſe,
And load his perſon with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarſe as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The beſt that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For witneſs is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every ſort,
Deluded Abſalom forſakes the court:
Impatient with high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a crown.
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with ſurprize,
And on his goodly perſon feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furniſh'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity ere he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſy thoſe and fit,
More flow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your loſt eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate;
Behold a baniſh'd man for your dear cauſe
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a ſon!
Now all your liberties a ſpoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebuſites your ſacred rites invade.
My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty ſums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathſheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends deſtroys;
And all his power againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why ſhould he his own and your's betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
'Tis all the aid my preſent power ſupplies:
No court-informer can theſe arms accuſe;
Theſe arms may ſons againſt their fathers uſe:
And 'tis my wiſh, the next ſucceſſor's reign
May make no other Iſraelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, ſeldom fail;
But common intereſt always will prevail:
And pity never ceaſes to be ſhown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that ſtill believe their kings oppreſs,
With lifted hands their young Meſſiah bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train:
From eaſt to weſt his glories he diſplays,
And, like the ſun, the promis'd land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a guardian god,
And conſecrates the place of his abode.
But hoſpitable treats did moſt commend
Wiſe Iſſachar, his wealthy eaſtern friend.
This moving court that caught the people's eyes,
And ſeem'd but pomp, did other friends diſguiſe;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The people's hearts, diſtinguiſh friends from foes,
And try their ſtrength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious love and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redreſs of grievances,
Two names that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant ſhew a plot is made;
And peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh Iſrael! never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of health imagine a diſeaſe;
Take pains contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for monarch's, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themſelves and ſons, their native ſway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the ſword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe laws deſtroy.
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and juſt,
And kings are only officers in truſt,
Then this reſuming covenant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If thoſe who gave the ſceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own poſterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our father's fall?
Then kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the crowd:
For who can be ſecure of private right,
If ſovereign ſway may be diſſolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The moſt may err as groſsly as the few;
And faultleſs kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppreſſion, and for tyranny.
What ſtandard is there in a fickle rout,
Which flowing to the mark, runs faſter out?
Nor only crowds but ſanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,

And ſhare the madneſs of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itſelf at length muſt fall
To nature's ſtate, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a ſettled throne would ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their ſufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other errors but diſturb a ſtate;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttreſs up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, caſt the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who baſe ends purſue;
At once divine and human laws controul,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tampering world is ſubject to this curſe,
To phyſic their diſeaſe into a worſe.
Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch muſt be the people's foes.
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praiſe.
In this ſhort file Barzillai firſt appears;
Barzillai crown'd with honour and with years.
Long ſince, the riſing rebels he withſtood
In regions waſte beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the ſtate;
But ſinking underneath his maſter's fate;
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he ſuffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart,
Which well the nobleſt objects knew to chooſe,
The fighting warrior, and recording Muſe.
His bed could once a fruitful iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a father's name is loſt.
His eldeſt hope, with every grace adorn'd,
By me, ſo heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in manhood's prime
By unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of ſubject and of ſon:
Swift was the race, but ſhort the time to run.
O narrow circle, but of power divine,
Scanted in ſpace, but perfect in thy line!
By ſea, by land, thy matchleſs worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians prop'd:
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune ſtop'd.
O ancient honour! O unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpuniſh'd never could withſtand!
But Iſrael was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
It looks as heaven our ruin had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy diſencumber'd ſoul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and ſtarry pole:
From thence thy kindred legions mayſt thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painful flight:
No pinions can purſue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy ſoul ſhe ſhould have fled before:
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this verſe
To hang on her departed patron's hearſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from heaven, and ſee
If thou canſt find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the prieſt, whom ſhunning power and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jeruſalem,
Of hoſpitable ſoul, and noble ſtem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The prophets ſons, by ſuch example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To theſe ſucceed the pillars of the laws;
Who beſt can plead, and beſt can judge a cauſe.
Next them a train of loyal peers aſcend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: in Sanhedrims debate
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate;
Whom David's love with honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient ſon were torn.
Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought;
Endued by nature, and by learning taught,
To move aſſemblies, who but only try'd
The worſe a while, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the balance too:
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Huſhai, the friend of David in diſtreſs:
In public ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting throne,
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſy conduct when exchequers flow:
But hard the taſk to manage well the low:
For ſovereign power is too depreſs'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to ſell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The Sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reaſon guided, and their paſſion cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a loyal nation's ſenſe,
That, as their band was Iſrael's tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher charioteers the ſeat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe careers his ſteady ſkill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Miſguide the ſeaſons, and miſtake the way;
While he withdrawn at their mad labours ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the ſabbath of his toils.
These were the chief, a ſmall but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th'united fury of the land,
With grief they view'd each powerful engine bent,
To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true ſucceſſor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witneſſes improv'd.

These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They shew'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
The council violent, the rabble worse:
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.
With all these loads of Injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
The god-like David spoke; with awful fear,
His train their Maker in their master hear.
Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right,
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that 's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood, my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to shew I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samson will pretend a call,
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have given his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought indued with so much grace.
Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king 's at least a part of government,
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to chuse,
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice:
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they take my power away.
From plots and treasons heaven preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners.
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave;
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye
To guard the small remains of royalty?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more established power controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For Gods and god-like kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then shew her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses shall swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother-plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage
In their first onset all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driven back, at length it stands the ground.
He said: Th' Almighty nodding gave consent;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the god-like David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

" --Si quis tamen hæc quoque, ſi quis
" Captus amore leget--"

PART II.

TO THE READER.

IN the year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of Abſalom and Achitophel, upon the deſire of king Charles the Second. The performance was applauded by every one: and ſeveral perſons preſſing him to write a ſecond part, he, upon declining it himſelf, ſpoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

" Next theſe a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,"

and ending with

" To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."

containing near two hundred verſes, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compoſition, beſides ſome touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The poem is here printed compleat.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men like beaſts each other's prey were made,
Since trade began, and prieſthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none ſure ſo curſt as thoſe
That madly their own happineſs oppoſe;
There heaven itſelf, and god-like kings, in vain
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad ſedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their ſovereign's orders to contemn
Was held the charter of Jeruſalem,
His rights t' invade, his tributes to refuſe,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heavenly call this licence ſell,
And Jacob's ſeed were choſen to rebel!
Achitophel with triumph ſees his crimes
Thus ſuited to the madneſs of the times;
And Abſalom, to make his hopes ſucceed,
Of flattering charms no longer ſtands in need;
While, fond of change, though ne'er ſo dearly bought,
Our tribes outſtrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His ſwifteſt hopes with ſwifter homage meet,
And crowd their ſervile necks beneath his feet.

Thus to his aid while preſſing tides repair,
He mounts and ſpreads his ſtreamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth miſlead,
But what can our beſotted Iſrael plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whoſe ſerene command
Seems half the bleſſing of our promis'd land.
Whoſe only grievance is exceſs of eaſe;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our diſeaſe!
Yet as all folly would lay claim to ſenſe,
And wickedneſs ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treaſon good,
And righteous David's ſelf with ſlanders load:
That arts of foreign ſway he did affect,
And guilty Jebuſites from law protect,
Whoſe very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have ſeen their ſacrificers bleed!
Accuſers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of ſenſe they did contain,
But ſoon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew diſdain'd to ride.
For probable diſcoveries to diſpenſe,
Was thought below a penſion'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor ſuited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.

No leſs than wonders now they will impoſe
And projects void of grace or ſenſe diſcloſe.
Such was the charge on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought,
The beſt of queens, and moſt obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curſt deſigns on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis ſcarce ſo much his guardian angel's care.
Not ſummer morns ſuch mildneſs can diſcloſe,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon roſe.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majeſty,
Tranſported Michal feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven ſometimes to bleſs the world below.
Where, cheriſh'd by her bounty's plenteous ſpring,
Reviving widows ſmile, and orphans ſing.
Oh! when Rebellious Iſrael's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
Leſs deſolation did the peſt purſue,
That from Dan's limits to Beerſheba flew,
Leſs fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And leſs Jeruſalem's avenging fire.
With gentler terror theſe our ſtate o'er-ran,
Than ſince our evidencing days began!
On every cheek a pale confuſion ſat,
Continued fear beyond the worſt of fate!
Truſt was no more, art, ſilence, uſeleſs made,
All occupations loſt but Corah's trade.
Mean while a guard on modeſt Corah wait,
If not for ſafety, needful yet for ſtate.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his ſlave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could ſave:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue—what ſad fate
But for his honeſty had ſeiz'd our ſtate!
And with that tyranny had we been curſt,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain firſt!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in groſs,
Had been, alas, to our deponent's loſs:
The travel'd Levite had th' experience got,
To huſband well, and make the beſt of 's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of ſkill
With wiſe reſerves ſecur'd his penſion ſtill;
Not quite of future power himſelf bereft,
But limbo's large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ ſuch reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than plotting to ſuſpect his plot.
Some were ſo well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themſelves to help the founder'd ſwearers out.
Some had their ſenſe impos'd on by their fear,
But more for intereſt ſake believe and ſwear:
Ev'n to that height with ſome the frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet than all theſe a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;
Not urg'd by fear, nor through miſguided ſenſe,
Blind zeal and ſtarving need had ſome pretence,
But for the good old cauſe that did excite
Th' original rebels wiles, revenge, and ſpight.
Theſe raiſe the plot to have the ſcandal thrown
Upon the bright ſucceſſor of the crown,
Whoſe virtue with ſuch wrongs they had purſued,
As ſeem'd all hope of pard'on to exclude.
Thus while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud and ſhare their guilt.
Such practices as theſe, too groſs to lie
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning eye,
The more judicious Iſraelites unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the charm the giddy rabble held,
Ev'n Abſalom amidſt the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams,
Perceives the plot too foul to be excus'd,
To aid deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd,
And, filial ſenſe yet ſtriving in his breaſt,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts expreſt.
Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd, can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew intire.
My regal power how will my foes reſent,
When I myſelf have ſcarce my own conſent!
Give me a ſon's unblemiſh'd truth again,
Or quench the ſparks of duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a throne that legions guard
The taſk to me; to prove unjuſt, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic ſcene is wrought?
Dire war muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The realm we'd rule we firſt muſt overthrow:
And when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the king?
Oh! rather let me periſh in the ſtriſe,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempeſt of the war he ſtand,
In peace, ſome vile officious villain's hand
His ſoul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, preſt by clamorous crowds, myſelf be made
His murtherer; rebellious crowds, whoſe guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be ſpilt.
Which if my filial tenderneſs oppoſe,
Since to the empire by their arms I roſe,
Thoſe very arms on me ſhall be employ'd,
A new uſurper crown'd, and I deſtroy'd;
The ſame pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.
He ſaid. The ſtateſman with a ſmile replies,
A ſmile that did his riſing ſpleen diſguiſe,
My thoughts preſum'd our labours at an end,
And are we ſtill with conſcience to contend?
Whoſe want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful paſſage you are gone,
And only can be ſafe by preſſing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince ſevere and wiſe,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
Your perſon's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progreſs in t' e people's hearts,
Whoſe patience is th' effect of ſtinted power,
But treaſures vengeance for the fatal hour,
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your preſent danger 's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your ſenſe,
Nor truſt the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could ſo reſent,
To doom you little leſs than baniſhment,
What rage muſt your preſumption ſince inſpire!
Againſt his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only ſo, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes.—and this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O ſtateſman's winding ſkill!
They firſt condemn, that firſt adviſ'd the ill!

Illuſtrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Miſconſtrue not the words that mean you well,
The courſe you ſteer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis becauſe you leave it unpurſued.
A monarch's crown with fate ſurrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death that miſs the prize.
Did you for this expoſe yourſelf to ſhow,
And to the crowd bow popularly low!
For this your glorious progreſs next ordain,
With chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train.
With fame before you like the morning ſtar,
And ſhouts of joy ſaluting from afar?
Oh from the heights you've reach'd but take a view,
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And muſt I here my ſhipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this ſo oft made Iſrael groan?
Your ſingle intereſt with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the ſcale where your deſires were laid!
Ev'n when at helm a courſe ſo dangerous mov'd,
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.
I not diſpute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies,
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame,
The privilege that ſtateſmen ever claim;
Who private intereſt never yet purſued,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for others' good:
What politician yet e'er 'ſcap'd his fate,
Who ſaving his own neck not ſav'd the ſtate?
From hence on every humorous wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted ſails a ſeveral courſe you ſteer'd.
What from a ſway did David e'er purſue,
That ſeem'd like abſolute, but ſprung from you?
Who at your inſtance quaſh'd each penal law,
That kept diſſenting factious Jews in awe;
And who ſuſpends fixt laws, may abrogate,
That done, form new, and ſo enſlave the ſtate.
Ev'n property, whoſe champion now you ſtand,
And ſeem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch violence before,
As when your counſel ſhut the royal ſtore;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
And Iſrael fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counſel's fatal progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Iſrael, low in ruins laid,
And Egypt, once their ſcorn, their common terror made.
Ev'n yet of ſuch a ſeaſon can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme,
For power unlimited, could reaſons draw,
And plaſe prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjuſt,
The laws made king, the king a ſlave in truſt:
Whom with ſtate-craft, to intereſt only true,
You now accuſe of ills contriv'd by you.
To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let intereſt be the ſtar by which you ſteer,
Hence to repoſe your truſt in me was wiſe,
Whoſe intereſt moſt in your advancement lies.
A tye ſo firm as always will avail,
When friendſhip, nature, and religion, fail;
On ours the ſafety of the crowd depends,
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our guilt to ſhare,
Till they are made our champions by their fear,
What oppoſition can your rival bring,
While ſanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His ſtrength as yet in David's friendſhip lies,
And what can David's ſelf without ſupplies?
Who with excluſive bills muſt now diſpenſe,
Debar the heir or ſtarve in his defence,
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if ſucceſſion once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the preſent king:
Perſiſting elſe his ſenate to diſſolve,
In equal hazard ſhall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power ſo much alarms,
Shall riſe without their prince t' oppoſe his arms;
Nor boots it on what cauſe at firſt they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our deſign.
At leaſt ſuch ſubtle covenants ſhall be made,
Till peace itſelf is war in maſquerade.
Aſſociations of myſterious ſenſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the king's defence;
Ev'n on their courts of juſtice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law.
By which a conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worſt, and we ſecure our ſtake.
He ſaid, and for the dire ſucceſs depends
On various ſects, by common guilt made friends.
Whoſe heads though ne'er ſo differing in their creed
I' th' point of treaſon yet were well agreed.
'Mongſt theſe extorting Iſhban firſt appears,
Purſued by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
Bleſt times, when Iſhban, he whoſe occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Iſhban, of conſcience ſuited to his trade,
As good a ſaint as uſurer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not ſo engroſt him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of ſpight;
Who, for thoſe pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cauſe.
That year in which the city he did ſway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have ſo been brib'd, to ſhame
And ſcandalize our peerage with his name;
For which, his dear ſedition he'd forſwear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer.
Next him, let railing Rabſheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A ſaint that can both fleſh and ſpirit uſe,
Alike haunt conventicles and the ſtews:
Of whom the queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' preachers or the bawds arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treaſure of Jeruſalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Proteſting that he dares not ſleep in 's bed
Leſt he ſhould riſe next morn without his head.
"Next theſe, a troop of buſy ſpirits preſs,
Of little fortunes, and of conſcience leſs;
With them the tribe, whoſe luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former ſequeſtrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by paſt rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled ſtreams anew.

Some future hopes, ſome preſent payment draws,
To ſell their conſcience and eſpouſe the cauſe.
Such ſtipends thoſe vile hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that falſe Hebronite eſcape our curſe,
Judas that keeps the rebels penſion-purſe;
Judas that pays the treaſon-writer's fee,
Judas that well deſerves his nameſake's tree;
Who at Jeruſalem's own gates erects
His college for a nurſery of ſects.
Young prophets with an early care ſecures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures.
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Iſrael's promis'd land have you?
Here Phaleg, the lay Hebronite, is come
'Cauſe like the reſt he could not live at home;
Who from his own poſſeſſions could not drain
An omer even of Hebronitiſh grain,
Here ſtruts it like a patriot, and tallks high
Of injur'd ſubjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing inſect juſt,
That mounts the wheel and thinks ſhe raiſes duſt.
Can dry bones live? or ſkeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to travelling nobles choſe,
He his own laws would fancily impoſe,
'Till baſtinadoed back again he went,
To learn thoſe manners he to teach was ſent.
Chaſtis'd he ought to have retreated home,
But he reads politicks to Abſalom.
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and ſcorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
—But, leaving famiſh'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treaſon for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man
So made for miſchief as Ben-Jochanan,
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the deſk aſpir'd,
But for the drudgery of prieſts was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle ſhekels from the grave.
Marry'd at laſt, but finding charge come faſter,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his maſter:
Inſpir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
They got a villain, and we loſt a fool.
Still violent, whatever cauſe he took,
But moſt againſt the party he forſook.
For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in conſcience to be double knaves.
So this proſe-prophet took moſt monſtrous pains,
To let his maſters ſee he earn'd his gains.
But, as the devil owes all his imps a ſhame,
He choſe th' apoſtate for his proper theme;
With little pains he made the picture true,
And from reflexion took the rogue he drew.
A wondrous work, to prove the Jewiſh nation
In every age a murmuring generation;
To trace them from their infancy of ſinning,
And ſhew them factious from their firſt beginning.
To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
Much to the credit of the choſen flock;
A ſtrong authority, which muſt convince,
That ſaints own no allegiance to their prince.
As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,
To prove her mother had turn'd up before.

But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bleſs
The ſon that ſhew'd his father's nakedneſs?
Such thanks the preſent church thy pen will give,
Which proves rebellion was ſo primitive.
Muſt ancient failings be examples made?
Then murtherers from Cain may learn their trade.
As thou the heathen and the ſaint haſt drawn,
Methinks th' apoſtate was the better man:
And thy hot father, waving my reſpect,
Not of a mother-church but of a ſect.
And ſuch he needs muſt be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking aſſes milk and writing.
If Balak ſhould be call'd to leave his place,
As profit is the loudeſt call of grace,
His temple, diſpoſſeſs'd of one, would be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew rebellion bare, without a gown;
Poor ſlaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
Who rhyme below ev'n David's Pſalms tranſlated.
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame Mephibоſheth the wizard's ſon:
To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox;
And haſten Og and Doeg to rehearſe,
Two fools that crutch their feeble ſenſe on verſe;
Who by my Muſe to all ſucceeding times,
Shall live in ſpight of their own doggrel rhymes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd through thick and thin,
Through ſenſe and nonſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But ſagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a ſatyr,
For ſtill there goes ſomething to ill nature;
He needs no more than birds and beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and raſcal from a garret,
He means you no more miſchief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verſe is all his trade.
For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother:
And call young Abſalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my conſent,
And nothing ſuffer ſince he nothing meant;
Hanging ſuppoſes human ſoul and reaſon,
This animal's below committing treaſon:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That 's a preferment for Achitophel.
The woman that committed buggery,
Was rightly ſentenc'd by the law to die;
But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
The dog that never heard the ſtatute read.
Railing in other men may be a crime,
But ought to paſs for mere inſtinct in him:
Inſtinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write verſe with him is to tranſpoſe.
'Twere pity treaſon at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key:
Let him rail on, let his invective Muſe
Have four and twenty letters to abuſe,
Which, if he jumbles to one line of ſenſe,
Indict him of a capital offence.

In fire-works give him leave to vent his ſpight,
Thoſe are the only ſerpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be maſter of a puppet-ſhow,
On that one ſtage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harveſt keeps him all the year.
Now ſtop your noſes, readers, all and ſome,
For here 's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og from a treaſon-tavern rowling home.
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he ſails behind his link;
With all this bulk there 's nothing loſt in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monſtrous maſs of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had ſpew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaſpheme,
He curſes God, but God before curſt him;
And, if man could have reaſon, none has more,
That made his paunch ſo rich, and him ſo poor.
With wealth he was not truſted, for heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheaſant ſwell,
That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rel el?
But tho' heaven made him poor, with reverence ſpeaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick ſkull,
With this prophetic bleſſing--Be thou dull;
Drink, ſwear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of laſting make like thoughtleſs men,
A ſtrong nativity--but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arſenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayſt live, avoiding pen and ink.
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis counſel given in vain,
For treaſon botcht in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why ſhould thy mercy good king David blaſt?
A pſalm of his will ſurely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in verſe to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in proſe?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo coarſe,
A poet is, though he 's the poet's horſe.
A double roſe thou on thy neck doſt pull
For writing treaſon, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonſenſe is the devil:
Had thou the glories of thy king expreſt,
Thy praiſes had been ſatyr at the beſt;
But thou in clumſy verſe, unlickt, unpointed,
Haſt ſhamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill for thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Abſalom!
And for my foes may this their bleſſing be,
"To Talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"
Achitophel, each rank, degree and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wiſe and rich for purſe and counſel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number ſought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
Theſe thought the places they poſſeſt too ſmall,
And in their hearts wiſh'd court and king to fall:
Whoſe names the Muſe diſdaining, holds l' th' dark,
Thruſt in the villain herd without a mark;
With parаſites and libel-ſpawning imps,
Intriguing ſops, dull jeſters and worſe pimps.
Diſdain the raſcal rabble to purſue,
Their ſet cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common ſmoke they ſit;
Some for our mirth, ſome for our ſatyr fit:
Theſe gloomy, thoughtful, and on miſchief bent,
While thoſe for mere good fellowſhip frequent
T' appointed club, can let ſedition paſs,
Senſe, nonſenſe, any thing t' employ the glaſs;
And who believe in their dull honeſt hearts,
The reſt talk treaſon but to ſhew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for miſchief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a ſet.
But in the ſacred annals of our plot,
Induſtrious Arod never be forgot:
The labours of this midnight-magiſtrate,
May vie with Corah's to preſerve the ſtate.
In ſearch of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's moſt powerful dangerous weapon, gold.
And laſt, to take from Jebuſites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, ſtole their very gods;
Oft would he cry, when treaſure he ſurpriz'd,
'Tis Baaliſh gold in David's coin diſguis'd.
Which to his houſe with richer reliques came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wiſe rabble ne'er took pains t' enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, ſo 't made a rouſing fire.
With which our elder was enricht no more
Than falſe Gehazi with the Syrian's ſtore;
So poor, that when our chuſing-tribes were met,
Ev'n for his ſtinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
The ſaints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus every ſhift and ſubtle method paſt,
And all to be no Zaken at the laſt.
Now, rais'd on Tyre's ſad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatning far and wide;
As when a battering ſtorm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the ſky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling ſwain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants and flowers new opening, theſe,
For lambs yean'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his ſtock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
Ev'n ſo the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.
Where, Judah, where was now thy lion's roar?
Thou only couldſt the captive lands reſtore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction preſt,
From Egypt need'ſt a guardian with the reſt.
Thy prince from ſanhedrims no truſt allow'd,
Too much the repreſenters of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no ſupply,
But what the crown's prerogatives muſt buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were, than to preſerve the ſtate!
From preſent dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would ſentence, and ere crown depoſe.
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith ſhall be!
By ſanhedrims and clamorous crowds thus preſt,
What paſſions rent the righteous David's breaſt!

Who knows not how t' oppoſe or to comply,
Unjuſt to grant and dangerous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Iſrael's fate,
Whoſe peace one ſole expedient could create,
Which yet th' extreameſt virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whoſe downfal they conſpire!
His abſence David does with tears adviſe
T' appeaſe their rage. Undaunted he complies;
Thus he who prodigal of blood and eaſe,
A royal life expos'd to winds and ſeas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading dangers in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forſakes his native ſand,
And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch ſcarce from preſſing tears reſtrains,
And painfully his royal ſtate maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extreameſt ſhore
Almoſt revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at laſt more truſt to be allow'd
To ſtorms and ſeas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting ſcene to draw,
With ſilence charm'd as deep as their's that ſaw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy ſailors ſwell with tears the deep!
The tide reſtrain'd her courſe, and more amas'd,
The twin-ſtars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole fear--
Does trouble to our ſuffering hero bring,
Leſt next the popular rage oppreſs the king!
Thus parting, each for th' other's danger griev'd,
The ſhore the king, and ſeas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy conſort's breath, inſpire thy ſails;
Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her reſt be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves aſleep;
While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elyſian fields convert the main!
Go, injur'd hero, while the ſhores of Tyre
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
Who on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.
On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by every nation but their own;
Yet while our factious jews his worth deny,
Their aking conſcience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worſt of men the nobleſt parts
Confeſs him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the beſt reſpects commend
Of ſubject, ſoldier, kinſman, prince, and friend;
All ſacred names of moſt divine eſteem,
And to perfection all ſuſtain'd by him,
Wife, juſt, and conſtant, courtly without art,
Swift to diſcern and to reward deſert;
No hour of his in fruitleſs eaſe deſtroy'd,
But on the nobleſt ſubjects ſtill employ'd:
Whoſe ſteady ſoul ne'er learnt to ſeparate
Between his monarch's intereſt and the ſtate,
But heaps thoſe bleſſings on the royal head,
Which he well knows muſt be on ſubjects ſhed.
On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Againſt his worth and native rights engage?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his ſacred rights invade!
Of future ſuperſtition they complain,
And Jebuſitic worſhip in his reign:
With ſuch alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
With dangers fright which not themſelves believe.
Since nothing can our ſacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the ſucceſſor prove:
Our Jews their ark ſhall undiſturb'd retain,
At leaſt while their religion is their gain,
Who know by old experience Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conſcience but their lands;
They grudge God's tithes, how therefore ſhall they yield
An idol full poſſeſſion of the field?
Grant ſuch a prince enthron'd, we muſt confeſs
The people's ſufferings than that monarch's leſs,
Who muſt to hard conditions ſtill be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound;
Or ſhould his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compaſs the deſign?
Our crown's revenues are too ſhort a ſtore,
And jealous ſubjects purſes would give no more.
As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not ſo has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,
Nor ever with ſuch meaſures can comply,
As ſhock the common rules of policy;
None dread like him the growth of Iſrael's king,
And he alone ſufficient aids can bring;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,
That on our ſtubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At ſuch profound expence he has not ſtood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands ſo deep in blood;
Would ne'er through wrong and right his progreſs take,
Grudge his own reſt, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawleſs prince on Judah's throne,
Firſt to invade our rights, and then his own;
His dear-gain'd conqueſts cheaply to deſpoil,
And reap the harveſt of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vaſt as the ocean's ſand,
And curſe its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews ſo numerouſly partake,
That ev'n an hoſt his penſioners would make:
From theſe deceivers our diviſions ſpring,
Our weakneſs, and the growth of Egypt's king:
Theſe with pretended friendſhip to the ſtate,
Our crowd's ſuſpicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the ſpecious cry,
To guard their ſacred rights and property;
To ruin, thus the choſen flock are ſold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by theſe we groundleſsly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign:
Thus our forefathers crooked paths are trod,
We truſt our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reaſoning prophets preach,
To thoſe whom ſad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding wars,
And freſh remembrance of inteſtine wars;
When the ſame houſhold mortar foes did yield,
And brothers ſtain'd with brothers blood the field;
When ſons curſt ſteel the fathers gore did ſtain!
And mothers mourn'd for ſons by fathers ſlain!
When thick as Egypt's locuſts on the ſand,
Our tribes lay ſlaughter'd through the promis'd land,
Whoſe few ſurvivors with worſe fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign:
Which ſcene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly ev'n thoſe ills we fear purſue;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domeſtic broils,
And ſafely crowds his tents with nations ſpoils.

Yet our fierce Sanhedrim in reſtleſs rage,
Againſt our abſent hero ſtill engage,
And chiefly urge, ſuch did their frenzy prove,
The only ſuit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they ceaſe affairs of ſtate,
And real dangers wave for groundleſs hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting till the troubled waves would ceaſe,
But found the raging billows ſtill increaſe.
The crowd, whoſe inſolence forbearance ſwells,
While he forgives too far, almoſt rebels.
At laſt his deep reſentments ſilence broke,
Th' imperial palace ſhook, while thus he ſpoke.
Then Juſtice wake, and Rigor take her time
For lo! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
Our ſovereign right, heaven's ſacred truſt, decays!
For whoſe ſupport ev'n ſubjects intereſt calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls!
That prince who yields the leaſt of regal ſway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law ſubſiſts by power;
Diſarm the ſhepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a ſtubborn race,
Which heaven itſelf in vain has try'd with grace!
When will our reaſon's long-charm'd eyes unclose
And Iſrael judge between her friends and foes?
When ſhall we ſee expir'd deceivers ſway,
And credit what our God and monarchs ſay?
Diſſembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
Ev'n Sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
Thoſe patriots falſhood in their actions ſee,
And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
If aught for which ſo loudly they declaim,
Religion, laws, and freedom were their aim;
Our ſenates in due methods they had led,
T' avoid thoſe miſchiefs which they ſeem to dread;
But firſt ere yet they propt the ſinking ſtate,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they preſt,
But barbarouſly deſtroy'd the nation's reſt!
O! whither will ungovern'd ſenates drive,
And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
When their injuſtice we are preſs'd to ſhare,
The monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful heir;
Are princes thus diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd,
And this the privilege of royal blood?
But grant we ſhould confirm the wrongs they preſs,
His ſufferings yet were than the people's leſs;
Condemn'd for life the murdering ſword to wield,
And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
And for th' oppreſſion which they fear make way;
Succeſſion fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
Which once diſſolv'd, admits the flood of war;
Waſte, rapine, ſpoil, without, th' aſſault begin,
And our mad tribes ſupplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not underſtand,
'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
Authority and force to join with ſkill,
And ſave the lunatics againſt their will.
The ſame rough means that ſwage the crowd, appeaſe
Our ſenates raging with the crowd's diſeaſe.
Henceforth unbiaſs'd meaſures let them draw
From no falſe gloſs, but genuine text of law;
Nor urge thoſe crimes upon religion's ſcore
Themſelves ſo much in Jebuſites abhor.
Whom laws convict, and only they, ſhall bleed
Nor phariſees by phariſees be freed.
Impartial juſtice from our throne ſhall ſhower,
All ſhall have right, and we our ſovereign power.
He ſaid, th' attendants heard with awful joy,
And glad preſages their fix'd thoughts employ;
From Hebron now the ſuffering heir return'd,
A realm that long with civil diſcord mourn'd;
Till his approach, like ſome arriving God,
Compoſ'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The deluge check'd that to Judeah ſpread,
And ſtopp'd ſedition at the fountain's head.
Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
And, chas'd from Iſrael, Iſrael's peace contrives.
The field confeſs'd his power in arms before,
And ſeas proclaim'd his triumphs to the ſhore;
As nobly has his ſway in Hebron ſhown,
How fit t' inherit godlike David's throne.
Through Sion's ſtreets his glad arrival's ſpread,
And conſcious faction ſhrinks her ſnaky head;
His train their ſufferings think o'erpaid, to ſee
The crowd's applauſe with virtue once agree.
Succeſs charms all, but zeal for worth diſtreſt
A virtue proper to the brave and beſt;
'Mongſt whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
To ſerve the crown, and loyal by deſcent,
Whoſe conſtancy ſo firm, and conduct juſt,
Deſerv'd at once two royal maſters truſt;
Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withſtood
On ſeas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muſes and the Muſes' pride.
Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
Of ſteady ſoul when public ſtorms were high;
Whoſe conduct, while the Moor fierce onſets made,
Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
Such were the chiefs who moſt his ſufferings mourn'd,
And view'd with ſilent joys the prince return'd;
While thoſe that fought his abſence to betray,
Preſs firſt their naufeous falſe reſpects to pay;
Him ſtill th' officious hypocrites moleſt,
And with malicious duty break his reſt.
While real tranſports thus his friends employ,
And foes are loud in their diſſembled joy,
His triumphs ſo reſounded far and near,
Miſs'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
And as when joyful hunters clamorous train
Some ſlumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold aſſailants yield,
And ſcatter'd his purſuers through the field,
Diſdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
His eyes enflaming all the deſart round,
With roar of ſeas directs his chaſers way,
Provokes from far and dares them to the fray;
Such rage ſtorm'd now in Abſalom's fierce breaſt,
Such indignation his fir'd eyes confeſt;
Where now was the inſtructor of his pride?
Slept the old pilot in ſo rough a tide?
Whoſe wiles had from the happy ſhore betray'd,
And thus on ſhelves the credulous youth convey'd;
In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his ſtate,
Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
At leaſt, if his ſtorm'd bark muſt go adrift,
To baulk his charge, and for himſelf to ſhift,

In which his dextrous wit had oft been ſhown,
And in the wreck of kingdoms ſav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger preſt,
Of various reſolution ſtands poſſeſt,
Perceives the crowd's unſtable zeal decay,
Leſt their recanting chief the cauſe betray,
Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
And for his pardon with their heads compound.
Him therefore, ere his fortune ſlip her time,
The ſtateſman plots t' engage in ſome bold crime
Paſt pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
Or threat with open arms the royal head,
Or other daring method, and unjuſt,
That may confirm him in the people's truſt.
But failing thus t' enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by as paſt his date,
And try ſome new pretender's luckier fate;
Whoſe hopes with equal toil he would purſue,
Nor cares what claimer 's crown'd, except the true.
Wake, Abſalom, approaching ruin ſhun,
And ſee, O ſee, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of deſperate villains made?
Loſt power and conſcious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little leſs than fate;
But why ſhouldſt thou, from every grievance free,
Forſake thy vineyards for their ſtormy ſea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dreſs'd thy bowers, and laurels fought thy brow,
Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vaſſals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh ſhould our crimes again that curſe draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Abſalom,
Alike by conqueſt or defeat undone;
Who could relentleſs ſee ſuch youth and charms,
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?
A prince ſo form'd with earth's and heaven's applauſe,
To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cauſe:
Or grant him victor, till his hopes muſt fail,
Who conquering would not for himſelf prevail;
The faction whom he truſts for future ſway,
Him and the public would alike betray;
Amongſt themſelves divide the captive ſtate,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pity'd youth, with ſceptres in his ſight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Muſt, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed!
For could their pride brook any prince's ſway,
Whom but mild David would they chuſe t' obey?
Who once at ſuch a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itſelf deſign;
From hate to that their reformations ſpring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,
Leſt this clear truth ſtrike Abſalom's charm'd eyes,
Leſt he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beſide the flatter'd youth muſt ſee.
But whate'er doubts his troubled boſom ſwell,
Fair carriage ſtill became Achitophel.
Who now an envious feſtival inſtals,
And to ſurvey their ſtrength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worſhip too muſt gild;
But oh how weakly does ſedition build?
For lo! the royal mandate iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their treaſon, zeal, and mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had ſeiz'd, engender'd by ſome careleſs ſwain;
Or ſwelling Neptune lawleſs inroads made,
And to their cell of ſtore his flood convey'd;
The commonwealth broke up, diſtracted go,
And in wild haſte their loaded mates o'erthrow;
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd gueſts confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roaſt, all juſtling in the ſtreet;
Dejecting all, and ruefully diſmay'd,
For ſhekel without treat or treaſon paid.
Sedition's dark eclipſe now fainter ſhows,
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to diſperſe,
In kind conjunction of aſſiſting ſtars.
Here, labouring Muſe, theſe glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful ſcale of David's fate;
The reſt of that illuſtrious band rehearſe,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Aſaph's verſe:
Hard taſk! yet will not I thy flights recal,
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.
First write Bezaliel, whoſe illuſtrious name
Foreſtalls our praiſe, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy ſuch a preſident as he!
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks, ſerene his life and thought;
On whom ſo largely, nature heap'd her ſtore,
There ſcarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and ſtate his greateſt zeal,
His ſecond care that ſervice to conceal;
Of dues obſervant, firm to every truſt,
And to the needy always more than juſt.
Who truth from ſpecious falſehood can divide,
Has all the townſmens ſkill without their pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his glories copy'd in his ſon,
Whoſe forward fame ſhould every Muſe engage:
Whoſe youth boaſts ſkill deny'd to other's age.
Men, manners, language, books of nobleſt kind,
Already are the conqueſt of his mind.
Whoſe loyalty before its date was prime;
Nor waited the dull courſe of rolling time:
The monſter faction early he diſmay'd,
And David's cauſe long ſince confeſs'd his aid.
Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's ſchool was plac'd;
Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd;
A hero, who, while ſtars look'd wondering down,
Without one Hebrew's blood reſtor'd the crown.
That praiſe was his; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown reſtor'd; and in this mark of fame,
Brave Abdael with the firſt a place muſt claim.
Proceed, illuſtrious, happy chief! proceed,
Foreſeize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th' inſpir'd tribe attend with nobleſt ſtrain
To regiſter the glories thou ſhalt gain:
For ſure the dew ſhall Gilboah's hills forſake,
And Jordan mix his Stream with Sodom's lake;
Or ſeas retir'd their ſecret ſtores diſcloſe
And to the ſun their ſcaly brood expoſe,

Or swell'd above the clifts their billows raiſe,
Before the Muſes leave their patron's praiſe,
Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the taſk to do Eliab right:
Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
Such ancient ſervice and deſert ſo large,
Well claim'd the royal houſhold for his charge.
His age with only one mild heireſs bleſt,
In all the bloom of ſmiling nature dreſt,
And bleſt again to ſee his flower ally'd
To David's ſtock, and made young Othniel's bride!
The bright reſtorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a ſon's and ſubject's truth:
Reſolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely fought, while fought by Abſalom.
Ah prince! th' illuſtrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth;
That no Achitophel thy ruin boaſt;
Iſrael too much in one ſuch wreck has loſt.
Ev'n envy muſt conſent to Helon's worth,
Whoſe ſoul, though Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp diſdain:
To ſlight his gods was ſmall; with nobler pride,
He all th' allurements of his court defy'd.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Iſrael's friend, and true to David's ſway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he conſers, and freely all.
Our liſt of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whoſe merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place;
Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Iſrael's ſanctions into practice drew;
Our laws that did a boundleſs ocean ſeem,
Were coaſted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin ſpeaks like him their myſtic ſenſe,
So juſt, and with ſuch charms of eloquence;
To whom the double bleſſing does belong,
With Moſes' inſpiration, Aaron's tongue.
Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have ſhown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cauſe ſtill combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious prieſts the cant revive;
In vain ſeditious ſcribes with libel ſtrive
T' enflame the crowd; while he with watchful eye
Obſerves, and ſhoots their treaſons as they fly:
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect;
He undeceives more faſt than they infect.
So Moſes, when the peſt on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his ſignal, and the plague was ſtay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muſe, thy pinions try,
And ſtrength's exhauſted ſtore let love ſupply.
What tribute, Aſaph, ſhall we render thee?
We 'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree!
Thy laurel grove no envy's flaſh can blaſt;
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.
With wonder late poſterity ſhall dwell
On Abſalom and falſe Achitophel:
Thy ſtrains ſhall be our ſlumbering prophet's dream,
And when our Sion virgins ſing their theme;
Our jubilees ſhall with thy verſe be grac'd,
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.

How fierce his ſatyr loos'd; reſtrain'd, how tame;
How tender of th' offending young man's fame!
How well his worth, and brave adventures ſtil'd;
Juſt to his virtues, to his error mild,
No page of thine, that fears the ſtricteſt view,
But teems with juſt reproof, or praiſe as due;
Not Eden could a fairer proſpect yield,
All paradiſe without one barren field:
Whoſe wit the cenſure of his foes has paſt,
The ſong of Aſaph ſhall for ever laſt.
What praiſe for ſuch rich ſtrains ſhall we allow?
What juſt rewards the grateful crown beſtow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in dew,
While ſtars and fountains to their courſe are true;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock ſtand faſt,
The ſong of Aſaph and the fame ſhall laſt.
Still Hebron's honour'd happy ſoil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains;
Who now ſails off with winds nor wiſhes ſlack,
To bring his ſufferings' bright companion back.
But ere ſuch tranſport can our ſenſe employ,
A bitter grief muſt poiſon half our joy;
Nor can our coaſts reſtor'd thoſe bleſſings ſee
Without a bribe to envious deſtiny!
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd!
Give not inſulting Aſkalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe!
No ſailor with the news ſwell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd!
Weep, Arnon! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock diſſolves for a ſupply.
Calm were the elements, night's ſilence deep,
The waves ſcarce murmuring, and the winds aſleep;
Yet fate for ruin takes ſo ſtill an hour,
And treacherous ſands the princely bark devour;
Then death unworthy ſeiz'd a generous race,
To virtue's ſcandal, and the ſtars diſgrace!
Oh! had th' indulgent powers vouchſaf'd to yield,
Inſtead of faithleſs ſhelves, a lifted field:
A lifted field of Heaven's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppoſe,
Each life had on his ſlaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd:
But deſtiny is now their only foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud laſt breaths their maſter's eſcape applaud,
Of whom kind force could ſcarce the fates defraud;
Who for ſuch followers loſt, O matchleſs mind!
At his own ſafety now almoſt repin'd!
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praiſe in peace, and by Urania's charms;
If all your ſufferings paſt ſo nearly preſt,
Or pierc'd with half ſo painful grief your breaſt?
Thus ſome diviner Muſe her hero forms,
Not ſooth'd with ſoft delights, but toſt in ſtorms
Nor ſtretch'd on roſes in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth his nights with love,
But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
His ſlumbers ſhort, his bed the herbleſs ground:
In taſks of danger always ſeen the firſt,
Feeds from the hedge, and ſlakes with ice his thirſt.
Long muſt his patience ſtrive with fortune's rage,
And long oppoſing gods themſelves engage,

Muſt ſee his country flame, his friends deſtroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd:
Such toil of fate muſt build a man of fame,
And ſuch, to Iſrael's crown, the god-like David came.

What ſudden beams diſpel the clouds ſo faſt,
Whoſe drenching rains laid all our vineyards waſte!
The ſpring ſo far behind her courſe delay'd,
On th' inſtant is in all her bloom array'd;
The winds breathe low, the elements ſerene;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is ſeen!
Thronging and buſy as Hyblæan ſwarms,
Or ſtraggled ſoldiers ſummon'd to their arms,
See where the princely bark in looſeſt pride,
With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers ſtand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Iſrael and to David's breaſt!
Here all your toils, here all your ſufferings reſt.

This year did Ziloah rule Jeruſalem,
And boldly all ſedition's Syrtes ſtem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair,
Than Ziph or Shimei to affiſt the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours ſo prevail'd
That faction at the next election fail'd,
When ev'n the common cry did juſtice found,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Iſrael's peace reſtor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord.

KEY TO ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Abdael,	—	General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
Abethdin,	—	The name given through this poem to a Lord-Chancellor in general.
Abſalom,	—	Duke of Monmouth.
Achitophel,	—	The Earl of Shafteſbury.
Adriel,	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
Agag,	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
Amiel,	—	Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.
Amri,	—	Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelſea, and Lord-Chancellor.
Annabel,	—	Ducheſs of Monmouth.
Arod,	—	Sir William Waller.
Aſaph,	—	A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the ſecond Part of this Poem.
Balaam,	—	Earl of Huntingdon,
Balak	—	Barnet.
Barſillai,	—	Duke of Ormond.
Bathſheba,	—	Dutcheſs of Portſmouth.
Benaiah,	—	General Sackville.
Ben Jochanan,		Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnſon.
Bezaliel,	—	Duke of Beaufort.
Caleb,	—	Lord Grey.
Corah,	—	Dr. Oates.
David,	—	Charles II.
Doeg,	—	Elkanah Settle.
Egypt,	—	France.
Eliab,	—	Sir Hen. Bennet, E. of Arlington.
Ethnic-Plot,	—	The Popiſh-Plot.
Gath,	—	The land of Exile, more particularly Bruſſels, where King Charles II. long reſided.
Hebron,	—	Scotland.
Hebrew Priefts,		The Church of England Clergy.
Helon,	—	Earl of Feverſham.
Huſhai,	—	Hyde, Earl of Rocheſter.
Jebuſites	—	Papiſts.
Jeruſalem,	—	London.
Jews,	—	Engliſh.
Jonas,	—	Sir William Jones.
Jordan,	—	Dover.
Jotham,	—	Marquis of Halifax.
Jothran,	—	Lord Dartmouth.
Iſhboſheth,	—	Richard Cromwell.
Iſrael,	—	England.
Iſſachar,	—	Thomas Thynne, Eſq.
Judas	—	Mr. Ferguſon, a canting Teacher.
Iſhban,	—	Sir Robert Clayton.
Mephiboſheth,	—	Perdage.
Michal,	—	Queen Catherine.
Nadab,	—	Lord Howard of Eſcrick.
Og,	—	Shadwell.
Phaleg,	—	Forbes.
Pharaoh,	—	King of France.
Rabſheka,	—	Sir Thomas Player.
Sagan of Jeruſalem,		Dr. Compton, Biſhop of London.
Sanhedrim,	—	Parliament.
Saul	—	Oliver Cromwell.
Shimei,	—	Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva,	—	Sir Roger Leſtrange.
Sobymean Rout,		London Rebels.
Tyre	—	Holland.
Uzza,	—	Jack Hall.
Zadoc,	—	Sancroft, Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Zaken	—	A member of the Houſe of Commons.
Zimri,	—	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
Ziloah,	—	Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this poem with ſo much juſtice as to you? It is the repreſentation of your own hero: it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize ſo much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landſcape of your Tower, nor the riſing ſun; nor the Anno Domini of your new ſovereign's coronation. This muſt needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; eſpecially to thoſe who have not been ſo happy as to purchaſe the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder ſo inhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worſhip the image, is not able to go to the coſt of him: but muſt be content to ſee him here. I muſt confeſs I am no great artiſt; but a ſign poſt painting will ſerve the turn to remember a friend by; eſpecially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort, the lineaments are true: and though he ſat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have conſulted hiſtory; as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula; though they have not ſeen the man, they can help their imagination by a ſtatue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have ſpared one ſide of your medal: the head would be ſeen to more advantage if it were placed on a ſpike of the Tower, a little nearer to the ſun; which would then break out to better purpoſe.

You tell us in your preface to the No-proteſtant plot, that you ſhall be forced hereafter to leave off your modeſty: I ſuppoſe you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practiſed ſuch a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an eſtabliſhed government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preſerve you againſt monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the perſon of the king. But all men who can ſee an inch before them, may eaſily detect thoſe groſs fallacies. That it is neceſſary for men in your circumſtances to pretend both, is granted you: for without them there could be no ground to raiſe a faction. But I would aſk you one civil queſtion, what right has any man among you, or any aſſociation of men, to come nearer to you, who, out of parliament, cannot be conſidered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your diſcourſes, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Iſrael? Or how is it conſiſtent with your zeal for the public welfare, to promote ſedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to ſerve the king according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you know he is inveſted? You complain that his majeſty has loſt the love and confidence of his people; and, by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him loſe them. All good ſubjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would ſeem, you would not at this rate incenſe the multitude to

aſſume it; for no ſober man can fear it, either from the king's diſpoſition or his practice; or even, where you would odiouſly lay it, from his miniſters. Give us leave to enjoy the government and benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we deſire to tranſmit to our poſterity. You are not the truſtees of the public liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a crowd: much leſs have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs; or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reaſonable man will believe you reſpect the perſon of his majeſty, when it is apparent that your ſeditious pamphlets are ſtuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, it is eaſy to be evinced from a thouſand paſſages which I only forbear to quote, becauſe I deſire they ſhould die and be forgotten. I have peruſed many of your papers; and to ſhew you that I have, the No-proteſtant Plot is much of it ſtolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifeſtly as Milton's Defence of the Engliſh people is from Buchanan de jure regni apud Scotos: or your firſt Covenant and new Aſſociation from the holy league of the French Guiſards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the ſame pretences for reformation and loyalty, the ſame aſperſions of the king, and the ſame grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the hiſtorian's word, who ſays it was reported, that Poltrot a Hugonot murdered Francis, duke of Guiſe, by the inſtigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot miniſter, otherwiſe called a Preſbyterian, for our church abhors ſuch a deviliſh tenet, who firſt writ a treatiſe of the lawfulneſs of depoſing and murdering kings of a different perſuaſion in religion: but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they ſet the people above the magiſtrate; which, if I miſtake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the houſe of commons goes on your ſide you are as ready to obſerve it as if it were paſſed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in ſome caſes you will not be obliged by it. The paſſage is in the ſame third part of the No-proteſtant Plot; and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended aſſociation, you neither wholly juſtify nor condemn; but as the Catholics, when they are unoppoſed, fly out into all the pageantries of worſhip; but in times of war, when they are hard preſſed by arguments, lie cloſe intrenched behind the Council of Trent: ſo now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination. but whenſoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and juſtified to purpoſe. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the ſword: it is the proper time to ſay any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this aſſociation, and that in the time of queen Elizabeth. But there is this ſmall difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly oppoſite to the other: one with the queen's approbation and conjunction as head of it; the other without either the conſent or knowledge of the king, againſt whoſe authority it is manifeſtly deſigned. Therefore you do well to have recourſe to your laſt evaſion, that it was contrived by your enemies, and ſhuffled into the papers that were ſeized; which yet you ſee the nation is not ſo eaſy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to deſire of you at parting, that when you think of anſwering this poem, you would employ the ſame pens againſt it, who have combated with ſo much ſucceſs againſt Abſalom and Achitophel: for then you may aſſure yourſelves of a clear victory, without the leaſt reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a cuſtom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a conſiderable point, which is wholly to wave the anſwer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they ſhould be treaſon. Fall ſeverely on the miſcarriages of government; for if ſcandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn ſubjects. If God has not

bleſſed you with the talent of rhyming, make uſe of my poor ſtock and welcome: let your verſes run upon my feet: and for the utmoſt refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the laſt extremity of ſenſe, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter deſpair of your own ſatyr, make me ſatyrize myſelf. Some of you have been driven to this bay already: but, above all the reſt, commend me to the non-conformiſt parſon, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read ſo much as the piece deſerves, becauſe the bookſeller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You ſee I am charitable enough to do him a kindneſs, that it may be publiſhed as well as printed; and that ſo much ſkill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waſte paper in the ſhop. Yet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of ſome Engliſh bibles. If Achitophel ſignify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will paſs with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the verſes are, buy them up, I beſeech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is ſhut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of ſervice.

Now footmen you know have the generoſity to make a purſe for a member of their ſociety, who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even proteſtant ſocks are bought up among you out of veneration to the name. A diſſenter in poetry from ſenſe and Engliſh will make as good a proteſtant rhymer, as a diſſenter from the church of England a proteſtant parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtyle above the vulgar epithets of prophane, and ſawcy Jack, and atheiſtic ſcribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable expreſſions I was certain of his ſect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cauſe from Geneſis to the Revelations: and has half the texts of both the Teſtaments againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to yourſelves as to take him for your interpreter: and not to take them for Iriſh witneſſes. After all, perhaps, you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cauſe, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his predeceſſors, you may either conclude that I truſt to the goodneſs of my cauſe, or fear my adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe; for the ſhort of it is, it is indifferent to your humble ſervant, whatever your party ſays or thinks of him.

On utmoſt bounds of loyalty they ſtand,
And grin and whet like a Croatian band;
That waits impatient for the laſt command.
Thus outlaws open villainy maintain,
They ſteal not, but in ſquadrons ſcour the plain:
And if their power the paſſengers ſubdue,
The moſt have right, the wrong is in the few.
Such impious axioms fooliſhly they ſhow,
For in ſome ſoils republics will not grow:
Our temperate iſle will no extremes ſuſtain,
Of popular ſway or arbitrary reign:
But ſlides between them both into the beſt,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch bleſt,
And though the climate vex'd with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholeſome tempeſt purges as it breeds,
To recommend the calmneſs that ſucceeds.
But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
O crooked ſoul, and ſerpentine in arts,
Whoſe blandiſhments a royal land have whor'd,
And broke the bonds ſhe plighted to her lord;
What curſes on thy blaſted name will fall!
Which age to age their legacy ſhall call;
For all muſt curſe the woes that muſt deſcend to all.
Religion thou haſt none: thy Mercury
Has paſs'd through every ſect, or theirs through thee.
But what thou giv'ſt, that venom ſtill remains;
And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
What elſe inſpires the tongues and ſwells the breaſts
Of all thy bellowing renegado prieſts,
That preach up thee for God; diſpenſe thy laws;
And with the ſtum ferment their fainting cauſe?
Freſh fumes of madneſs raiſe, and toil and ſweat
To make the formidable cripple great.
Yet ſhould thy crimes ſucceed, ſhould lawleſs power
Compaſs thoſe ends thy greedy hopes devour,
Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
Thy God and theirs will never long agree;
For thine, if thou haſt any, muſt be one
That lets the world and human-kind alone:
A jolly god, that paſſes hours too well
To promiſe heaven, or threaten us with hell.
That unconcern'd can at rebellion ſit,
And wink at crimes he did himſelf commit.
A tyrant theirs; the heaven their prieſthood paints
A conventicle of gloomy ſullen ſaints;
A heaven like Bedlam, ſlovenly and ſad;
Fore-doom'd for ſouls, with falſe religion, mad.
Without a viſion poets can foreſhow
What all but fools by common ſenſe muſt know:
If true ſucceſſion from our iſle ſhould fail,
And crowds prophane with impious arms prevail,
Not thou nor thoſe thy factious arts engage,
Shall reap that harveſt of rebellious rage,
With which thou flattereſt thy decrepit age.
The ſwelling poiſon of the ſeveral ſects,
Which, wanting vent, the nation's health infects,
Shall burſt its bag; and fighting out their way
The various venoms on each other prey.
The preſbyter puff'd up with ſpiritual pride,
Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride:
His brethren damn, the civil power defy;
And parcel out republic prelacy.
But ſhort ſhall be his reign: his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny ſects provoke;
And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
Will croak to heaven for help, from this devouring crane.
The cut-throat ſword and clamorous gown ſhall jar,
In ſharing their ill-gotten ſpoils of war:
Chiefs ſhall be grudg'd the part which they pretend;
Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
About their impious merit ſhall contend.
The ſurly commons ſhall reſpect deny,
And juſtle peerage out with property.
Their general either ſhall his truſt betray,
And force the crowd to arbitrary ſway;
Or they, ſuſpecting his ambitious aim,
In hate of kings ſhall caſt anew the frame;
And thruſt out Collatine that bore their name.
Thus inborn broils the factions would engage,
Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
Till halting vengeance overtook our age:
And our wild labours wearied into reſt,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breaſt.

" —— Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
" Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli."

TARQUIN AND TULLIA.

IN times when princes cancel'd nature's law,
And declarations which themſelves did draw;
When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
And gnaw their way, like vipers, to the crown;
Tarquin, a ſavage, proud, ambitious prince,
Prompt to expel, yet thoughtleſs of defence,
The envied ſcepter did from Tullius ſnatch,
The Roman king, and father by the match.
To form his party hiſtories report,
A ſanctuary was open'd in his court,
Where glad offenders ſafely might reſort.
Great was the crowd, and wondrous the ſucceſs,
For thoſe were fruitful times of wickedneſs;
And all, that liv'd obnoxious to the laws,
Flock'd to prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cauſe.
'Mongſt theſe a pagan prieſt for refuge fled;
A prophet deep in godly faction read;
A ſycophant, that knew the modiſh way
To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
To whine and ſin, to ſcribble and recant,
A ſhameleſs author, and a luſtful ſaint.
To ſerve all times he could diſtinctions coin,
And with great eaſe flat contradictions join:
A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
And then obedience was his only theme:
He ſung in temples the moſt paſſive lays,
And wearied monarchs with repeated praiſe;
But manag'd aukwardly that lawful part;
To vent foul lies and treaſon was his art,
And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.
This prieſt, and others learn'd to defame,
Firſt murder injur'd Tullius in his name;
With blackeſt calumnies their ſovereign load,
A poiſon'd brother, and dark league abroad;
A ſon unjuſtly top'd upon the throne,
Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own;

This ſide to-day, and that to-morrow burns;
So all are God-almighties in their turns.
A tempting doctrine, plauſible, and new;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to deſtroy the ſeeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare:
And that a lawful power might never ceaſe,
Secur'd ſucceſſion to ſecure our peace.
Thus property and ſovereign ſway at laſt
In equal balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new Jehu ſpurs the hot-mouth'd horſe;
Inſtructs the beaſt to know his native force;
To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
To the next headlong ſteep of anarchy.
Too happy England if our good we knew,
Would we poſſeſs the freedom we purſue!
The laviſh government can give no more;
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our rebel-fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they ſought:
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping brave,
The free-born ſubject ſunk into a ſlave.
We loath our manna, and we long for quails;
Ah, what is man when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill!
Proud of his power, and boundleſs in his will!
That kings can do no wrong, we muſt believe;
None can they do, and muſt they all receive?
Help, heaven! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power!
Already they have loſt their beſt defence,
The benefit of laws which they diſpenſe.
No juſtice to their righteous cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.
And medals grav'd their conqueſt to record,
The ſtamp and coin of their adopted lord.
The man who laughed but once, to ſee an aſs
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again to ſee a jury chew
The prickles of unpalatable law.
The witneſſes, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
Sucking for them was med'cinally good;
But, when they faſten'd on their feſter'd ſore,
Then juſtice and religion they forſwore;
Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore.
Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd;
And rogue and ſaint diſtinguiſh'd by their ſide.
They rack ev'n ſcripture to confeſs their cauſe,
And plead a call to preach in ſpight of laws.
But that's no news to the poor injur'd page,
It has been uſed as ill in every age;
And is conſtrain'd with patience all to take,
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking-trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever ſenſe they pleaſe!
'Twas fram'd at firſt our oracle t' enquire;
But ſince our ſects in prophecy grow higher,
The text inſpires not them, but they the text
inſpire.
London, thou great emporium of our ile,
O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert?
Or ſeparate thy ſound from thy corrupted part?
I call'd thee Nile: the parallel will ſtand!
Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
Yet monſters from thy large increaſe we find,
Engender'd on the ſlime thou leav'ſt behind.
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Iſrael's tribe thou haſt a numerous band,
But ſtill the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſinchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two ſuch gouty hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wiſdom is to ſloth too great a ſlave;
None are ſo buſy as the fool and knave.
Theſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they
urge,
Whoſe ordures neither plague nor fire can purge?
Nor ſharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king!
In goſpel-phraſe, their chapmen they betray:
Their ſhops are dens, the buyer is their prey.
The knack of trades is living on the ſpoil;
They boaſt ev'n when each other they beguile.
Cuſtoms to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.
All hands unite of every jarring ſect;
They cheat the country firſt, and then infect.
They for God's cauſe their monarchs dare dethrone,
And they 'll be ſure to make his cauſe their own.
Whether the plotting jeſuit lay'd the plan
Of murdering kings, or the French puritan,
Our ſacrilegious ſects their guides outgo,
And kings and kingly power would murder too.
What means that traiterous combination leſs,
Too plain t' evade, too ſhameful to confeſs.
But treaſon is not own'd when 'tis deſcry'd;
Succeſsful crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The men who no conſpiracy would find
Who doubts? but had it taken, they had join'd,
Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt, their prince.
If ſovereign right by ſovereign power they ſcan,
The ſame bold maxim holds in God and man:
God were not ſafe, his thunder could they ſhun;
He ſhould be forc'd to crown another ſon.
Thus, when the heir was from the vineyard thrown,
The rich poſſeſſion was the murderer's own.
In vain to ſophiſtry they have recourſe:
By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmaſk'd rebellion, and audacious force;
Which though not actual, yet all eyes may ſee
'Tis working in th' immediate power to be;
For from pretended grievances they riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, and after to deſpiſe.
Then cyclop-like in human fleſh to deal,
Chop up a miniſter at every meal:
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king;
But clip his regal rights within the ring.
From thence t' aſſume the power of peace and war;
And eaſe him by degrees of public care.
Yet, to conſult his dignity and fame,
He ſhould have leave to exerciſe the name;
And hold the cards while commons play'd the
game.
For what can power give more than food and
drink,
To live at eaſe and not be bound to think?
Theſe are the cooler methods of their crime,
But their hot zealots think 'tis loſs of time;

He gripes the faithleſs owners of the place,
And buys a foreign army to deface
The fear'd and hated remnant of their race.
He ſtarves their forces, and obſtructs their trade;
Vaſt ſums are given, and yet no native paid.
The church itſelf he labours to aſſail,
And keeps fit tools to break the ſacred pale.
Of thoſe let him the guilty roll commence,
Who has betray'd a maſter and a prince;
A man, ſeditious, lewd, and impudent;
An engine always miſchievouſly bent;
One who from all the bands of duty ſwerves;
No tye can hold but that which he deſerves;
An author dwindled to a pamphleteer;
Skilful to forge, and always inſincere;
Careleſs exploded practices to mend;
Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend.
Fate's blindfold reign the atheiſt loudly owns,
And providence blaſphemouſly dethrones.
In vain the leering actor ſtrains his tongue
To cheat, with tears and empty noiſe, the throng,
Since all men know, whate'er he ſays or writes,
Revenge or ſtronger intereſt indites,
And that the wretch employs his venal wit
How to confute what formerly he writ.
Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
Endow'd with reaſon, though bereft of grace;
A preaching pagan of ſurpaſſing fame:
No regiſter records his borrow'd name.
Oh, had the child more happily been bred,
A radiant mitre would have grac'd his head:
But now unfit, the moſt he ſhould expect,
Is to be enter'd of T——F——'s ſect.
To him ſucceeds, with looks demurely ſad,
A gloomy ſoul with revelation mad;
Falſe to his friend, and careleſs of his word;
A dreaming prophet, and a griping lord;
He ſells the livings which he can't poſſeſs,
And farms that fine-cure his dioceſe.
Unthinking man! to quit thy barren ſee,
And vain endeavours in chronology,
For the more fruitleſs care of royal charity.

Thy hoary noddle warns thee to return,
The treaſon of old age in Wales to mourn;
Nor think the city-poor may loſs ſuſtain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this reign.
I ſhould admit the hooted prelate now,
But he is even for lampoon too low:
The ſcum and outcaſt of a royal race;
The nation's grievance, and the gown's diſgrace.
None ſo unlearn'd did ere at London ſit;
This driveler does the ſacred chair beſh——t.
I need not brand the ſpiritual parricide,
Nor draw the weapon dangling by his ſide:
Th' aſtoniſh'd world remembers that offence,
And knows he ſtole the daughter of his prince.
'Tis time enough, in ſome ſucceeding age,
To bring this mitred captain on the ſtage.
Theſe are the leaders in apoſtacy,
The wild reformers of the liturgy,
And the blind guides of poor elective majeſty;
A thing which commonwealth's-men did deviſe,
Till plots were ripe, to catch the people's eyes.
Their king 's a monſter, in a quagmire born,
Of all the native brutes the grief and ſcorn;
With a big ſnout, caſt in a crooked mould,
Which runs with glanders and an inborn cold.
His ſubſtance is of clammy ſnot and phlegm;
Sleep is his eſſence, and his life a dream.
To Capræ this Tiberius does retire,
To quench with catamite his feeble fire.
Dear catamite! who rules alone the ſtate,
While monarch dozes on his unprop height,
Silent, yet thoughtleſs, and ſecure of fate.
Could you but ſee the fulſome hero led
By loathing vaſſals to his noble bed!
In flannel robes the coughing ghoſt does walk,
And his mouth moates like cleaner breech of hawk.
Corruption, ſpringing from his canker'd breaſt,
Furs up the channel, and diſturbs his reſt.
With head propt up the bolſter'd engine lies;
If pillow ſlip aſide, the monarch dies.

RELIGIO LAICI:

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

THE PREFACE.

Poem with ſo bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of ſo ſerious a ſubject would not be expected, may reaſonably oblige the author to ſay hat in defence, both of himſelf and of his undertaking. In the firſt place, if it be id to me, that being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myſelf with ſpecula- which belong to the profeſſion of divinity; I could anſwer, that perhaps laymen, equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the moſt incompetent judges of l things; but, in the due ſenſe of my own weakneſs and want of learning, I plead his: I pretend not to make myſelf a judge of faith in others, but only to make a con- n of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reve- that becomes me at a diſtance. In the next place I will ingenuouſly confeſs, that elps I have uſed in this ſmall treatiſe were many of them taken down from the works r own reverend divines of the church of England; ſo that the weapons with which ibat irreligion, are already conſecrated; though I ſuppoſe they may be taken down wfully as the ſword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the non cauſe againſt the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to intitle them to any y errors, which yet I hope are only thoſe of charity to mankind; and ſuch as my charity has cauſed me to commit, that of others may more eaſily excuſe. Being ally inclined to ſcepticiſm in philoſophy, I have no reaſon to impoſe my opinions ſubject which is above it; but, whatever they are, I ſubmit them with all reverence y mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authoriſed, or aſt uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to ſecure myſelf on this ſide, I have uſed neceſſary precaution of ſhewing this paper before it was publiſhed to a judicious and ied friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the ſervice of the church and ſtate; and ſe writings have highly deſerved of both. He was pleaſed to approve the body of liſcourſe, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaiſance: it is he had too good a taſte to like it all; and amongſt ſome other faults recommended to ſecond view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanaſius, which he ſed me wholly to omit. I am ſenſible enough that I had done more prudently to : followed his opinion: but then I could not have ſatisfied myſelf that I had done :ſily not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heas who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Chriſt, were yet i poſſibility of ſalvation. Neither will it enter eaſily into my belief, that before the ing of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewiſh nation, ſhould lie :r the inevitable neceſſity of everlaſting puniſhment, for want of that revelation, :h was confined to ſo ſmall a ſpot of ground as that of Paleſtine. Among the ſons Noah we read of one only who was accurſed; and if a bleſſing in the ripeneſs of time

was reſerved for Japhet (of whoſe progeny we are), it ſeems unaccountable to me, why ſo many generations of the ſame offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the fleſh, ſhould be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their poſterity ſhould be entitled to the hopes of ſalvation: as if a bill of excluſion had paſſed only on the fathers, which debarred not the ſons from their ſucceſſion. Or that ſo many ages had been delivered over to hell; and ſo many reſerved for heaven, and that the devil had the firſt choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his ſons, might continue in ſome ages for the whole poſterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem, is manifeſt; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet ſwarmed into colonies, and thoſe colonies were ſubdivided into many others; in proceſs of time their deſcendants loſt by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worſhip, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which ſucceeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in thoſe ages from conquerors to Gods. Revelation being thus eclipſed to almoſt all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was ſubſtituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my ſuppoſition be true, then the conſequence which I have aſſumed in my poem may be alſo true; namely, that Deiſm, or the principles of natural worſhip, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the poſterity of Noah: and that our modern philoſophers, nay and ſome of our philoſophiſing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our ſouls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one ſupreme agent or intellectual being, which we call God: that praiſe and prayer are his due worſhip; and the reſt of thoſe deductions, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourſelves to God, by the weak pinions of our reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us; and what Socrates ſaid of him, what Plato writ, and the reſt of the heathen philoſophers of ſeveral nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the ſun of it was ſet in the race of Noah. That there is ſomething above us, ſome principle of motion, our reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed it is very improbable, that we, who by the ſtrength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not ſo much as of our own, ſhould be able to find out by them, that ſupreme nature, which we cannot otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a ſubject for our narrow underſtanding. They who would prove religion by reaſon, do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to deſign a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were poſſible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the workmen. For every man is building a ſeveral way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reaſon is always ſtriving, and always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while it is exerciſed about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt to know God by his own methods; at leaſt, ſo much of him as he is pleaſed to reveal to us in the ſacred ſcriptures; to apprehend them to be the work of God, is all our reaſon has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the ſeal of heaven impreſſed upon our human underſtanding.

And now for what concerns the holy biſhop Athanaſius, the preface of whoſe creed ſeems inconſiſtent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may poſſibly be ſaved: in the firſt place I deſire it may be conſidered that it is the preface only, not the creed itſelf, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digeſtion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many ſeveral texts of ſcripture ſeemingly ſupport that cauſe; but neither am I ignorant how all thoſe texts may receive a kinder and more moderate interpretation. Every man who is read in church hiſtory, knows that belief was drawn up after a long conteſtation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our bleſſed Saviour, and his being one ſubſtance with the father; and that thus compiled it was ſent abroad

among the christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked upon as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, 'whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from caviling at the continuance of it in the liturgy of the church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a Heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spight of exposition; and for my own part, the plain apostles creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit: and have detorted those texts of scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance, to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peers and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all protestants believe, for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spight of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of jesuited papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santare, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine,

that the pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, "si vel paulum de-"flexerit," if he shall never so little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, "ex hominum Christianorum dominatu," from exercising dominion over christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not "de fide;" and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and most authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the pope, "ratione directi Domini," and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that king John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well meaning catholics, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that saying of their father Cres. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a thesis of the Jesuits maintained, amongst others, "ex cathedra," as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme in our religion, I mean the fanatics or schismatics, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevarieated to the destruction of that government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions

and imperious diſcipline of Calvin, to graft upon our reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at firſt, as well knowing how nauſeouſly that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was preſcribed for a rebellious commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reſerve; and were never wanting to themſelves either in court or parliament, when either they had any proſpect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whoſe covetouſneſs was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will conſult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this ſubject, by George Cranmer, may ſee by what gradations they proceeded; from the diſlike of cap and ſurplice, the very next ſtep was admonitions to the parliament againſt the whole government eccleſiaſtical: then came out volumes in Engliſh and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were ſet on foot to erect their diſcipline without authority. Thoſe not ſucceeding, ſatire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of thoſe times, was the firſt preſbyterian ſcribler, who ſanctified libels and ſcurrility to the uſe of the good old cauſe. Which was done, ſays my author, upon this account; that their ſerious treatiſes having been fully anſwered and refuted, they might compaſs by railing what they had loſt by reaſoning; and when their cauſe was ſunk in court and parliament, they might at leaſt hedge in a ſtake amongſt the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abuſive; but if church and ſtate were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingſgate: even the moſt ſaintlike of the party, though they durſt not excuſe this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleaſed, and grinned at it with a pious ſmile; and called it a judgment of God againſt the hierarchy. Thus ſectaries, we may ſee, were born with teeth, foulmouthed and ſcurrilous from their infancy: and if ſpiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of ſuperiors, and ſlander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the preſbytery and the reſt of our ſchiſmatics, which are their ſpawn, were always the moſt viſible church in the chriſtian world.

It is true the government was too ſtrong at that time for a rebellion; but to ſhew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's ſchool, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood Hacket and Coppinger, as the ſtory tells us, got up into a peaſe-cart and harangued the people, to diſpoſe them to an inſurrection, and to eſtabliſh their diſcipline by force: ſo that however it comes about, that now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth night, as that of their ſaint and patroneſs; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms againſt her: and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two ſheriffs of their party, to have compaſſed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic ſpeech. "There is in every one "of theſe conſiderations moſt juſt cauſe to fear, leſt our haſtineſs to embrace a thing of ſo "perilous conſequence (meaning the preſbyterian diſcipline) ſhould cauſe poſterity to "feel thoſe evils which as yet are more eaſy for us to prevent, than they would be for "them to remedy."

How fatally this Caſſandra has foretold, we know too well by ſad experience: the ſeeds were ſown in the time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harveſt ripened in the reign of king Charles the Martyr: and becauſe all the ſheaves could not be carried off without ſhedding ſome of the looſe grains, another crop is too like to follow: nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted ſtill to ſcatter.

A man may be ſuffered to quote an adverſary to our religion when he ſpeaks truth: and it is the obſervation of Maimbourg, in his Hiſtory of Calviniſm, that wherever that diſcipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and miſery, attended it. And how indeed ſhould it happen otherwiſe? Reformation of church and ſtate has always been the ground of our diviſions in England. While we were Papiſts, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the ſcriptures to depoſe princes; when we ſhook off his authority, the ſectaries furniſhed themſelves with the ſame weapons; and out of the ſame magazine, the Bible: ſo that the ſcriptures, which are in themſelves

the greateſt ſecurity of governors, as commanding expreſs obedience to them, are now turned to their deſtruction; and never, ſince the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and depoſing, which have been taken up only by the worſt party of the Papiſts, the moſt frontleſs flatterers of the pope's authority, have been eſpouſed, defended, and are ſtill maintained by the whole body of non-conformiſts and republicans. It is but dubbing themſelves the people of God, which it is the intereſt of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own intereſt to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpoſe: if they are under perſecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flouriſh, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the ſaints are to poſſeſs the earth.

They may think themſelves to be too roughly handled in this paper, but I, who know beſt how far I could have gone on this ſubject, muſt be bold to tell them they are ſpared: though at the ſame time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildneſs of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakneſs in the other. The beſt way for them to confute me is, as I before adviſed the Papiſts, to diſclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We ſhall all be glad to think them true Engliſhmen when they obey the king, and true Proteſtants when hey conform to the church diſcipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that theſe verſes were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his tranſlation of the critical hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, compoſed by the learned father Simon; the verſes therefore are addreſſed to the tranſlator of that work, and the ſtyle of them is, what it ought to be, epiſtolary.

If any one be ſo lamentable a critic as to require the ſmoothneſs, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem; I muſt tell him that if he has not read Horace, I have ſtudied him, and hope the ſtyle of his epiſtles is not ill imitated here. The expreſſions of a poem deſigned purely for inſtruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majeſtic: for here the poet is preſumed to be a kind of lawgiver: and thoſe three qualities which I have named, are proper to the legiſlative ſtyle. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the paſſions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the ſoul, by ſhewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or leſs: but inſtruction is to be given by ſhewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into paſſion, but to be reaſoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and ſtars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reaſon to the ſoul: and as on high,
Thoſe rolling fires diſcover but the ſky,
Not light us here; ſo reaſon's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to aſſure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as thoſe nightly tapers diſappear
When day's bright lord aſcends our hemiſphere;
So pale grows reaſon at religion's ſight;
So dies, and ſo diſſolves in ſupernatural light.
Some few, whoſe lamp ſhone brighter, have been led
From cauſe to cauſe, to nature's ſecret head;
And found that one firſt principle muſt be;
But what, or who that univerſal He;
Whether ſome ſoul incompaſſing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not even the Stagirite himſelf could ſee;
And Epicurus gueſs'd as well as he;
As blindly group'd they for a future ſtate;
As raſhly judg'd of providence and fate:
But leaſt of all could their endeavours find
What moſt concern'd the good of human kind:
For happineſs was never to be found;
But vaniſh'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
This every little accident deſtroy'd:
The wiſer madmen did for virtue toil:
A thorny, or at beſt a barren ſoil:
In pleaſure ſome their glutton ſouls would ſteep;
But found their line too ſhort, the well too deep;
And leaky veſſels which no bliſs could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the ſoul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the leſs the greater comprehend?
Or finite reaſon reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deiſt thinks he ſtands on firmer ground;
Cries *cæcus*, the mighty ſecret's found:
God is that ſpring of good; ſupreme and beſt;
We made to ſerve, and in that ſervice bleſt.
If ſo, ſome rules of worſhip muſt be given,
Diſtributed alike to all by heaven:
Elſe God were partial, and to ſome deny'd
The means his juſtice ſhould for all provide.
This general worſhip is to praiſe and pray:
One part to borrow bleſſings, one to pay:
And when frail nature ſlides into offence,
The ſacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, ſince the effects of providence, we find,
Are variouſly diſpens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue ſuffers here,
A brand that ſovereign juſtice cannot bear:
Our reaſon prompts us to a future ſtate:
The laſt appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet puniſhment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own ſtrength to heaven would ſoar:
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou miſled
To think thy wit theſe god-like notions bred!
Theſe truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion firſt inform'd thy ſight,
And reaſon ſaw not till faith ſprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worſhip takes the ſource:
'Tis revelation what thou think'ſt diſcourſe.
Elſe how com'ſt thou to ſee theſe truths ſo clear,
Which ſo obſcure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato theſe, nor Ariſtotle found:
Nor he whoſe wiſdom oracles renown'd.
Haſt thou a wit ſo deep, or ſo ſublime,
Or canſt thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canſt thou by reaſon more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Thoſe giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no ſuch ſyſtem, no ſuch piles could raiſe
Of natural worſhip, built on prayer and praiſe
To one ſole God.
Nor did remorſe to expiate ſin preſcribe:
But ſlew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltleſs victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If ſheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might ſin!
And great oppreſſors might heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a ſpoil!
Dar'ſt thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And muſt the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Juſtice in the laſt appeal;
Thy eaſy God inſtructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, muſt take
What ſatisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too juſt and ſtrong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpuniſh'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, ſee his will diſcloſe
The forfeit firſt, and then the fine impoſe:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wiſdom found the way:
And with celeſtial wealth ſupply'd thy ſtore;
His juſtice makes the fine, his mercy quits the ſcore.
See God deſcending in thy human frame;
Th' offended ſuffering in th' offender's name:

All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till heaven reveal the cure:
If then heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that shews us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives though pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd;
But stay, the deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true:
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known:
A style so large, as not this book can claim,
Nor ought that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth:
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till sin spread once again the shades of night:
What's that to these, who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express't:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd;
By nature did what was by law required;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is not to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal required;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high, and as his christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou hast read,
Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.

A treaſure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and tranſlations;
And without Hebrew make moſt learn'd quotations.
A work ſo full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet ſo ſtrongly wrought,
As nature's height, and art's laſt hand requir'd:
As much as man could compaſs, uninſpir'd.
Where we may ſee what errors have been made
Both in the copyers and tranſlators trade:
How Jewiſh, Popiſh, intereſts have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For ſome, who have his ſecret meaning gueſs'd,
Have found our author not too much a prieſt:
For faſhion-ſake he ſeems to have recourſe
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could ſubdue,
Could not but find the weakneſs of the new:
If ſcripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelefsly preſerv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms, of heaven's aſſiſting care,
And who did neither time nor ſtudy ſpare
To keep this book untainted, unperplext,
Let in groſs errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the ſenſe,
With vain traditions ſtopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with eaſe:
What ſafety from ſuch bruſhwood-helps as theſe?
If written words from time are not ſecur'd,
How can we think have oral ſounds endur'd?
Which thus tranſmitted, if one mouth has fail'd
Immortal lyes on ages are intail'd:
And that ſome ſuch have been, is prov'd too plain;
If we conſider intereſt, church, and gain.
O but, ſays one, tradition ſet aſide,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For ſince th' original ſcripture has been loſt,
All copies diſagreeing, maim'd the moſt,
Or chriſtian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church tradition muſt be found.
Such an omniſcient church we wiſh indeed;
'Twere worth both Teſtaments; caſt in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide ſo ſure,
As can all doubts reſolve, all truth ſecure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame can tell;
Reſtore loſt canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what ſtill remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unleſs like Eſdras they could write it new:
Strange confidence ſtill to interpret true,
Yet not be ſure that all they have explain'd
Is in the bleſt original contain'd.
More ſafe, and much more modeſt 'tis, to ſay
God would not leave mankind without a way!
And that the ſcriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, ſufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the ſame glaſs better ſee,
'Tis for themſelves they look, but not for me:
For my ſalvation muſt its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.
Muſt all tradition then be ſet aſide?
This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, ſome needful ſure
To ſaving faith, that ſcripture leaves obſcure?
Which every ſect will wreſt a ſeveral way,
For what one ſect interprets, all ſects may:
We hold, and ſay we prove from ſcripture plain,
That Chriſt is God; the bold Socinian
From the ſame ſcripture urges he 's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important ſuit?
Both parts talk loudly. But the rule is mute.
Shall I ſpeak plain, and in a nation free
Aſſume an boneſt layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little ſkill,
To my own mother-church ſubmitting ſtill,
That many have been ſav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this queſtion brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Chriſtian who believes in groſs,
Plods on to heaven; and ne'er is at a loſs:
For the ſtreight-gate would be made ſtreighter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to inſtruct, as others to be taught,
Muſt ſtudy well the ſacred page; and ſee
Which doctrine, this, or that, does beſt agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine:
And plaineſt points to heaven's reveal'd deſign:
Which expoſition flows from genuine ſenſe,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are uſeleſs here:
When general, old, diſintereſted, clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majeſty of age:
Confirms its force by bideing every teſt;
For beſt authorities, next rules, are beſt.
And ſtill the nearer to the ſpring we go
More limpid, more unſoil'd the waters flow.
Thus firſt traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain ſuch they were, ſo known:
But ſince ſome flaws in long deſcent may be,
They make not truth but probability.
Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durſt provoke
To what the centuries preceding ſpoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale:
But truth by its own ſinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice deſcends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the ſacred hiſtory:
Which, from the univerſal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after, for itſelf believ'd.
The partial Papiſts would infer from hence
Their church, in laſt reſort, ſhould judge the ſenſe.
But firſt they would aſſume, with wonderous art,
Themſelves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vaſt frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the preſent, claim it for their own?
The book 's a common largeſs to mankind:
Not more for them than every man deſign'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier 's not commiſſion'd to expound.
It ſpeaks itſelf, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with ruſt and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance:
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but prieſts were authoriz'd to know:

When what ſmall knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a God who could but read and ſpell;
Then mother-church did mightily prevail:
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But ſtill expounded what ſhe ſold or gave;
To keep it in her power to damn and ſave:
Scripture was ſcarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took ſalvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the prieſt's they had.
Yet whate'er falſe conveyances they made,
The lawyer ſtill was certain to be paid.
In thoſe dark times they learn'd their knack ſo well,
That by long uſe they grew infallible:
At laſt a knowing age began t' enquire
If they the book, or that did them inſpire:
And making narrower ſearch they found, though late,
That what they thought the prieſt's, was their eſtate:
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man who ſaw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a ſhare:
Conſulted ſoberly his private good;
And ſav'd himſelf as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
This good had full as bad a conſequence:
The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each preſum'd he beſt could underſtand,
The common rule was made the common prey;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fiſts was gall'd;
And he was gifted moſt that loudeſt baul'd:
The ſpirit gave the doctoral degree:
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful uſe they found;
But men would ſtill be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obſcureſt place,
No meaſure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by faſting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private ſpirit brought
Occaſion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crouds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the ſacred viands buz and ſwarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food;
A thouſand daily ſects riſe up and die;
A thouſand more the periſh'd race ſupply:
So all we make of heaven's diſcover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to uſe it ill.
The danger's much the ſame; on ſeveral ſhelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourſelves.
What then remains, but waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to ſtem?
Neither ſo rich a treaſure to forego;
Nor proudly ſeek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on diſquiſitions vain;
The things we muſt believe are few and plain:
But, ſince men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himſelf a creed,
In doubtful queſtions 'tis the ſafeſt way
To learn what unſuſpected ancients ſay:
For 'tis not likely we ſhould higher ſoar
In ſearch of heaven, than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unleſs we ſee
The ſcripture and the fathers diſagree.
If after all they ſtand ſuſpected ſtill,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis ſome relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can ſay,
If ſtill our reaſon runs another way,
That private reaſon 'tis more juſt to curb,
Than by diſputes the public peace diſturb,
For points obſcure are of ſmall uſe to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praiſe expect, nor cenſure fear:
And this unpoliſh'd rugged verſe I choſe;
As fitteſt for diſcourſe, and neareſt proſe:
For while from ſacred truth I do not ſwerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will ſerve.

THE ART OF POETRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS tranſlation of monſieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, deſired his reviſal of it. I ſaw the manuſcript lying in Mr. Dryden's hands for above ſix months, who made very conſiderable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to Engliſh writers, than keep to the French names, as it was firſt tranſlated, Sir William deſired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was firſt publiſhed in the year 1683; Sir William was after ſent ambaſſador to Conſtantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage.

J. Tonson.

CANTO I.

RASH author, 'tis a vain preſumptuous crime,
To undertake the ſacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the ſtars that rul'd thy ſenſe
Shone not with a poetic influence;
In thy ſtrait genius thou wilt ſtill be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegaſus unſound.
You then that burn with the deſire to try
The dangerous courſe of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitleſs verſe to loſe your time,
Or take for genius the deſire of rhyme:
Fear the allurements of a ſpecious bait,
And well conſider your own force and weight.
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verſe deſcribe an amorous flame,
Another ſharpen a ſhort epigram:
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenſer ſing Roſalind in paſtoral:
But authors that themſelves too much eſteem,
Loſe their own genius and miſtake their theme;
Thus in times paſt Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying ſacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Deſcrib'd the Iſraelite's triumphant flight,
And following Moſes o'er the ſandy plain,
Periſh'd with Pharaoh in th' Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleaſant or ſublime,
Always let ſenſe accompany your rhyme:
Falſely they ſeem each other to oppoſe:
Rhyme muſt be made with reaſon's laws to cloſe:
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble courſe;
To reaſon's yoke ſhe quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:
But if neglected will as eaſily ſtray,
And maſter reaſon which ſhe ſhould obey.
Love reaſon then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Moſt writers mounted on a reſty Muſe,
Extravagant and ſenſeleſs objects chuſe:
They think they err, if in their verſe they fall
On any thought that 's plain or natural:
Fly this exceſs; and let Italians be
Vain authors of Falſe glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at ſenſe; but moſt in vain
Strive the hard paſs and ſlippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you ſtray;
Reaſon to go has often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Purſues its object till it 's over-wrought:
If he deſcribes a houſe, he ſhews the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a viſta, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are balluſtred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The feſtoons, freezes, and the aſtragals:"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp away I run,
And ſkip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of ſuch deſcriptions the vain folly ſee,
And ſhun their barren ſuperfluity.

All that is needleſs carefully avoid:
The mind once ſatisfy'd is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault, he makes a hundred more:
A verſe was weak, you turn it, much too ſtrong,
And grow obſcure for fear you ſhould be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another ſoars too high.
Would you of every one deſerve the praiſe?
In writing, vary your diſcourſe and phraſe;
A frozen ſtyle that neither ebbs nor flows,
Inſtead of pleaſing, makes us gape and doze.
Thoſe tedious authors are eſteem'd by none
Who tire us, humming the ſame heavy tone.
Happy who in his verſe can gently ſteer,
From grave to light; from pleaſant to ſevere;
His works will be admir'd where ever found,
And oft with buyers will be compaſs'd round.
In all you write, be neither low nor vile:
The meaneſt theme may have a proper ſtyle.
The dull burleſque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in ſpite of ſenſe.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnaſſus ſpoke the cant of Billingſgate:
Boundleſs and mad, diſorder'd rhyme was ſeen:
Diſguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague, which firſt in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran:
The dulleſt ſcribblers ſome admirers found,
And the Mock Tempeſt was a while renown'd:
But this low ſtuff the town at laſt deſpis'd,
And ſcorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
Diſtinguiſh'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.
Let not ſo mean a ſtyle your Muſe debaſe;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burleſque in ballads be employ'd:
Yet noiſy bombaſt carefully avoid,
Nor think to raiſe, though on Pharſalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the ſlain:
Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And perriwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Chuſe a juſt ſtyle; be grave without conſtraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear;
And for the meaſure have a careful ear.
On eaſy numbers fix your happy choice:
Of jarring ſounds avoid the odious noiſe:
The fulleſt verſe and the moſt labour'd ſenſe,
Diſpleaſe us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verſe, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeaſur'd, only tagg'd with rhymes;
Number and cadence that have ſince been ſhown,
To thoſe unpoliſh'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his juſt rules reſtrain'd poetic rage;
Spenſer did next in paſtorals excel,
And taught the nobler art of writing well:
To ſtricter rules the ſtanza did reſtrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then Davenant came; who with a new-found art,
Chang'd all, ſpoil'd all, and had his way apart;
His haughty Muſe all others did deſpiſe,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
Till the ſharp-ſighted critics of the times
In their Mock-Gondibert expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuſe,
And daſh'd the hopes of his aſpiring Muſe.

This headſtrong writer falling from on high,
Made following authors take leſs liberty.
Waller came laſt, but was the firſt whoſe art,
Juſt weight and meaſure did to verſe impart;
That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
And ſhew'd for poetry a nobler courſe:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And eaſy words with pleaſing numbers join:
His verſes to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard diſcord to ſoft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which, long approv'd and try'd,
To preſent authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his ſteps, ſecure from fear,
And be like him in your expreſſions clear.
If in your verſe you drag, and ſenſe delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes aſtray;
And from your vain diſcourſe I turn my mind,
Nor ſearch an author troubleſome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleas'd with ſound,
Whoſe ſuſtian head with clouds is compaſs'd round,
No reaſon can diſperſe them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or elſe obſcure,
Th' expreſſion follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with eaſe we can expreſs;
Words to the notions flow with readineſs.
Obſerve the language well in all you write,
And ſwerve not from it in your loftieſt flight.
The ſmootheſt verſe and the exacteſt ſenſe
Diſpleaſe us, if ill Engliſh give offence:
A barbarous phraſe no reader can approve;
Nor bombaſt, noiſe, or affectation love.
In ſhort, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking, never work in haſte;
And value not yourſelf for writing faſt.
A rapid poem with ſuch fury writ,
Shews want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to ſee a river lead
His gentle ſtreams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy ſhore.
Gently make haſte, of labour not afraid:
A hundred times conſider what you 've ſaid:
Poliſh, repoliſh, every colour lay,
And ſometimes add but often'er take away.
'Tis not enough when ſwarming faults are writ,
That here and there are ſcatter'd ſparks of wit;
Each object muſt be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have correſponding grace:
Till, by a curious art diſpos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your ſubject cloſe in all you ſay;
Nor for a ſounding ſentence ever ſtray.
The public cenſure for your writings fear,
And to yourſelf be critic moſt ſevere.
Fantaſtic wits their darling follies love;
But find you faithful friends that will approve,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer deſcry,
Who ſeems to like, but means not what he ſays:
Embrace true counſel, but ſuſpect falſe praiſe.
A ſycophant will every thing admire;
Each verſe, each ſentence, ſets his ſoul on fire:

All is divine! there's not a word amiſs!
He ſhakes with joy, and weeps with tenderneſs,
He overpowers you with his mighty praiſe.
Truth never moves in thoſe impetuous ways:
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedleſs errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verſe to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too affected ſound;
Here the ſenſe flags, and your expreſſion's round,
Your fancy tires, and your diſcourſe grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them juſt and plain.
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom uſe;
But authors, partial to their darling Muſe,
Think to protect it they have juſt pretence,
And at your friendly counſel take offence.
Said you of this that the expreſſion 's flat?
Your ſervant, ſir, you muſt excuſe me that,
He anſwers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray, leave it out: That, ſir, 's the propereſt place.
This turn I like not: 'Tis approv'd by all.
Thus, reſolute not from one fault to fall,
If there 's a ſyllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a ſure reaſon not to blot it out.
Yet ſtill he ſays you may his faults confute,
And over him your power is abſolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his Muſe,
Reſtleſs he runs ſome other to abuſe,
And often finds; for in our ſcribbling times
No fool can want a ſot to praiſe his rhymes:
The flatteſt work has ever in the court
Met with ſome zealous aſs for its ſupport:
And in all times a forward ſcribbling ſop
Has found ſome greater fool to cry it up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when riſing from her bed,
With ſparkling diamonds dreſſes not her head,
But, without gold or pearl, or coſtly ſcents,
Gathers from neighbouring fields her ornaments:
Such, lovely in its dreſs, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Paſtoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verſe:
There native beauty pleaſes, and excites,
And never with harſh ſounds the ear affrights.
But in this ſtyle a poet often ſpent,
In rage throws by his rural inſtrument,
And vainly, when diſorder'd thoughts abound
Amidſt the Eclogue makes the trumpet ſound:
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
Oppos'd to this another, low in ſtyle,
Makes ſhepherds ſpeak a language baſe and vile:
His writings, flat and heavy, without ſound:
Kiſſing the earth, and creeping on the ground;
You'd ſwear that Randal, in his ruſtic ſtrains,
Again was quavering to the country ſwains,
And changing, without care of ſound or dreſs,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Beſs.
'Twixt theſe extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
Be their juſt writing, by the Gods inſpir'd,
Your conſtant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you 'll eaſily comprehend
How poets, without ſhame, may condeſcend
To ſing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To ſtir up ſhepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narciſſus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their riſings lofty, yet not out of ſight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful ſtyle,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
It paints the lover's torments and delights,
A miſtreſs flatters, threatens and invites:
But well theſe raptures if you 'll make us ſee,
You muſt know love as well as poetry.
I hate thoſe lukewarm authors, whoſe forc'd fire
In a cold ſtyle deſcribes a hot deſire,
That ſigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their ſluggiſh Muſe whip to an amorous mood:
Their tranſports feign'd appear but flat and vain;
They always ſigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their priſon, and their ſufferings bleſs,
Make ſenſe and reaſon quarrel as they pleaſe.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That ſmooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when, inſtructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the diſcourſe.

ODE.

The ode is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongſt the Gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Piſa's wreſtlers tells the ſinewy force,
And ſings the duſty conqueror's glorious courſe:
To Simois' ſtreams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes ſhe flies like an induſtrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemiſtry,
Deſcribes the ſhepherd's dances, feaſts, and bliſs,
And boaſts from Phyllis to ſurprize a kiſs,
When gently ſhe reſiſts with feign'd remorſe,
That what ſhe grants may ſeem to be by force:
Her generous ſtyle at random oft will part,
And by a brave diſorder ſhows her art.
Unlike thoſe fearful poets, whoſe cold rhyme
In all their raptures keeps exacteſt time.
That ſing th' illuſtrious hero's mighty praiſe
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from leaſt circumſtances part,
But take all towns by ſtricteſt rules of art:

Apollo drives thoſe fops from his abode;
And ſome have ſaid that once the humorous god
Reſolving all ſuch ſcribblers to confound,
For the ſhort Sonnet order'd this ſtrict bound:
Set rules for the juſt meaſure, and the time,
The eaſy running and alternate rhyme;
But, above all, thoſe licenſes deny'd
Which in theſe writings the lame ſenſe ſupply'd;
Forbad an uſeleſs line ſhould find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultleſs ſonnet, finiſh'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of looſe poetry
A hundred ſcribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found:
When yet th' exacteſt ſcarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes from faults and cenſure free.
The reſt but Little read, regarded leſs,
Are ſhovel'd to the paſtry from the preſs.
Cloſing the ſenſe within the meaſur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the reaſon to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram with little art compos'd,
Is one good ſentence in a diſtich clos'd.
Theſe points, that by Italians firſt were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or deſpis'd:
The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
To their falſe pleaſures quickly they invite;
But public favour ſo increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnaſſus with their tide.
The Madrigal at firſt was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the ſame doom;
With theſe grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the ſtage,
Without his point a lover durſt not rage;
The amorous ſhepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And proſe, as well as verſe, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his ſpeech,
The parſon without quibbling could not preach.
At laſt affronted reaſon look'd about,
And from all ſerious matters ſhut them out:
Declar'd that none ſhould uſe them without ſhame,
Except a ſcattering in the Epigram;
Provided that by art, and in due time,
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts diſorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:
Inſipid jeſters, and unpleaſant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that ſometimes a dextrous Muſe
May with advantage a turn'd ſenſe abuſe,
And on a word may trifle with addreſs;
But above all avoid the fond exceſs;
And think not when your verſe and ſenſe are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram,
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The Britiſh round in plainneſs ſhows his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may ſofter paſſions move,
And breathe the tender ecſtaſies of love.
Deſire to ſhew itſelf, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue firſt with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodneſs from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and raſcals in the coach.
Horace his pleaſing wit to this did add,
And none uncenſur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whoſe name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their ſharp poetry.
Perſius obſcure, but full of ſenſe and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as thoſe times could be,
Too far did ſtretch his ſharp hyperbole;
Though horrid truth through all his labours ſhine,
In what he writes there 's ſomething of divine,
Whether he blames the Capreæ debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling ſenate come
To the ſtern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarſeſt habits ſhews,
And paints an empreſs reeking from the ſtews,
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow ſuch a maſter then deſire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this ſolid baſe,
In his old ſtyle conſerves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.
The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our reſpect,
And at immodeſt writings take offence,
If clean expreſſion cover not the ſenſe.
I love ſharp ſatire from obſceneneſs free;
Not impudence that preaches modeſty:
Our Engliſh, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleaſant detraction, that by ſinging goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
Our freedom in our poetry we ſee,
That child of joy begot by liberty.
But, vain blaſphemer, tremble when you chuſe
God for the ſubject of your impious Muſe:
At laſt, thoſe jeſts which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to juſt puniſhment.
Ev'n in a ſong there muſt be art and ſenſe;
Yet ſometimes we have ſeen that wine, or chance,
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers mettle,
And furniſh'd out a ſcene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit, that made thee pleaſe,
Let not thy folly grow to a diſeaſe,
Nor think thyſelf a wit; for in our age
If a warm fancy does our ſop engage,
He neither eats nor ſleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay, 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage,
He prints not his dull follies for the ſtage;
And in the front of all his ſenſeleſs plays,
Makes David Logan crown his head with bays.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

THERE 's not a monſter bred beneath the ſky
But, well diſpos'd by art, may pleaſe the eye:
A curious workman, by his ſkill divine,
From an ill object makes a good deſign.

Thus, to delight us, Tragedy in tears
For Oedipus, provokes our hopes and fears:
For parricide Oreſtes aſks relief:
And to encreaſe our pleaſure cauſes grief.
You then that in this noble art would riſe,
Come; and in lofty verſe diſpute the prize.
Would you upon the ſtage acquire renown,
And for your judges ſummon all the town?
Would you your works for ever ſhould remain,
And after ages paſt be ſought again?
In all you write, obſerve with care and art
To move the paſſions, and incline the heart.
If in a labor'd act, the pleaſing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raiſe:
In vain with learned ſcenes you fill your plays:
Your cold diſcourſe can never move the mind
Of a ſtern critic, naturally unkind;
Who, juſtly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
Or falls aſleep, or cenſures all you write.
The ſecret is, attention firſt to gain;
To move our minds and then to entertain:
That, from the very opening of the ſcenes,
The firſt may ſhew us what the author means.
I'm tir'd to ſee an actor on the ſtage,
That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unraveling in vain,
Inſtead of pleaſing keeps my mind in pain.
I'd rather much the nauſeous dunce ſhould ſay
Downright, My name is Hector in the play;
Than with a maſs of miracles, ill-join'd,
Confound my ears, and not inſtruct my mind.
The ſubject 's never ſoon enough expreſt;
Your place of action muſt be fix'd, and reſt.
A Spaniſh poet may with good event,
In one day's ſpace whole ages repreſent;
There oft the hero of a wandering ſtage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
But we that are by reaſon's rules confin'd,
Will, that with art the poem be deſign'd,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the ſtage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with eaſe conceiv'd;
Some truths may be too ſtrong to be believ'd.
A fooliſh wonder cannot entertain:
My mind's not mov'd if your diſcourſe be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better ſatisfy;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is moſt agreeably ſurpriz'd,
When a well-woven ſubject, long diſguis'd,
You on a ſudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At firſt the Tragedy was void of art;
A ſong, where each man danc'd and ſung his part,
And of God Bacchus roaring out the praiſe,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
Then wine and joy were ſeen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the beſt ſinger's prize.
Theſpis was firſt, who all beſmear'd with lee,
Began this pleaſure for poſterity:
And with his carted actors, and a ſong,
Amus'd the people as he paſs'd along.
Next Æſchylus the different perſons plac'd,
And with a better maſk his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verſe expreſs'd,
And ſhow'd his hero with a buſkin dreſs'd,
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the ſtage,
Engag'd the chorus ſong in every part,
And poliſh'd rugged verſe by rules of art:
He in the Greek did thoſe perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain.
Our pious fathers, in their prieſt-rid age,
As impious and prophane, abhorr'd the ſtage:
A troop of ſilly pilgrims, as 'tis ſaid,
Fooliſhly zealous, ſcandalouſly play'd,
Inſtead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the ſaints.
At laſt, right reaſon did his laws reveal,
And ſhow'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd thoſe non-conformiſts of the age,
And rais'd the lawful heroes of the ſtage:
Only th' Athenian maſk was laid aſide,
And chorus by the muſic was ſupply'd.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This paſſion never could reſiſtance find,
But knows the ſhorteſt paſſage to the mind.
Paint then, I'm pleas'd my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame ſhepherd move;
Let not Achillis be like Thyrſis ſeen,
Or for a Cyrus ſhow an Artaben;
That ſtruggling out his paſſions we may find,
The frailty not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes ſhun the low deſign;
Yet to great hearts ſome human frailties join:
Achilles muſt with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I'm pleas'd to ſee him rage.
Thoſe little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part;
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd,
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites auſtere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know,
From different climates different cuſtoms grow:
And ſtrive to ſhun their fault who vainly dreſs
An antique hero like ſome modern aſs;
Who make old Romans like our Engliſh move,
Show Cato ſparkiſh, or make Brutus love.
In a romance thoſe errors are excus'd:
There 'tis enough that, reading, we 're amus'd:
Rules too ſevere would there be uſeleſs found;
But the ſtrict ſcene muſt have a juſter bound:
Exact decorum we muſt always find.
If then you form ſome hero in your mind,
Be ſure your image with itſelf agree;
For what he firſt appears, he ſtill muſt be,
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own deſign:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
Chapman in Buſſy d'Ambois took delight,
And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
Wiſe nature by variety does pleaſe;
Cloath differing paſſions in a differing dreſs:
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and diſſolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And ſhow a ranting grief upon the ſtage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His ſevenfold waters to the Euxine ſhore;

These swollen expressions, this affected noise,
Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
In sorrow you must soften methods keep;
And, to excite our tears, yourself must weep.
Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from hearts that are in sadness drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times.
An author cannot easily purchase fame;
Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every ass in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To please, you must a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble thoughts must every where abound,
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising touches join,
And show us a new wonder in each line:
That all, in a just method well-design'd,
May leave a strong impression in the mind.
These are the arts that tragedy maintain:
But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.

THE EPIC.

In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join;
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas, beauty Paphos' queen.
'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky:
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain;
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main:
Echo's no more an empty airy sound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus, in the endless treasure of his mind,
The poet does a thousand figures find,
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish hand his opening flowers.
'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Lybian shore;
From faithless fortune this is no surprize,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy:
That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd,
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers;
These are the springs that move our hopes and tears;
Without these ornaments before our eyes,
Th' unsinew'd poem languishes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
In vain have our mistaken authors try'd
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
Might act like those the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Astaroth, and Bel:
The mysteries which Christians must believe,
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or punishment for faults;
And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,
Would make our sacred truths appear like lies:
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the prize?
Tasso you 'll say has done it with applause?
It is not here I mean to judge his cause:
Yet though our age has so extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not, that christian poems ought to be
Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
But in a common subject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat
To pass the Shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
And take from Time his scythe, his wings and glass.
And every where, as 'twere idolatry,
Banish descriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to pursue;
But let our reason such vain fears subdue:
And let us not, amongst our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
And the smooth names seem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
To chuse king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill apply'd,
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never should be tir'd?
Chuse some great hero, fit to be admir'd;
In courage signal, and in virtue bright,
Let e'en his very failings give delight;
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæsar, or like Scipio, frame his mind,
And not like Oedipus his perjur'd race;
A common conqueror is a theme too base.
Chuse not your tale of accidents too full:
Too much variety may make it dull:
Achilles' rage alone, when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your descriptions show your noblest art:
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd:
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass,
The fishes staring through the liquid glass;
Describ'd a child, who, with his little hand,
Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain; and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;

Nor tell your reader in a thundering verſe,
"I ſing the conqueror of the univerſe."
What can an author after this produce?
The labouring mountain muſt bring forth a mouſe.
Much better are we pleas'd with his addreſs,
Who, without making ſuch vaſt promiſes,
Says, in an eaſier ſtyle and plainer ſenſe,
"I ſing the combats of that pious prince
"Who from the Phrygian coaſt his armies bore,
"And landed firſt on the Lavinian ſhore."
His opening Muſe ſets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require:
Quickly you 'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Roman name;
Of Styx and Acheron deſcribe the floods,
And Cæſar's wandering in th' Elyſian woods:
With figures numberleſs his ſtory grace,
And every thing in beauteous colours trace.
At once you may be pleaſing and ſublime:
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
Than a dull author always ſtiff and ſtale,
Who thinks himſelf diſhonour'd in his ſtyle,
If on his works the graces do but ſmile.
'Tis ſaid, that Homer, matchleſs in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
His works indeed vaſt treaſures do unfold,
And whatſoe'er he touches turns to gold:
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleaſes, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he every where may boaſt;
Nor is he in too long digreſſions loſt:
His verſes without rule a method find,
And of themſelves appear in order join'd;
All without trouble anſwers his intent;
Each ſyllable is tending to th' event.
Let his example your endeavours raiſe:
To love his writings is a kind of praiſe.
A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantaſtic mind:
There muſt be care, and time, and ſkill, and pains;
Not the firſt heat of unexperienc'd brains.
Yet ſometimes artleſs poets, when the rage
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puff'd with vain pride, preſume they underſtand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their ſuſtian Muſe each accident confounds;
Nor can ſhe fly, but riſe by leaps and bounds,
Till, their ſmall ſtock of learning quickly ſpent,
Their poem dies for want of nouriſhment.
In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool deories,
No branding cenſures can unveil his eyes;
With impudence the laurel they invade,
Reſolv'd to like the monſters they have made.
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer underſtood not poetry:
Againſt their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for juſtice they appeal.
But waiting till mankind ſhall do them right,
And bring their works triumphantly to light;
Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
Forgot, in duſt and cobwebs let them reſt,
Whilſt we return from whence we firſt digreſt.
The great faceteſt which tragic writers found,
In Athens firſt the comedy renown'd,
Th' abuſive Grecian there by pleaſing ways,
Diſpers'd his natural malice in his plays:
Wiſdom and virtue, honour, wit, and ſenſe,
Were ſubject to buffooning inſolence:
Poets were publicly approv'd, and ſought,
That vice extoll'd, and virtue ſet at nought!
A Socrates himſelf, in that looſe age,
Was made the paſtime of a ſcoffing ſtage,
At laſt the public took in hand the cauſe,
And curb'd this madneſs by the power of laws;
Forbad at any time, or any place,
To name the perſon, or deſcribe the face.
The ſtage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:
By mild reproofs, recover'd minds diſeas'd,
And ſparing perſons innocently pleas'd.
Each one was nicely ſhown in this new glaſs,
And ſmil'd to think he was not meant the aſs:
A miſer oft would laugh at firſt, to find
A faithful draught of his own ſordid mind;
And ſops were with ſuch care and cunning writ,
They lik'd the piece for which themſelves did ſit.
You then that would the comic laurels wear,
To ſtudy nature be your only care:
Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
Diſcerns the hidden ſecrets of the heart;
He who obſerves, and naturally can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning ſycophant,
A ſober wit, an enterpriſing aſs,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May ſafely in thoſe noble liſts engage,
And make them act and ſpeak upon the ſtage.
Strive as he na ural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may pleaſe the ſight,
Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different humours found:
A glance, a touch, diſcovers to the wiſe;
But every man has not diſcerning eyes.
All-changing time does alſo change the mind;
And different ages different pleaſures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is eaſily led away;
Vain in diſcourſe, inconſtant in deſire,
In cenſure, raſh; in pleaſures, all on fire.
The manly age does ſteadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his ſoul employ:
Againſt the turns of fate he ſets his mind;
And by the paſt the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age ſtill adding to his ſtores,
For others heaps the treaſure he adores,
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Paſt times extols, the preſent to debaſe:
Incapable of pleaſures youth abuſe,
In others blames what age does him refuſe.
Your actors muſt by reaſon be controul'd;
Let young men ſpeak like young, old men like old:
Obſerve the town, and ſtudy well the court:
For thither various characters reſort:
Thus 'twas great Jonſon purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had borne away the crown;
If, leſs deſirous of the people's praiſe,
He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;
Mixing dull buffoonry with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I ſee the tortoiſe hiſt,
I loſe the author of the Alchemiſt.
The comic wit, born with a ſmiling air,
Muſt tragic grief and pompous verſe forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market place,
With baudy jeſts amuſe the populace:

With well-bred converſation you muſt pleaſe,
And your intrigue unravel'd be with eaſe:
Your action ſtill ſhould reaſon's rules obey,
Nor in an empty ſcene may loſe its way.
Your humble ſtyle muſt ſometimes gently riſe;
And your diſcourſe ſententious be, and wiſe:
The paſſions muſt to nature be confin'd;
And ſcenes to ſcenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit muſt not unſeaſonably play;
But follow bus'neſs, never lead the way.
Obſerve how Terence does this error ſhun;
A careful father chides his amorous ſon:
Then ſee that ſon, whom no advice can move,
Forget thoſe orders, and purſue his love:
'Tis not a well-drawn picture we diſcover:
'Tis a true ſon, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age,
And keeps the right decorum of the ſtage;
That always pleaſes by juſt reaſon's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauſeous bawdry fills his plays;
Let him begone, and on two treſſels raiſe
Some Smithfield ſtage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings ſpeak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

IN Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The ſcourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of phyſic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public miſchief was his private gain;
Children their ſlaughter'd parents fought in vain:
A brother here his poiſon'd brother wept;
Some bloodleſs dy'd, and ſome by opium ſlept.
Colds, at his preſence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at laſt, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his ſtore,
In his new country-houſe affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot and a building aſs:
Here firſt the doctor's talent came in play,
He ſeems inſpir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Deſigns the ſtair-caſe at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his maſon ſend.
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.
In ſhort, to finiſh this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous ſcience does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part;
Rather be maſon, 'tis a uſeful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade accurſt,
Admits no mean betwixt the beſt and worſt.
In other ſciences, without diſgrace,
A candidate may fill a ſecond place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader ſuffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd ſtationers againſt him baul,
And Herringham degrades him from his ſtall.
Burleſque, at leaſt, our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.
The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Than the ſtiff formal ſtyle of Condibert.

Be not affected with that empty praiſe
Which your vain flatterers will ſometimes raiſe,
And when you read, with ecſtacy will ſay,
"The finiſh'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to cenſure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing ſight.
A hundred authors fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed but not ſold.
Hear all the world; conſider every thought;
A fool by chance may ſtumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your Muſe inſpire,
Be not impatient to expoſe your fire:
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,
Thoſe tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes,
Who ſeize on all th' acquaintance they can meet,
And ſtop the paſſengers that walk the ſtreet:
There is no ſanctuary you can chuſe
For a defence from their purſuing Muſe.
I've ſaid before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better, is no ſhame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited ſceptics, void of ſenſe,
By their falſe taſte condemn ſome finiſh'd part,
And blame the nobleſt flights of wit and art,
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are ſatisfy'd;
And their weak judgment, void of ſenſe and light,
Thinks nothing can eſcape their feeble ſight:
Their dangerous counſels do not cure but wound;
To ſhun the ſtorm, they run your verſe a-ground,
And, thinking to eſcape a rock, are drown'd.
Chuſe a ſure judge to cenſure what you write,
Whoſe reaſon leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whoſe ſteady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully adviſe,
And clear the miſt before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous Muſe may ſometimes take her flight;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her ſtricter bounds and limits part:
But ſuch a perfect judge is hard to ſee,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;
Nay ſome there are, for writing verſe extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's droſs from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, obſerve the rules I here lay down.
In prudent leſſons every where abound;
With pleaſant join the uſeful and the ſound:
A ſober reader a vain tale will ſlight;
He ſeeks as well inſtruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Sill offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not thoſe looſe writers who employ
Their guilty Muſe good manners to deſtroy;
Who with falſe colours ſtill deceive our eyes,
And ſhow us vice dreſs'd in a fair diſguiſe.
Yet do I not their ſullen Muſe approve,
Who from all modeſt writings baniſh love;
That ſtrip the play-houſe of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lighteſt love, if decently expreſt,
Will raiſe no vicious motions in our breaſt.
Dido in vain may weep, and aſk relief;
I blame her folly, whilſt I ſhare her grief,
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To pleaſe the ſenſe needs not corrupt the heart:

His heat will never cauſe a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your deſire.
In vain your art and vigour are expreſt;
Th' obſcene expreſſion ſhows th' infected breaſt.
But above all baſe jealouſies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.
A noble wit dares liberally contend;
And ſcorns to grudge at his deſerving friend.
Baſe rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing ſtill againſt it with the great,
Maliciouſly aſpire to gain renown,
By ſtanding up, and pulling others down.
Never debaſe yourſelf by treacherous ways,
Nor by ſuch abject methods ſeek for praiſe:
Let not your only buſineſs be to write;
Be virtuous, juſt, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;
But ſtrive your converſation be deſir'd:
Write for immortal fame; nor ever chuſe
Gold for the object of a generous Muſe.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time:
Yet I abhor thoſe writers, who deſpiſe
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;
Who their Apollo baſely will degrade,
And of a noble ſcience make a trade.
Before kind reaſon did her light diſplay,
And government taught mortals to obey,
Men, like wild beaſts, did nature's laws purſue,
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew;
Their brutal force, on luſt and rapine bent,
Committed murder without puniſhment:
Reaſon at laſt, by her all-conquering arts,
Reduc'd theſe ſavages, and turn'd their hearts;
Mankind from hogs, and woods, and caverns, calls,
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:
Thus fear of juſtice made proud rapine ceaſe,
And ſheltered innocence by laws and peace.
Theſe benefits from poets we receiv'd,
From whence are rais'd thoſe fictions ſince believ'd.
That Orpheus, by his ſoft harmonious ſtrains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban towers;
Theſe miracles from numbers did ariſe:
Since which, in verſe heaven taught his myſteries,
And by a prieſt, poſſeſs'd with rage divine,
Apollo ſpoke from his prophetic ſhrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd;
Then Heſiod did his Grecian ſwains incline
To till the fields and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus uſeful rules were by the poets aid,
In eaſy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleaſingly their precepts did impart;
Firſt charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
The Muſes thus their reputation rais'd,
And with juſt gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
With pleaſure mortals did their wonders ſee,
And ſacrificed to their divinity;
But want, at laſt, baſe flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnaſſus with this vice was ſtain'd:
Deſire of gain dazzling the poets eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulſome flatteries.

Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,
And verſe became a neceſſary trade.
Debaſe not with ſo mean a vice thy art:
If gold muſt be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly th' unfruitful Heliconian ſtrand,
Thoſe ſtreams are not inrich'd with golden ſand:
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little pleaſure in Parnaſſus' dreams,
Or reliſhes the Heliconian ſtreams.
Horace had eaſe and plenty when he writ,
And free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'Tis true; but verſe is cheriſh'd by the great,
And now none famiſh who deſerve to eat:
What can we hear, when virtue, arts, and ſenſe,
Receive the ſtars propitious influence;
When a ſharp-ſighted prince, by early grants,
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame:
Your nobleſt theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenſer raiſe his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham ſtart up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring,
Our monarch's praiſe let bright-ey'd virgins ſing;
Let Dryden with new rules our ſtage refine,
And his great models form by this deſign:
But where 's a ſecond Virgil to rehearſe
Our hero's glories in his epic verſe?
What Orpheus ſing his triumph's o'er the main,
And make the hills and foreſts move again;
Shew his bold fleet on the Batavian ſhore,
And Holland trembling as his canons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his ſteady hand,
Whilſt the two worlds in expectation ſtand
Of peace or war that wait on his command?
But as I ſpeak new glories ſtrike my eyes,
Glories, which heaven itſelf does give, and prize,
Bleſſings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, diſcord, vice and rage,
That have in patriots forms debauch'd our age,
Vaniſh with all the miniſters of hell:
His rays their poiſonous vapours ſhall diſpel:
'Tis he alone our ſafety did create,
His own firm ſoul ſecur'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the Pout'ſeu's of the ſtate,
Authors, for him your great endeavours raiſe;
The loftieſt numbers will but reach his praiſe.
For me, whoſe verſe in ſatire has been bred,
And never durſt heroic meaſures tread;
Yet you ſhall ſee me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my beſt aſſiſtance yield:
Offer your leſſons, that my infant Muſe
Learnt, when ſhe Horace for her guide did chuſe:
Second your zeal with wiſhes, heart, and eyes,
And afar hold up the glorious prize.
But pardon too, if, zealous for the right,
A ſtrict obſerver of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I ſeparate the allay,
And ſhow how haſty writers ſometimes ſtray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A ſharp, but yet a neceſſary friend.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

A FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

SACRED TO

THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

I.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears ſtand congeal'd, and cannot flow:
And the ſad ſoul retires into her inmoſt room:
Tears, for a ſtroke foreſeen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a ſudden blow,
Like Niobé we marble grow;
And petrify with grief.
Our Britiſh heaven was all ſerene,
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the ſky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the firſt age in nature's golden ſcene;
Supine amidſt our flowing ſtore,
We ſlept ſecurely, and we dreamt of more:
When ſuddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
Already loſt before we fear'd.
Th' amazing news of Charles at once were ſpread,
At once the general voice declar'd,
"Our gracious prince was dead."
No ſickneſs known before, no ſlow diſeaſe,
To ſoften grief by juſt degrees,
But like an hurricane on Indian ſeas,
The tempeſt roſe;
An unexpected burſt of woes:
With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and periſhing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should ſink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
As once it ſhall,
Should gape immenſe, and ruſhing down, o'erwhelm this nether ball;
So ſwift and ſo ſurpriſing was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, ſure the beſt
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly riſen from his reſt,
And, with a fervent flame,
His uſual morning vows had juſt addreſt
For his dear ſovereign's health;
And hop'd to have them heard,
In long increaſe of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth:
Guiltleſs of greatneſs, thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew nor wiſh'd thoſe vows he made,
On his own head ſhould be repay'd.
Soon as th' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,
Who can deſcribe th' amazement of his face!
Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent without a tear:
And then the hero firſt was ſeen to fear.
Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
So haſty and ſo artleſs was his grief:
Approaching greatneſs met him in her charms
Of power and future ſtate;
But look'd ſo ghaſtly in a brother's fate,
He ſhook her from his arms.
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he ſaw
A wild diſtraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.
God's image, God's anointed lay
Without motion, pulſe, or breath,
A ſenſeleſs lump of ſacred clay,
An image now of death,
Amidſt his ſad attendants groans and cries,
The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
Diſtorted from their native grace;
An iron ſlumber ſat on his majeſtic eyes.
The pious Duke--Forbear audacious Muſe!
No terms thy feeble art can uſe
Are able to adorn ſo vaſt a woe:
The grief of all the reſt like ſubject-grief did ſhow,
His like a ſovereign did tranſcend:
No wife, no brother, ſuch a grief could know,
Nor any name but friend.

III.

O wondrous changes of a fatal ſcene,
Still varying to the laſt!
Heaven, though its hard decree was paſt,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again:
And death's uplifted arm arreſted in its haſte.
Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almoſt griev'd it had foreſeen,
What by foreſight it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her reſemblance here below;
And mild forgiveneſs intercede
To ſtop the coming blow.
New miracles approach th' etherial throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
And urg'd that ſtill they might be ſhown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatneſs at ſo dear a rate,
Himſelf defending what he could,
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him th' innumerable crowd,
Of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd aloud;
The firſt well-meaning rude petitioners.
All for his life aſſail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the ſkies by offering up their own.

So great a throng not heaven itſelf could bar;
'Twas almoſt borne by force as in the giants' war.
The prayers at leaſt for his reprieve were heard;
His death like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
Againſt the ſun the ſhadow went;
Five days, thoſe five degrees, were lent
To form our patience and prepare th' event.
The ſecond cauſes took the ſwift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting ſoul came back
T' inſpire the mortal frame;
And in the body took a doubtful ſtand,
Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er the brand.

IV.

The joyful ſhort-liv'd news ſoon ſpread around,
Took the ſame train, the ſame impetuous bound:
The drooping town in ſmiles again was dreſt,
Gladneſs in every face expreſt,
Their eyes before their tongues confeſt.
Men met each other with erected look,
The ſteps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haſte;
And long-inveterate foes ſaluted as they paſt:
Above the reſt heroic James appear'd
Exalted more, becauſe he more had fear'd:
His manly heart, whoſe noble pride
Was ſtill above
Diſſembled hate or varniſh'd love,
In more than common tranſport could not hide;
But like an eagre rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate courſe,
The tyrant paſſions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flaſh'd upon the ſoul with equal force.
Thus, at half ebb, a rolling ſea
Returns and wins upon the ſhore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Reſt on their fins a while, and ſtay,
Then backward take their wondering way:
The prophet wonders more than they,
At prodigies but rarely ſeen before,
And cries, a king muſt fall, or kingdoms change their ſway.
Such were our counter-tides at land, and ſo
Preſaging of the fatal blow,
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal ſoul, that, like the labouring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her native ſphere,
Came but while on liking here:
Soon weary of the painful ſtrife,
And made but faint eſſays of life:
And evening light
Soon ſhut in night:
A ſtrong diſtemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

V.

The ſons of art all medicines try'd,
And every noble remedy apply'd;
With emulation each eſſay'd
His utmoſt ſkill, nay more, they pray'd:
Never was loſing game with better conduct play'd.
Death never won a ſtake with greater toil,
Nor ere was fate ſo near a foil:
But like a fortreſs on a rock,
Th' impregnable diſeaſe their vain attempts did mock;
They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war;
No gentle means could be eſſay'd,
'Twas beyond parly when the ſiege was laid:
Th' extremeſt ways they firſt ordain,
Preſcribing ſuch intolerable pain,
As none but Cæſar could ſuſtain:
Undaunted Cæſar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent:
In five ſuch days he ſuffer'd more
Than any ſuffer'd in his reign before;
More, infinitely more, than he,
Againſt the worſt of rebels, could decree,
A traitor or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now art was tir'd without ſucceſs,
No racks could make the ſtubborn malady confeſs.
The vain inſtrancers of life,
And he who moſt performed and promis'd leſs,
Ev'n Short himſelf forſook th' unequal ſtrife.
Death and deſpair were in their looks,
No longer they conſult their memories or books;
Like helpleſs friends who view from ſhore
The labouring ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar;
So ſtood they with their arms acroſs;
Not to aſſiſt, but to deplore
Th' inevitable loſs.
Death was denounc'd; that frightful ſound
Which ev'n the beſt can hardly bear,
He took the ſummons void of fear;
And unconcern'dly caſt his eyes around;
As if to find and dare the grieſly challenger,
What death could do he lately try'd,
When in four days he more than dy'd.
The ſame aſſurance all his words did grace:
The ſame majeſtic mildneſs held its place:
Nor loſt the monarch in his dying face.
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if ſome angel had been ſent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again,
As he had number'd in his happy reign,
So chearfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath;
Nor ſhrunk nor ſtept aſide from death:
But with unalter'd pace kept on;
Providing for events to come,
When he reſign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly ſtate;
And grew familiar with his fate.
Kind, good, and gracious, to the laſt,
On all he lov'd before his dying beams he caſt:
Oh truly good, and truly great,
For glorious as he roſe benignly ſo he ſet!
All that on earth he held moſt dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both heaven,
The right had given
And his own love bequeath'd ſupreme command:
He took and preſt that ever-loyal hand,

Which could in peace ſecure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain,
That hand on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for ſo great a truſt he choſe
A prince who never diſobey'd:
Not when the moſt ſevere commands were laid;
Nor want nor exile with his duty weigh'd:
A prince on whom, if heaven its eyes could cloſe,
The welfare of the world it ſafely might repoſe.

VIII.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet leſs ſerenely died than he:
Charles left behind no harſh decree
For ſchoolmen with laborious art
To ſalve from cruelty:
Thoſe, for whom love could no excuſes frame,
He graciouſly forgot to name.
Thus far my Muſe, though rudely, has deſign'd
Some faint reſemblance of his godlike mind:
But neither pen nor pencil can expreſs
The parting brothers' tenderneſs:
Though that's a term too mean and low;
The bleſt above a kinder word may know:
But what they did, and what they ſaid,
The monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who ſtaid,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are ſpent,
I caſt into a ſhade.
That all-forgiving king,
The type of him above,
That unexhauſted ſpring
Of clemency and love;
Himſelf to his next ſelf accus'd,
And aſk'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd:
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godleſs men, and of rebellious times:
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country ſent
Their beſt Camillus into baniſhment:
And forc'd their ſovereign's act, they could not his consent.
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his ſufferings paſt!
Than hear a pardon begg'd at laſt,
Which given could give the dying no relief:
He bent, he ſunk beneath his grief:
His dauntleſs heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd.
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breaſt
Diſdain'd, or was aſham'd to ſhow
So weak, ſo womaniſh a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend ſo plenteouſly confeſt.

IX.

Amidſt the ſilent ſhower, the royal mind
An eaſy paſſage found,
And left its ſacred earth behind:
Nor murmuring groan expreſt, nor labouring ſound,
Nor any leaſt tumultuous breath;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death.
Soft as thoſe gentle whiſpers were,
In which th' Almighty did appear;
By the ſtill voice the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy proſperous reign to ſhine,
That peace thou leav'ſt to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh happy ſhade, be ever thine!

X.

For all thoſe joys thy reſtoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it ſound,
For numerous bleſſings yearly ſhower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd;
For freedom ſtill maintain'd alive,
Freedom which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an Engliſh ſubject's ſole prerogative,
Without whoſe charms even peace would be
But a dull quiet ſlavery:
For theſe and more, accept our pious praiſe:
'Tis all the ſubſidy
The preſent age can raiſe,
The reſt is charg'd on late poſterity.
Poſterity is charg'd the more,
Becauſe the large abounding ſtore
To them and to their heirs, is ſtill entail'd by thee.
Succeſſion of a long deſcent
Which chaſtely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almoſt to time in its extent,
Through hazards numberleſs and great,
Thou haſt deriv'd this mighty bleſſing down,
And fixt the faireſt gem that decks th' imperial crown;
Not faction, when it ſhook thy regal ſeat,
Not ſenates, inſolently loud,
Thoſe echoes of a thoughtleſs crowd,
Not foreign or domeſtic treachery,
Could warp thy ſoul to their unjuſt decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind miſtook,
Who judg'd it by the mildneſs of thy look:
Like a well-temper'd ſword it bent at will;
But kept the native toughneſs of the ſteel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name!
But draw him ſtrictly ſo,
That all who view, the piece may know;
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load's too weighty: thou may'ſt chuſe
Some parts of praiſe, and ſome refuſe:
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish than the Muſe.
In ſcanty truth thou haſt confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, juſt, and kind:
His converſation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the nobleſt uſeful arts,
Were ſuch, dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of thoſe who live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehenſion quick, his judgment true:
That the moſt learn'd, with ſhame, confeſs
His knowledge more, his reading only leſs.

XII.

Amidſt the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he ſhed,
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If ſcen e rais'd her head,
And ſoft humanity that from rebellion fled?
Our iſle, indeed, too fruitful was before;
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the ſolar walk and heaven's high way;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the beſt, amidſt the corn it bore:
The royal huſbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and ſow'd, and till'd,
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbiſh clear'd,
And bleſs'd th' obedient field.
When ſtrait a double harveſt roſe;
Such as the ſwarthy Indian mows;
Or happier climates near the line,
Or paradiſe manur'd and dreſt by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to ſurvey,
Of airy chorifters a numerous train
Attend his wondrous progreſs o'er the plain;
So, riſing from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return;
Th' officious Muſes came along,
A gay harmonious quire like angels ever young:
The Muſe that mourns him now his happy triumph ſung,
Fr'n they could thrive in his auſpicious reign:
And ſuch a plenteous crop they bore
Of pureſt and well-winnow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet ſomewhat to their ſhare he threw;
Fed from his hand, they ſung and flew,
Like birds of paradiſe that liv'd on morning dew.
Oh never let their lays his name forget!
The penſion of a prince's praiſe is great.
Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live bleſt above, almoſt invok'd below;
Live and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian angel now.
Thou Fabius of a ſinking ſtate,
Who didſt by wiſe delays divert our fate,
When faction like a tempeſt roſe,
In death's moſt hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didſt oppoſe,
To weather out the ſtorm:
Not quitting thy ſupreme command,
Thou held'ſt the rudder with thy ſteady hand,
Till ſafely on the ſhore the bark did land:
The hark that all our bleſſings brought,
Charg'd with thyſelf and James, a doubly royal fraught.

XIV.

Oh frail eſtate of human things,
And ſlippery hopes below!
Now to our coſt your emptineſs we know:
For 'tis a leſſon dearly bought,
Aſſurance here is never to be ſought.
The beſt, and beſt-belov'd of kings,
And beſt deſerving to be ſo,
When ſcarce he had eſcap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conſpiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes deſtroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What miſts of Providence are theſe
Through which we cannot ſee!
So ſaints, by ſupernatural power ſet free,
Are left at laſt in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.
Forgive me, heaven, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madneſs wrought,
That queſtion'd thy ſupreme decree!
Thou didſt his gracious reign prolong,
Ev'n in thy ſaints and angels wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality:
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd ſince his bleſt return:
So ſtrictly wert thou juſt to pay,
Ev'n to the driblet of a day.
Yet ſtill we murmur and complain,
The quails and manna ſhould no longer rain;
Thoſe miracles 'twas needleſs to renew;
The choſen flock has now the promis'd land in view.

XV.

A warlike prince aſcends the regal ſtate,
A prince long exercis'd by fate:
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late!
Heroes in heaven's peculiar mould are caſt,
They and their poets are not form'd in haſte;
Man was the firſt in God's deſign, and man was made the laſt.
Falſe heroes made by flattery ſo,
Heaven can ſtrike out, like ſparkles, at a blow;
But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He coſts Omnipotence a ſecond thought.
With toil and ſweat,
With hardening cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their ſtrokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable ſhield was wrought:
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before twas try'd and found a maſter-piece.

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he ſwiftly ran;
The future God at firſt was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate
Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait:
And there he grappled firſt with fate:
In his young hands the hiſſing ſnakes he preſt.
So early was the Deity conſeſt;
Thus by degrees he roſe to Jove's imperial ſeat;
Thus difficulties prove a ſoul legitimately great.
Like his our hero's infancy was try'd;
Betimes the Furies did their ſnakes provide;
And to his infant arms oppoſe
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppreſt, the higher ſtill he roſe:
Thoſe were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to ſubdue
The hydra of the many-headed hiſſing crew.

XVII.

As, after Numa's peaceful reign,
The martial Ancus did the ſceptre wield,
Furbiſh'd the ruſty ſword again,
Reſum'd the long-forgotten ſhield,
And led the Latins to the duſty field;
So James the drowſy genius wakes
Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
Reſtiff and ſlumbering on its arms:
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-ſtrung nerve, the ſpear already ſhakes.
No neighing of the warrior ſteeds,
No drum or louder trumpet, needs
T' inſpire the coward, warm the cold,
His voice, his ſole appearance makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread th' impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the duſt, and crouch beneath their fatal foe.
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his lingering ſword;
Peace is their only ſure defence,
Their beſt ſecurity his word:
In all the changes of his doubtful ſtate,
His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
For him to promiſe is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main
With broken oaths his fame he will not ſtain;
With conqueſt baſely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O heaven, unfold thy adamantine book;
And let his wondering ſenate ſee,
If not thy firm immutable decree,
At leaſt the ſecond page of ſtrong contingency;
Such as conſiſts with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happineſs may be:
Let them not ſtill be obſtinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou haſt deſign'd,
Or with malignant penury,
To ſtarve the royal virtues of his mind,
Faith is a chriſtian's and a ſubject's teſt,
Oh give them to believe, and they are ſurely bleſt.
They do; and with a diſtant view I ſee
Th' amended vows of Engliſh loyalty.
And all beyond that object, there appears
The long retinue of a proſperous reign,
A ſeries of ſucceſsful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold even the remoter ſhores,
A conquering navy proudly ſpread;
The Britiſh cannon formidably roars,
While, ſtarting from his oozy bed,
Th' aſſerted ocean rears his reverend head;
To view and recognize his ancient lord again:
And with a willing hand reſtores
The faſces of the main.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR ſpirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O ſource of uncreated light,
The Father's promiſed Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding ſpirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gifts of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul:
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A ROYAL EXILE.

UNHAPPY I! who once ordain'd to bear
God's juſtice ſword, and his vicegerent here
Am now depos'd—'gainſt me my children riſe,
My life muſt be their only ſacrifice:
Highly they me accuſe, but nothing prove;
But this is out of tenderneſs and love!
They ſeek to ſpill my blood; 'tis that alone
Muſt ſer the nation's crying ſins atone.
But careful Heaven forewarn'd me in a dream,
And ſhew'd me that my dangers were extreme;
The heavenly viſion ſpoke, and bade me flee
Th' ungrateful brood that were not worthy me;
Alarm'd I fled at the appointed time;
And mere neceſſity was made my crime!

THE

HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

" ———Antiquam exquirite matrem.
" Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea." VIRG.

THE PREFACE.

THE nation is in too high a ferment, for me to expect either fair war, or even ſo much as fair quarter, from a reader of the oppoſite party. All men are engaged either on this ſide or that; and though conſcience is the common word, which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of their conſcience, he is knocked down before the reaſons of his own are heard. A preface, therefore, which is but a beſpeaking of favour, is altogether uſeleſs. What I deſire the reader ſhould know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruſe it. Only this advertiſement let him take before hand, which relates to the merits of the cauſe. No general characters of parties (call them either ſects or churches) can be ſo fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the ſeveral members of them; at leaſt all ſuch as are received under that denomination. For example; there are ſome of the church by law eſtabliſhed, who envy not liberty of conſcience to diſſenters; as being well ſatisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to perſecute them. Yet theſe, by reaſon of their fewneſs, I could not diſtinguiſh from the numbers of the reſt, with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other ſide there are many of our ſects, and more indeed than I could reaſonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themſelves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his majeſty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of theſe is this ſatire any way intended: it is aimed only at the refractory and diſobedient on either ſide. For thoſe, who are come over to the royal party, are conſequently ſuppoſed to be out of gun-ſhot. Our phyſicians have obſerved, that in proceſs of time, ſome diſeaſes have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, ſo as to be no longer mortal: and why may I not ſuppoſe the ſame concerning ſome of thoſe who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as Catholic religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of perſecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to cenſure the proceedings of a foreign prince: but, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may praiſe our own, who has taken contrary meaſures, and thoſe more ſuitable to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity. Some of the diſſenters in their addreſſes to his majeſty, have ſaid, "That he has reſtored God to his empire over "conſcience." I confeſs, I dare not ſtretch the figure to ſo great a boldneſs: but I may ſafely ſay, that conſcience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is abſolute in his own breaſt, and accountable to no earthly power for that which paſſes only betwixt God and him. Thoſe who are driven into the fold are, generally ſpeaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the ſects, it ought in reaſon to be expected, that they ſhould both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For, at this time of day, to refuſe the benefit, and adhere to thoſe whom they have eſteemed their perſecutors, what is it elſe, but publicly to own, that they ſuffered not before for conſcience-ſake, but only out of pride and obſtinacy, to ſeparate from a church for thoſe impoſitions, which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have ſo long contended for their claſſical ordination (not to ſpeak of rites and ceremonies), will they at length ſubmit to an epiſcopal? If they can go ſo far out of complaiſance to their old enemies methinks a little reaſon ſhould perſuade them to take another ſtep, and ſee whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully I ſhall ſay no more, than that they ought, and I doubt not they will conſider from what hand they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen prince and a foreigner, but from a chriſtian king, their native ſovereign; who expects a return in ſpecie from them, that the kindneſs, which he has graciouſly ſhewn them, may be retaliated on thoſe of his own perſuaſion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far ſatisfy the reader, that it was neither impoſed on me, nor ſo much as the ſubject given me by any man. It was written during the laſt winter, and the beginning of this ſpring; though with long interruptions of ill health and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finiſhed it, his majeſty's declaration for liberty of conſcience came abroad: which if I had ſo ſoon expected, I might have ſpared myſelf the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in ſome hope, that the church of England might have been perſuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the teſt, which was one deſign of the poem, when I propoſed to myſelf the writing of it.

It is evident that ſome part of it was only occaſional, and not firſt intended: I mean that defence of myſelf, to which every honeſt man is bound, when he is injuriouſly attacked in print: and I refer myſelf to the judgment of thoſe, who have read the Anſwer to the defence of the late king's papers, and that of the dutcheſs (in which laſt I was concerned) how charitably I have been repreſented there. I am now informed both of the author and ſupervifors of this pamphlet, and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time let him conſider whether he deſerved not a more ſevere reprehenſion, than I gave him formerly, for uſing ſo little reſpect to the memory of thoſe, whom he pretended to anſwer; and at his leiſure, look out for ſome original treatiſe of humility written by any Proteſtant in Engliſh; I believe I may ſay in any other tongue; for the magnified piece of Duncomb on that ſubject, which either he muſt mean, or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was tranſlated from the Spaniſh of Rodriguez; though with the omiſſion of the ſeventeenth, the twenty-fourth, the twenty-fifth and the laſt chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have inſinuated to the world, that her late highneſs died not a Roman Catholic. He declares himſelf to be now ſatisfied to the contrary, in which he has given up the cauſe: for matter of fact was the principle betwixt us. In the mean time, he would diſpute the motives of her change; how prepoſterouſly, let all men judge, when he

ſeemed to deny the ſubject of the controverſy, the change itſelf. And becauſe I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue: but he may as well infer, that a Catholic cannot faſt, becauſe he will not take up the cudgels againſt Mr. James to confute the Proteſtant religion.

I have but one word more to ſay concerning the poem as ſuch, and abſtracted from the matters either religious or civil, which are handled in it. The firſt part, conſiſting moſt in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raiſe, and give it the majeſtic turn of heroic poeſy. The ſecond being matter of diſpute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perſpicuous as poſſibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occaſions for the magnificence of verſe. The third, which has more of the nature of domeſtic converſation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two epiſodes or fables, which are interwoven with the main deſign; ſo that they are properly parts of it, though they are alſo diſtinct ſtories of themſelves. In both of theſe I have made uſe of the common-places of ſatire, whether true or falſe, which are urged by the members of the one church againſt the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be ſcandalized, becauſe they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one ſide, and as thoſe of the Reformation on the other.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin.
Yet had ſhe oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian ſhafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death though fated not to die.
Not ſo her young; for their unequal line
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
Th' immortal part aſſum'd immortal ſtate.
Of theſe a ſlaughter'd army lay in blood,
Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
Their native walk: whoſe vocal blood aroſe,
And cry'd for pardon on their perjur'd foes.
Their fate was fruitful, and the ſanguine ſeed,
Endued with ſouls, increas'd the ſacred breed.
So captive Iſrael multiply'd in chains,
A numerous exile, and enjoy'd her pains.
With grief and gladneſs mix'd the mother view'd
Her martyr'd offspring, and their race renew'd;
Their corps to periſh, but their kind to laſt,
So much the deathleſs plant the dying fruit ſurpaſs'd.
Panting and penſive now ſhe rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage reſtrain'd
By ſovereign power, her company diſdain'd;
Grinn'd as they paſs'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy ſigns of ſecret enmity.
'Tis true, ſhe bounded by, and trip'd ſo light,
They had not time to take a ſteady ſight.
For truth has ſuch a face and ſuch a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be ſeen.
The bloody bear, an independent beaſt,
Unlick'd to form, in groans her hate expreſt.
Among the timorous the quaking hare
Profeſs'd neutrality, but would not ſwear.
Next her the buffoon ape, as atheiſts uſe,
Mimick'd all ſects, and had his own to chuſe;
Still when the lion look'd, his knees he bent,
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
The briſtled baptiſt boar, impure as he,
But whiten'd with the foam of ſanctity,
With fat pollutions fill'd the ſacred place,
And mountains level'd in his furious race:
So firſt rebellion founded was in grace
But ſince the mighty ravage which he made
In German foreſt, had his guilt betray'd,
With broken tuſks, and with a borrow'd name,
He ſhun'd the vengeance, and conceal'd the ſhame;
So lurk'd in ſects unſeen. With greater guile
Falſe Reynard fed on conſecrated ſpoil:
The graceleſs beaſt by Athanaſius firſt
Was chac'd from Nice, then by Socinus nurs'd:
His impious race their blaſphemy renew'd,
And nature's king through nature's optics view'd.
Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eye,
Nor in an inſant could a God deſcry.
New ſwarming ſects to this obliquely tend,
Hence they began, and here they all will end.
What weight of antient witneſs can prevail,
If private reaſon hold the public ſcale?
But, gracious God, how well doſt thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkneſs in th' abyſs of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the ſight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And ſearch no farther than thyſelf reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou haſt promis'd never to forſake!
My thoughtleſs youth was wing'd with vain deſires,
My manhood, long miſled by wandering fires,
Follow'd falſe lights; and, when their glimpſe was gone,
My pride ſtruck out new ſparkles of her own.
Such was I, ſuch by nature ſtill I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the ſhame.
Good life be now my taſk: my doubts are done:
What more could fright my faith, than three in one?
Can I believe eternal God could lie
Diſguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that truſt my imperfect ſenſe,
Which calls in queſtion his omnipotence?
Can I my reaſon to my faith compel?
And ſhall my ſight, and touch, and taſte rebel?
Superior faculties are ſet aſide;
Shall their ſubſervient organs be my guide?
Then let the moon uſurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers ſhew the ſun his way;
For what my ſenſes can themſelves perceive,
I need no revelation to believe.
Can they who ſay the hoſt ſhould be deſcry'd
By ſenſe, define a body glorify'd?
Impaſſable, and penetrating parts?
Let them declare by what myſterious arts
He ſhot that body through th' oppoſing might
Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
And ſtood before his train confeſs'd in open ſight.
For ſince thus wondrouſly he paſs'd, 'tis plain,
One ſingle place two bodies did contain.
And ſure the ſame omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.
Let reaſon then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite graſp infinity?
'Tis urg'd again, that faith did firſt commence
By miracles, which are appeals to ſenſe,
And thence concluded, that our ſenſe muſt be
The motive ſtill of credibility.
For latter ages muſt on former wait,
And what began belief muſt propagate.
But winnow well this thought, and you ſhall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.

Were all thoſe wonders wrought by power divine,
As means or ends of ſome more deep deſign?
Moſt ſure as means, whoſe end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of th' eternal Son.
God thus aſſerted, man is to believe
Beyond what ſenſe and reaſon can conceive,
And for myſterious things of faith rely
On the proponent, heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther ſearch of human wit,
As when the building gains a ſurer ſtay,
We take th' unuſeful ſcaffolding away.
Reaſon by ſenſe no more can underſtand;
The game is play'd into another hand.
Why chuſe we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coaſt, and land in view to keep,
When ſafely we may launch into the deep?
In the ſame veſſel which our Saviour bore,
Himſelf the pilot, let us leave the ſhore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could he his Godhead veil with fleſh and blood,
And not veil theſe again to be our food?
His grace in both is equal in extent,
The firſt affords us life, the ſecond nouriſhment.
And if he can, why all this frantic pain
To conſtrue what his cleareſt words contain,
And make a riddle what he made ſo plain?
To take up half on truſt, and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call,
To pay great ſums, and to compound the ſmall:
For who would break with heaven, and would not break for all?
Reſt then, my ſoul, from endleſs anguiſh freed:
Nor ſciences thy guide, nor ſenſe thy creed.
Faith is the beſt enſurer of thy bliſs;
The bank above muſt fail before the venture miſs.
But heaven and heaven-born faith are far from thee,
Thou firſt apoſtate to divinity.
Unkenn'd range in thy Polonian plains:
A fiercer foe the inſatiate wolf remains.
Too boaſtful Britain, pleaſe thyſelf no more,
That beaſts of prey are baniſh'd from thy ſhore:
The bear, the boar, and every ſavage name,
Wild in effect, though in appearance tame,
Lay waſte thy woods, deſtroy thy bliſsful bower,
And, muzzled though they ſeem, the mutes devour.
More haughty than the reſt, the wolfiſh race
Appear with belly gaunt, and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Cloſe clap'd for ſhame; but his rough creſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears.
His wild diſorder'd walk, his haggard eyes,
Did all the beſtial citizens ſurpriſe.
Though fear'd and hated, yet he rul'd a while,
As captain or companion of the ſpoil.
Full many a year his hateful head had been
For tribute paid, nor ſince in Cambria ſeen:
The laſt of all the litter ſcap'd by chance,
And from Geneva firſt infeſted France.
Some authors thus his pedigree will trace,
But others write him of an upſtart race;
Becauſe of Wickliffe's brood no mark he brings,
But his innate antipathy to kings.
Theſe laſt deduce him from th' Helvetian kind,
Who near the Leman-lake his conſort lin'd:
That fiery Zuinglius firſt th' affection bred,
And meagre Calvin bleſt the nuptial bed.
In Iſrael ſome believe him whelp'd long ſince,
When the proud Sanhedrim oppreſs'd the prince.
Or, ſince he will be Jew, derive him higher,
When Corah with his brethren did conſpire
From Moſes' hand the ſovereign ſway to wreſt,
And Aaron of his ephod to diveſt:
Till opening earth made way for all to paſs,
And could not bear the burden of a claſs.
The fox and he came ſhuffled in the dark.
If ever they were ſtow'd in Noah's ark:
Perhaps not made; for all their barking train
The dog (a common ſpecies) will contain.
And ſome wild curs, who from their maſters ran,
Abhorring the ſupremacy of man,
In woods and caves the rebel-race began.
O happy pair, how well have you increas'd!
What ills in church and ſtate have you redreſs'd?
With teeth untry'd, and rudiments of claws,
Your firſt eſſay was on your native laws:
Thoſe having torn with eaſe, and trampled down,
Your fangs you faſten'd on the mitred crown,
And freed from God and monarchy your town.
What though your native kennel ſtill be ſmall,
Bounded betwixt a puddle and a wall;
Yet your victorious colonies are ſent
Where the north ocean girds the continent.
Quicken'd with fire below, your monſters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed:
And like the firſt the laſt affects to be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
As, where in fields the fairy rounds are ſeen,
A rank ſour herbage riſes on the green;
So, ſpringing where thoſe midnight elves advance,
Rebellion prints the footſteps of the dance,
Such are their doctrines, ſuch contempt they ſhow
To heaven above and to their prince below,
As none but traitors and blaſphemers know.
God, like the tyrant of the ſkies is plac'd,
And kings, like ſlaves, beneath the crowd debas'd.
So fulſome is their food, that flocks refuſe
To bite, and only dogs for phyſic uſe.
As where the lightning runs along the ground,
No huſbandry can heal the blaſting wound;
Nor bladed graſs, nor bearded corn ſucceeds,
But ſcales of ſcurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, ſuch waſte, ſuch fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and ſuch a teemleſs earth.
But, as the poiſons of the deadlieſt kind
Are to their own unhappy coaſt confin'd;
As only Indian ſhades of ſight deprive,
And magic plants will but in Colchos thrive;
So preſbytery and peſtilential zeal
Can only flouriſh in a common weal.
From Celtic woods is chac'd the wolfiſh crew;
But ah! ſome pity ev'n to brutes is due:
Their native walks methinks they might enjoy,
Curb'd of their native malice to deſtroy.
Of all the tyrannies on human-kind,
The worſt is that which perſecutes the mind.
Let us but aſk at what offence we ſtrike,
'Tis but becauſe we cannot think alike.

In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mold is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.
One portion of informing fire was given
To brutes, th' inferior family of heaven:
The smith divine, as with a careless beat,
Struck out the mute creation at a heat:
But when arriv'd at last to human race,
The Godhead took a deep considering space;
And to distinguish man from all the rest,
Unlock'd the sacred treasures of his breast;
And mercy mixt with reason did impart,
One to his head, the other to his heart:
Reason to rule, but mercy to forgive:
The first is law, the last prerogative.
And like his mind his outward form appear'd,
When, issuing naked, to the wondering herd,
He charm'd their eyes; and, for they lov'd, they fear'd:
Not arm'd with horns of arbitrary might,
Or claws to seize their furry spoils in fight,
Or with increase of feet t' o'ertake them in their flight:
Of easy shape, and pliant every way;
Confessing still the softness of his clay,
And kind as kings upon their coronation-day:
With open hands, and with extended space
Of arms, to satisfy a large embrace.
Thus kneaded up with milk, the new-made man
His kingdom o'er his kindred world began:
Till knowledge misapply'd, misunderstood,
And pride of empire sour'd his balmy blood.
Then, first rebelling, his own stamp he coins;
The murderer Cain was latent in his loins:
And blood began its first and loudest cry,
For differing worship of the Deity.
Thus persecution rose, and farther space
Produc'd the mighty hunter of his race.
Not so the blessed Pan his flock increas'd
Content to fold them from the famish'd beast:
Mild were his laws; the sheep and harmless hind
Were never of the persecuting kind.
Such pity now the pious pastor shows,
Such mercy from the British lion flows,
That both provide protection from their foes.
Oh happy regions, Italy and Spain,
Which never did those monsters entertain!
The wolf, the boar, the bear, can there advance
No native claim of just inheritance.
And self-preserving laws, severe in show,
May guard their fences from th' invading foe.
Where birth has plac'd them, let them safely share
The common benefit of vital air.
Themselves unharmful, let them live unharm'd;
Their jaws disabled, and their claws disarm'd:
Here only in nocturnal howlings bold,
They dare not seize the Hind, nor leap the fold.
More powerful, and as vigilant as they,
The lion awfully forbids the prey.
Their rage repress'd, though pinch'd with famine sore,
They stand aloof and tremble at his roar;
Much is their hunger, but their fear is more.

These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary'work; nor will the Muse describe
A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe;
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
In fields their sullen conventicles found.
These gross, half-animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive.
But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aspire:
Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay:
So drossy, so divisible are they,
As would but serve pure bodies for allay:
Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
As only buz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance,
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the same.
The Panther sure the noblest, next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend;
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd, nor wholly free.
Then, like her injur'd lion, let me speak?
He cannot bend her and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to share her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.
Her house not ancient, whatsoe'er pretence
Her clergy heralds make in her defence.
A second century not half-way run,
Since the new honours of her blood begun.
A lion old, obscene, and furious made
By lust, compress'd her mother in a shade;
Then, by a left-hand marriage, weds the dame,
Covering adultery with a specious name:
So schism begot; and sacrilege and she,
A well-match'd pair, got graceless heresy.
God's and king's rebels have the same good cause,
To trample down divine and human laws:
Both would be call'd reformers, and their hate
Alike destructive both to church and state:
The fruit proclaims the plant; a lawful prince
By luxury reform'd incontinence;
By ruins, charity; by riots, abstinence.
Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside;
Oh! with what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd!
Where marriage pleasures midnight prayer supply,
And mattin bells, a melancholy cry,
Are tun'd to merrier notes, Increase and multiply.
Religion shews a rosy-colour'd face;
Not batter'd out with drudging works of grace.
A down-hill reformation rolls apace.

What flesh and blood would crowd the narrow gate,
Or, till they waste their pamper'd paunches, wait?
All would be happy at the cheapest rate.
Though our lean faith these rigid laws has given,
The full-fed Mussulman goes fat to heaven;
For his Arabian prophet with delights
Of sense allur'd his eastern proselytes.
The jolly Luther, reading him, began
T' interpret Scriptures by his Alcoran;
To grub the thorns beneath our tender feet,
And make the paths of Paradise more sweet:
Bethought him of a wife ere half way gone,
For 'twas uneasy travelling alone;
And, in this masquerade of mirth and love,
Mistook the bliss of heaven for Bacchanals above.
Sure he presum'd of praise, who came to stock
Th' etherial pastures with so fair a flock
Burnish'd, and battening on their food, to show
Their diligence of careful herds below.
Our Panther, though like these she chang'd her head,
Yet as the mistress of a monarch's bed,
Her front erect with majesty she bore,
The crosier wielded, and the mitre wore.
Her upper part of decent discipline
Shew'd affectation of an ancient line;
And fathers, councils, church and church's head,
Were on her reverend phylacteries read.
But what disgrac'd and disavow'd the rest,
Was Calvin's brand that stigmatiz'd the beast.
Thus, like a creature of a double kind,
In her own labyrinth she lives confin'd.
To foreign lands no sound of her is come,
Humbly content to be despis'd at home.
Such is her faith, where good cannot be had,
At least she leaves the refuse of the bad:
Nice in her choice of ill, though not of best,
And least deform'd, because deform'd the least.
In doubtful points betwixt her differing friends,
Where one for substance, one for sign contends,
Their contradicting terms she strives to join;
Sign shall be substance, substance shall be sign.
A real presence all her sons allow,
And yet 'tis flat idolatry to bow,
Because the godhead 's there they know not how.
Her novices are taught, that bread and wine
Are but the visible and outward sign,
Receiv'd by those who in communion join,
But th' inward grace, or the thing signify'd,
His blood and body, who to save us dy'd;
The faithful this thing signify'd receive:
What is 't those faithful then partake or leave?
For what is signify'd and understood,
Is, by her own confession, flesh and blood.
Then, by the same acknowledgment, we know
They take the sign, and take the substance too.
The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood,
But nonsense never can be understood.
Her wild belief on every wave is tost;
But sure no church can better morals boast.
True to her king her principles are sound;
Oh that her practice were but half so sound!
Stedfast in various turns of state she stood,
And seal'd her vow'd affection with her blood:
Nor will I meanly tax her constancy,
That interest or obligement made the tye.
Bound to the fate of murder'd monarchy.

Before the sounding ax so falls the vine,
Whose tender branches round the poplar twine,
She chose her ruin, and resign'd her life,
In death undaunted as an Indian wife:
A rare example! but some souls we see
Grow hard, and stiffen with adversity:
Yet these by fortune's favours are undone;
Resolv'd into a baser form they run,
And bore the wind, but cannot bear the sun.
Let this be nature's frailty, or her fate,
Or Isgrim's counsel, her new-chosen mate;
Still she 's the fairest of the fallen crew,
No mother more indulgent but the true.
Fierce to her foes, yet fears her force to try,
Because she wants innate authority;
For how can she constrain them to obey,
Who has herself cast off the lawful sway?
Rebellion equals all; and those, who toil
In common theft, will share the common spoil.
Let her produce the title and the right
Against her old superiors first to fight;
If she reform by text, even that 's as plain
For her own rebels to reform again.
As long as words a different sense will bear,
And each may be his own interpreter,
Our airy faith will no foundation find:
The word 's a weathercock for every wind:
The bear, the fox, the wolf, by turns prevail;
The most in power supplies the present gale.
The wretched Panther cries aloud for aid
To church and councils, whom she first betray'd;
No help from fathers or tradition's train:
Those ancient guides she taught us to disdain.
And by that scripture, which she once abus'd
To reformation, stands herself accus'd.
What bills for breach of laws can she prefer,
Expounding which she owns herself may err;
And, after all her winding ways are try'd,
If doubts arise, she slips herself aside,
And leaves the private conscience for the guide.
If then that conscience set th' offender free,
It bars her claim to church authority.
How can she censure, or what crime pretend,
But scripture may be construed to defend?
Ev'n those, whom for rebellion she transmits
To civil power, her doctrine first acquits;
Because no disobedience can ensue,
Where no submission to a judge is due;
Each judging for himself by her consent,
Whom thus absolv'd she sends to punishment.
Suppose the magistrate revenge her cause,
'Tis only for transgressing human laws.
How answering to its end a church is made,
Whose power is but to counsel and persuade!
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house not built with mortal hands!
O sure defence against th' infernal gate,
A patent during pleasure of the state!
Thus is the Panther neither lov'd nor fear'd,
A meer mock queen of a divided herd;
Whom soon by lawful power she might controul,
Herself a part submitted to the whole.
Then, as the moon who first receives the light
By which she makes our nether regions bright,
So might she shine, reflecting from afar
The rays she borrow'd from a better star;
Big with the beams which from her mother flow,
And reigning o'er the rising tides below:

Now, mixing with a lavage crowd, ſhe goes,
And meanly flatters her inveterate foes,
Rul'd while ſhe rules, and loſing every hour
Her wretched remnants of precarious power.
One evening while the cooler ſhade ſhe ſought,
Revolving many a melancholy thought,
Alone ſhe walk'd, and look'd around in vain,
With rueful viſage, for her vaniſh'd train:
None of her ſylvan ſubjects made their court;
Levées and couchées paſs'd without reſort.
So hardly can uſurpers manage well
Thoſe whom they firſt inſtructed to rebel.
More liberty begets deſire of more;
The hunger ſtill increaſes with the ſtore.
Without reſpect they bruſh'd along the wood
Each in his clan, and, fill'd with loathſome food,
Aſk'd no permiſſion to the neighbouring flood.
The Panther, full of inward diſcontent,
Since they would go, before them wiſely went;
Supplying want of power by drinking firſt,
As if ſhe gave them leave to quench their thirſt.
Among the reſt, the Hind, with fearful face,
Beheld from far the common watering-place,
Nor durſt approach; till with an awful roar
The ſovereign lion bad her fear no more.
Encourag'd thus ſhe brought her younglings nigh,
Watching the motions of her patron's eye,
And drank a ſober draught; the reſt amaz'd
Stood mutely ſtill, and on the ſtranger gaz'd;
Survey'd her part by part, and ſought to find
The ten-horn'd monſter in the harmleſs Hind,
Such as the Wolf and Panther had deſign'd.
They thought at firſt they dream'd; for 'twas offence
With them, to queſtion certitude of ſenſe,
Their guide in faith: but nearer when they drew,
And had the faultleſs object full in view,
Lord, how they all admir'd her heavenly hue!
Some, who before her fellowſhip diſdain'd,
Scarce, and but ſcarce, from in-born rage reſtrain'd,
Now friſk'd about her, and old kindred feign'd.
Whether for love or intereſt, every ſect
Of all the ſavage nation ſhew'd reſpect.
The viceroy Panther could not awe the herd;
The more the company, the leſs they fear'd.
The ſurly Wolf with ſecret envy burſt,
Yet could not howl; the Hind had ſeen him firſt;
But what he durſt not ſpeak, the Panther durſt.
For when the herd, ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferney heaths, and to their foreſt lare,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That, ſince the ſky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſufferer in the plot.
Yet wondering how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy, and her countenance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which, well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſidering her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the ſpotted muff began.

THE SECOND PART.

DAME, ſaid the Panther, times are mended well,
Since late among the Philiſtines you fell.
The toils were pitch'd, a ſpacious tract of ground
With expert huntſmen was encompaſs'd round;
Th' incloſure narrow'd; the ſagacious power
Of hounds and death drew nearer every hour.
'Tis true, the younger lion ſcap'd the ſnare,
But all your prieſtly calves lay ſtruggling there;
As ſacrifices on their altars laid;
While you their careful mother wiſely fled,
Nor truſting deſtiny to ſave your head.
For whate'er promiſes you have apply'd
To your unfailing church, the ſurer ſide
Is four fair legs in danger to provide.
And whate'er tales of Peter's chair you tell,
Yet, ſaving reverence of the miracle,
The better luck was yours to ſcape ſo well.
As I remember, ſaid the ſober Hind,
Thoſe toils were for your own dear ſelf deſign'd,
As well as me; and with the ſelf-ſame throw,
To catch the quarry and the vermin too,
Forgive the ſlanderous tongues that call'd you ſo.
Howe'er you take it now, the common cry
Then ran you down for your rank loyalty.
Beſides, in Popery they thought you nurſt,
As evil tongues will ever ſpeak the worſt,
Becauſe ſome forms, and ceremonies ſome
You kept, and ſtood in the main queſtion dumb.
Dumb you were born indeed; but thinking long
The teſt it ſeems at laſt has loos'd your tongue.
And to explain what your fore-fathers meant,
By real preſence in the ſacrament,
After long fencing puſh'd againſt a wall,
Your ſalvo comes, that he 's not there at all:
There chang'd your faith, and what may change may fall.
Who can believe what varies every day,
Nor ever was, nor will be, at a ſtay?
Tortures may force the tongue untruths to tell,
And I ne'er own'd myſelf infallible,
Reply'd the Panther: grant ſuch preſence were,
Yet in your ſenſe I never own'd it there.
A real virtue we by faith receive,
And that we in the ſacrament believe.
Then ſaid the Hind, as you the matter ſtate,
Not only Jeſuits can equivocate;
For real, as you now the word expound,
From ſolid ſubſtance dwindles to a ſound.
Methinks an Æſop's fable you repeat;
You know who took the ſhadow for the meat:
Your church's ſubſtance thus you change at will,
And yet retain your former figure ſtill.
I freely grant you ſpoke to ſave your life;
For then you lay beneath the butcher's knife.
Long time you fought, redoubled battery bore,
But, after all, againſt yourſelf you ſwore;
Your former ſelf: for every hour your form
Is chopp'd and chang'd, like winds before a ſtorm.

nd intereſt will prevail with ſome;
not the gift of martyrdom.
ther grinn'd at this, and thus reply'd:
nay err was never yet deny'd.
common principle be true,
, dame, is level'd full at you.
ing long diſputes, I fain would ſee
rous wight Infallibility.
heaven, this mighty champion, come:
elow in ſubterranean Rome?
him ſomewhere, and derive his race,
clude that nothing has no place.
, though I diſown it, ſaid the Hind,
n manſion were not yet aſſign'd:
ful reſidence no proof can bring
e plain exiſtence of the thing.
iloſophers may diſagree,
iſſion or reception be,
thence inferr'd, I do not ſee?
quire an anſwer poſitive,
, when I demand, you dare not give;
's in univerſals live.
m that this unfailing guide
d general councils muſt reſide;
il, both combin'd: what one decrees
ous votes, the other ratifies:
ıdoubted ſenſe the church relies.
ſome doctors in a ſcantier ſpace,
ı each apart, contract the place.
o to greater length extend the line,
h's after-acceptation join.
ircumference appears too wide;
h diffus'd is by the council ty'd;
ers, by their repreſenta ives
laws, which prince and ſenate gives.
e contract, and ſome enlarge the ſpace:
ıd council who denies the place,
om above with God's unfailing grace?
ions all the needful points contain;
ſe ſo obvious and their words ſo plain,
liſputes about the doubtful text
erto the labouring world perplex'd.
uld in after-times appear,
ncils muſt be call'd to make the meaning
ear:
n them the power ſupreme reſides;
he promiſes are to the guides.
ıy be taught with ſound and ſafe de-
nce:
: how ſandy is your own pretence,
ting councils, pope, and church aſide,
y man his own preſuming guide.
d books you ſay, are full and plain,
y needful point of truth contain:
can read interpreters may be:
ough your ſeveral churches diſagree,
y ſaint has to himſelf alone
ct of this philoſophic ſtone.
inciples your jarring ſects unite,
ffering doctors and diſciples fight.
Luther, Zuinglius, Calvin, holy chiefs,
de a battle-royal of beliefs;
vild horſes ſeveral ways have whirl'd
ur'd text about the chriſtian world;
ıu laſhing on with furious force,
rk or Jew could not have us'd it worſe:
er what diſſenſion leaders make,
very private man may ſave a ſtake:

Rul'd by the ſcripture and his own advice,
Each has a blind bye-path to Paradiſe;
Where, driving in a circle ſlow or faſt,
Oppoſing ſects are ſure to meet at laſt.
A wondrous charity you have in ſtore
For all reform'd to paſs the narrow door:
So much, that Mahomet had ſcarcely more.
For he, kind prophet, was for damning none;
But Chriſt and Moſes were to ſave their own:
Himſelf was to ſecure his choſen race,
Though reaſon good for Turks to take the place,
And he allow'd to be the better man,
In virtue of his holier Alcoran.
True, ſaid the Panther, I ſhall ne'er deny
My brethren may be ſav'd as well as I:
Though Hugonots condemn our ordination,
Succeſſion, miniſterial vocation;
And Luther, more miſtaking what he read,
Miſjoins the ſacred body with the bread:
Yet, lady, ſtill remember I maintain,
The word in needful points is only plain.
Needleſs, or needful, I not now contend,
For ſtill you have a loop-hole for a friend;
(Rejoin'd the matron): but the rule you lay
Has led whole flocks, and leads them ſtill aſtray,
In weighty points, and full damnation's way.
For did not Arius firſt, Socinus now,
The Son's eternal God-head diſavow?
And did not theſe by goſpel texts alone
Condemn our doctrine, and maintain their own?
Have not all heretics the ſame pretence
To plead the ſcriptures in their own defence?
How did the Nicene council then decide
That ſtrong debate? was it by ſcripture try'd?
No, ſure; to that the rebel would not yield;
Squadrons of texts he marſhal'd in the field:
That was but civil war, an equal ſet,
Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.
With texts point-blank and plain he fac'd the foe,
And did not Satan tempt our Saviour ſo?
The good old biſhops took a ſimpler way;
Each aſk'd but what he heard his father ſay,
Or how he was inſtructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.
The Panther ſmil'd at this; and when, ſaid ſhe,
Were thoſe firſt councils diſallow'd by me?
Or where did I at ſure tradition ſtrike,
Provided ſtill it were apoſtolic?
Friend, ſaid the Hind, you quit your former, ground,
Where all your faith you did on ſcripture found:
Now 'tis tradition join'd with holy writ;
But thus your memory betrays your wit.
No, ſaid the Panther; for in that I view,
When your tradition's forg'd, and when 'tis true.
I ſet them by the rule, and, as they ſquare,
Or deviate from undoubted doctrine there,
This oral fiction, that old faith declare.
(Hind.) The council ſteer'd, it ſeems, a different courſe;
They try'd the ſcripture by tradition's force:
But you tradition by the ſcripture try;
Purſued by ſects, from this to that you fly,
Nor dare on one foundation to rely.
The word is then depos'd, and in this view,
You rule the ſcripture, not the ſcripture you.
Thus ſaid the dame, and ſmiling, thus purſu'd:
I ſee, tradition then is diſallow'd,

When not evinc'd by ſcripture to be true,
And ſcripture as interpreted by you.
But here you tread upon unfaithful ground;
Unleſs you could infallibly expound:
Which you reject as odious popery,
And throw that doctrine back with ſcorn on me.
Suppoſe we on things traditive divide,
And both appeal to ſcripture to decide;
By various texts we both uphold our claim,
Nay, often, ground our titles on the ſame:
After long labour loſt, and time's expence,
Both grant the words, and quarrel for the ſenſe.
Thus all diſputes for ever muſt depend;
For no dumb rule can controverſies end.
Thus, when you ſaid, tradition muſt be try'd
By ſacred writ, whoſe ſenſe yourſelves decide,
You ſaid no more, but that yourſelves muſt be
The judges of the ſcripture ſenſe, not we.
Againſt our church-tradition you declare,
And yet your clerks would ſit in Moſes' chair:
At leaſt 'tis prov'd againſt your argument,
The rule is far from plain, where all diſſent.
If not by ſcriptures, how can we be ſure
Reply'd the Panther, what tradition's pure?
For you may palm upon us new for old:
All, as they ſay, that glitters, is not gold:
How but by following her, reply'd the dame,
To whom deriv'd from ſire to ſon they came;
Where every age does on another move,
And truſts no farther than the next above;
Where all the rounds like Jacob's ladder riſe,
The loweſt in the earth, the topmoſt in the ſkies.
Sternly the ſavage did her anſwer mark,
Her glowing eye-balls glittering in the dark,
And ſaid but this: Since lucre was your trade,
Succeeding times ſuch dreadful gaps have made,
'Tis dangerous climbing: To your ſons and you
I leave the ladder, and its omen too.
(Hind.) The Panther's breath was ever fam'd for ſweet;
But from the Wolf ſuch wiſhes oft I meet:
You learn'd this language from the blatant beaſt,
Or rather did not ſpeak, but were poſſeſs'd.
As for your anſwer, 'tis but barely urg'd:
You muſt evince tradition to be forg'd;
Produce plain proofs; unblemiſh'd authors uſe
As ancient as thoſe ages they accuſe;
Till when 'tis not ſufficient to deſame;
An old poſſeſſion ſtands, till elder quits the claim.
Then for our intereſt, which is nam'd alone
To load with envy, we retort your own.
For when traditions in your faces fly,
Reſolving not to yield, you muſt decry.
As when the cauſe goes hard, the guilty man
Excepts, and thins his jury all he can;
So when you ſtand of other aid bereft,
You to the twelve apoſtles would be left.
Your friend the Wolf did with more craft provide
To ſet thoſe toys traditions quite aſide;
And fathers, too, unleſs when, reaſon ſpent,
He cites them but ſometimes for ornament.
But, madam Panther, you, though more ſincere,
Are not ſo wiſe as your adulterer:
The private ſpirit is a better blind,
Than all the dodging tricks your authors find.
For they, who left the ſcripture to the crowd,
Each for his own peculiar judge allow'd;
The way to pleaſe them was to make them proud.
Thus with full ſails they ran upon the ſhelf;
Who could ſuſpect a cozenage from himſelf?
On his own reaſon ſafer 'tis to ſtand,
Than be deceiv'd and damn'd at ſecond-hand.
But you, who fathers and traditions take,
And garble ſome, and ſome you quite forſake,
Pretending church-authority to fix,
And yet ſome grains of private ſpirit mix,
Are like a mule made up of differing ſeed,
And that's the reaſon why you never breed;
At leaſt not propagate your kind abroad,
For home diſſenters are by ſtatutes aw'd.
And yet they grow upon you every day,
While you, to ſpeak the beſt, are at a ſtay,
For ſects, that are extremes, abhor a middle way.
Like tricks of ſtate, to ſtop a raging flood,
Or mollify a mad-brain'd ſenate's mood:
Of all expedients never one was good,
Well may they argue, nor can you deny,
If we muſt fix on church-authority,
Peſt on the beſt, the fountain, not the flood;
That muſt be better ſtill, if this be good.
Shall ſhe command who has herſelf rebell'd?
Is antichriſt by antichriſt expell'd?
Did we a lawful tyranny diſplace,
To ſet aloft a baſtard of the race?
Why all theſe wars to win the book, if we
Muſt not interpret for ourſelves, but ſhe?
Either he wholly ſlaves, or wholly free.
For purging fires traditions muſt not fight;
But they muſt prove epiſcopacy's right.
Thus thoſe led horſes are from ſervice freed;
You never mount them but in time of need.
Like mercenaries, hir'd for home defence,
They will not ſerve againſt their native prince.
Againſt domeſtic foes of hierarchy
Theſe are drawn forth, to make fanatics fly;
But, when they ſee their countrymen at hand,
Marching againſt them under church-command,
Straight they forſake their colours, and diſband.
Thus ſhe, nor could the Panther well enlarge
With weak defence againſt ſo ſtrong a charge;
But ſaid: For what did Chriſt his word provide,
If ſtill his church muſt want a living guide?
And if all-ſaving doctrines are not there,
Or ſacred penmen could not make them clear,
From after-ages we ſhould hope in vain
For truths, which men inſpir'd could not explain.
Before the word was written, ſaid the Hind,
Our Saviour preach'd his faith to human-kind:
From his apoſtles the firſt age receiv'd
Eternal truth, and what they taught believ'd.
Thus by tradition faith was planted firſt;
Succeeding flocks ſucceeding paſtors nurs'd.
This was the way our wiſe Redeemer choſe,
(Who ſure could all things for the beſt diſpoſe)
To fence his fold from their encroaching foes.
He could have writ himſelf, but well foreſaw
Th' event would be like that of Moſes' law;
Some difference would ariſe, ſome doubts remain,
Like thoſe which yet the jarring Jews maintain.
No written laws can be ſo plain, ſo pure,
But wit may gloſs, and malice may obſcure;

Not thoſe indited by his firſt command,
A prophet grav'd the text, an angel held his hand.
Thus faith was, ere the written word appear'd,
And men believ'd not what they read but heard.
But ſince th' apoſtles could not be confin'd
To theſe, or thoſe, but ſeverally deſign'd
Their large commiſſion round the world to blow;
To ſpread their faith, they ſpread their labours too.
Yet ſtill their abſent flock their pains did ſhare,
They hearken'd ſtill, for love produces care.
And as miſtakes aroſe, or diſcords fell,
Or bold ſeducers taught them to rebel,
As charity grew cold, or faction hot,
Or long neglect their leſſons had forgot,
For all their wants they wiſely did provide,
And preaching by epiſtles was ſupply'd:
So great phyſicians cannot all attend,
But ſome they viſit, and to ſome they ſend.
Yet all thoſe letters were not writ to all;
Nor firſt intended but occaſional,
Their abſent ſermons; nor if they contain
All needful doctrines, are thoſe doctrines plain.
Clearneſs by frequent preaching muſt be wrought;
They writ but ſeldom, but they daily taught.
And what one ſaint has ſaid of holy Paul,
"He darkly wrote," is true apply'd to all.
For this obſcurity could heaven provide
More prudently than by a living guide,
As doubts aroſe, the difference to decide?
A guide was therefore needful, therefore made;
And, if appointed, ſure to be obey'd.
Thus, with due reverence to th' apoſtles' writ
By which my ſons are taught, to which ſubmit;
I think, thoſe truths, their ſacred works contain,
The church alone can certainly explain:
That following ages, leaning on the paſt,
May reſt upon the primitive at laſt.
Nor would I thence the word no rule infer,
But none without the church-interpreter.
Becauſe, as I have urg'd before, 'tis mute,
And is itſelf the ſubject of diſpute.
But what th' apoſtles their ſucceſſors taught,
They to the next, from them to us is brought,
Th' undoubted ſenſe which is in ſcripture ſought.
From hence the church is arm'd, when errors riſe,
To ſtop their entrance, and prevent ſurpriſe;
And, ſafe entrench'd within, her outward foes
defies.
By theſe all feſtering ſores her councils heal,
Which time or has diſcloſ'd, or ſhall reveal;
For diſcord cannot end without a laſt appeal.
Nor can a council national decide,
But with ſubordination to her guide:
(I wiſh the cauſe were on that iſſue try'd)
Much leſs the ſcripture; for ſuppoſe debate
Betwixt pretenders to a fair eſtate,
Bequeath'd by ſome legator's laſt intent;
(Such is our dying Saviour's teſtament:)
The will is prov'd, is open'd, and is read;
The doubtful heirs their differing titles plead:
All vouch the words their intereſt to maintain,
And each pretends by thoſe his cauſe is plain.
Shall then the Teſtament award the right?
No, that's the Hungary for which they fight;
The field of battle, ſubject of debate;
The thing contended for, the fair eſtate.
The ſenſe is intricate, 'tis only clear
What vowels and what conſonants are there.

Therefore 'tis plain, its meaning muſt be try'd
Before ſome judge appointed to decide.
Suppoſe, the fair apoſtate ſaid, I grant,
The faithful flock ſome living guide ſhould want,
Your arguments an endleſs chaſe purſue:
Produce this vaunted leader to our view,
This mighty Moſes of the choſen crew.
The dame, who ſaw her fainting foe retir'd,
With force renew'd, to victory aſpir'd;
And, looking upward to her kindred ſky,
As once our Saviour own'd his Deity,
Pronounc'd his words—"ſhe whom you ſeek
"am I."
Nor leſs amaz'd this voice the Panther heard,
Than were thoſe Jews to hear a God declar'd.
Then thus the matron modeſtly renew'd:
Let all your prophets and their ſects be view'd,
And ſee to which of them yourſelves think fit
The conduct of your conſcience to ſubmit:
Each proſelyte would vote his doctor beſt,
With abſolute excluſion to the reſt:
Thus would your Poliſh diet diſagree,
And end, as it began, in anarchy:
Yourſelf the faireſt for election ſtand,
Becauſe you ſeem crown-general of the land:
But ſoon againſt your ſuperſtitious lawn
Some preſbyterian ſabre would be drawn:
In your eſtabliſh'd laws of ſovereignty
The reſt ſome fundamental flaw would ſee,
And call rebellion goſpel-liberty.
To church-decrees your articles require
Submiſſion mollify'd, if not entire.
Homage deny'd, to cenſures you proceed:
But when Curtana will not do the deed,
You lay that pointleſs clergy-weapon by,
And to the laws, your ſword of juſtice, fly.
Now this your ſects the more unkindly take,
Thoſe prying varlets hit the blots you make,
Becauſe ſome ancient friends of yours declare,
Your only rule of faith the ſcriptures are.
Interpreted by men of judgment ſound,
Which every ſect will for themſelves expound;
Nor think leſs reverence to their doctors due
For ſound interpretation, than to you.
If then, by able heads, are underſtood
Your brother prophets, who reform'd abroad;
Thoſe able heads expound a wiſer way,
That their own ſheep their ſhepherd ſhould obey.
But if you mean yourſelves are only ſound,
That doctrine turns the reformation round,
And all the reſt are falſe reformers found;
Becauſe in ſundry points you ſtand alone,
Not in communion join'd with any one;
And therefore muſt be all the church, or none.
Then, till you have agreed whoſe judge is beſt,
Againſt this forc'd ſubmiſſion they proteſt:
While ſound and ſound a different ſenſe explains,
Both play at hardhead till they break their brains;
And from their chairs each other's force defy,
While unregarded thunders vainly fly.
I paſs the reſt, becauſe your church alone
Of all uſurpers beſt could fill the throne.
But neither you, nor any ſect beſide,
For this high office can be qualify'd,
With neceſſary gifts requir'd in ſuch a guide.
For that, which muſt direct the whole, muſt be
Bound in one bond of faith and unity:
But all your ſeveral churches diſagree

The conſubſtantiating church and prieſt
Refuſe communion to the Calviniſt:
The French reform'd from preaching you reſtrain,
Becauſe you judge their ordination vain;
And ſo they judge of yours, but donors muſt ordain.
In ſhort, in doctrine, or in diſcipline,
Not one reform'd can with another join:
But all from each, as from damnation, fly;
No union they pretend, but in Non-Popery:
Nor, ſhould their members in a ſynod meet,
Could any church preſume to mount the ſeat,
Above the reſt, their diſcords to decide;
None would obey, but each would be the guide:
And face to face diſſenſions would increaſe;
For only diſtance now preſerves the peace.
All in their turns accuſers, and accus'd:
Babel was never half ſo much confus'd:
What one can plead the reſt can plead as well;
For amongſt equals lies no laſt appeal,
And all confeſs themſelves are fallible.
Now ſince you grant ſome neceſſary guide,
All who can err are juſtly laid aſide:
Becauſe a truſt ſo ſacred to confer
Shews want of ſuch a ſure interpreter;
And how can he be needful who can err?
Then granting that unerring guide we want,
That ſuch there is you ſtand oblig'd to grant:
Our Saviour elſe were wanting, to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.
It then remains, that church can only be
The guide, which owns unfailing certainty;
Or elſe you ſlip your hold, and change your ſide,
Relapſing from a neceſſary guide.
But this annex'd condition of the crown,
Immunity from errors, you diſown;
Here then you ſhrink, and lay your weak pretenſions down.
For petty royalties you raiſe debate;
But this unfailing univerſal ſtate
You ſhun; nor dare ſucceed to ſuch a glorious weight;
And for that cauſe thoſe promiſes deteſt,
With which our Saviour did his church inveſt;
But ſtrive t' evade, and fear to find them true,
As conſcious they were never meant to you:
All which the mother-church aſſerts her own,
And with unrival'd claim aſcends the throne.
So when of old th' almighty Father ſate
In council, to redeem our ruin'd ſtate,
Millions of millions, at a diſtance round,
Silent the ſacred conſiſtory crown'd,
To hear what mercy, mixt with juſtice, could propound:
All prompt with eager pity, to fulfil
The full extent of their Creator's will.
But when the ſtern conditions were declar'd,
A mournful whiſper through the hoſt was heard,
And the whole hierarchy, with heads hung down,
Submiſſively declin'd the ponderous proffer'd crown.
Then, not till then, th' eternal Son from high
Roſe in the ſtrength of all the Deity:
Stood forth t' accept the terms, and underwent
A weight which all the frame of heaven had bent,
Nor he himſelf could bear, but as Omnipotent.
Now, to remove the leaſt remaining doubt,
That ev'n the blear-ey'd ſects may find her out,
Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows,
What from his wardrobe her Belov'd allows
To deck the wedding-day of his unſpotted ſpouſe.
Behold what marks of majeſty ſhe brings;
Richer than ancient heirs of eaſtern kings:
Her right hand holds the ſceptre and the keys,
To ſhew whom ſhe commands, and who obeys:
With theſe to bind, or ſet the ſinner free,
With that to aſſert ſpiritual royalty.
One in herſelf, not rent by ſchiſm, but found,
Entire, one ſolid ſhining diamond;
Not ſparkles ſhatter'd into ſects like you:
One is the church, and muſt be to be true;
One central principle of unity,
As undivided, ſo from errors free,
As one in faith, ſo one in ſanctity.
Thus ſhe, and none but ſhe, th' inſulting rage
Of heretics oppos'd from age to age:
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She ſtoops from heaven, and meets them half way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian ſorcerers you ſtand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand,
To ſweep away the ſwarms of vermin from the land:
You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague, but not arreſt the courſe.
But when the boils and blotches, with diſgrace
And public ſcandal, ſat upon the face,
Themſelves attack'd, the Magi ſtrove no more,
They ſaw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themſelves they could not cure of the diſhoneſt ſore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely ſpread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From eaſt to weſt triumphantly ſhe rides,
All ſhores are water'd by her wealthy tides.
The goſpel-ſound, diffus'd from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll,
The ſelf-ſame doctrine of the ſacred page
Convey'd to every clime in every age.
Here let my ſorrow give my ſatire place,
To raiſe new bluſhes on my Britiſh race;
Our ſailing ſhips like common-ſewers we uſe,
And through our diſtant colonies diffuſe
The draught of dungeons, and the ſtench of ſtews.
Whom, when their home-bred honeſty is loſt,
We diſembogue on ſome far Indian coaſt:
Thieves, pandards, pailards, ſins of every ſort;
Thoſe are the manufactures we export;
And theſe the miſſioners our zeal has made:
For, with my country's pardon be it ſaid,
Religion is the leaſt of all our trade.
Yet ſome improve their traffic more than we;
For they on gain, their only god, rely,
And ſet a public price on piety.
Induſtrious of the needle and the chart,
They run full ſail to their Japonian mart;
Prevention fear, and, prodigal of fame,
Sell all of Chriſtian to the very name;
Nor leave enough of that to hide their naked ſhame.
Thus, of three marks, which in the creed we view,
Not one of all can be applied to you:

Much leſs the fourth; in vain, alas! you ſeek
Th' ambitious title of apoſtolic:
God-like deſcent! 'tis well your blood can be
Prov'd noble in the third or fourth degree:
For all of ancient that you had before,
(I mean what is not borrow'd from our ſtore)
Was error fulminated o'er and o'er;
Old hereſies condemn'd in ages paſt,
By care and time recover'd from the blaſt.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unſtable ſands:
Judge that ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet
ſhe ſtands.
Thoſe ancient doctrines charg'd on her for new,
Shew, when, and how, and from what hands they
grew.
We claim no power, when hereſies grow bold,
To coin new faith, but ſtill declare the old.
How elſe could that obſcene diſeaſe be purg'd,
When controverted texts are vainly urg'd?
To prove tradition new, there's ſomewhat more
Requir'd, than ſaying, 'twas not us'd before.
Thoſe monumental arms are never ſtirr'd,
Till ſchiſm or hereſy call down Goliah's ſword.
Thus, what you call corruptions, are, in truth,
The firſt plantations of the goſpel's youth;
Old ſtandard faith: but caſt your eyes again,
And view thoſe errors which new ſects maintain,
Or which of old diſturb'd the church's peaceful
reign;
And we can point each period of the time,
When they began, and who begot the crime;
Can calculate how long th' eclipſe endur'd,
Who interpos'd, what digits were obſcur'd:
Of all which are already paſs'd away,
We know the riſe, the progreſs, and decay.
Deſpair at our foundations then to ſtrike,
Till you can prove your faith apoſtolic;
A limpid ſtream drawn from the native ſource;
Succeſſion lawful in a lineal courſe.
Prove any church, oppos'd to this our head,
So one, ſo pure, ſo unconfin'dly ſpread,
Under one chief of the ſpiritual ſtate,
The members all combin'd, and all ſubordinate.
Shew ſuch a ſeamleſs coat, from ſchiſm ſo free,
In no communion join'd with hereſy.
If ſuch a one you find, let truth prevail:
Till when your weights will in the balance fail:
A church unprincipled kicks up the ſcale.
But if you cannot think (nor ſure you can
Suppoſe in God what were unjuſt in man)
That he, the fountain of eternal grace,
Should ſuffer falſehood, for ſo long a ſpace,
To baniſh truth, and to uſurp her place:
That ſeven ſucceſſive ages ſhould be loſt,
And preach damnation at their proper coſt;
That all your erring anceſtors ſhould die,
Drown'd in th' abyſs of deep idolatry:
If piety forbid ſuch thoughts to riſe,
Awake, and open your unwilling eyes:
God hath left nothing for each age undone,
From this to that wherein he ſent his Son:
Then think but well of him, and half your work is
done.

See how his church, adorn'd with every grace,
With open arms, a kind forgiving face,
Stands ready to prevent her long-loſt ſon's em-
brace.
Not more did Joſeph o'er his brethren weep,
Nor leſs himſelf could from diſcovery keep,
When in the crowd of ſuppliants they were ſeen,
And in their crew his beſt-beloved Benjamin.
That pious Joſeph in the church behold,
To feed your famine, and refuſe your gold;
The Joſeph you exil'd, the Joſeph whom you
ſold.
Thus, while with heavenly charity ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtreaming blaze the ſilent ſhadows broke;
Shot from the ſkies; a chearful azure light:
The birds obſcene to foreſts wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wandering guilty
ſpright.
Such were the pleaſing triumphs of the ſky,
For James's late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his Almighty patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I ſaw myſelf the lambent eaſy light
Gild the brown horror, and diſpel the night:
The meſſenger with ſpeed the tidings bore:
News, which three labouring nations did reſtore;
But heaven's own Nuntius was arriv'd before.
By this, the Hind had reach'd her lonely cell,
And vapors roſe, and dews unwholſome fell.
When ſhe, by frequent obſervation wiſe,
As one who long on heaven had fix'd her eyes,
Diſcern'd a change of weather in the ſkies.
The weſtern borders were with crimſon ſpread,
The moon deſcending look'd all-flaming red?
She thought good-manners bound her to invite
The ſtranger dame to be her gueſt that night.
'Tis true, coarſe diet, and a ſhort repaſt,
(She ſaid) were weak inducements to the taſte
Of one ſo nicely bred, and ſo unus'd to faſt:
But what plain fare her cottage could afford,
A hearty welcome at a homely board,
Was freely hers; and, to ſupply the reſt,
An honeſt meaning, and an open breaſt:
Laſt, with content of mind, the poor man's wealth,
A grace-cup to their common patron's health.
This ſhe deſir'd her to accept, and ſtay,
For fear ſhe might be wilder'd in her way,
Becauſe ſhe wanted an unerring guide,
And then the dew-drops on her ſilken hide
Her tender conſtitution did declare,
Too lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
And rough inclemencies of raw nocturnal air.
But moſt ſhe fear'd that, travelling ſo late
Some evil-minded beaſts might lie in wait,
And without witneſs wreak their hidden hate.
The Panther, though ſhe lent a liſtening ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet, wiſely weighing, ſince ſhe had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks ſhe could afford;
And took her friendly hoſteſs at her word:
Who entering firſt her lowly roof, a ſhed
With hoary moſs, and winding ivy ſpread,
Honeſt enough to hide an humble hermit's head,

Thus graciously beſpoke her welcome gueſt:
So might theſe walls, with your fair preſence bleſt,
Become your dwelling-place of everlaſting reſt;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a ſojourner.
This peaceful ſeat my poverty ſecures;
War ſeldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet deſpiſe it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives, a God;
A God victorious of a Stygian race
Here laid his ſacred limbs, and ſanctify'd the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp diſdain,
And dare not to debaſe your ſoul to gain.
The ſilent ſtranger ſtood amaz'd to ſee
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:
And, though ill habits are not ſoon control'd,
A while ſuſpended her deſire of gold.
But civilly drew in her ſharpen'd paws,
Not violating hoſpitable laws,
And pacify'd her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.
The Hind did firſt her country cates provide;
Then couch'd herſelf ſecurely by her ſide.

THE THIRD PART.

MUCH malice mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps, may cenſure this myſterious writ:
Becauſe the Muſe has peopled Caledon
With Panthers, Bears, and Wolves, and beaſts unknown,
As if we were not ſtock'd with monſters of our own.
Let Æſop anſwer, who has ſet to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And mother Hubbard, in her homely dreſs,
Has ſharply blam'd a Britiſh Lioneſs;
That queen, whoſe feaſt the factious rabble keep,
Expos'd obſcenely naked and aſleep.
Led by thoſe great examples, may not I
The wanted organs of their words ſupply?
If men tranſact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous gueſt by night.
Let thoſe remember, that ſhe cannot die
Till rolling time is loſt in round eternity;
Nor need ſhe fear the Panther, though untam'd,
Becauſe the Lion's peace was now proclaim'd:
The wary ſavage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince:
But watch'd the time her vengeance to complete,
When all her furry ſons in frequent ſenate met.
Meanwhile ſhe quench'd her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten ſallad cool'd her blood.
Their commons, though but coarſe, were nothing ſcant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
For now the Hind, whole noble nature ſtrove
T' expreſs her plain ſimplicity of love,
Did all the honours of her houſe ſo well,
No ſharp debates diſturb'd the friendly meal.
She turn'd the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers paſt, a ſadly-pleaſing theme;
Remembering every ſtorm which toſs'd the ſtate,
When both were objects of the public hate,
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.
Nor fail'd ſhe then a full review to make
Of what the Panther ſuffer'd for her ſake:
Her loſt eſteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unſhaken to an exil'd heir,
Her ſtrength t' endure, her courage to defy;
Her choice of honourable infamy.
On theſe, prolixly thankful, ſhe enlarg'd;
Then with acknowledgment herſelf ſhe charg'd;
For friendſhip, of itſelf an holy tie,
Is made more ſacred by adverſity.
Now ſhould they part, malicious tongues would ſay,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had poſſeſs'd;
While danger laſted, kindneſs was profeſs'd;
But, that once o'er, the ſhort-liv'd union ends:
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
The Panther nodded when her ſpeech was done,
And thank'd her coldly in a hollow tone:
But ſaid, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of chriſtian care.
If to the lawful heir ſhe had been true,
She paid but Cæſar what was Cæſar's due.
I might, ſhe added, with like praiſe deſcribe
Your ſuffering ſons, and ſo return your bribe:
But incenſe from my hands is poorly priz'd;
For gifts are ſcorn'd where givers are deſpis'd.
I ſerv'd a turn, and then was caſt away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings diſplay,
And ſip the ſweets, and baſk in your great patron's day.
This heard, the matron was not ſlow to find
What ſort of malady had ſeiz'd her mind:
Diſdain, with gnawing envy, fell deſpight,
And canker'd malice, ſtood in open ſight:
Ambition, intereſt, pride without control,
And jealouſy, the jaundice of the ſoul;
Revenge, the bloody miniſter of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas eaſy now to gueſs from whence aroſe
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindneſs with an alter'd face:
Yet durſt ſhe not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping ſtill the nobler parts were ſound:
But ſtrove with Anodynes t' aſſuage the ſmart,
And mildly thus her medicine did impart.
Complaints of lovers help to eaſe their pain;
It ſhows a reſt of kindneſs to complain;
A friendſhip loth to quit its former hold;
And conſcious merit may be juſtly bold.
But much more juſt your jealouſy would ſhew,
If others' good were injury to you:
Witneſs, ye heavens, how I rejoice to ſee
Rewarded worth and riſing loyalty.
Your warrior offspring that upheld the crown,
The ſcarlet honour of your peaceful gown,
Are the moſt pleaſing objects I can find,
Charms to my ſight, and cordials to my mind;

When virtue ſpooms before a proſperous gale,
My heaving wiſhes help to fill the ſail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæſar ſhould ſtill have ſuch, and ſuch ſhould ſtill reward.
The labour'd earth your pains have ſow'd and till'd;
'Tis juſt you reap the product of the field:
Your's be the harveſt, 'tis the beggar's gain
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain
Such ſcatter'd ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity for alms may ſafely ſpare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implor'd;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæſar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends:
You know he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreaſes nothing of your ſtore.
I am but few, and by your tare you ſee
My crying ſins are not of luxury
Some juſter motive ſure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendſhip's holy laws;
For barefac'd envy is too baſe a cauſe.
Shew more occaſion for your diſcontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermoſt, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a ſwilling draught,
How eaſy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the ſheep for troubling ſtreams below;
Or call her (when no farther cauſe you find)
An enemy profeſs'd of all your kind.
But then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf deſign'd to eat as well as drink.
This laſt alluſion gall'd the Panther more,
Becauſe indeed it rubb'd upon the ſore.
Yet ſeem'd ſhe not to winch, though ſhrewdly pain'd:
But thus her paſſive character maintain'd.
I never grudg'd, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much bely'd,
But I am always on the ſuffering ſide:
You know my doctrine, and I need not ſay
I will not, but I cannot diſobey.
On this firm principle I ever ſtood;
He of my ſons who fails to make it good,
By one rebellious act renounces to my blood.
Ah, ſaid the Hind, how many ſons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But moſt of them who that relation plead,
Are ſuch ungracious youths as wiſh you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper ſhews you much declin'd.
Were you not dim, and doated, you might ſee
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you than you to me.
Do you not know, that for a little coin,
Heralds can foiſt a name into the line?
They aſk you bleſſing but for what you have,
But once poſſeſs'd of what with care you ſave,
The wanton boys would piſs upon your grave.
Your ſons of latitude that court your grace,
Though moſt reſembling you in form and face,
Are far the worſt of your pretended race.
And, but I bluſh your honeſty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot:
For in ſome popiſh libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too buſy in your bed;
At leaſt her hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a ſore ſuſpicion brings;
For though they dare not bark, they ſnarl at kings:
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat biſhoprics are ſtill of right divine.
Think you your new French proſelytes are come
To ſtarve abroad, becauſe they ſtarv'd at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar;
They found the new Meſſiah by the ſtar:
Thoſe Swiſſes fight on any ſide for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide,
Some ſtick to you, and ſome to t' other ſide,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.
More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take:
The reſt unbenefic'd your ſects maintain;
For ordinations without cures are vain,
And chamber practice is a ſilent gain.
Your ſons of breadth at home are much like theſe;
Their ſoft and yielding metals run with eaſe:
They melt, and take the figure of the mould;
But harden and preſerve it beſt in gold.
Your Delphic ſword, the Panther then reply'd,
Is double-edg'd, and cuts on either ſide.
Some ſons of mine, who bear upon their ſhield
Three ſteeples argent in a ſable field,
Have ſharply tax'd your converts, who unfed
Have follow'd you for miracles of bread;
Such who themſelves of no religion are,
Allur'd with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies with bold aſſertions they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'Tis eaſier far to flouriſh than to fight.
Thus our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They ſay the ſchiſm of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the church to wed the dame:
Though largely prov'd, and by himſelf profeſs'd,
That conſcience, conſcience would not let him reſt:
I mean, not till poſſeſs'd of her he lov'd,
And old, uncharming Catharine was remov'd.
For ſundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghoſtly confeſſor his pain.
With the ſame impudence, without a ground,
They ſay that, look the reformation round,
No treatiſe of humility is found.
But if none were, the goſpel does not want;
Our Saviour preach'd it, and I hope you grant,
The ſermon on the mount was proteſtant.
No doubt, reply'd the Hind, as ſure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul:
On that deciſion let it ſtand or fall.
Now for my converts, who, you ſay, unfed
Have follow'd me for miracles of bread;
Judge not by hearſay, but obſerve at leaſt,
If ſince their change their loaves have been increas'd.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beaſts would be ſold as faſt as he could bid.

Tax thoſe of intereſt who conform for gain,
Or ſtay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way ſons would never be too nice
To cloſe with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But rais'd three ſteeples higher would change their note,
And quit the caſſock for the canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this cenſure, as too bold,
Judge by yourſelves, and think not others ſold.
Mean-time my ſons accus'd, by fame's report,
Pay ſmall attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor riſe with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For ſilently they beg, who daily wait.
Preferment is beſtowed, that comes unſought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought
How they ſhould ſpeed, their fortune is untry'd;
For not to aſk, is not to be deny'd.
For what they have, their God and king they bleſs,
And hope they ſhould not murmur had they leſs.
But if reduc'd ſubſiſtence to implore,
In common prudence they would paſs your door.
Unpity'd Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has ſhewn how far your charities extend.
This laſting verſe ſhall on his tomb be read,
"He ſham'd you living, and upbraids you dead."
With odious atheiſt names you load your foes;
Your liberal clergy why did I expoſe?
It never fails in charities like thoſe.
In climes where true religion is profeſs'd,
That imputation were no laughing jeſt.
But Imprimatur, with a chaplain's name,
Is here ſufficient licence to defame.
What wonder is 't that black detraction thrives;
The homicide of names is leſs than lives;
And yet the perjur'd murderer ſurvives.
This ſaid, ſhe paus'd a little, and ſuppreſs'd
The boiling indignation of her breaſt.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her ſatire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe ſhe ſaw before her eye,
And back ſhe drew the ſhining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in ſight
His equal match, he rouzes for the fight;
But when his foe lies proſtrate on the plain,
He ſheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodleſs honours of the day,
Walks over and diſdains th' inglorious prey.
So James, if great with leſs we may compare,
Arreſts his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd ſpace,
T' implore the remnants of long-ſuffering grace.
This breathing-time the matron took; and then
Reſum'd the thread of her diſcourſe again.
Be vengeance wholly left to powers divine,
And let heaven judge betwixt your ſons and mine:
If joys hereafter muſt be purchas'd here
With loſs of all that mortals hold ſo dear,
Then welcome infamy and public ſhame,
And, laſt, a long farewell to worldly fame.
'Tis ſaid with eaſe, but, oh, how hardly try'd
By haughty ſouls to human honour ty'd!
O ſharp convulſive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then thou rebel, never more to riſe,
And what thou didſt and doſt ſo dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy ſacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou haſt given, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou haſt to give:
Then add thoſe may-be years thou haſt to live:
Yet nothing ſtill; then poor, and naked come:
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy bleſt Saviour's blood diſcharge the mighty ſum.
Thus (ſhe purſued) I diſcipline a ſon,
Whoſe uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loſs,
And ſtarts aſide, and flounders at the croſs.
Inſtruct him better, gracious God! to know,
As thine is vengeance, ſo forgiveneſs too.
That ſuffering from ill tongues, he bears no more
Than what his ſovereign bears, and what his Saviour bore.
It now remains for you to ſchool your child,
And aſk why God's anointed he revil'd;
A king and princeſs dead! did Shimei worſe?
The curſer's puniſhment ſhould fright the curſe:
Your ſon was warn'd, and wiſely gave it o'er,
But he who counſel'd him has paid the ſcore:
The heavy malice could no higher tend,
But woe to him on whom the weights deſcend!
So to permitted ills the dæmon flies;
His rage is aim'd at him who rules the ſkies:
Conſtrain'd to quit his cauſe, no ſuccour found,
The foe diſcharges every tire around,
In clouds of ſmoke abandoning the fight;
But his own thundering peals proclaim his flight.
In Henry's change his charge as ill ſucceeds;
To that long ſtory little anſwer needs:
Confront but Henry's words with Henry's deeds.
Were ſpace allow'd, with eaſe it might be prov'd,
What ſprings his bleſſed reformation mov'd.
The dire effects appear'd in open fight,
Which from the cauſe he calls a diſtant flight,
And yet no larger leap than from the ſun to light.
Now let your ſons a double pæan ſound,
A treatiſe of humility is found.
'Tis found, but better had it ne'er been fought,
Than thus in proteſtant proceſſion brought.
The fam'd original through Spain is known,
Rodriguez' work, my celebrated ſon,
Which yours, by ill-tranſlating, made his own;
Conceal'd its author, and uſurp'd the name.
The baſeſt and ignobleſt theft of fame.
My altars kindled firſt that living coal;
Reſtore or practiſe better what you ſtole:
That virtue could this humble verſe inſpire,
'Tis all the reſtitution I require.
Glad was the Panther that the charge was clos'd,
And none of all her favourite ſons expos'd.
For laws of arms permit each injur'd man,
To make himſelf a ſaver where he can.
Perhaps the plunder'd merchant cannot tell
The names of pirates in whoſe hands he fell;
But at the den of thieves he juſtly flies,
And every Algerine is lawful prize.
No private perſon in the foe's eſtate
Can plead exemption from the public fate.
Yet chriſtian laws allow not ſuch redreſs;
Then let the greater ſuperſede the leſs.
But let th' abetters of the Panther's crime
Learn to make fairer wars another time.
Some characters may ſure be found to write
Among her ſons; for 'tis no common ſight,
A ſpotted dam, and all her offspring white.

The Savage, though ſhe ſaw her plea controul'd,
Yet would not wholly ſeem to quit her hold,
But offer'd fairly to compound the ſtriſe,
And judge converſion by the convert's life.
'Tis true, ſhe ſaid, I think it ſomewhat ſtrange,
So few ſhould follow profitable change:
For preſent joys are more to fleſh and blood,
Than a dull proſpect of a diſtant good.
'Twas well alluded by a ſon of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin)
Two magnets, heaven and earth allude to bliſs;
The larger loadſtone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails;
We nod a while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come ſo ſlow.
Methinks in thoſe who firm with me remain,
It ſhows a nobler principle than gain.
Your inference would be ſtrong (the Hind reply'd)
If yours were in effect the ſuffering ſide:
Your clergy's ſons their own in peace poſſeſs,
Nor are their proſpects in reverſion leſs.
My proſelytes are ſtruck with awful dread;
Your bloody comet-laws hang blazing o'er their head;
The reſpite they enjoy but only lent,
The beſt they have to hope, protracted puniſhment.
Be judge yourſelf if intereſt may prevail,
Which motives, yours or mine, will turn the ſcale.
While pride and pomp allure, and plenteous eaſe,
That is, till man's predominant paſſions ceaſe,
Admire no longer at my ſlow increaſe.
By education moſt have been miſled;
So they believe, becauſe they ſo were bred.
The prieſt continues what the nurſe began,
And thus the child impoſes on the man.
The reſt I nam'd before, nor need repeat:
But intereſt is the moſt prevailing cheat,
The ſly ſeducer both of age and youth;
They ſtudy that, and think they ſtudy truth.
When intereſt fortifies an argument,
Weak reaſon ſerves to gain the will's aſſent;
For ſouls, already warp'd, receive an eaſy bent.
Add long preſcription of eſtabliſh'd laws,
And pique of honour to maintain a cauſe,
And ſhame of change, and fear of future ill,
And zeal, the blind conductor of the will;
And chief among the ſtill-miſtaking crowd,
The fame of teachers obſtinate and proud,
And more than all the private judge allow'd;
Diſdain of fathers which the dance began,
And laſt, uncertain whoſe the narrower ſpan,
The clown unread, and half-read gentleman.
To this the Panther, with a ſcornful ſmile:
Yet ſtill you travel with unwearied toil,
And range around the realm without control,
Among my ſons for proſelytes to prowl,
And here and there you ſnap ſome ſilly ſoul.
You hinted fears of future change in ſtate;
Pray heaven you did not propheſy your fate!
Perhaps, you think your time of triumph near,
But may miſtake the ſeaſon of the year;
The Swallow's fortune gives you cauſe to fear.
For charity, reply'd the Matron, tell
What ſad miſchance thoſe pretty birds befel.

Nay, no miſchance, the Savage Dame reply'd,
But want of wit in their unerring guide,
And eager haſte, and gaudy hopes, and giddy pride.
Yet wiſhing timely warning may prevail,
Make you the moral, and I'll tell the tale.
The Swallow, privileg'd above the reſt
Of all the birds, familiar as the gueſt,
Purſues the ſun in ſummer briſk and bold,
But wiſely ſhuns the perſecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimnies known,
Though 'tis not thought ſhe feeds on ſmoke alone.
From hence ſhe has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of ſoul divine.
This merry choriſter had long poſſeſs'd
Her ſummer ſeat, and feather'd well her neſt:
Till frowning ſkies began to change their chear,
And time turn'd up the wrong ſide of the year;
The ſhedding trees began the ground to ſtrow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blaſts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence ſhe drew,
Which by inſtinct, or prophecy, ſhe knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And ſeek a better heaven, and warmer climes.
Her ſons were ſummon'd on a ſteeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that ſhould be fair:
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their fluttering wings, and truſt themſelves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elſewhere, concerns us not to know.
Southwards, you may be ſure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they roſe, and ſet up every ſail;
The wind was fair, but blew a Mackrel gale:
The fickly young ſat ſhivering on the ſhore,
Abhorr'd ſalt-water never ſeen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The paſſage, and expect a fairer day.
With theſe the Martin readily concurr'd,
A church-begot and church-believing bird;
Of little body, but of lofty mind,
Round-belly'd, for a dignity deſign'd,
And much a dunce, as Martins are by kind.
Yet often quoted Canon-laws, and Code,
And fathers which he never underſtood:
But little learning needs in noble blood.
For, ſooth to ſay, the Swallow brought him in,
Her houſhold chaplain, and her next of kin:
In ſuperſtition ſilly to exceſs,
And caſting ſchemes by planetary gueſs:
In fine, ſhort-wing'd, unfit himſelf to fly,
His fear foretold foul weather in the ſky.
Beſides, a Raven from a wither'd oak,
Left of their lodging, was obſerv'd to croak.
That omen lik'd him not: ſo his advice
Was preſent ſafety, bought at any price;
A ſeeming pious care, that cover'd cowardice.
To ſtrengthen this, he told a boding dream,
Of riſing waters, and a troubled ſtream,
Sure ſigns of anguiſh, dangers, and diſtreſs,
With ſomething more, not lawful to expreſs:

By which he ſtily ſeemed to intimate
Some ſecret revelation of their fate.
For he concluded, once upon a time,
He found a leaf inſcrib'd with ſacred rhyme,
Whoſe antique characters did well denote
The Sybil's hand of the Cumæan grot:
The mad divineress had plainly writ,
A time ſhould come, but many ages yet,
In which, miniſter deſtinies ordain,
A dame ſhould drown with all her feather'd train,
And ſeas from thence be call'd the Chelidonian main.
At this, ſome ſhook for fear, the more devout
Aroſe, and bleſs'd themſelves from head to foot.
'Tis true, ſome ſtagers of the wiſer ſort
Made all theſe idle wonderments their ſport:
They ſaid, their only danger was delay,
And he, who heard what every fool could ſay,
Would never fix his thought, but trim his time away.
The paſſage yet was good; the wind, 'tis true,
Was ſomewhat high, but that was nothing new,
No more than uſual equinoxes blew.
The ſun, already from the ſcales declin'd,
Gave little hopes of better days behind,
But change from bad to worſe of weather and of wind.
Nor need they fear the dampneſs of the ſky
Should flag their wings, and hinder them to fly,
'Twas only water thrown on ſails to dry.
But, leaſt of all, philoſophy preſumes
Of truth in dreams, from melancholy fumes:
Perhaps the Martin, hous'd in holy ground,
Might think of ghoſts that walk their midnight round,
Till groſſer atoms tumbling in the ſtream
Of fancy, madly met, and clubb'd into a dream:
As little weight his vain preſages bear,
Of ill effect to ſuch alone who fear:
Moſt prophecies are of a piece with theſe,
Each Noſtradamus can foretel with eaſe:
Not naming perſons and confounding times,
One caſual truth ſupports a thouſand lying rhymes.
Th' advice was true; but fear had ſeiz'd the moſt,
And all good counſel is on cowards loſt.
The queſtion crudely put to ſhun delay,
'Twas carried by the major part to ſtay.
His point thus gain'd, Sir Martin dated thence
His power, and from a prieſt became a prince.
He order'd all things with a buſy care,
And cells and refectories did prepare,
And large proviſions laid of winter fare:
But now and then let fall a word or two
Of hope, that heaven ſome miracle might ſhow,
And for their ſakes the ſun ſhould backward go;
Againſt the laws of nature upward climb,
And, mounted on the Ram, renew the prime:
For which two proofs in ſacred ſtory lay,
Of Ahaz' dial, and of Joſhua's day.
In expectation of ſuch times as theſe,
A chapel hous'd them, truly call'd of eaſe:
For Martin much devotion did not aſk;
They pray'd ſometimes, and that was all their taſk.
It happen'd, as beyond the reach of wit
Blind prophecies may have a lucky hit,
That this accompliſh'd, or at leaſt in part,
Gave great repute to their new Merlin's art.
Some Swifts, the giants of the Swallow kind,
Large-limb'd, ſtout-hearted, but of ſtupid mind,
(For Swiftes or for Gibeonites deſign'd),
Theſe lubbers, peeping through a broken pane,
To ſuck freſh air, ſurvey'd the neighbouring plain;
And ſaw (but ſcarcely could believe their eyes)
New bloſſoms flouriſh and new flowers ariſe;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footſteps, and reform'd the year:
The ſunny hills from far were ſeen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burniſh'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.
At laſt they heard the fooliſh Cuckow ſing,
Whoſe note proclaim'd the holy-day of ſpring.
No longer doubting, all prepare to fly,
And repoſſeſs their patrimonial ſky.
The prieſt before them did his wings diſplay:
And, that good omens might attend their way,
As luck would have it, 'twas St. Martin's day.
Who but the Swallow triumphs now alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and ſkim in air,
And dip for inſects in the purling ſprings,
And ſtoop on rivers to refreſh their wings.
Their mothers think a fair proviſion made,
That every ſon can live upon his trade:
And, now the careful charge is off their hands,
Look out for huſbands, and new nuptial bands:
The youthful widow longs to be ſupply'd;
But firſt the lover is by lawyers ty'd
To ſettle jointure-chimnies on the bride.
So thick they couple in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
That Martin's marriage-offerings riſe apace.
Their ancient houſes, running to decay,
Are ſurbiſh'd up, and cemented with clay;
They teem already, ſtore of eggs are laid,
And brooding mothers call Lucina's aid.
Fame ſpreads the news, and foreign fowls appear
In flocks to greet the new returning year,
To bleſs the founder, and partake the cheer.
And now 'twas time (ſo faſt their numbers riſe)
To plant abroad and people colonies.
The youth drawn forth, as Martin had deſir'd,
(For ſo their cruel deſtiny requir'd)
Were ſent far off on an ill-fated day;
The reſt would needs conduct them on their way,
And Martin went, becauſe he fear'd alone to ſtay.
So long they flew with inconſiderate haſte,
That now their afternoon began to waſte;
And, what was ominous, that very morn
The Sun was enter'd into Capricorn;
Which, by their bad aſtronomer's account,
That week the Virgin Balance ſhould remount.
An inſtant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the ſmall remainders of his day.
The crowd, amaz'd, purſu'd no certain mark;
Put birds met birds, and juſtled in the dark:
Few mind the public in a panic fright;
And fear increas'd the horror of the night.

Night came, but unattended with repoſe;
Alone ſhe came, no ſleep their eyes to cloſe:
Alone, and black ſhe came; no friendly ſtars aroſe.
What ſhould they do, beſet with dangers round
No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
But bleaky plains, and bare unhoſpitable ground.
The latter brood, who juſt began to fly,
Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the ſky,
For ſuccour to their helpleſs mother call;
She ſpread her wings; ſome few beneath them crawl;
She ſpread them wider yet, but could not cover all.
T' augment their woes, the winds began to move
Debate in air for empty fields above,
Till Boreas got the ſkies, and pour'd amain
His rattling hailſtones mix'd with ſnow and rain.
The joyleſs morning late aroſe, and found
A dreadful deſolation reign around,
Some bury'd in the ſnow, ſome frozen to the ground.
The reſt were ſtruggling ſtill with death, and lay
The Crows and Ravens rights, an undefended prey:
Excepting Martin's race; for they and he
Had gain'd the ſhelter of a hollow tree:
But, ſoon diſcover'd by a ſturdy clown.
He headed all the rabble of a town,
And finiſh'd them with bats, or poll'd them down.
Martin himſelf was caught alive and try'd
For treaſonous crimes, becauſe the laws provide
No Martin there in winter ſhall abide.
High on an oak, which never leaf ſhall bear,
He breath'd his laſt, expos'd to open air;
And there his corpſe unbleſs'd is hanging ſtill,
To ſhow the change of winds with his prophetic bill.
The patience of the Hind did almoſt fail;
For well ſhe mark'd the malice of the tale:
Which ribbald art their church to Luther owes;
In malice it began, by malice grows;
He ſow'd the ſerpent's teeth, an iron harveſt roſe.
But moſt in Martin's character and fate,
She ſaw her ſlander'd ſons the Panther's hate.
The people's rage, the perſecuting ſtate:
Then ſaid, I take th' advice in friendly part:
You clear your conſcience, or at leaſt your heart:
Perhaps you fail'd in your foreſeeing ſkill,
For Swallows are unlucky birds to kill:
As for my ſons, the family is bleſs'd,
Whoſe every child is equal to the reſt:
No church reform'd can boaſt a blameleſs line;
Such Martins build in yours, and more than mine:
Or elſe an old fanatic author lies,
Who ſummed their ſcandals up by centuries.
But through your parable I plainly ſee
The bloody laws, the crowd's barbarity;
The ſun-ſhine that offends the purblind ſight:
Had ſome their wiſhes, it would ſoon be night.
Miſtake me not; the charge concerns not you:
Your ſons are malecontents, but yet are true:
As far as non-reſiſtance makes them ſo;
But that's a word of neutral ſenſe, you know,
A paſſive term, which no relief will bring,
But trims betwixt a rebel and a king.

Reſt well aſſur'd, the Pardelis reply'd,
My ſons would all ſupport the regal ſide,
Though heaven forbid the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd.
The Matron anſwer'd with a loud Amen,
And thus purſued her argument again.
If, as you ſay, and as I hope no leſs,
Your ſons will practiſe what yourſelves profeſs,
What angry power prevents our preſent peace?
The Lion, ſtudious of our common good,
Deſires (and king's deſires are ill withſtood)
To join our nations in a laſting love;
The bars betwixt are eaſy to remove;
For ſanguinary laws were never made above.
If you condemn that prince of tyranny,
Whoſe mandate forc'd your Gallic friends to fly;
Make not a worſe example of your own;
Or ceaſe to rail at cauſeleſs rigour ſhown,
And let the guiltleſs perſon throw the ſtone.
His blunted ſword your ſuffering brotherhood
Have ſeldom felt; he ſtops it ſhort of blood:
But you have ground the perſecuting knife,
And ſet it to a razor edge on life.
Curs'd be the wit which cruelty refines,
Or to his father's rod the ſcorpion's joins;
Your finger is more groſs than the great monarch's loins.
But you, perhaps, remove that bloody note,
And ſtick it on the firſt reformers' coat.
Oh let their crime in long oblivion ſleep:
'Twas theirs indeed to make, 'tis yours to keep.'
Unjuſt, or juſt, is all the queſtion now;
'Tis plain, that not repealing you allow.
To name the Teſt, would put you in a rage;
You charge not that on any former age.
But ſmile to think how innocent you ſtand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand.
Yet ſtill remember, that you wield a ſword,
Forg'd by your foes againſt your ſovereign lord;
Deſign'd to hew th' imperial cedar down,
Defraud ſucceſſion, and diſ-heir the crown.
T' abhor the makers, and their laws approve,
Is to hate traitors, and the treaſon love.
What means it elſe, which now your children ſay,
We made it not, nor will we take away?
Suppoſe ſome great oppreſſor had, by ſlight
Of law, diſſeiz'd your brother of his right,
Your common ſire ſurrendering a fright;
Would you to that unrighteous title ſtand,
Left by the villain's will to heir the land?
More juſt was Judas, who his Saviour ſold;
The ſacrilegious bribe he could not hold,
Nor hang in peace, before he rendered back the gold.
What more could you have done, than now you do,
Had Oates and Bedloe, and their plot, been true?
Some ſpecious reaſons for thoſe wrongs were found;
Their dire magicians threw their miſts around,
And wiſe men walk'd as on inchanted ground.
But now, when time has made th' impoſture plain,
(Late though he follow'd truth, and limping held her train)
What new deluſion charms your cheated eyes again?

The painted harlot might a while bewitch,
But why the hag uncas'd, and all obſcene with itch?
The firſt reformers were a modeſt race;
Our peers poſſeſs'd in peace their native place;
And when rebellious arms o'erturn'd the ſtate,
They ſuffer'd only in the common fate:
But now the ſovereign mounts the regal chair,
And mitred ſeats are full, yet David's bench is bare.
Your anſwer is, they were not diſpoſſeſt:
They need but rub their metal on the teſt
To prove their ore: 'twere well if gold alone
Were touch'd and try'd on your diſcerning ſtone;
But that unfaithful teſt unſound will paſs,
The droſs of atheiſts, and ſectarian braſs:
As if th' experiment were made to hold
For baſe production, and reject the gold.
Thus men ungodded may to places riſe,
And ſects may be preferr'd without diſguiſe:
No danger to the church or ſtate from theſe;
The papiſt only has his writ of eaſe.
No gainful office gives him the pretence
To grind the ſubject or defraud the prince.
Wrong conſcience, or no conſcience, may deſerve
To thrive; but ours alone is privileg'd to ſtarve.
Still thank yourſelves, you cry; your noble race
We baniſh not, but they forſake the place;
Our doors are open: true, but ere they come,
You toſs your 'cenſing teſt, and fume the room;
As if 'twere Toby's rival to expel,
And fright the fiend who could not bear the ſmell.
To this the Panther ſharply had reply'd;
But, having gain'd a verdict on her ſide,
She wiſely gave the loſer leave to chide;
Well ſatisfy'd to have the But and Peace,
And for the plaintiff's cauſe ſhe car'd the leſs,
Becauſe ſhe ſued *in forma pauperis*;
Yet thought it decent ſomething ſhould be ſaid;
For ſecret guilt by ſilence is betray'd.
So neither granted all, nor much deny'd,
But anſwer'd with a yawning kind of pride.
Methinks ſuch terms of proffer'd peace you bring,
As once Æneas to th' Italian king:
By long poſſeſſion all the land is mine;
You ſtrangers come with your intruding line,
To ſhare my ſceptre, which you call to join.
You plead like him an ancient pedigree,
And claim a peaceful ſeat by fate's decree.
In ready pomp your ſacrificer ſtands,
T' unite the Trojan and the Latin bands,
And, that the league more firmly may be ty'd,
Demand the fair Lavinia for your bride.
Thus plauſibly you veil th' intended wrong,
But ſtill you bring your exil'd gods along;
And will endeavour, in ſucceeding ſpace,
Thoſe houſhold puppets on our hearths to place.
Perhaps ſome barbarous laws have been preferr'd;
I ſpake againſt the teſt, but was not heard;
Theſe to reſcind, and peerage to reſtore,
My gracious ſovereign would my vote implore:
I owe him much, but owe my conſcience more.
Conſcience is then your plea, reply'd the dame,
Which well inform'd will ever be the ſame.
But yours is much of the camelion hue,
To change the die with every diſtant view.
When firſt the Lion ſat with awful ſway,
Your conſcience taught your duty to obey:
He might have had your ſtatutes and your teſt;
No conſcience but of ſubjects was profeſs'd.
He found your temper, and no farther try'd,
But on that broken reed your church rely'd.
In vain the ſects eſſay'd their utmoſt art,
With offer'd treaſure to eſpouſe their part;
Their treaſures were a bribe too mean to move his heart.
But when by long experience you had prov'd,
How far he could forgive, how well he lov'd;
A goodneſs that excell'd his godlike race,
And only ſhort of heaven's unbounded grace;
A flood of mercy that o'erflow'd our iſle,
Calm in the riſe, and fruitful as the Nile;
Forgetting whence your Egypt was ſupply'd,
You thought your ſovereign bound to ſend the tide:
Nor upward look'd on that immortal ſpring,
But vainly deem'd, he durſt not be a king:
Then Conſcience, unreſtrain'd by fear, began
To ſtretch her limits, and extend the ſpan;
Did his indulgence as her gift diſpoſe,
And make a wife alliance with her foes.
Can Conſcience own th' aſſociating name,
And raiſe no bluſhes to conceal her ſhame?
For ſure ſhe has been thought a baſhful dame.
But if the cauſe by battle ſhould be try'd,
You grant the muſt eſpouſe the regal ſide:
O Proteus conſcience, never to be ty'd!
What Phœbus from the Tripod ſhall diſcloſe,
Which are, in laſt reſort, your friends or foes?
Homer, who learn'd the language of the ſky,
The ſeeming Gordian knot would ſoon untye;
Immortal powers the term of Conſcience know,
But intereſt is her name with men below.
Conſcience or Intereſt be't, or both in one,
(The Panther anſwer'd in a ſurly tone)
The firſt commands me to maintain the crown,
The laſt forbids to throw my barriers down.
Our penal laws no ſons of yours admit,
Our teſt excludes your tribe from benefit.
Theſe are my banks your ocean to withſtand,
Which proudly riſing overlooks the land;
And once let in, with unreſiſted ſway,
Would ſweep the paſtors and their flocks away.
Think not my judgment leads me to comply
With laws unjuſt, but hard neceſſity:
Imperious need which cannot be withſtood,
Makes ill authentic for a greater good.
Poſſeſs your ſoul with patience, and attend:
A more auſpicious planet may aſcend;
Good fortune may preſent ſome happier time,
With means to cancel my unwilling crime;
(Unwilling, witneſs all ye powers above)
To mend my errors, and redeem your love:
That little ſpace you ſafely may allow;
Your all-diſpenſing power protects you now.
Hold, ſaid the Hind, 'tis needleſs to explain;
You would poſtpone me to another reign;
Till when you are content to be unjuſt:
Your part is to poſſeſs, and mine to truſt.
A fair exchange propos'd of future chance,
For preſent profit and inheritance.
Few words will ſerve to finiſh our diſpute;
Who will not now repeal, would perſecute.
To ripen green revenge, your hopes attend,
Wiſhing that happier planet would aſcend.

For ſhame, let Conſcience be your plea no more :
To will hereafter, proves ſhe might before :
But ſhe's a bawd to gain, and holds the door.
Your care about your banks infers a fear
Of threatening floods and inundations near :
If ſo, a juſt repriſe would only be
Of what the land uſurp'd upon the ſea ;
And all your jealouſies but ſerve to ſhow,
Your ground is, like your neighbour-nation, low.
T' intrench in what you grant unrighteous laws,
Is to diſtruſt the juſtice of your cauſe ;
And argues that the true religion lies
In thoſe weak adverſaries you deſpiſe.
Tyrannic force is that which leaſt you fear ;
The ſound is frightful in a chriſtian's ear :
Avert it, heaven! nor let that plague be ſent
To us from the diſpeopled continent.
But piety commands me to refrain ;
Thoſe prayers are needleſs in this monarch's reign.
Behold! how he protects your friends oppreſs'd,
Receives the baniſh'd, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd :
Behold, for you may read an honeſt open breaſt.
He ſtands in day-light, and diſdains to hide
An act, to which by honour he is ty'd,
A generous, laudable, and kingly pride.
Your Teſt he would repeal, his peers reſtore ;
This when he ſays he means, he means no more.
Well, ſaid the Panther, I believe him juſt.
And yet—
And yet, 'tis but becauſe you muſt ;
You would be truſted, but you would not truſt.
The Hind thus briefly ; and diſdain'd t' inlarge
On power of kings, and their ſuperior charge,
As heaven's truſtees before the people's choice,
Though ſure the Panther did not much rejoice
To hear thoſe echos given of her once-loyal voice.
The Matron woo'd her kindneſs to the laſt,
But could not win ; her hour of grace was paſt.
Whom, thus perſiſting, when ſhe could not bring
To leave the Wolf, and to believe her king,
She gave her up, and fairly wiſh'd her joy
Of her late treaty with her new ally :
Which well ſhe hop'd would more ſucceſsful prove,
Than was the Pigeon's and the Buzzard's love.
The Panther aſk'd, what concord there could be
Betwixt two kinds whoſe natures diſagree ?
The Dame reply'd : 'Tis ſung in every ſtreet,
The common chat of goſſips when they meet :
But, ſince unheard by you, 'tis worth your while
To take a wholeſome tale, though told in homely ſtyle.
A plain good man, whoſe name is underſtood,
(So few deſerve the name of plain and good)
Of three fair lineal lordſhips ſtood poſſeſs'd,
And liv'd, as reaſon was, upon the beſt.
Inur'd to hardſhips from his early youth,
Much had he done, and ſuffer'd for his truth :
At land and ſea, in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more adventurous knight,
Who oftener drew his ſword, and always for the right.
As fortune would (his fortune came, though late)
He took poſſeſſion of his juſt eſtate ;
Nor rack'd his tenants with increaſe of rent ;
Nor liv'd too ſparing, nor too largely ſpent ;
But overlook'd his Hinds ; their pay was juſt,
And ready, for he ſcorn'd to go on truſt :
Slow to reſolve, but in performance quick ;
So true, that he was aukward at a trick.
For little ſouls on little ſhifts rely,
And cowards arts of mean expedients try ;
The noble mind will dare do any thing but lye.
Falſe friends, his deadlieſt foes, could find no way
But ſhows of honeſt bluntneſs, to betray :
That unſuſpected plainneſs he believ'd ;
He look'd into himſelf, and was deceiv'd.
Some lucky planet ſure attends his birth,
Or heaven would make a miracle on earth ;
For proſperous honeſty is ſeldom ſeen
To bear ſo dead a weight, and yet to win.
It looks as fate with nature's law would ſtrive,
To ſhew plain-dealing once an age may thrive :
And, when ſo tough a frame ſhe could not bend,
Exceeded her commiſſion to befriend.
This grateful man, as heaven increas'd his ſtore,
Gave God again, and daily fed his poor.
His houſe with all convenience was purvey'd ;
The reſt he found, but rais'd the fabric where he pray'd ;
And in that ſacred place his beauteous wife
Employ'd her happieſt hours of holy life.
Nor did their alms extend to thoſe alone,
Whom common faith more ſtrictly made their own ;
A ſort of Doves were hous'd too near their hall,
Who croſs the proverb, and abound with gall.
Though ſome, 'tis true, are paſſively inclin'd,
The greater part degenerate from their kind ;
Voracious birds that hotly bill and breed,
And largely drink becauſe on ſalt they ſeed.
Small gain from them their bounteous owner draws ;
Yet, bound by promiſe, he ſupports their cauſe,
As corporations privileg'd by laws.
That houſe which harbour to their kind affords,
Was built long ſince, God knows, for better birds ;
But fluttering there, they neſtle near the throne,
And lodge in habitations not their own,
By their high crops and corny gizzards known.
Like Harpies they could ſcent a plenteous board,
Then to be ſure they never fail'd their lord :
The reſt was form, and bare attendance paid ;
They drunk, and eat, and grudgingly obey'd.
The more they fed, they raven'd ſtill for more ;
They drain'd from Dan, and left Beerſheba poor.
All this they had by law, and none repin'd ;
The preference was but due to Levi's kind :
But when ſome lay-preferment fell by chance,
The Gourmands made it their inheritance.
When once poſſeſs'd, they never quit their claim ;
For then 'tis ſanctify'd to heaven's high name ;
And hallow'd thus, they cannot give conſent,
The gift ſhould be prophan'd by worldly management.
Their fleſh was never to the table ſerv'd ;
Though 'tis not thence inferr'd the birds were ſtarv'd ;
But that their maſter did not like the food,
As rank, and breeding melancholy blood.
Nor did it with his gracious nature ſuit,
Ev'n though they were not doves, to perſecute :
Yet he refus'd (nor could they take offence)
Their glutton kind ſhould teach him abſtinence.
Nor conſecrated grain their wheat he thought,
Which new from treading in their bills they brought :
But left his Hinds each in his private power,
That thoſe who like the bran might leave the flour.

He for himſelf, and not for others, choſe,
Nor would he be impos'd on, nor impoſe;
But in their faces his devotion paid,
And ſacrifice with ſolemn rites was made,
And ſacred incenſe on his altars laid.
Beſides theſe jolly birds, whoſe corpſe impure
Repaid their commons with the ſalt-manure;
Another farm he had behind his houſe,
Not overſtock'd, but barely for his uſe:
Wherein his poor domeſtic poultry fed,
And from his pious hands receiv'd their bread.
Our pamper'd Pigeons, with malignant eyes,
Beheld theſe inmates, and their nurſeries:
Though hard their fare, at evening, and at morn,
A cruſe of water, and an ear of corn;
Yet ſtill they grudg'd that modicum, and thought
A ſheaf in every ſingle grain was brought.
Fain would they filch that little food away,
While unreſtrain'd thoſe happy gluttons prey.
And much they griev'd to ſee ſo nigh their hall,
The bird that warn'd St. Peter of his fall:
That he ſhould raiſe his mitred creſt on high,
And clap his wings, and call his family
To ſacred rites; and vex th' etherial powers
With midnight mattins at uncivil hours:
Nay more, his quiet neighbours ſhould moleſt,
Juſt in the ſweetneſs of their morning reſt.
Beaſt of a bird, ſupinely when he might
Lie ſnug and ſleep, to riſe before the light!
What if his dull forefathers us'd that cry,
Could he not let a bad example die?
The world was fallen into an eaſier way;
This age knew better than to faſt and pray.
Good ſenſe in ſacred worſhip would appear
So to begin, as they might end the year.
Such feats in former times had wrought the falls
Of crowing Chanticleers in cloyſter'd walls.
Expell'd for this, and for their lands, they fled:
And ſiſter Partlet with her hooded head
Was hooted hence, becauſe ſhe would not pray a-bed.
The way to win the reſtiff world to God,
Was to lay by the diſciplining rod,
Unnatural faſts, and foreign forms of prayer:
Religion frights us with a mien ſevere.
'Tis prudence to reform her into eaſe,
And put her in undreſs to make her pleaſe:
A lively faith will bear aloft the mind,
And leave the luggage of good works behind.
Such doctrines in the Pigeon-houſe were taught:
You need not aſk how wondrouſly they wrought:
But ſure the common cry was all for theſe,
Whoſe life and precepts both encourag'd eaſe.
Yet fearing thoſe alluring baits might fail,
And holy deeds o'er all their arts prevail;
For vice, though frontleſs, and of harden'd face,
Is daunted at the ſight of awful grace,
An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
Nor lines, nor looks, nor ſhades, nor colours true;
And this groteſque deſign expos'd to public view.
One would have thought it ſome Egyptian piece,
With garden-gods, and barking deities,
More thick than Ptolemy has ſtuck the ſkies.
All ſo perverſe a draught, ſo far unlike,
It was no libel where it meant to ſtrike.
Yet ſtill the daubing pleas'd, and great and ſmall
To view the monſter crowded Pigeon-hall.
There Chanticleer was drawn upon his knees
Adoring ſhrines, and ſtocks of ſainted trees;
And by him, a miſhapen, ugly race;
The curſe of God was ſeen on every face:
No Holland emblem could that malice mend,
But ſtill the worſe the look, the fitter for a fiend.
The maſter of the farm, diſpleas'd to find
So much of rancour in ſo mild a kind,
Enquir'd into the cauſe, and came to know,
The paſſive church had ſtruck the foremoſt blow;
With groundleſs fears and jealouſies poſſeſt,
As if this troubleſome intruding gueſt
Would drive the birds of Venus from their neſt.
A deed his inborn equity abhorr'd;
But intereſt will not truſt, though God ſhould plight his word.
A law, the ſource of many future harms,
Had baniſh'd all the poultry from the farms;
With loſs of life, if any ſhould be found
To crow or peck on this forbidden ground.
That bloody ſtatute chiefly was deſign'd
For Chanticleer the white, of clergy kind;
But after-malice did not long forget
The lay that wore the robe and coronet.
For them, for their inferiors and allies,
Their foes a deadly Shibboleth deviſe:
By which unrighteouſly it was decreed,
That none to truſt or profit ſhould ſucceed,
Who would not ſwallow firſt a poiſonous wicked weed;
Or that, to which old Socrates was curs'd,
Or henbane juice to ſwell them till they burſt.
The patron (as in reaſon) thought it hard
To ſee this inquiſition in his yard,
By which the ſovereign was of ſubjects' uſe debarr'd.
All gentle means he try'd, which might withdraw
Th' effects of ſo unnatural a law:
But ſtill the dove-houſe obſtinately ſtood
Deaf to their own, and to their neighbours good;
And which was worſe, if any worſe could be,
Repented of their boaſted loyalty:
Now made the champions of a cruel cauſe,
And drunk with fumes of popular applauſe;
For thoſe whom God to ruin has deſign'd,
He fits for fate, and firſt deſtroys their mind.
New doubts indeed they daily ſtrove to raiſe,
Suggeſted dangers, interpos'd delays;
And emiſſary Pigeons had in ſtore,
Such as the Meccan prophet us'd of yore,
To whiſper counſels in their patron's ear;
And veil'd their falſe advice with zealous fear.
The maſter ſmil'd, to ſee them work in vain,
To wear him out, and make an idle reign:
He ſaw, but ſuffer'd their protractive arts,
And ſtrove by mildneſs to reduce their hearts:
But they abus'd that grace to make allies,
And fondly clos'd with former enemies;
For fools are doubly fools endeavouring to be wiſe.
After a grave conſult what courſe were beſt,
One, more mature in folly than the reſt,
Stood up, and told them with his head aſide,
That deſperate cures muſt be to deſperate ills apply'd.
And therefore, ſince their main impending fear
Was from th' increaſing race of Chanticleer,

Some potent bird of prey they ought to find,
A foe profeſs'd to him, and all his kind:
Some haggard Hawk who had her eyry nigh,
Well pounc'd to faſten, and well wing'd to fly:
One they might truſt, their common wrongs to wreak:
The Muſquet and the Coyſtrel were too weak,
Too fierce the Falcon: but, above the reſt,
The noble Buzzard ever pleas'd me beſt;
Of ſmall renown, 'tis true; for, not to lye,
We call him but a Hawk by courteſy.
I know he hates the Pigeon-houſe and Farm,
And more, in time of war, has done us harm:
But all his hate on trivial points depends:
Give up our forms, and we ſhall ſoon be friends.
For Pigeons fleſh he ſeems not much to care;
Cramm'd chickens are a more delicious fare.
On this high Potentate, without delay,
I wiſh you would confer the ſovereign ſway:
Petition him t' accept the government,
And let a ſplendid embaſſy be ſent
This pithy ſpeech prevail'd; and all agreed,
Old enmities forgot, the Buzzard ſhould ſucceed.
Their welcome ſuit was granted ſoon as heard,
His lodgings furniſh'd, and a train prepar'd,
With B's upon their breaſt, appointed for his guard.
He came, and, crown'd with great ſolemnity,
God ſave king Buzzard! was the general cry.
A portly prince, and goodly to the ſight,
He ſeem'd a ſon of Anach for his height:
Like thoſe whom ſtature did to crowns prefer:
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:
Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight;
A prophet form'd to make a female proſelyte.
A theologue more by need than genial bent;
By breeding ſharp, by nature confident.
Intereſt in all his actions was diſcern'd;
More learn'd than honeſt, more a wit than learn'd:
Or forc'd by fear, or by his prophet led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled:
But brought the virtues of his heaven along;
A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
And yet with all his arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky paraſite alive.
Loud praiſes to prepare his paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſued his compliment.
But, by reverſe of fortune, chac'd away,
His gifts no longer than their author ſtay:
He ſhakes the duſt againſt th' ungrateful race,
And leaves the ſtench of ordures in the place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blaſphem'd the ſame;
For in his rage he ſpares no ſovereign's name:
The hero and the tyrant change their ſtyle
By the ſame meaſure that they frown or ſmile.
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable foes,
The kindneſs he returns, is to expoſe;
For courteſies, though undeſerv'd and great,
No gratitude in felon-minds beget;
As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
His praiſe of foes is venomouſly nice;
So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
"A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
Seven ſacraments he wiſely does diſown,
Becauſe he knows confeſſion ſtands for one;
Where ſins to ſacred ſilence are convey'd,
And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd:
But he, uncall'd, his patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret whiſpers of his ſoul;
Stood forth th' accuſing Satan of his crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the times.
Prompt to aſſail, and careleſs of defence,
Invulnerable in his impudence,
He dares the world, and eager of a name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into fame.
Frontleſs, and ſatire-proof, he ſcours the ſtreets,
And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
So ſond of loud report, that not to miſs
Of being known (his laſt and utmoſt bliſs)
He rather would be known for what he is.
Such was, and is, the Captain of the Teſt,
Though half his virtues are not here expreſs'd;
The modeſty of fame conceals the reſt.
The ſpleenful Pigeons never could create
A prince more proper to revenge their hate;
Indeed, more proper to revenge, than ſave.
A king, whom in his wrath th' Almighty gave:
For all the grace the landlord had allow'd,
But made the Buzzard and the Pigeons proud;
Gave time to fix their friends, and to ſeduce the crowd.
They long their fellow-ſubjects to inthral,
Their patron's promiſe into queſtion call,
And vainly think he meant to make them lords of all.
Falſe fears their leaders fail'd not to ſuggeſt,
As if the Doves were to be diſpoſſeſs'd;
Nor ſighs nor groans, nor gogling eyes, did want;
For now the Pigeons too had learnt to cant.
The houſe of prayer is ſtock'd with large increaſe;
Nor doors nor windows can contain the preſs:
For birds of every feather fill th' abode;
Ev'n atheiſts out of envy own a God:
And reeking from the ſtews adulterers come,
Like Goths and Vandals to demoliſh Rome.
That Conſcience, which to all their crimes was mute,
Now calls aloud, and cries to perſecute:
No rigour of the laws to be releas'd,
And much the leſs, becauſe it was their Lord's requeſt:
They thought it great their ſovereign to controul,
And nam'd their pride, nobility of ſoul.
'Tis true, the Pigeons, and their prince elect,
Were ſhort of power, their purpoſe to effect:
But with their quills did all the hurt they could,
And cuff'd the tender Chickens from their food:
And much the Buzzard in their cauſe did ſtir,
Though naming not the patron, to infer
With all reſpect, he was a groſs idolater.
But when th' imperial owner did eſpy,
That thus they turn'd his grace to villany,
Not ſuffering wrath to diſcompoſe his mind,
He ſtrove a temper for th' extremes to find,
So to be juſt, as he might ſtill be kind;
Then, all maturely weigh'd, pronounc'd a doom
Of ſacred ſtrength for every age to come.
By this the Doves their wealth and ſtate poſſeſs,
No rights infring'd, but licence to oppreſs:
Such power have they as factious lawyers long
To crowns aſcrib'd, that kings can do no wrong.

But ſince his own domeſtic birds have try'd
The dire effects of their deſtructive pride,
He deems that proof a meaſure to the reſt,
Concluding well within his kingly breaſt,
His fowls of nature too unjuſtly were oppreſt.
He therefore makes all birds of every ſect
Free of his farm, with promiſe to reſpect
Their ſeveral kinds alike, and equally protect.
His gracious edict the ſame franchiſe yields
To all the wild increaſe of woods and fields,
And who in rocks aloof, and who in ſteeples builds.
To Crows the like impartial grace affords,
And Choughs and Daws, and ſuch republic birds:
Secur'd with ample privilege to feed,
Each has his diſtrict, and his bounds decreed:
Combin'd in common intereſt with his own,
But not to paſs the Pigeons Rubicon.
Here ends the reign of his pretended Dove;
All prophecies accompliſh'd from above,
For Shiloh comes the ſceptre to remove.
Reduc'd from her imperial high abode,
Like Dionyſius to a private rod,
The paſſive church, that with pretended grace
Did her diſtinctive mark in duty place,
Now touch'd, reviles her Maker to his face.
What after happen'd is not hard to gueſs:
The ſmall beginnings had a large increaſe,
And arts and wealth ſucceed, the ſecret ſpoils of peace.
'Tis ſaid, the Doves repented, though too late,
Become the ſmiths of their own fooliſh fate;
Nor did their owner haſten their ill hour;
But, ſunk in credit, they decreas'd in power:
Like ſnows in warmth that mildly paſs away,
Diſſolving in the ſilence of decay.
The Buzzard, not content with equal place,
Invites the feather'd Nimrods of his race;
To hide the thinneſs of their flock from ſight,
And all together make a ſeeming goodly flight:
But each have ſeparate intereſts of their own;
Two Czars are one too many for a throne.
Nor can th' uſurper long abſtain from food;
Already he has taſted Pigeons blood:
And may be tempted to his former fare,
When this indulgent lord ſhall late to heaven repair.
Bare benting times, and moulting months may come,
When, lagging late, they cannot reach their home;
Or rent in ſchiſm (for ſo their fate decrees)
Like the tumultuous college of the bees,
They fight their quarrel, by themſelves oppreſt;
The tyrant ſmiles below, and waits the falling feaſt.
Thus did the gentle Hind her fable end,
Nor would the Panther blame it, nor commend;
But, with affected yawnings at the cloſe,
Seem'd to require her natural repoſe:
For now the ſtreaky light began to peep;
And ſetting ſtars admoniſh'd both to ſleep.
The dame withdrew, and, wiſhing to her gueſt
The peace of heaven, betook herſelf to reſt.
Ten thouſand angels on her ſlumbers wait,
With glorious viſions of her future ſtate.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A POEM ON THE PRINCE, BORN ON THE TENTH OF JUNE, 1688.

OUR vows are heard betimes, and heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And ſent us back to praiſe, who came to pray.
Juſt on the day, when the high-mounted ſun
Did fartheſt in its northern progreſs run,
He bended forward, and ev'n ſtretch'd the ſphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year.
To view a brighter ſun in Britain born;
That was the buſineſs of his longeſt morn;
The glorious object ſeen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only ſtay to ſhed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly ſummer in her ſtead,
With timely fruit the longing land to chear,
And to fulfil the promiſe of the year.
Betwixt two ſeaſons comes th' auſpicious heir,
This age to bleſſom, and the next to bear.
Laſt ſolemn ſabbath ſaw the Church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp deſcend:
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a bleſſing to ſo good a king,
None but th' Eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conſpire,
As once in council to create our ſire?
It ſeems as if they ſent the new-born gueſt
To wait on the proceſſion of their feaſt;
And on their ſacred anniverſe decreed
To ſtamp their image on the promis'd ſeed.
Three realms united, and on one beſtow'd,
An emblem of their myſtic union ſhow'd:
The mighty trine the triple empire ſhar'd:
As every perſon would have one to guard.
Hail, ſon of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from heaven, but long be baniſh'd thence,
And late to thy paternal ſkies retire:
To mend our crimes, whole ages would require:
To change th' inveterate habit of our ſins,
And finiſh what thy godlike ſire begins.
Kind heaven, to make us Engliſhmen again,
No leſs can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The ſacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye ſeraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep poſſeſſion, and ſecure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate;
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James his running century may view,
And give this Son an auſpice to the new.
Our wants exact at leaſt that moderate ſtay:
For ſee the dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.

Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant cry,
The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For opposition makes a hero great.
To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his Son.
O still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despight.
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread
Like Jews you munch, and murmur while you feed.
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild!
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest!
Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heaven, his footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The rise of empires, and their fall surveys;
More, might I say, than with an usual eye,
He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.
Already has he lifted high the sign,
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine:
The moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
Behold another Sylvester, to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.
Now view at home a second Constantine
(The former too was of the British line);
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
O, did not heaven by its eternal doom
Permit those evils, that this good might come?
So manifest, that ev'n the moon-ey'd sects
See whom and what this providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.
When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's soul with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own:
Born in broad day-light, that th' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.
Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth,
Loth to confess the Godhead cloath'd in earth:
But sicken'd after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir apparent in the skies:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.
Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians shew'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace:
For she herself had made his countenance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple light.
If our victorious Edward, as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,
Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why should James or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.
Great Michael, prince of all th' ætherial hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou, th' adopted patron of our isle,
With chearful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of heaven, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.
Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did th' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the still impending test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil;
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early saints one womb has given;
Enough increas'd the family of heaven:
Let them for his, and our atonement go;
And, reigning blest above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreshow'd
His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Araunah's threshing-floor:
He stops, and seems to sheath his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys sincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
Five months to discord and debate were given:
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.

Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bleſt,
And prelude to the realms perpetual reſt!
Let his baptiſmal drops for us atone;
Luſtrations for offences not his own.
Let Conſcience, which is intereſt ill diſguis'd,
In the ſame font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.
Un-nam'd as yet; at leaſt unknown to fame:
Is there a ſtrife in heaven about his name;
Where every famous predeceſſor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the ſkies?
Or muſt it be reſerv'd to thought alone?
Such was the ſacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy ſilence muſt not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To ſhun the ſpells and ſorceries of thoſe,
Who durſt her infant majeſty oppoſe.
But when his tender ſtrength in time ſhall riſe
To dare ill tongues, and faſcinating eyes;
This iſle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
Th' artillery of heaven ſhall make him known:
Crete could not hold the God, when Jove was grown.
As Jove's increaſe, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breaſt was bred, whoſe milky taſte
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:
Food that his inborn courage might controul,
Extinguiſh all the father in his ſoul,
And for his Eſtian race and Saxon ſtrain,
Might reproduce ſome ſecond Richard's reign.
Mildneſs he ſhares from both his parents' blood;
But kings too tame are deſpicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
Thus far the furious tranſport of the news
Had to prophetic madneſs fir'd the Muſe;
Madneſs ungovernable, uninſpir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever ſhe deſir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyſs to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I puniſh'd when the ſudden blaſt,
The face of heaven, and our young Sun o'ercaſt!
Fame, the Swift ill, increaſing as ſhe roll'd,
Diſeaſe, deſpair, and death, at three repriſes told:
At three inſulting ſtrides ſhe ſtalk'd the town,
And like contagion, ſtruck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the ſky.
Here black rebellion ſhooting from below
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the ſons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! ſo low were driven
The ſaints, as hardly to defend their heaven.
As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulſions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third ſettles what the former ſhook;
Such heavings had our ſouls; till, ſlow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.
By prayers the mighty bleſſing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers reſtor'd.
So ere the Shunamite a ſon conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A ſon was ſent, the ſon ſo much deſir'd;
But ſoon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled ſeer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and ſent his paſtoral ſtaff before,
Then ſtretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new ſoul, return'd.
Thus mercy ſtretches out her hand, and ſaves
Deſponding Peter ſinking in the waves.
As when a ſudden ſtorm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harveſt are deſtroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded ſtem, from tempeſt freed,
Will raiſe the youthful honours of his head;
And ſoon reſtor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials paſt:
For heaven will exerciſe us to the laſt;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful bleſſings, and with mingled fear;
That, ſtill depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may paſs,
With ſparing hands will diet us to good:
Preventing ſurfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morſels, and delays them long.
True, this laſt bleſſing was a royal feaſt;
But where's the wedding garment on the gueſt?
Our manners as religion, were a dream,
Are ſuch as teach the nations to blaſpheme.
In luſts we wallow, and with pride we ſwell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Iſrael ſinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the preſent ark their guard;
But when the haughty Philiſtines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was abſent, though his ark was there.
Ah! leſt our crimes ſhould ſnatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the bleſſings of a day!
For we have ſinn'd him hence; and that he lives,
God to his promiſe, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would ſoon weigh down the guilty ſcale,
But James and Mary, and the church, prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the choſen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moſes' hands.
By living well, let us ſecure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born ſpirit can conſtrain,
But charity and great examples gain.
Forgiveneſs is our thanks for ſuch a day,
'Tis God-like God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious queen, tranſlated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged ſphere,
Beyond the ſunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boaſt,
Though beautiful is well in pious loſt;
So loſt as ſtar-light is diſſolv'd away,
And melts into the brightneſs of the day;
Or gold about the royal diadem,
Loſt to improve the luſtre of the gem.

What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For ſhould our thanks awake the riſing ſun,
And lengthen, as his lateſt ſhadows run,
That, though the longeſt day, would ſoon, too ſoon be done.
Let angels voices with their harps conſpire,
But keep th' auſpicious infant from the choir;
Let him ſing above, and let us know
No ſweeter muſic than his cries below.
Nor can I wiſh to you, great monarch, more
Than ſuch an annual income to your ſtore;
The day which gave this unit, did not ſhine
For a leſs omen than to fill the trine.
After a prince, an admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our iſle has younger titles ſtill in ſtore,
And when th' exhauſted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign ſhore.
The name of great your martial mind will ſuit;
But juſtice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,
And, in him, Plutarch propheſy'd of you.
A prince's favours but on few can fall,
But juſtice is a virtue ſhar'd by all.
Some kings the name of conquerors have aſſum'd,
Some to be great, ſome to be gods preſum'd;
But boundleſs power, and arbitrary luſt,
Made tyrants ſtill abhor the name of Juſt;
They ſhunn'd the praiſe this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The power, from which all kings derive their ſtate,
Whom they pretend, at leaſt, to imitate,
Is equal both to puniſh and reward;
But few would love their God, unleſs they fear'd.
Reſiſtleſs force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity:
Tempeſts have force unbounded to deſtroy,
And deathleſs being ev'n the damn'd enjoy;
And yet heaven's attributes, both laſt and firſt,
Are without life, and one with life accurſt:
But juſtice is heaven's ſelf, ſo ſtrictly he,
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own: but life and ſtate
Are one to fortune ſubject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you juſtly frown or ſmile;
Nor hopes nor fears your ſteady hand beguile;
Yourſelf our balance hold, the world's our iſle.

MAC-FLECKNOE.

ALL human things are ſubject to decay,
And when fate ſummons, monarchs muſt obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Auguſtus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In proſe and verſe, was own'd, without diſpute,
Through all the realms of Nonſenſe abſolute.
This aged prince, now flouriſhing in peace,
And bleſt with iſſue of a large increaſe;
Worn out with buſineſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the ſucceſſion of the ſtate:
And, pondering, which of all his ſons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis reſolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who moſt reſembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulneſs from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my ſons, is he,
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into ſenſe.
Some beams of wit on other ſouls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval:
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing fogs prevail upon the day.
Beſides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as monarch oaks, that ſhade the plain,
And ſpread in ſolemn ſtate ſupinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou laſt great prophet of tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarſely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom ſtrung,
When to king John of Portugal I ſung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver Thames didſt cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celeſtial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an hoſt,
The like was ne'er in Epſom blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new Arion ſail,
The lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-ſharpen'd thumb from ſhore to ſhore
The trebles ſqueak for fear, the baſes roar:
Echoes from Piſſing-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they reſound from Aſton-Hall.
About thy boat the little fiſhes throng,
As at the morning toaſt that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'ſt thy papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not even the feet of thy own Pſyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in ſenſe excel;
So juſt, ſo like tautology, they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forſwore
The lute and ſword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.
Here ſtopt the good old ſire, and wept for joy,
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but moſt his plays, perſuade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.
Cloſe to the walls which fair Auguſta bind,
(The fair Auguſta much to ears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric raiſ'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, ſo fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vaſt courts the mother-ſtrumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a nurſery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the Gods defy.

Great Fletcher never treads in buſkins here,
Nor greater Jonſon dares in ſocks appear;
But gentle Simkin juſt reception finds
Amidſt this monument of vaniſh'd minds:
Pure clinches the Suburbian Muſe affords,
And Panton waging harmleſs war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophefy'd long ſince,
That in this pile ſhould reign a mighty prince,
Born for a ſcourge of wit, and ſtail of ſenſe.
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome Pſyches owe,
But worlds of miſers from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and hypocrites it ſhould produce,
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empreſs fame had publiſh'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rouz'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and diſtant Watling-ſtreet.
No Perſian carpets ſpread th' imperial way,
But ſcatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From duſty ſhops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almoſt chok'd the way.
Bilk'd ſtationers for yeomen ſtood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majeſty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Aſcanius ſate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the ſtate.
His brows thick fogs, inſtead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulneſs play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his fire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell ſwore, nor ſhould his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulneſs would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with ſenſe.
The king himſelf the ſacred unction made,
As king by office, and as prieſt by trade.
In his miniſter hand, inſtead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his ſceptre, and his rule of ſway;
Whoſe righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe loins recorded Pſyche ſprung.
His temples, laſt, with poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head.
Juſt at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis ſung by Tyber's brook,
Preſage of ſway from twice ſix vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The fire then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed
Full, on the filial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetic mood.
Heavens bleſs my ſon! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the weſtern main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him ſtretch his pen!—
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.

Then thus continued he: My ſon, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs induſtry.
Let virtuoſos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the ſtage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly ſhew the writer's wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtify their author's want of ſenſe.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpoſe,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epſom proſe.
And when falſe flowers of rhetoric thou wouldſt cull,
Truſt nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top, and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonſon's hoſtile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praiſe,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where Jonſon has no part:
What ſhare have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in prince Nicander's vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in Pſyche's humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he bargains, whip-ſtitch, kiſs my arſe,
Promiſ'd a play, and dwindled to a farce?
When did his Muſe from Fletcher ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege doſt tranſfuſe to thine?
But ſo tranſfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boaſted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulneſs 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muſe gives ſmiles, thy comic ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thyſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive ſatires never bite.
In thy ſelonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Iriſh pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chooſe for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acroſtic land.
There thou mayſt wings diſplay and altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word ten thouſand ways.
Or if thou wouldſt thy different talents ſuit,
Set thy own ſongs, and ſing them to thy lute.

He ſaid; but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard:
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a ſubterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE THE FIRST.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND SIR ROBERT HOWARD, ON HIS EXCELLENT POEMS.

As there is muſic uninform'd by art
In thoſe wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:
So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames compoſure, and its art excels.
Sinking no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
Such is your Muſe: no metaphor ſwell'd high
With dangerous boldneſs lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in Samſon's riddle meet.
'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweat appear.
Either your art hides art, as ſtoics feign
Then leaſt to feel, when moſt they ſuffer pain;
And we, dull ſouls, admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden ſprings within the engine be.
Or 'tis ſome happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your grateful Muſe.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies ſpread,
Lets through its meſhes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all: this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms caſually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world.
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit,
As would deſtroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your ſtrong genius then which does not feel
Thoſe weights, would make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel thoſe heavens and gods he bore.
Your eaſier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.

Of moral knowledge poeſy was queen,
And ſtill ſhe might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themſelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like ſome brave captain, your ſucceſsful pen
Reſtores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope, that, having ſeen the days
When nothing flouriſh'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion reſt,
"A ſober prince's government is beſt."
This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richeſt ground,
That ſoil which thoſe immortal laurels bore,
That once the ſacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliza's griefs are ſo expreſs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had ſhe ſo ſpoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had ſaid.
If funeral rites can give a ghoſt repoſe,
Your Muſe ſo juſtly has diſcharged thoſe,
Eliza's ſhade may now its wandering ceaſe,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no leſs
Your kindneſs great Achilles doth confeſs;
Who, dreſs'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become thoſe virgin robes he took.
To underſtand how much we owe to you,
We muſt your numbers, with your author's, view;
Then we ſhall ſee his work was lamely rough,
Each figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in buff:
His colours laid ſo thick on every place,
As only ſhew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perſpective we beauties ſee,
Which in the glaſs, not in the picture, be;
So here our ſight obligingly miſtakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar diſhes are, by cooks diſguis'd,
More for their dreſſing, than their ſubſtance priz'd.
Your curious notes ſo ſearch into that age,
When all was fable but the ſacred page,
That, ſince in that dark night we needs muſt ſtray,
We are at leaſt miſled in pleaſant way.
But, what we moſt admire, your verſe no leſs
The prophet than the poet doth confeſs.
Ere our weak eyes diſcern'd the doubtful ſtreak
Of light, you ſaw great Charles his morning break.
So ſkilful ſeamen ken the land from far,
Which ſhews like miſts to the dull paſſenger.
To Charles your Muſe firſt pays her duteous love,
As ſtill the antients did begin from Jove.
With Monk you end, whoſe name preſerv'd ſhall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's intereſt than the world to ſway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to propheſy.
"This work, by merit firſt of fame ſecure,
"Is likewiſe happy in its geniture:
"For, ſince 'tis born when Charles aſcends the throne,
"It ſhares at once his fortune and its own."

Roſcommon firſt in fields of honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor ſacred Virgil's page:
Our Engliſh palace opens wide in ſtate;
And without ſtooping they may paſs the gate.

EPISTLE THE SIXTH.

TO THE DUTCHESS OF YORK, ON HER RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, IN THE YEAR 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muſes droop'd with their forſaken arts,
And the ſad Cupids broke their uſeleſs darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſarts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when baniſh'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great ſupporter of his awful throne,
Love could no longer after beauty ſtay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the ſun and he had loſt their way.
But now th' illuſtrious nymph return'd again,
Brings every grace triumphant in her train.
The wondering Nereids, though they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreſlow'd her paſſage, to behold her form:
Some cry'd, a Venus; ſome, a Thetis paſt;
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſte.
Far from her ſight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen fate,
Her ſight is purchas'd at an eaſy rate.
Three gloomy years againſt this day were ſet;
But this one mighty ſum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping heavens become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And nature has for her delay'd the ſpring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love reſtor'd, his ancient realm ſurveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit:
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
No more ſhall vex the church, and tear the ſtate:
No more ſhall Faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love:
Diſcord, like that of muſic's various parts;
Diſcord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord, that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the duke, and ſerve the king.

EPISTLE THE SEVENTH.

A LETTER TO SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes ſhould be alike,
From tropic ev'n to pole artique;
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſ. ffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of ſtate;
And both to wives and huſbands ſhow
The vigour of a plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
"Ad Partes Infidelium."
A work of wondrous merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where ſound of Cupid never came.
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or ev'n for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lie,
Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear.
What region of the earth's ſo dull,
That is not of your labours full?
Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But, ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee.
Thou break'ſt through forms with as much eaſe
As the French king through articles.
In grand affairs thy days are ſpent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent.
They, whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters are mortal men.
Then Rheniſh ruminers walk the round;
In bumpers every king is crown'd;
Beſides three holy mitred Hectors,
And the whole college of Electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk,
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights I mention'd laſt,
Suit not, I know, your Engliſh taſte:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your excellence,
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now if you tope in form and treat,
'Tis the ſour ſauce to the ſweet meat,
The fine you pay for being great.

Nay, here's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That, ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at font deny'd,
You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a degradation,
But would oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wife negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will ſay,
The duke St. Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you ſcarce,
His grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you whoſe comic wit is terſe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal.
Then finiſh what you have began;
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no George, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.

EPISTLE THE EIGHTH.

TO MR. SOUTHERNE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE WIVES EXCUSE.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while theſe malignant planets reign.
Some very fooliſh influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to ſenſe, or juſt to wit:
And whilſt it laſts, let buffoonry ſucceed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itſelf, is of a naſty ſcent;
But the gain ſmells not of the excrement.
The Spaniſh nymph, a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a ſingle ſhow:
But let a monſter Muſcovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou haſt not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet thoſe who blame thy tale applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but ſo Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
Ev'n lewdneſs is made moral in thy ſcene.
The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;
But reſt ſecure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiſs'd,
But with a kind civility diſmiſs'd;
With ſuch good manners, as the Wiſe did uſe,
Who, not accepting, did but juſt refuſe.
There was a glance at parting; ſuch a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldſt be ſeen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be;
For wit, th' immortal ſpring of Wycherly:
Learn, after both, to draw ſome juſt deſign,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

EPISTLE THE NINTH.

TO HENRY HIGDEN, ESQ. ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE Grecian wits, who Satire firſt began,
Were pleaſant paſquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the ſtate oppreſt,
They durſt not rail, perhaps they laſh'd, at leaſt,
And turn'd them out of office with a jeſt.
No tool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The droll's to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wiſe legiſlators never yet could draw
A ſop within the reach of common law;
For poſture, dreſs, grimace, and affectation,
Though foes to ſenſe, are harmleſs to the nation.
Our laſt redreſs is dint of verſe to try,
And Satire is our Court of Chancery.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But yours who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep, and worry crimes.
Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourſelf alone,
To join the virtues of two ſtyles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the labouring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge would into charity be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be reveng'd:
It coſts our quiet and content of mind,
And when 'tis compaſs'd leaves a ſting behind.
Suppoſe I had the better end o' th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the fray.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that diſeaſe;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I pleaſe:
Put let me half that cure to you reſtore;
You give the ſalve, I laid it to the ſore.
Our kind relief againſt a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your tribe, too ſtudious of debate,
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the rare example you begun,
Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

EPISTLE THE TENTH.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND MR. CONGREVE, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED THE DOUBLE DEALER.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at laſt,
The preſent age of wit obſcures the paſt:
Strong were our ſires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire ſtood.

Like Janus he the ſtubborn ſoil manur'd,
With rules of huſbandry the rankneſs cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the ſtage was rude;
And boiſterous Engliſh wit with art indued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in ſkill we loſt in ſtrength.
Our builders were with want of genius curſt;
The ſecond temple was not like the firſt:
Till you, the beſt Vitruvius, come at length:
Our beauties equal, but excel our ſtrength.
Firm Doric pillars ſound your ſolid baſe:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher ſpace:
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.
In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had not power to raiſe.
Great Jonſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his eaſe.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the ſtudy, t'other for the ſtage.
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege's courtſhip, Southern's purity,
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength of manly Wycherly.
All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd:
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,
And join his ſuffrage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had deſcended for the ſon;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.
But let them not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert.
Yet this I prophely; thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Though with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine, that's little, but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native ſtore;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpeare gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
Maintain your poſt: That's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage:
Unprofitably kept at heaven's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence;
But you, whom every Muſe and Grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you:
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs:
You merit more; nor could my love do leſs.

EPISTLE THE ELEVENTH.

TO MR. GRANVILLE, ON HIS EXCELLENT TRAGEDY CALLED HEROIC LOVE.

AUSPICIOUS poet, were thou not my friend,
How could I envy, what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis nature's law in love and wit,
That youth ſhould reign, and withering age ſubmit,
With leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long-contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight, like Hannibal, to loſe at laſt.
Young princes, obſtinate to win the prize,
Though yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, though ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be thy laurel then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage;
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the town,
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.
Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murdering plays, which they miſcall reviving.
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe, through their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own fire, the chief invited gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they could not ſpoil.
Their ſetting ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighbouring coaſt.
This difference yet the judging world will ſee;
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

EPISTLE THE TWELFTH.

TO MY FRIEND MR. MOTTEUX, ON HIS TRAGEDY CALLED BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in ſuch an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the ſtage,
That ſacred art by heaven itſelf infus'd,
Which Moſes, David, Solomon, have us'd,

Is now to be no more: the Muſes' foes
Would ſink their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
Were they content to prune the laviſh vine
Of ſtraggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, would his thoughts defend?
All would ſubmit; for all but fools will mend.
But when to common ſenſe they give the lye,
And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy,
They give the ſcandal; and the wiſe diſcern,
Their gloſſes teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have looſely or prophanely writ,
Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their functions, I arraign.
Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſued;
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people rued.
The ſtage was ſilenc'd; for the ſaints would ſee
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us firſt reform, and then ſo live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our deſk be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at leaſt, we may divide,
Humility reward, and puniſh pride;
Ambition, intereſt, avarice, accuſe:
Theſe are the province of a Tragic Muſe.
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the public voice
Has equal'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are ſo preſerv'd by thee
That ev'n Corneille might with envy ſee
Th' alliance of his Tripled Unity.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are ſown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At leaſt but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in deſign, and Wycherly in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful ſoil
With more increaſe rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
Our ſturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and ſtrengthen'd with allay.
But whence art thou inſpir'd, and thou alone,
To flouriſh in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign gueſt
Should over-match the moſt, and match the beſt.
In under-praiſing thy deſerts, I wrong;
Here find the firſt deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my ſtock, are wanting, to commend
So great a poet, and ſo good a friend.

EPISTLE THE THIRTEENTH.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, JOHN DRYDEN, OF CHESTERTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON, ESQ.

HOW bleſs'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of ſtrife!
Who, ſtudying peace, and ſhunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deſerve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himſelf, needs only to be known.
Juſt, good, and wiſe, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendſhip home.
Without their coſt, you terminate the cauſe:
And ſave th' expence of long litigious laws:
Where ſuits are travers'd; and ſo little done,
That he who conquers, is but laſt undone:
Such are not your decrees; but ſo deſign'd,
The ſanction leaves a laſting peace behind;
Like your own ſoul, ſerene; a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and compoſing ſtrife;
Lord of yourſelf, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence ſucceeds a ſhort delight:
Minds are ſo hardly match'd, that ev'n the firſt,
Tho' pair'd by Heaven, in Paradiſe were curs'd.
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet, firſt or laſt, return again to two.
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made,
So, farther from the ſount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.
How could he ſtand, when, put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain!
Each might have ſtood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verſe would blemiſh all the fair;
Tut yet, if ſome be bad, 'tis wiſdom to beware;
And better ſhun the bait, than ſtruggle in the ſnare.
Thus have you ſhunn'd, and ſhun the marry'd ſtate,
Truſting as little as you can to fate.
No porter guards the paſſage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To ſanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foreſaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the ſecond ſon a bleſſing brought;
The firſt-begotten had his father's ſhare:
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your ſtores and fruitful fields increaſe,
And ever be you bleſs'd, who live to bleſs.
As Ceres ſow'd, where-e'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deſerts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations moſt,
You feed with manna your own Iſrael hoſt.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You ſeek the champion ſports, or ſylvan chace:
With well-breath'd beagles you ſurround the wood,
Ev'n then, induſtrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To ſuffer for the firſtlings of the flocks;
Chas'd ev'n amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Not yet by years extinguiſh'd, though reſtrain'd:
You ſeaſon ſtill with ſports your ſerious hours:
For age but taſtes of pleaſures, youth devours.
The hare in paſtures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;

And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Juſt as the ſetting meets the riſing ſun.

Thus princes eaſe their cares; but happier he,
Who ſeeks not pleaſure through neceſſity,
Than ſuch as once on ſlippery thrones were plac'd;
And, chaſing, ſigh to think themſelves are chas'd.

So liv'd our fires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made:
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade:
Pity the generous kind their cares beſtow
To ſearch forbidden truths; (a ſin to know:)
To which if human ſcience could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpoſe delay;
Fate faſtens firſt, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavours can we have?
Gibbons but gueſſes, nor is ſure to ſave:
But Maurus ſweeps whole pariſhes, and people's every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will uſe,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muſe.
Wouldſt thou be ſoon diſpatch'd, and periſh whole,
Truſt Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy ſoul.

By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we their ſons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than ſee the doctor for a nauſeous draught.
The wiſe, for cure, on exerciſe depend;
God never made his work, for man to mend.

The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was eaſy found, but was forbid the taſte:
O, had our grandſire walk'd without his wife,
He firſt had ſought the better plant of life!
Now both are loſt: yet, wandering in the dark,
Phyſicians, for the tree, have found the bark:
They, labouring for relief of human kind,
With ſharpen'd ſight ſome remedies may find;
Th' apothecary train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one preſcription make.
Garth, generous as his Muſe, preſcribes and gives;
The ſhopman ſells; and by deſtruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood!
From medicine iſſuing, ſuck their mother's blood!
Let theſe obey, and let the learn'd preſcribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their ſuperiors, kill;
When doctors firſt have ſign'd the bloody bill:
He ſcapes the beſt, who, nature to repair,
Draws phyſic from the fields, in draughts of vital air.

You hoard not health, for your own private uſe;
But on the public ſpend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And ſends to ſenates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more ſhuns; and nor can better bear:
Where could they find another form'd ſo fit,
To poiſe, with ſolid ſenſe, a ſprightly wit!
Were theſe both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could ſo firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no ſupport,
You ſteer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great deſire,
Nor grudging give, what public needs require.
Part muſt be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
Ev'n Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a ſabbath year to mend the meagre ſoil.

Good ſenators (and ſuch as you) ſo give,
That kings may be ſupply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wiſe,
Who ſlights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native ſtrength, in time of need, relies.
Munſter was bought, we boaſt not the ſucceſs;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to laſt:
Which, if ſecure, ſecurely we may trade;
Or, not ſecure, ſhould never have been made.
Safe in ourſelves, while on ourſelves we ſtand,
The ſea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval ſtores the nation's care,
New ſhips to build, and batter'd to repair.

Obſerve the war, in every annual courſe;
What has been done, was done with Britiſh force:
Namur ſubdued, is England's palm alone:
The reſt beſieg'd; but we conſtrain'd the town:
We ſaw th' event that follow'd our ſucceſs;
France, though pretending arms, purſued the peace;
Oblig'd, by one ſole treaty, to reſtore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought:
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Perſian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themſelves their own mortality confeſs'd;
And left the ſon of Jove, to quarrel for the reſt.
Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Th's Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While ſore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why ſhould we tempt the doubtful die again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of ſucceſs;
Sure of a ſhare, as umpires of the peace.

A patriot both the king and country ſerves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preſerves:
Of each our laws the certain limits ſhow:
One muſt not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we ſtand;
The barriers of the ſtate on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bleſs'd abode:
Like thoſe that water'd once the paradiſe of God.

Some overpoiſe of ſway by turns they ſhare;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Conſuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one ſole dictator ſway'd.

Patriots, in peace, aſſert the people's right;
With noble ſtubborneſs reſiſting might:
No lawleſs mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandſire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But ſo tenacious of the common cauſe,
As not to lend the king againſt his laws.
And in a loathſome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And ſham'd oppreſſion, till it ſet him free.

O true deſcendant of a patriot line,
Who, while thou ſhar'ſt their luſtre, lend'ſt them thine,
Vouchſafe this picture of thy ſoul to ſee;
'Tis ſo far good, as it reſembles thee.
The beauties to th' original I owe:
Which when I miſs, my own defects I ſhow:
Nor think the kindred Muſes thy diſgrace:
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a houſe few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praiſe-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praiſe, to make thy praiſes laſt.
For ev'n when death diſſolves our human frame,
The ſoul returns to heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verſe preſerves the fame.

EPISTLE THE FOURTEENTH.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER, PRINCIPAL PAINTER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ONCE I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
And ſtill the ſweet idea charms my mind:
True, ſhe was dumb; for nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
But, ſmiling, ſaid, She ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller: ſuch thy ſkill,
That nature ſeems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought.
At leaſt thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine ſounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they ſhoot before the ſight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall;
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almoſt conquer in the ſtrife;
And from their animated canvaſs came,
Demanding ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would caſt away
His Adam, and refuſe a ſoul to clay:
And either would thy noble work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeneſs raiſe;
This is the leaſt attendant on thy praiſe:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, firſt imitated man:
Perhaps the ſhadow taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original;
Ere canvaſs yet was ſtrain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their uſe and place,
Or cypreſs tablets firſt receiv'd a face.
By ſlow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew poliſh'd, picture was inſtanc'd:
Greece added poſture, ſhade, and perſpective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view:
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did ſtrive:
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchleſs monuments deface.
Then all the Muſes in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.
Thus, in a ſtupid military ſtate,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, ſuch as would diſgrace a ſkreen,
Such as in Bantam's embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the ſiſter arts, in iron ſleep,
A heavy ſabbath did ſupinely keep:
At length in Raphael's age, at once they riſe,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence roſe the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.
Thy genius gives thee both; where true deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colours join.
Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt:
Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
Shakeſpeare, thy gift, I place before my ſight:
With awe, I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majeſtic face;
Proud to be leſs, but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me, while thy praiſe I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight.
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad, and emulate the beſt.
Like his, thy criticks in th' attempt are loſt:
When moſt they rail, know then, they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my Muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind
Our arts are ſiſters, though not twins in birth:
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth:
But oh, the painter Muſe, though laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadſt thy Charles awhile, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.
Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine;
All pilgrims come and offer at thy ſhrine.
A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themſelves go mended from thy hand.
Likeneſs appears in every lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent.

Though nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, ſo glows the generous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill,
When on wild nature we ingraft our ſkill;
But not creating beauties at our will.
But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace,
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command;
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of every land
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations, all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you pleaſe to live;
And not ſeven cities, but the world would ſtrive.
Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile,
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:
Our genius brought you here, t' inlarge our fame;
For your good ſtars are every where the ſame.
Thy matchleſs hand, of every region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.
Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.
Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a ſong, or ſenſeleſs opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
Such is a ſingle piece to hiſtory.
But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live:
Kings cannot reign, unleſs their ſubjects give:
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, ſometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink,
The ſenſeleſs ideot ſeems at laſt to think.
Good heaven! that ſots and knaves ſhould be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future days, a libel or a jeſt!
Elſe ſhould we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With every various character expreſt:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to compleat the main deſign.
More cannot be by mortal art expreſt;
But venerable age ſhall add the reſt.
For time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
Add every grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPH

I.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM

FAREWELL, too little and too lately kn
Whom I began to think, and call my
For ſure our ſouls were near allied, and thin
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alik
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive
The laſt ſet out, the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlippery place,
Whilſt his young friend perform'd, and won
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing age have added more
It might (what nature never gives the youn
Have taught the ſmoothneſs of thy native to
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhin
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd in prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing tim
But mellows what we write, to the dull ſwe rhyme.
Once more, hail, and farewel; farewel, thou
But ah too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels boun
But late and gloomy night encompaſs thee a

II.

A NODE

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMP
YOUNG LADY MRS. ANNE KILLIGR
EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-AR
POESY AND PAINTING.

THOU youngeſt virgin-daughter of the
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſ
Whoſe palms, new-pluck'd from paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,
Rich with immortal green above the reſt:
Whether, adopted to ſome neighbouring ſta
Thou roll'ſt above us, in thy wandring race
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven majeſtic pace;

Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs,
Thou treadſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muſe thy praiſe rehearſe,
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of poeſy were given;
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early, rich, and inexhauſted vein.
But if thy pre-exiſting ſoul
Was form'd, at firſt, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt, which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou haſt no droſs to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find,
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that, at thy birth,
New joy was ſprung in heaven, as well as here on earth.
For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And ev'n the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poeteſs was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſic of the ſpheres.
And if no cluſtering ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leiſure to renew:
For all thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd the heavenly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the Muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,
Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſtreaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t' excuſe our ſecond fall?
Let this thy veſtal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unſoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want ſupply:
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and every light, her Muſe will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Ev'n love (for love ſometimes her Muſe expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt:
Light as the morning vapours of a dream,
So cold herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, ſhe ſhould have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?
To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A chamber of Dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For Poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large domains which the Dumb Siſter ſway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph whereſoe'er ſhe went,
Her pencil drew, whate'er her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her mind
The ſylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades,
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy Satyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the fight with reverence ſtrook:

For, not content t' expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear,
Our phœnix queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heavenly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was ſeen,
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on every ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd, heaven only knows:
To ſuch immoderate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That Fate alone its progreſs could oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Nor wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel deſtiny content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.
O double ſacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relick, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe, did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the ſeas
His weaving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art weck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoſhaphat,
The judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;
And there the laſt aſſizes keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with inborn vigour on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.

III.

UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF DUNDEE.

Tranſlated from the Latin of Dr. PITCAIRN.

OH laſt and beſt of Scots! who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New gods the temples, and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did each in other live;
Nor wouldſt thou her, nor could ſhe thee ſurvive
Farewell, who dying didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

IV.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM, DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me ſome months ago are now performed: they had been ſooner; but betwixt ill health, ſome buſineſs, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his baniſhment, and writing from on ſhipboard to his friends, excuſed the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verſes never flow but from a ſerene and compoſed ſpirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings faſtened to his head and heels, can fly but ſlowly in a damp air. I therefore choſe rather to obey you late than ill; if at leaſt I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your peruſal and your patronage, I cannot ſay that I have eſcaped from a ſhipwreck; but have only gained a rock by hard ſwimming, where I may pant awhile and gather breath: for the doctors give me a ſad aſſurance, that my diſeaſe never took its leave of any man, but with a purpoſe to return. However, my lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the ſmall ſtock, which age has left me, to the beſt advantage, in performing this inconſiderable ſervice to my lady's memory. We, who are prieſts of Apollo, have not the inſpiration when we pleaſe; but muſt wait till the God comes ruſhing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to reſiſt: which gives us double ſtrength while the fit continues, and leaves us languiſhing and ſpent at its departure. Let me not ſeem to boaſt, my lord: for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and propheſied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve, that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not, let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of critics: for the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: a kind of apotheoſis, indeed,

if a Heathen word may be applied to a Chriſtian uſe. And on all occaſions of praiſe, if we take the Ancients for our patterns, we are bound by preſcription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates amongſt the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongſt the Romans, have left us their precedents for our ſecurity: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches on theſe pinions out of ſight, and is carried upwards, as it were, into another world.

This, at leaſt, my lord, I may juſtly plead, that, if I have not performed ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavours to excel myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or ſeen my lady: and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the deſcription which I have received from others, is for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living original before him: which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular obſervations would have diſcovered ſome perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to them: though I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never ſeen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However, I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric; which was to raiſe an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem "The Pattern:" and though, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and Eleonora is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my lord, though I have endeavoured to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your lordſhip my teſtimony of being the beſt huſband now living: I ſay my teſtimony only; for the praiſe of it is given you by yourſelf. They who deſpiſe the rules of virtue both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon, to have been ſo truly loved by you while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully honoured after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer who carried their love and conſtancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the uſual ſtints of common huſbands; and perhaps their wives deſerve no better than to be mourned with hypocriſy, and forgot with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſhed yourſelf from ordinary lovers, by a real and laſting grief for the deceaſed; and by endeavouring to raiſe for her the moſt durable monument, which is that of verſe. And ſo it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your deſign. Yet as Phidias, when he had made the ſtatue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name, as author of the piece: ſo give me leave to hope that, by ſubſcribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddeſs, and tranſmit my name to poſterity by the memory of hers. 'Tis no flattery to aſſure your lordſhip, that ſhe is remembered, in the preſent age, by all who have had the honour of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf obliged to thank your lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: how I have acquitted myſelf of it, muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the preſent age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongſt them. The good of both ſexes are ſo few in England, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules: and though one of them has deſerved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay, my talent is ſatire: if it be ſo, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt: they have ſown the dragon's teeth themſelves, and it is but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and, unhurt yourſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleaſed you, and ſome few others, I have obtained my end. You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected Speaker of the Houſe: yet like him I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompenſed by the honour. Be pleaſed to accept of theſe my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obedient ſervant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

AS when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft wh.ſpers, firſt, and mourniful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loſs the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremeſt parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But moſt the poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd,
Beginning to be ſuch but when ſhe dy'd.
For, while ſhe liv'd, they ſlept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with ſuch firm dependence on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So ſure the dole, ſo ready at their call,
They ſtood prepar'd to ſee the manna fall.

Such multitudes ſhe fed, ſhe cloath'd, ſhe nurſt,
That ſhe herſelf might fear her wanting firſt.
Of her five talents, other five ſhe made;
Heaven, that had largely given, was largely paid:
And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſires of praiſe; the ſoul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No leſs than heaven; to heap huge treaſures there.

Want paſs'd for merit at her open door:
Heaven ſaw, he ſafely might increaſe his poor,
And truſt their ſuſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None could be needy, whom ſhe ſaw, or knew;
All in the compaſs of her ſphere ſhe drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as ſure,
As the firſt Chriſtians of th' apoſtles' cure.
The diſtant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremeſt needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind,
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: the rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to ſome holy houſe th' afflicted came,
The hunger-ſtarv'd, the naked, and the lame;
Want and diſeaſes fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her ſervants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Herſelf the foundreſs and attendant too.

Sure ſhe had gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her great maſter's train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for aught we know;
Since in a ſervant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted angel, in his way,
Might eaſe his wings, and, ſeeing heaven appear
In its beſt work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as conſtant method as above,
All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praiſes, and as warm her prayers.

Yet was ſhe not profuſe; but fear'd to waſte,
And wiſely manag'd, that the ſtock might laſt
That all might be ſupply'd, and ſhe not grieve,
When crowds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve:
Which to prevent ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up, and ſpar'd, that ſhe might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or ſome greater king than he,
Provided for the ſeventh neceſſity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heaven, though all-ſufficient, ſhews a thrift
In his œconomy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one ſingle light;
And his reflection too ſupplies the night;
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worſt.

Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:
Had ſhe given more, it had profuſion been,
And turn'd th' exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.

Theſe virtues rais'd her fabric to the ſky;
For that, which is next heaven, is charity.
But, as high turrets, for their airy ſteep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upward ſhoot,
As to the nether heavens they drive the root:
So low did her ſecure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.
Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great, or fair,
Or wiſe, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare:
For to be conſcious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
Aſcrib'd above their due to every one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to herſelf alone.

Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of ſpeculation to diſputing ſchools,
And teach us equally the ſcales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may moderately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with zeal.
Buſineſs might ſhorten, not diſturb her prayer;
Heaven had the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.
An active life long oraiſons forbids;
Yet ſtill ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by deeds.
Her every day was ſabbath; only free
From hours of prayer, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from ſervile toil releas'd;
Where works of mercy were a part of reſt;
Such as bleſt angels exerciſe above,
Vary'd with ſacred hymns and acts of love:
Such ſabbaths as that one ſhe now enjoys,
Ev'n that perpetual one, which ſhe employs
(For ſuch viciſſitudes in heaven there are)
In praiſe alternate, and alternate prayer.
All this ſhe practis'd here; that when ſhe ſprung
Amidſt the choirs, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung:
Sung, and was ſung herſelf in angels lays;
For, praiſing her, they did her Maker praiſe.
All offices of heaven ſo well ſhe knew,
Before ſhe came, that nothing there was new:
And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muſe, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes ſuſtain immortal light?
But as the ſun in water we can bear,
Yet not the ſun, but his reflection there,
So let us view her, here, in what ſhe was,
And take her image in this watery glaſs:
Yet look not every lineament to ſee:
Some will be caſt in ſhades, and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you'll ſcarcely know, 'tis ſhe.
For where ſuch various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But ſoon ſo thick with ſtars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;
For one heroic comprehends them all:
One, as a conſtellation is but one.
Though tis a train of ſtars, that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the zodiac run:
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith aſcends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffuſive good deſcends.
As in perfumes compos'd with art and coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what ſcent is uppermoſt;
Nor this part muſk or civet can we call,
Or amber; but a rich reſult of all;
So ſhe was all a ſweet, whoſe every part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No ſingle virtue we could moſt commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſeveral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th'occaſion but exerted that, or this
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the firſt woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom ſhe was a part;
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A ſecond Eve, but by no crime accurſt;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the firſt.
Had ſhe been firſt, ſtill Paradiſe had been,
And death had found no entrance by her ſin.
So ſhe not only had preſerv'd from ill
Her ſex and ours, but liv'd their pattern ſtill.
Love and obedience to her lord ſhe bore;
She much obey'd him, but ſhe lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by ſuperior ſway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good;
So ſubjects love juſt kings, or ſo they ſhould.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the bliſsful couple burn'd;
One joy poſſeſs'd them both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His paſſion ſtill improv'd; he lov'd ſo faſt,
As if he fear'd each day would be her laſt.
Too true a prophet to foreſee the fate
That ſhould ſo ſoon divide their happy ſtate:
When he to heaven entirely muſt reſtore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the ſoul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than ſhe:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perſpective of diſtant view.
Anchiſes look'd not with ſo pleas'd a face,
In numbering o'er his future Roman race,
And marſhalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next, to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half ſo kind an eye,
Survey'd her ſons and daughters of the ſky;
Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heavenly minds may ſuit,
Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the choſen found the pearly grain
As much as every veſſel could contain;
As in the bliſsful viſion each ſhall ſhare
As much of glory as his ſoul can bear:
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt,
As longer cultivated than the reſt.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs, the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
With eaſe was pious, generous, juſt, and kind:
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard:
With every act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.
Thus fix'd ſhe virtue's image, that's her own,
Till the whole mother in the children ſhone;
For that was their perfection; ſhe was ſuch,
They never could expreſs her mind too much.
So unexhauſted her perfections were,
That, for more children, ſhe had more to ſpare;
For ſouls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;

And (could they take th' impreſſions of her mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to ſee this ſoul extend
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a friend:
As ſwelling ſeas to gentle rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the tide;
So this full ſoul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, fought a vent,
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her treaſures, and ſecurely reſt:
T' unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of friendſhip's holy ſtate,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, ſouls can penetrate:
Fixt to her choice, inviolably true,
And wiſely chooſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one could find
A tally fitted for ſo large a mind.
The ſouls of friends like kings in progreſs are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A ſweet retirement to a coarſer place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatneſs was ſhut out, and buſineſs well forgot.
This is th' imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a ſtar
Exceeds the meaſures of the aſtronomer.
She ſhines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and heaven's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and altitude conceal the reſt.
Though all theſe rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrower ſpace of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not ſo large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, through the public place,
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, though not diſtinctly, might be ſhown:
So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlipt away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of heaven to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, though each compleat;
But every act ſtood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſt name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity:
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and, could there be
A copy near th' original, 'twas ſhe.
As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence;
A ſhort ſweet odour, of a vaſt expence.

She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now did heaven and earth divide:
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs, when ſouls are almoſt pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue;
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep:
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and ſhe was there.
No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe;
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with God's ſtill voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long-familiar gueſt.
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
Ev'n on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice ſhe from heaven had heard,
And ſome deſcending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counſel'd her to dreſs the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay
Cloath'd all in white, the livery of the day:
Scarce had ſhe finn'd in thought, or word, or act;
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact:
That hardly death a conſequence could draw,
To make her liable to nature's law.
And that ſhe dy'd, we only have to ſhow
The mortal part of her ſhe left below:
The reſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went,
Look'd like tranſlation through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car on the third errand ſent.
O happy ſoul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If, looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canſt a vacant minute find
From heavenly joys, that interval afford
To thy ſad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, miſtaking in their love,
And ſhed a beam of comfort from above;
Give them as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there;
That they with moderate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain.
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhould not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.
Let this ſuffice: nor thou, great ſaint, refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar Muſe:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt;
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where ev'n to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is ſatire on the moſt of human kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unfafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what and where thou art: to wiſh thy place,
Were, in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.

Thy relicks (such thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky,
So shall this verse preserve thy memory;
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

V.

ON THE DEATH OF AMYNTAS.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

'TWAS on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the thorn;
When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
With hounds and horns, and chace the flying prey,
Rose early from his bed; but soon he found
The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around,
An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he stood, and sighing did survey
The fields, and curst th' ill omens of the day,
He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace;
Wet were his eyes, and chearless was his face:
He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
And sent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy swain,
The spungy clouds are fill'd with gathering rain:
The promise of the day not only cross'd,
But ev'n the spring, the spring itself is lost.
Amyntas—oh! he could not speak the rest,
Nor needed, for presaging Damon guess'd.
Equal with heaven young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boast of nature, both his parents' joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
Gave sad assurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the gods he knew:
For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them last.
For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's soul.
Then thus he cry'd: the morn bespoke the news:
The morning did her chearful light diffuse:
But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace;
Just such, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where nature smil'd,
And more than man was given us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: a soul sublime
In years so tender that prevented time:
Heaven gave him all at once; then snatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey:
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day.

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, though with grief oppress,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast,
The mournful family stood all around;
One groan was heard, one universal sound:
All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow drown'd.
So dire a sadness sat on every look,
Ev'n death repented he had given the stroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace,
It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
The father bore it with undaunted soul,
Like one who durst his destiny controul:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to see,
Like him, a new increasing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wish, and such my prophecy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may she exercise her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More lasting, and endued with equal grace!
Equal she may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new-come guest admires th' etherial state,
The saphire portal, and the golden gate;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along.
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind;
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promised such a race
We must not, dare not think, that heaven began
A child, and could not finish him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd:

Yet, after this profuſion ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering aſhes to remain,
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet, durſt I gueſs, heaven kept it for himſelf;
And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recal,
Ere we could ſpare the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every ſon,
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but the original forfeit of his blood:
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay;
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford.
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the powers above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon:
Though miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.
Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flame's diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from thoſe parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

VII.

UPON YOUNG MR. ROGERS OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing heaven his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURCELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet ſing:
With rival notes
They ſtrain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the ſpring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heavenly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſic with delight,
And liſtening ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too ſoon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not hell our Orpheus to reſtore:
Had he been there,
Their ſovereign's fear
Had ſent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring ſphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the ſcale of muſic from the ſky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way he ſung.
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot: but at your own rejoice:
Now live ſecure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

IX.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treaſure each alone,
A wife, a miſtreſs, and a friend in one,
Reſt in this tomb, rais'd at thy huſband's coſt,
Here ſadly ſumming, what he had, and loſt.
Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come firſt, and offer at her ſacred ſhrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the reſt, with longer life;
And wiſh your vows, like hers, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

X.

EPITAPH ON SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE, *Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a ſhot from the Moors, then beſieging the town, in the forty-ſixth year of his age, October* 24, 1680.

YE ſacred relics, which your marble keep,
Here, undiſturb'd by wars, in quiet ſleep:
Diſcharge the truſt, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted ſoul did undergo,
And be the town's Palladium from the foe.

Alive and dead theſe walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples muſt attend.
The Candian ſiege his early valour knew,
Where Turkiſh blood did his young hands imbrue.
From thence returning with deſerv'd applauſe,
Againſt the Moors his well-fleſh'd ſword he draws;
The ſame the courage, and the ſame the cauſe.
His youth and age, his life, and death, combine,
As in ſome great and regular deſign,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer heaven his virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the ſoldier's fight.
More bravely Britiſh general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their cloſe,
Follow'd by thouſand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loſs for time to come
His pious widow conſecrates this tomb.

XI.

UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS PARADISE LOST.

THREE Poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The firſt, in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
The next, in maieſty; in both the laſt.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

XII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF A FAIR MAIDEN LADY, WHO DIED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED.

BELOW this marble monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celeſtial maid.
Preſerve, O ſacred tomb, thy truſt conſign'd;
The mould was made on purpoſe for the mind:
And ſhe would loſe, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious grace:
So faultleſs was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the ſoul;
Which her own inward ſymmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture ſhone, in glaſs anneal'd.
Or like the ſun eclips'd, with ſhaded light:
Too piercing, elſe, to be ſuſtain'd by ſight.
Each thought was viſible that roll'd within:
As thro' a cryſtal caſe the figur'd hours are ſeen.
And heaven did this tranſparent veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty thought to hide.
All white, a virgin-ſaint, ſhe fought the ſkies:
For marriage, though it ſullies not, it dies.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind;
As if ſhe could not, or ſhe would not find
How much her worth tranſcended all her kind.
Yet ſhe had learn'd ſo much of heaven below,
That when arriv'd ſhe ſcarce had more to know:
But only to refreſh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as ſhe had no time to ſpare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
Yet in ſuch charities ſhe paſs'd the day,
'Twas wond'rous how ſhe found an hour to pray.
A ſoul ſo calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which paſſion could but curl, not diſcompoſe.
A female ſoftneſs, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a ſiſter kind:
In ſickneſs patient, and in death reſign'd.

XIII.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARGARET PASTON, OF BURMINGHAM IN NORFOLK.

SO fair, ſo young, ſo innocent, ſo ſweet,
So ripe a judgment, and ſo rare a wit,
Require at leaſt an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not ſtay,
'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay.
Heaven's image was in her ſo well expreſt,
Her very ſight upbraided all the reſt;
Too juſtly raviſh'd from an age like this,
Now ſhe is gone, the world is of a piece.

XIV.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER.

HE, who in impious times undaunted ſtood,
And midſt rebellion durſt be juſt and good:
Whoſe arms aſſerted, and whoſe ſufferings more
Confirm'd the cauſe for which he fought before;
Reſts here, rewarded by an heavenly prince;
For what his earthly could not recompence.
Pray, reader, that ſuch times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Aſk of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preſerve them, heaven confin'd in thee.
Few ſubjects could a king like thine deſerve:
And fewer, ſuch a king, ſo well could ſerve.
Bleſt king, bleſt ſubject, whoſe exalted ſtate
By ſufferings roſe, and gave the law to fate.
Such ſouls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.

XV.

EPITAPH UPON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER'S BEING DISMISSED FROM THE TREASURY, IN 1687.

HERE lies a creature of indulgent fate,
From Tory Hyde rais'd to a chit of ſtate;
In chariot now, Eliſha-like he's hurl'd
To th' upper empty regions of the world:

The airy thing cuts through the yielding ſky;
And as it goes does into atoms fly:
While we on earth ſee, with no ſmall delight,
The bird of prey turn'd to a paper kite.
With drunken pride and rage he did ſo well,
The hated thing without compaſſion fell;
By powerful force of univerſal prayer,
The ill-blown bubble is now turn'd to air:
To his firſt leſs than nothing he is gone,
By his prepoſterous tranſaction!

XVI.

EPITAPH.

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN'S WIFE.

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie!
Now ſhe's at reſt, and ſo am I.

XVII.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE DUTCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH'S PICTURE.

SURE we do live by Cleopatra's age,
Since Sunderland does govern now the ſtage:
She of Septimius had nothing made,
Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.
Were ſhe a poet, ſhe would ſurely boaſt,
That all the world for pearls had well been loſt.

XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD JACOB TONSON *.

WITH leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
With two left-legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.—

* On Tonſon's refuſing to give Dryden the price he aſked for his Virgil, the Poet ſent him the above; and added, "Tell the dog, that he who "wrote them, can write more." The money was paid.

SONGS, ODES, AND A MASQUE.

I.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

A SONG.

HAPPY and free, ſecurely bleſt;
No beauty could diſturb my reſt;
My amorous heart was in deſpair,
To find a new victorious fair.

II.

Till you, deſcending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control
The mighty ſovereign of my ſoul.

III.

Your ſmiles have more of conquering charms,
Than all your native country arms:
Their troops we can expel with eaſe,
Who vanquiſh only when we pleaſe.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh! there's the ſpell,
Who can ſee them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your ſtay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

II.

ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And Danby's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politicks to jeſts,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fidlers ſing at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence,
What would theſe madmen have?
Firſt, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common ſenſe,
And without power enſlave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile ſhame;
Who from conſent and cuſtom draw
The ſame right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The duke ſhall wield his conquering ſword,
The chancellor make a ſpeech,
The king ſhall paſs his honeſt word,
The pawn'd revenue ſums afford,
And then, come kiſs my breech.

So have I ſeen a king on cheſs
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His queen and biſhops in diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
With here and there a pawn.

III.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This univerſal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And Muſic's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This univerſal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in Man.

II.

What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell!
When Jubal ſtruck the chorded ſhell,
His liſtening brethren ſtood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial ſound.
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that ſhell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well.
What paſſion cannot Muſic raiſe and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With ſhrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The ſoft complaining flute
In dying notes diſcovers
The woes of hopeleſs lovers,
Whoſe dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and deſperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of paſſion,
For the fair, diſdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The ſacred organ's praiſe?
Notes inſpiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the ſavage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd
Miſtaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of ſacred lays,
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And Muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

IV.

THE

TEARS OF AMYNTA,

FOR THE

DEATH OF DAMON.

SONG.

I.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow.
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing thus ſhe made her moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth, and ſuch a lover;
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind, was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiſſes,
Murmuring bliſſes:
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death, come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

V.

A SONG.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as ſhe lay on the green:
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breaſt:
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

II.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah! for a languiſhing maid,
In a country of chriſtians to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at leaſt,
Or a Proteſtant parſon, or Catholic prieſt,
T' inſtruct a young virgin, that is at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe!
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

III.

Cupid in ſhape of a ſwain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then ſhew'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear;
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd, ſhe was not at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

VI.

THE LADY'S SONG.

I.

A Choir of bright beauties in ſpring did appear,
To chooſe a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the ſhepherds in green;
The garland was given, and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and ſighing, did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our ſhore,
The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more:
The ſoft God of pleaſure, that warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguiſh'd his fires:
And vows that himſelf, and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addreſſes, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the Deity ſwore:
But if you dare think of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows ſhall adorn,
When Pan, and his ſon, and fair Syrinx, return.

VII.

A SONG.

I.

FAIR, ſweet, and young, receive a prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds, whom at your feet you ſee,
O pity, and diſtinguiſh me!
As I from thouſand beauties more
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conqueſt was deſign'd,
Your every motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your ſilence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you ſpeak;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are loſt, unleſs you love;
While that ſweet paſſion you diſdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

VIII.

A SONG.

HIGH ſtate and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, ſo fervent a fire,
My ſoul does inſpire;
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave:
Give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a bleſſing;
That empire is all I would have
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you diſcover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die.
So give up my game.

IX.

RONDELAY.

I.

CLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain;
Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying:
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

II.

Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

III.

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain.
Cloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

IV.

Cloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
But, repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying:
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

X.

A SONG.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle ſwain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A ſigh or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the wretch, that ſpeechleſs lies,
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

XI.

A SONG.

TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING.

I.

ASK not the cauſe, why ſullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear;
Thy warbling birds forget to ſing,
And winter ſtorms invert the year:
Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring where ſhe reſides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She caſt not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die:
Ah, how can thoſe fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great god of love, why haſt thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land?
Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch power before,
Thou ſhouldſt have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recal,
I only am by Love deſign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

XII.

SONG.

FROM MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE*.

I.

WHY ſhould a fooliſh marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When paſſion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we could,
Till our love was lov'd out of us both;
But our marriage is dead, when the pleaſures are fled;
'Twas pleaſure firſt made it an oath.

II.

If I have pleaſures for a friend,
And farther love in ſtore,
What wrong has he whoſe joys did end,
And who could give no more?
'Tis a madneſs that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhould bar him of another:
For all we can gain,
Is to give ourſelves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

* There are ſeveral excellent ſongs in his "King Arthur:" which ſhould have been copied, but they are ſo interwoven with the ſtory of the drama that it would be improper to ſeparate them. There is alſo a ſong in "Love in a Nunnery;" and another in "The Duke of Guiſe; but neither of them worth tranſcribing.

XIII.

SONG,

FROM TYRANNIC LOVE.

AH, how ſweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young deſire!
And what pleaſing pains we prove
When we firſt approach Love's fire!
Pains of love be ſweeter far
Than all other pleaſures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they ſhed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their ſmart.
Lovers, when they loſe their breath,
Bleed away in eaſy death.

Love and Time with reverence uſe,
Treat them like a parting friend:
Nor the golden gifts refuſe
Which in youth ſincere they ſend:
For each year their price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.

Love, like ſpring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein:
But each tide does leſs ſupply,
Till they quite ſhrink-in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

XIV.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound.
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely Thais, by his ſide,
Sate like a blooming Eaſtern bride
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heavenly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd:
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt:
Then, round her ſlender waiſt he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world.
The liſtening crowd admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

CHORUS.

With raviſh'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

III.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure:
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure,
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful Muſe
Soft pity to inſuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high eſtate,
And weltring in his blood;

Deſerted, at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With down-caſt looks the joyleſs victor ſate
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures.
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

VI.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe:
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Thoſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hoſtile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies:
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

XV.

THE SECULAR MASQUE.

Enter JANUS.

JANUS. CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace,
An hundred times the rolling ſun
Around the radiant belt has run
In his revolving race.
Behold, behold the goal in ſight,
Spread thy fans, and wing thy flight.

Enter CHRONOS *with a ſcythe in his hand, and a globe on his back; which he ſets down at his entrance.*

CHRONOS. Weary, weary of my weight,
Let me, let me drop my freight,
And leave the world behind.
I could not bear,
Another year,
The load of human-kind.

Enter MOMUS *laughing.*

MOMUS. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well haſt thou done
To lay down thy pack,
And lighten thy back,
The world was a fool, e'er ſince it begun,
And ſince neither Janus, nor Chronos, nor I,
Can hinder the crimes,
Or mend the bad times,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

Cho. of all three. *'Tis better to laugh than to cry.*

JANUS. Since Momus comes to laugh below,
Old Time begin the ſhow,
That he may ſee, in every ſcene,
What changes in this age have been.

CHRONOS. Then, goddeſs of the ſilver bow, begin.
[*Horns, or hunting muſic, within.*]

Enter DIANA.

DIANA. With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
And hye to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.
I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,
And chace the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks,
With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

Cho. of all. *With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,*
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

JANUS. Then our age was in its prime,

CHRONOS. Free from rage:

DIANA. ——And free from crime.

MOMUS. A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

Cho. of all. *Then our age was in its prime,*
Free from rage, and free from crime,
A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

Enter MARS.

MARS. Inſpire the vocal braſs, inſpire;
The world is paſt its infant age:
Arms and honour,
Arms and honour,
Set the martial mind on fire,
And kindle manly rage.
Mars has look'd the ſky to red;
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.
Plenty, peace, and pleaſure fly;
The ſprightly green,
In woodland walks no more is ſeen;
The ſprightly green has drunk the Tyrian dye.

Cho. of all. *Plenty, peace, &c.*

MARS. Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Through all the world around,
Sound a reveille, ſound, ſound,
The warrior god is come.

Cho. of all. *Sound the trumpet, &c.*

MOMUS. Thy ſword within the ſcabbard keep,
And let mankind agree;
Better the world were faſt aſleep,
Than kept awake by thee.
The fools are only thinner,
With all our coſt and care;
But neither ſide a winner,
For things are as they were.

Cho. of all. *The fools are only, &c.*

Enter VENUS.

VENUS. Calms appear, when ſtorms are paſt;
Love will have his hour at laſt:
Nature is my kindly care;
Mars deſtroys, and I repair:
Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every day.

Cho. of all. *Take her, take her, &c.*

CHRONOS. The world was then ſo light,
I ſcarcely felt the weight;
Joy rul'd the day, and love the night.
But, ſince the queen of pleaſure left the ground,
I faint, I lag,
And feebly drag
The pondrous orb around.

MOMUS. All, all of a piece throughout;
Pointing to Diana. } Thy chace had a beaſt in view;
[To Mars] Thy wars brought nothing about;
[To Venus] Thy lovers were all untrue.

JANUS. 'Tis well an old age is out,

CHRONOS. And time to begin a new.

Cho. of all. *All, all of a piece throughout;*
Thy chace had a beaſt in view:
Thy wars brought nothing about:
Thy lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an old age is out,
And time to begin a new.

Dance of huntſmen, nymphs, warriors, and lovers.

XVI.

SONG OF A SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS.

WHO BEING CROSS'D BY THEIR FRIENDS, FELL MAD FOR ONE ANOTHER; AND NOW FIRST MEET IN BEDLAM.

[Music within.]

The Lovers enter at oppoſite doors, each held by a Keeper.

PHYLLIS. LOOK, look, I ſee—I ſee my love appear!
For, like him, there is none:
'Tis the dear, dear man, 'tis thee, dear.

AMYNTAS. Hark! the winds war;
The foamy waves roar;
I ſee a ſhip afar:
Toſſing and toſſing, and making to the ſhore:
But what's that I view,
So radiant of hue,
St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that ſits upon the ſails?
Ah! No, no, no.
St. Hermo, never, never ſhone ſo bright;
'Tis Phyllis, only Phyllis, can ſhoot ſo fair light:
'Tis Phyllis, 'tis Phyllis, that ſaves the ſhip alone,
For all the winds are huſh'd, and the ſtorm is overblown.

PHYLLIS. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNTAS. If all the fates combine,
And all the furies join,
Ill force my way to Phillis, and break through the charm.

[*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other, and embrace.*]

PHYLLIS. Shall I marry the man I love?
And ſhall I conclude my pains?
Now bleſs'd be the powers above,
I feel the blood bound in my veins;
With a lively leap it began to move,
And the vapors leave my brains.

AMYNTAS. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to heart,
To make ſure of the cure,
Go call the man in black, to mumble o'er his part.

PHYLLIS. But ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtay—

AMYNTAS. At worſt if he delay,
'Tis a work muſt be done,
We'll borrow but a day,
And the better, the ſooner begun.

Cho. of both. *At worſt if he delay, &c.*

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN THE FIRST DAY OF THE KING'S HOUSE ACTING AFTER THE FIRE.

SO ſhipwreck'd paſſengers eſcape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a deſart ſhore.
From that hard climate we muſt wait for bread,
Whence ev'n the natives, forc'd by hunger fled.
Our ſtage does human chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own proviſions furniſh out our feaſts,
While you the founders make yourſelves the gueſts.
Of all mankind beſide fate had ſome care,
But for poor wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their ſcorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city riſes higher,
So from old theatres may new aſpire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excel,
And, like a king, ſhould in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed;
Your preſence here, for which we humbly ſue,
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

II.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW HOUSE, MARCH 26, 1674.

A Plain-built houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fallen from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, ſhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ſtage will ſcorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, diſdain the chear.

Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain ſuit, ſince we can make but one,
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry known.
They, who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty ſums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expence,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence;
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbours enviouſly promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendor on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our royal maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:
That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a playhouſe while you throw down plays;
While ſcenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain:
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live:
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new conquerors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You're now grown vaſſals to them in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance,
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.
I would not propheſy our houſe's fate:
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd———
That as a fire the former houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

Who lolling on our foremoſt benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, the true forlorn of wit;
Whoſe favours, like the ſun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor ſoul;
So may your hats your foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your ribbons, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuſe of youth for ignorance:
So may ſop-corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight ſcowrings happy prove,
And morning batteries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recal,
But leave you by each other's ſwords to fall;
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft been ſaid:
Our houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd ſtreets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fuſtian ſtuff,
Of rhyme, more nauſeous than three boys in buff.
Though in their houſe the poets heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play,
For, like kind cuckolds, though w' have not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhould fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed:
You know the French ſure cards at time of need.

III.

EPILOGUE

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

THOUGH what our Prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, gentlemen, our homely houſe is new,
A charm that ſeldom fails with, wicked, you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Though ſhe's no lady, you may think her ſuch:
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud ſirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,

IV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1674.

Spoken by Mr. HART.

POETS, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their ſovereign's mind:
When tir'd with following nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of wit,
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, through dangerous courts you go,
And undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of cryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſt ſure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind:
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:

That Shakeſpeare's, Fletcher's, and great Jonſon's claim,
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them ſame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhip'd here,
That, conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye,
And, as prophane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhown:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our pit,
Debas'd even to the level of their wit;
Diſdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make.
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Though they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their power tranſcends,
As what ſhould be, beyond what is extends.

V.

PROLOGUE TO CIRCE.

[By Dr. DAVENANT, 1675.]

WERE you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhould not need to fear:
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit,
The ſex, that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
Will always chooſe to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's aukward in delight
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and ſet him right.
Thus bearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome ſlighted maid.
Shakeſpeare's own Muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome pox is curſt:
Put no man can be Falſtaff-fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praiſe,
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He's not yet fed enough for ſacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

VI.

EPILOGUE

Intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, when CALISTO was acted at Court.

AS Jupiter I made I made my court in vain;
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more than a God command;
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that ſovereign power admits diſpute;
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen Cato's, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Ev'n while they frown and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty ſir, our bonds more eaſy make,
And gracefully, what all muſt ſuffer, take:
Above thoſe forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the arbiter of war:
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains deſpiſe.
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whoſe morning rays like noon-tide ſtrike and ſhine:
Whom you to ſuppliant monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your friends, and to diſarm your foes.

VII.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAN OF MODE,

OR SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

[By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.]

MOST modern wits ſuch monſtrous fools have ſhown,
They ſeem not of heaven's making, but their own.
Thoſe nauſeous harlequins in farce may paſs;
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial aſs:
Something of man muſt be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more reſemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool ſo nicely writ,
The ladies would miſtake him for a wit;

And, when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks would cry,
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company:
So briſk, ſo gay, ſo travel'd, ſo refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help nature's work, and go to ſchool,
To file and finiſh God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o' th' ſhire, and repreſents you all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a ſnow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow.
His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd;
And this, the yard-long ſnake, he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred perlwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat prophan'd.
Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs, the ladies dear delight,
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet every man is ſafe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

VIII.

EPILOGUE

TO MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

By Mr. N. Lee, 1678.

YOU'VE ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, heaven be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the ſtage:
And ev'n thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire:
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of ſubtle intereſt made:
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade!
She firſt did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love.
Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhould buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swiſſers, for their pay.

IX.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA.

[By Mr. N. Lee, 1680.]

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf, but other men;
Is always drudging, waſtes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praiſe ſoe'er the poetry deſerve,
Yet every fool can bid the poet ſtarve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city ſwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichriſt or France,
In the beſt time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careleſs and qualmiſh, with a yawning face:
You ſleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Moſt of your talents lie another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh whale.
News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourſelves and all the world beſide.
One theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whilome of Requeſts was called the Court;
But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon till night.
Up ſtairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment ſtill is fed
By villains in your own dull iſland bred.
Would you return to us, we dare engage
To ſhew you better rogues upon the ſtage.
You know no poiſon but plain ratſbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy
By ſmelling a perfume to make you die;
A trick would make you lay your ſnuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the chair.
But, mark their feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch pranks;
The pope ſays grace, but 'tis the devil gives thanks.

X.

PROLOGUE

TO SOPHONISBA, AT OXFORD, 1680.

THESPIS, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country wakes, ſung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
Dicitur & plauſtris vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis.
But Æſchylus, ſays Horace in ſome page,
Was the firſt mountebank that trod the ſtage:
Yet Athens never knew your learned ſport
Of toſſing poets in a tennis-court.

But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And every prayer be longer than a play.
Then all your heathen wits ſhall go to pot,
For diſbelieving of a Popiſh-plot:
Your poets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
And worſt the author of the Oxford bells:
Nor ſhould we 'ſcape the ſentence, to depart,
Ev'n in our firſt original, a cart.
No zealous brother there would want a ſtone,
To maul us cardinals, and pelt pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, would be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beaſt:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
As chief ſupporters of the triple crown;
And Ariſtotle's for deſtruction ripe;
Some ſay, he call'd the ſoul an organ-pipe,
Which by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

XI.

A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write;
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes, or ſome factious ſpeech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the ſhrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit,
And take, above, twelve penny worth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or ſee what's worſe, the devil and the pope.
The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage,
Methinks, reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe, as rebels do at kings.
The ſtyle of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt.
Therefore thin nouriſhment of farce ye chooſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water Muſe:
A meal of tragedy would make you ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick.
Some ſcenes in ſippets would be worth our time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that's poach'd in rhyme;
If theſe ſhould fail—
We muſt lie down, and, after all our coſt,
Keep holiday, like watermen in froſt;
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

XII.

EPILOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY CALLED TAMERLANE.

[By Mr. SAUNDERS.]

LADIES, the beardleſs author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman-wit has often grac'd the ſtage;
But he's the firſt boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like Young Narciſſus peeping through the ſnow.
Thus Cowley bloſſom'd ſoon, yet flouriſh'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
Youth with the fair ſhould always favour find,
Or we are damn'd diſſemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should hag and grey-beard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith, you'd even truſt them to themſelves alone,
And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.
Since Love's our buſineſs, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can write.
What though he be not come to his full power,
He's mending and improving every hour.
You fly ſhe-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit:
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a ſweat,
And always fails you at the ſecond heat.

XIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE fam'd Italian Muſe, whoſe rhymes advance
Orlando, and the Paladins of France,
Records, that, when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon
In earthen jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.
Whate'er the ſtory be, the moral's true;
The wit we loſt in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe.
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Here buſy ſenates, to th' old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind;
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their laſt proviſion here:
Whereas we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one croſs.

We look'd what repreſentatives would bring;
But they help'd us, juſt as they did the king.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The Sybils books to thoſe who know their worth;
And though the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Theſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long preſcription you are kind.
He, whoſe undaunted Muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe.

XIV.

PROLOGUE

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, UPON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND, 1682.

IN thoſe cold regions which no ſummers chear,
Where brooding darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhivering natives go;
Bears rage abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow.
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And ſtars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimmering ſun:
The ſurly ſavage offspring diſappear
And curſe the bright ſucceſſor of the year.
Yet, though rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay, with ſeeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can diſpenſe.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with Reynard's race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place:
Thus modeſt truth is caſt behind the crowd:
Truth ſpeaks too low; hypocriſy too loud.
Let them be firſt to flatter in ſucceſs;
Duty can ſtay, but guilt has need to preſs;
Once, when true zeal the ſons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn ſhew at Heaven's Witehall,
The fawning devil appear'd among the reſt
And made as good a courtier as the beſt.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but ſue:
A tyrant's power in rigour is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breaſt.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
But moſt are babes, that know not they offend.
The crowd, to reſtleſs motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driven by their chiefs they ſtorms of hailſtones pour;
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent ſhower.
O welcome to this much-offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus angels on glad meſſages appear:
Their firſt ſalute commands us not to fear:
Thus heaven, that could conſtrain us to obey,
(With reverence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the rights of ſovereign ſway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

XV.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

[By Mr. J. BANKS, 1682.]

SPOKEN TO THE KING AND QUEEN AT THEIR COMING TO THE HOUSE.

WHEN firſt the ark was landed on the ſhore,
And heaven had vow'd to curſe the ground no more;
When tops of hills the longing patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of earth began to draw;
The dove was ſent to view the waves decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the royal dove,
Still innocent as harbinger of love:
The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye powers, why ſhould vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil, each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of dangers be,
Toſt and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free would fight to be a ſlave?
Or, what can wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our monarch would for us ordain,
Is but t' enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord, and then themſelves deſtroy.
What civil broils have coſt, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And every heart conſpire, and every tongue,
Still to have ſuch a king, and this king long.

XVI.

AN EPILOGUE.

FOR THE KING'S HOUSE.

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more en Providence.
Not lottery cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken cits nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of ſeven lean kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes nine.

The comet, that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from play-houſe earth:
Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and Lilly ſays,
Foreſhews our change of ſtate, and thin third days.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the printer's preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphletteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more would ſpite us,
Democritus's wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhymes,
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wife,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.
Then put an end to civil wars for ſhame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

XVII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE ROYAL BROTHER: OR, THE PERSIAN PRINCE.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1682.]

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
Our theatres, and Whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot them!) hate.
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring;
The fawning Whig petitions to the king:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
T'other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
Critics would ſtarve the poet, Whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the Whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds that fright beaſts of prey.
Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe—as long as e'er their ſubjects pleaſe:
And that would be till next queen Beſs's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmundbury firſt, in woful wiſe,
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And, with a civil conge, does retire:
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind, to pay for all.
The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years:
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old caſt-whore.
The devil, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parſon in a Ty-burn cart.
The word is given; and with a loud huzza
The mitred moppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor pope among them all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring:
And next, for faſhion, cry, God ſave the king!
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſaved, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So God begins, but ſtill the devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhould call,
Come, let's go cry, God ſave him at Whitehall?
His beſt friends would not like this over-care,
Or think him e'er the ſafer for this prayer.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
Yet, ſhould heaven all the true petitions drain
Of Preſbyterians, who would kings maintain,
Of forty-thouſand, five would ſcarce remain.

XVIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

A Virgin poet was ſerved up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy:
But, like a girl whom ſeveral would enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own natural toy.
Were I to play my callow author's game,
The king's houſe would inſtruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one; I wiſh no more:
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex, with eaſe, can every riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhould your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits, who have murder'd ſenſe.
Though nonſenſe is a nauſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd Faction makes it paſs.
Faction in play 's the commonwealth-man's bribe;
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Though void in payment laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit:
Their's is the penſion-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe, in its own element.

Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let them forget themſelves an hour of ſenſe.
In one poor iſle, why ſhould two factions be?
Small difference in your vices I can ſee:
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.
Would there were more preferments in the land:
If places fell, the party could not ſtand:
Of this damn'd grievance every Whig complains:
They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
Mean time you ſee what trade our plots advance;
We ſend each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandize we need,
Send o'er true Proteſtants to mend our breed.

XIX.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, 1683.

OUR play 's a parallel: the Holy League
Begot our Covenant: Guiſards got the Whig:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd ſheriffs did advance
Was, like our faſhions, firſt produc'd in France;
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly beggars, here.
Could the ſame trick, twice play'd, our nation gull?
It looks as if the devil were grown dull,
Or ſerv'd us up, in ſcorn, his broken meat,
And thought we were not worth a better cheat.
The fulſome Covenant, one would think in reaſon,
Had given us all our bellies full of treaſon:
And yet, the name but chang'd, our naſty nation
Chaws its own excrement, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true we have not learn'd their poiſoning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, your drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious inſtrument a flail.
Go on; and bite, e'en though the hook lies bare;
Twice in one age expel the lawful heir:
Once more decide religion by the ſword;
And purchaſe for us a new tyrant lord.
Pray for your king; but yet your purſes ſpare:
Make him not two-pence richer by your prayer.
To ſhew you love him much, chaſtiſe him more;
And make him very great, and very poor.
Puſh him to wars, but ſtill no pence advance;
Let him loſe England, to recover France.
Cry freedom up with popular noiſy votes:
And get enough to cut each other's throats.
Lop all the rights that fence your monarch's throne;
For fear of too much power, pray leave him none.
A noiſe was made of arbitrary ſway;
But, in revenge, you Whigs have found a way,
An arbitrary duty now to pay.
Let his own ſervants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from his plenty, and his wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas near his perſon ſtay,
To ſwallow the laſt ſop, and then betray.
Make London independent of the crown:
A realm apart; the kingdom of the town.
Let ignoramus juries find no traitors:
And ignoramus poets ſcribble ſatires.
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do what in coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the maſter, and ſet up the man.

XX.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has coſt;
And, faith, I doubted once the cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one man was meant; nor great nor ſmall;
Our poets, like frank gameſters, threw at all.
They took no ſingle aim——
But, like bold boys, true to their prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadſides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but, when the cauſe is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.
For what ſhould hinder me to ſell my ſkin
Dear as I could, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a ſin.
'Tis a fine world, my maſters, right or wrong,
The Whigs muſt talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They muſt do all they can——
But we, forſooth, muſt bear a chriſtian mind;
And fight, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind.
Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous nice
To cry *box fair*, and give him time to riſe.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you ſparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipt you th' inviting wink, ſtand ſhall I; ſhall I?
A trimmer cry'd (that heard me tell the ſtory),
Fie, miſtreſs * Cooke! faith, your'e too rank a Tory!
Wiſh not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard caſes;
You women love to ſee men make wry faces.
Pray ſir, ſaid I, dont think me ſuch a Jew;
I ſay no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenitives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our condition.
Jack Ketch, ſays I, 's an excellent phyſician.
I love no blood—Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We Trimmers are for holding all things even:
Yes—juſt like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?
Yes ſure:—but you're for holding all things ſteady:
Now, ſince the weight hangs all on our ſide, brother,
You Trimmers ſhould, to poize it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of ſteering,
Are neither fiſh nor fleſh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this nor that;
Not birds, nor beaſts; but juſt a kind of bat,
A twilight animal, true to neither cauſe,
With Tory wings, but Whiggiſh teeth and claws.

* The actreſs, who ſpake the epilogue.

XXI.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN TO THE PLAY, BEFORE IT WAS FORBIDDEN LAST SUMMER *.

TWO houſes join'd, two poets to a play?
You noiſy Whigs will ſure be pleas'd to day;
It looks ſo like two ſhrieves the city way.
But, ſince our diſcords and diviſions ceaſe,
You, Bilboa gallants, learn to keep the peace:
Make here no tilts: let our poor ſtage alone:
Or, if a decent murther muſt be done,
Pray take a civil turn to Mary-bone.
If not, I ſwear, we'll pull up all our benches;
Not for your ſakes, but for our orange wenches:
For you thruſt wide ſometimes: and many a ſpark,
That miſſes one, can hit the other mark.
This makes our boxes full; for men of ſenſe
Pay their four ſhillings in their own defence;
That ſafe behind the ladies they may ſtay,
Peep o'er the fan†, and judge the bloody fray.
But other foes give beauty worſe alarms;
The *poſſe poetarum*'s up in arms:
No woman's frame their libels has eſcap'd;
Their ink runs venom, and their pens are clapt,
When ſighs and prayers their ladies cannot move,
They rail, write treaſon, and turn Whigs to love.
Nay, and I fear they worſe deſigns advance,
There's a damn'd love-trick now brought o'er from France;
We charm in vain, and dreſs, and keep a pother,
Whilſt thoſe falſe rogues are ogling one another.
All ſins beſides admit ſome expiation;
But this againſt our ſex is plain damnation.
They join for libels too theſe women-haters;
And, as they club for love, they club for ſatires:
The beſt on 't is they hurt not: for they wear
Stings in their tails, their only venom's there.
'Tis true, ſome ſhot at firſt the ladies hit,
While able markſmen made, and men of wit:
But now the fools give fire, whoſe bounce is louder:
And yet, like mere train-bands, they ſhoot but powder.
Libels, like plots, ſweep all in their firſt fury;
Then dwindle like an ignoramus jury:
Thus age begins with touzing and with tumbling;
But grunts, and groans, and ends at laſt in fumbling.

* Langbaine ſays, this play found many enemies at its firſt appearance on the ſtage.

† Hence Mr. Pope's couplet, Eſſay on Criticiſm. ver. 543.

"The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
"And virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before."

XXII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,

SPOKEN BY MR. HART, AT THE ACTING OF THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with olives, ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where ev'n the beſt are but by mercy free:
A day which none but Jonſon durſt have wiſh'd to ſee.
Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate writer, emp'ric-like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance, remedies:
The learn'd in ſchools, where knowledge firſt began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions, in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.
So Poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poets the Lucretian way;
So many huddled attoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that nature, which is ignorance.
To ſuch a fame let mere town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a plaudit there.
He owns no crown from thoſe Prætorian bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands,
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the Muſes feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

XXIII.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE SAME.

NO poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the French arms draw near,
Then we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected town:
Heaven for our ſins thus ſummer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop firſt ſwept all things in its way;
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:
Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.
Th' Italian merry-andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace:
Inſtead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin,
For love you heard how amorous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.
Nature was out of countenance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid,
Art magic is for poetry profeſt;
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,
To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhip'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth and Simon Magus of the town,
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Jonſon's out of faſhion,
And Wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhown;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay, the price is rais'd.

XXIV.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN AT OXFORD, BY MRS. MARSHALL.

OFT has our poet wiſh'd, this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſeful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching ev'n you, while the next world we ſhow,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt,
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er every noble art, and every ſcience guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such ancient hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts.
Such modeſty did to our ſex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhown,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own.
Till our return, we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

XXV.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

DISCORD, and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinburgh gone, or coach'd or carted.
With bonny bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in Engliſh three-pence light.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's dear,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroic rhyme.
Tack but a copper lace to druggit ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, would be choſen king.
But why ſhould I theſe renegades deſcribe,
When you yourſelves have ſeen a lewder tribe?
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Iriſh action ſlander'd Engliſh wit:
You have beheld ſuch barbarous Macs appear,
As merited a ſecond maſſacre:
Such as, like Cain, were branded with diſgrace,
And had their country ſtamp'd upon their face.
When ſtrolers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never ſtarve.

XXVI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THOUGH actors cannot much of learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt:
We love the praiſes of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We ſpeak our poets' wit; and trade in ore,
Like thoſe, who touch upon the golden ſhore:
Betwixt our judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of ſenſe, rejoice;
Whether th' applauſe be only ſound or voice.
When our ſop-gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praiſe.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Should not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſsly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;
The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what ſhould juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhould not.
Nature herſelf lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
Where outlines falſe, and colours ſeem too faint,
Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
But, by the ſacred genius of this place,
By every Muſe, by each domeſtic grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations ſued to be made free of Rome:
Not in the ſuffragating tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial band.
If his ambition may thoſe hopes purſue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be,
Than his own mother univerſity.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
He chooſes Athens in his riper age.

XXVII.

EPILOGUE

TO CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

[By Mr. N. LEE, 1683.]

OUR hero's happy in the play's concluſion;
The holy rogue at laſt has met confuſion:
Though Arius all along appear'd a ſaint,
The laſt act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
Reports, that after all theſe plots and ſlaughters,
The court of Conſtantine was full of glory,
And every Trimmer turn'd addreſſing Tory.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When Clauſe was king, then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſt before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed, there were a ſort of peaking tools,
(Some call them modeſt, but I call them fools)
Men much more loyal, though not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor devils were caſt behind the crowd.
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of wights,
I think my author calls them Teckelites,
Such hearty rogues againſt the king and laws,
They favour'd ev'n a foreign rebel's cauſe.
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his baſtard, not to noſe his wife;
Thus o'er their darling plot theſe Trimmers cry;
And though they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it prentice to Count Teckeley.
They believe not the laſt plot; may I be curſt,
If I believe they e'er believ'd the firſt.
No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man, that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks ſo well.
Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er taſted,
One pleaſure that for threeſcore twelvemonths laſted;
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a heaven?

XXVIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT: OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION.

[By Mr. SOUTHERNE, 1684.]

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

HOW comes it, gentlemen, that now a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe?
All prologues treat you at your own expence.
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you ſo.
They, in good manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with ladyſhip:
But here each ſaucy wit at random writes,
And uſes ladies as he uſes knights.
Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows, that from him no nymph deſerves a ſatire:
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme—
Againſt the ſweet partaker of his crime.

XXXIII.

PROLOGUE TO THE WIDOW RANTER.

[By Mrs. Behn, 1690.]

HEAVEN save you, gallants, and this hopeful age:
Ye're welcome to the downfall of the stage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
And vice, the manufacture of the nation,
O'erstocks the town so much, and thrives so well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cause ne'er fails; for whatsoe'er he spends,
There 's still God's plenty for himself and friends.
Should men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean time poor wit prohibited must lie,
As if 'twere made some French commodity.
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expence;
And yet as soon as seen, they give offence.
Time was, when none would cry, That oaf was me;
But now you strive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
But there's a muss of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at least;
A sign the family is well increas'd.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're supply'd so fast by English breed.
Well! flourish countrymen, drink, swear, and roar;
Let every free-born subject keep his whore,
And wandering in the wilderness about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you see these pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or single share:
For where the punk is common, he's a sot,
Who needs will father what the parish got.

XXXIV.

TO ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA REVIVED.

[By Lodowick Carlell, Esq.]

Spoken by Mr. Hart.

WITH sickly actors and an old house too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our alehouse scenes, and cloaths bare worn,
Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn.
If all these ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or see some serious piece, which we presume
Is fallen from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, Messieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preserve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like them? they are French.
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor see, but shew their breeding:
Each lady striving to outlaugh the rest;
To make it seem they understood the jest.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us English where to clap the play:
Civil, egad! our hospitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to understand:
Mean time we languish, and neglected lie,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wish for your own sakes, without a satire,
You'd less good breeding, or had more good-nature.

XXXV.

PROLOGUE TO THE PROPHETESS.

BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

REVIVED BY MR. DRYDEN.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
The fate of our approaching Propheteſs?
A play, which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expences close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view
Our distant gains; and those uncertain too:
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise.
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow sated, ere the second sight.
False men, ev'n so you serve your mistresses:
They rise three stories in their towering dress;
And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave them off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack-boots and Bilboa blade,
Your silver goes that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our stage to mourn;
Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return;
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin-butter, and his usquebaugh.
Go, conquerors of your male and female foes:
Men without hearts, and women without hose.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawney backs,
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows,
And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights:
We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
But you, bright beauties, for whose only sake
Those doughty knights such dangers undertake,

When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play;
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:
Then think, on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dumb-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear;
And would do more, to ſee you often here:
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe.

XXXVI.

PROLOGUE TO THE MISTAKES.

Enter Mr. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we muſt beg your pardon; here's no Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to come on without a frontiſpiece; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet, ſniveling and ſobbing behind the ſcenes, and curſing ſomebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience; here's honeſt Mr. Williams, juſt come in, half mellow, from the Roſe Tavern. He ſwears he is inſpired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or ſomething like one: O here he comes to his trial, at all adventures; for my part, I wiſh him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*

Enter Mr. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, ſirs, ſave ye! I am in a hopeful way.
I ſhould ſpeak ſomething in rhyme, now, for the play:
But the deuce take me, if I know what to ſay.
I'll ſtick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the laſt drop of claret, in my belly.
So far I'm ſure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting
And, if my verſes feet ſtumble—you ſee my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which, though much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Corke.
But, for this play—(which till I have done, we ſhow not)
What may be its fortune—By the Lord—I know not.
This I dare ſwear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—ev'n of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no ſky-rockets.
His ſquibs are only level'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himſelf.
By this time, I'm ſomething recover'd of my fluſter'd madneſs:
And now, a word or two in ſober ſadneſs.
Ours is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—juſt half a crown.
You'll ſay, I play the pimp on my friend's ſcore;
But, ſince 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er,
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this, you cry? an actor write?—we know it;
But Shakeſpeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonſon's learning often fail'd?
But Shakeſpeare's greater genius ſtill prevail'd.
Have not ſome writing actors, in this age
Deſerv'd and found ſucceſs upon the ſtage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inſpir'd.
Let your kind preſence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our buſineſs here:
So much for that;—and the devil take ſmall beer.

XXXVII.

EPILOGUE TO HENRY II.

[By Mr. MOUNTFORD, 1693.]

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they ſay;
But Engliſh manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Roſamond was but her Nom de guerre.
Now tell me, gallants, would you lead your life
With ſuch a miſtreſs, or with ſuch a wife?
If one muſt be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Would ye be godly with perpetual ſtrife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife:
Or take your pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt whoring Harry in the play?
I gueſs your minds: the miſtreſs would be taken,
And nauſeous matrimony ſent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteſt the clog.
After a year, poor ſpouſe is left i' th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of Church comes croſs your mind,
Chapels of eaſe behind our ſcenes you find.
The playhouſe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, ſome of you, I dare not ſay how many,
Would buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
Ev'n this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
Would make a ſhift my portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall perquiſites I have beſide.
Though for your love, perhaps, I ſhould not care,
I could not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might enſue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to-day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that would make me ſwell.

XXXVIII.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a baſhful poet bids me ſay,
He's come to loſe his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce; for he's but green of age,
And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the ſtage.
He wants the ſuffering part of reſolution,
And comes with bluſhes to his execution.
Ere you deflour his Muſe, he hopes the pit
Will make ſome ſettlement upon his wit.
Promiſe him well, before the play begin:
For he would fain be cozen'd into ſin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He 'll have, at leaſt, a fair pretence to rail:
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new deſcribers bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we ſee;
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook:
Theirs are not the firſt colours you ſo ſook,
He would be loth the beauties to offend;
But, if he ſhould, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his firſt year of bearing;
But his friend ſwears, he will be worth the rearing.
His gloſs is ſtill upon him: though 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour, and one ſide good at leaſt.
Mangos and limes, whoſe nouriſhment is little,
Though not for food, are yet preſerv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend at leaſt,
To whet your ſtomachs for a better feaſt.
He makes this difference in the ſexes too;
He ſells to men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both he would contribute ſome delight;
A mere poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo;
With arms offenſive and defenſive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

XXXIX.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

TO ſay, this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit;
When few men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Jonſon of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this,
As the beſt model of his maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchemiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the clothes.
But Ben made nobly his what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write one word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their poſſeſſion call:
Who, like bold paddlers, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſunſhine, in the face of day:
Nay ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have ſuch country Toms abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid,
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way;
Or, as a rhyming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim ſome part:
They have the licence, though they want the art.
And might, where theft was prais'd, for Laurels ſtand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic Jack-Pudding,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own, when once he has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:
For they their theſts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They ſhould refund; but that can never be.
For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal.

XL.

AN EPILOGUE.

YOU ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet through try'd.
And, without doubt y're hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow:
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow:
But 'twas Heaven knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall-chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In Comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent Garden drawn in Bridges-ſtreet.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly-nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies, Poets toil to write!
The ſweating Muſe does almoſt leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Proteus vices pace.

Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You roll like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run;
And get ſeven dev'ls, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But every inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard maſk upon the face:
For ſins like theſe, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch, every twenty years, to ſnap offences.
Saturn, ev'n now, takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do your work this ſummer without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let them go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhow:
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets pray;
For every critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play.

XLI.

PROLOGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

LIKE ſome raw ſophiſter that mounts the pulpit,
So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
Cruſ'd to crowds, the Parſon quakes for fear,
And wonders how the devil he durſt come there;
Wanting three talents needful for the place.
Some beard, ſome learning, and ſo me little grace:
Nor is the puny Poet void of care.
For authors, ſuch as our new authors are,
Have not much learning nor much wit to ſpare:
And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's ſcarce one,
But has as little as the very Parſon:
Both ſay, they preach and write for your inſtruction:
But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.
The difference is, that though you like the play,
The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day.
But with the Parſon 'tis another caſe,
He, without holineſs, may riſe to grace;
The Poet has one diſadvantage more,
That, if his play be dull, he's damn'd all o'er,
Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor.
But dulneſs well becomes the ſable garment;
I warrant that ne'er ſpoil'd a Prieſt's preferment:
Wit's not his buſineſs; and as wit now goes,
Sirs, 'tis not ſo much yours as you ſuppoſe,
For you like nothing now but nauſeous beaux.
You laugh not, gallants, as by proof appears,
At what his beauſhip ſays, but what he wears;
So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears;
The taylor and the furrier find the ſtuff,
The wit lies in the dreſs, and monſtrous muff.
The truth on 't is, the payment of the pit
Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
You cannot from our abſent author hope
He ſhould equip the ſtage with ſuch a ſop:
Fools change in England, and new fools ariſe,
For though th' immortal ſpecies never dies,
Yet every year new maggots make new flies.
But where he lives abroad, he ſcarce can find
One fool, for millions that he left behind.

XLII.

PROLOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

Revived for our Author's Benefit, Anno 1700.

HOW wretched is the fate of thoſe who write!
Brought muzzled to the ſtage for fear they bite.
Where, like Tom Dove, they ſtand the common foe;
Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
Yet, worſe, their brother Poets damn the play,
And roar the loudeſt, though they never pay.
The tops are proud of ſcandal, for they cry,
At every lewd low character,—That 's I.
He, who writes letters to himſelf, would ſwear,
The world forgot him, if he was not there.
What ſhould a Poet do? 'Tis hard for one
To pleaſure all the fools that would be ſhown:
And yet not two in ten will paſs the town.
Moſt coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
More goes to make a ſop, than ſops can find.
Quack Maurus, though he never took degrees
In either of our univerſities;
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the fool and writ three books.
But, if he would be worth a Poet's pen,
He muſt be more a fool, and write again:
For all the former ſuſtian ſtuff he wrote,
Was dead-born doggrel, or is quite forgot:
His man of Uz, ſtript of his Hebrew robe,
Is juſt the proverb, and As poor as Job.
One would have thought he could no longer jog;
But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog.
There, though he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight;
But here, he ſounders in, and ſinks downright.
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule,
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to ridicule:
But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
O'er-leaps at once the whole Apocrypha;
Invades the Pſalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal Hopkins yet to come.
But when, if, after all, this godly geer
Is not ſo ſenſeleſs as it would appear;
Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
His cant, like Merry Andrew's noble vein,
Cat-calls the ſects to draw them in again.
At leiſure hours, in epic ſong he deals,
Writes to the rumbling of his coach's wheels,
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by rule,
But rides triumphant between ſtool and ſtool.
Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day,
To get himſelf a place in farce or play.
We know not by what name we ſhould arraign him,
For no one category can contain him;

A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
Are load enough to break one aſs's back:
At laſt grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two kings, their kindneſs to requite;
One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight.

XLIII.

EPILOGUE TO THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the Parſon ſtretch'd a point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Receiv'd the firſt infection from the ſtage.
But, ſure, a baniſh'd court with lewdneſs fraught,
The ſeeds of open vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
London, a fruitful ſoil, yet never bore
So plentiful a crop of horns before.
The Poets, who muſt live by courts, or ſtarve,
Were proud, ſo good a government to ſerve;
And, mixing with buffoons and pimps prophane,
Tainted the Stage, for ſome ſmall ſnip of gain.
For they, like harlots, under bawds profeſt,
Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
The court its head, the poets but the tail.
The ſin was of our native growth, 'tis true;
The ſcandal of the ſin was wholly new.
Miſſes they were, but modeſtly conceal'd:
White-hall the naked Venus firſt reveal'd.
Who ſtanding as at Cyprus, in her ſhrine,
The ſtrumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if ſaints had any ſecret motion,
'Twas chamber-practice all, and cloſe devotion.
I paſs the peccadillos of their time;
Nothing but open lewdneſs was a crime.
A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
Compar'd with one foul act of fornication.
Now, they would ſilence us, and ſhut the door,
That let in all the bareſac'd vice before,
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That work in England is without an end:
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend:
Yet, if you can but bear the preſent Stage,
We hope much better of the coming age.
What would you ſay, if we ſhould firſt begin
To ſtop the trade of love behind the ſcene:
Where actreſſes make bold with married men?
For while abroad ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a woman or a man:
But neither you nor we, with all our pains,
Can make clean work; there will be ſome remains,
While you have ſtill your Oates and we our Haynes.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ORMOND.

My Lord, Anno 1699.

SOME eſtates are held in England, by paying a fine at the change of every lord: I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this preſent day. I have dedicated the tranſlation of the lives of Plutarch to the firſt Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very ſhort of the age of Neſtor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your houſe; and by your grace's favour am admitted ſtill to hold from you by the ſame tenure.

I am not vain enough to boaſt that I have deſerved the value of ſo illuſtrious a line: but my fortune is the greater, that for three deſcents they have been pleaſed to diſtinguiſh my poems from thoſe of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to ſay, That as your grandfather and father were cheriſhed and adorned with honours by two ſucceſſive monarchs, ſo I have been eſteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the ſon, deſcended from one of the moſt ancient, moſt conſpicuous, and moſt deſerving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my laſt fine, when it was due by your Grace's acceſſion to the titles and patrimonies of your houſe, I may ſeem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your ſervice: and ſince you have been graciouſly pleaſed, by your permiſſion of this addreſs, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay theſe volumes at your feet.

The world is ſenſible that you worthily ſucceed, not only to the honours of your anceſtors, but alſo to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of doing good even to the prejudice of your fortune, is ſo far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the neweſt link of it: which I will not call the laſt, becauſe I hope and pray, it may deſcend to late poſterity: and your flouriſhing youth, and that of your excellent Dutcheſs, are happy omens of my wiſh.

It is obſerved by Livy and by others, that ſome of the nobleſt Roman families retained a reſemblance of their anceſtry, not only in their ſhapes and features, but alſo in their manners, their qualities, and the diſtinguiſhing characters of their minds: ſome lines were noted for a ſtern, rigid virtue, ſavage, haughty, parſimonious, and unpopular: others were more ſweet, and affable; made of a more pliant paſte, humble, courteous, and obliging; ſtudious of doing charitable offices, and diffuſive of the goods which they enjoyed. The laſt of theſe is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued you with a ſoftneſs, a beneficence, an attractive behaviour winning on the hearts of others; and ſo ſenſible of their miſery, that the wounds of fortune ſeem not inflicted on them, but on yourſelf. You are ſo ready to redreſs, that you almoſt prevent their wiſhes, and always exceed their expectations: as if what was yours, was not your own,

and not given you to poſſeſs, but to beſtow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I muſt caſt in ſhades, leſt I offend your modeſty, which is ſo far from being oſtentatious of the good you do, that it bluſhes even to have it known: and therefore I muſt leave you to the ſatisfaction and teſtimony of your own conſcience, which though it be a ſilent panegyric, is yet the beſt.

You are ſo eaſy of acceſs, that Poplicola was not more, whoſe doors were opened on the outſide to ſave the people even the common civility of aſking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reaſonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where (I can ſcarce forbear ſaying) that want itſelf was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The hiſtory of Peru aſſures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, eſteemed that the higheſt, which called them Lovers of the poor: a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Auguſtus of the Roman emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deſerved by few of them; and not running in a blood like the perpetual gentleneſs, and inherent goodneſs of the Ormond Family.

Gold, as it is the pureſt, ſo it is the ſofteſt, and moſt ductile of metals: iron, which is the hardeſt, gathers ruſt, corrodes itſelf: and is therefore ſubject to corruption: it was never intended for coins and medals, or to bear faces and the inſcriptions of the great. Indeed it is fit for armour, to bear off inſults, and preſerve the wearer in the day of battle: but the danger once repelled, it is laid aſide by the brave, as a garment too rough for civil converſation: a neceſſary guard in war, but too harſh and cumberſome in peace, and which keeps off the embraces of a more humane life.

For this reaſon, my lord, though you have courage in an heroical degree, yet I aſcribe it to you, but as your ſecond attribute: mercy, beneficence, and compaſſion, claim precedence, as they are firſt in the divine nature. An intrepid courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at beſt but a holiday kind of virtue, to be ſeldom exerciſed, and never but in caſes of neceſſity: affability, mildneſs, tenderneſs, and a word, which I would fain bring back to its original ſignification of virtue, I mean Good-nature, are of daily uſe: they are the bread of mankind, and ſtaff of life: neither ſighs, nor tears, nor groans, nor curſes of the vanquiſhed follow acts of compaſſion, and of charity: but a ſincere pleaſure and ſerenity of mind in him who performs an action of mercy, which cannot ſuffer the misfortunes of another, without redreſs; leſt they ſhould bring a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute the happineſs which he enjoys.

Yet ſince the perverſe tempers of mankind, ſince oppreſſion on one ſide, and ambition on the other, are ſometimes the unavoidable occaſions of war; that courage, that magnanimity, and reſolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: and here it grieves me that I am ſcanted in the pleaſure of dwelling on many of your actions: but αἰδόμαι Τρῶας is an expreſſion which Tully often uſed, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the cenſure of the Romans.

I have ſometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the ſubject is ſo fruitful that the harveſt overcomes the reaper, I am ſhortened by my chain, and can only ſee what is forbidden me to reach: ſince it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my wiſhes, and much leſs is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits. Yet, in this frugality of your praiſes, there are ſome things which I cannot

omit without detracting from your character. You have ſo formed your own education as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country; or, more properly ſpeaking, both your countries: becauſe you were born, I may almoſt ſay in purple, at the caſtle of Dublin, when your grandfather was lord-lieutenant, and have ſince been bred in the court of England.

If this addreſs had been in verſe, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury. "Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo." The better to ſatisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated the genius you have to arms, that when the ſervice of Britain or Ireland ſhall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practiſed in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæſar (to omit a crowd of ſhining Romans) formed themſelves to war by the ſtudy of hiſtory, and by the examples of the greateſt captains both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name thoſe two commanders in particular, becauſe they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be ſent into the field againſt the moſt formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned conſul in deriſion; but then he was not born a ſoldier: his head was turned another way; when he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away upon a general who dares not make uſe of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and reſolution; in him it will direct his martial ſpirit; and teach him the way to the beſt victories, which are thoſe that are leaſt bloody, and which, though atchieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science diſtinguiſhes a man of honour from one of thoſe athletic brutes whom undeſervedly we call heroes. Curſed be the poet, who firſt honoured with that name a mere Ajax, a man-killing ideot. The Ulyſſes of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he underſtood not the ſhield for which he pleaded: there were engraven on it, plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as ſtupidly as his fellow-beaſt the lion. But, on the other ſide, your Grace has given yourſelf the education of his rival: you have ſtudied every ſpot of ground in Flanders, which for theſe ten years paſt has been the ſcene of battles and of ſieges. No wonder if you performed your part with ſuch applauſe on a theatre which you underſtood ſo well.

If I deſigned this for a poetical encomium, it were eaſy to enlarge on ſo copious a ſubject; but, confining myſelf to the ſeverity of truth, and to what is becoming me to ſay, I muſt not only paſs over many inſtances of your military ſkill, but alſo thoſe of your aſſiduous diligence in the war: and of your perſonal bravery, attended with an ardent thirſt of honour; a long train of generoſity; profuſeneſs of doing good, a ſoul unſatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguiſhed deſire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own hiſtorians; I am, as Virgil ſays, "Spatiis excluſus iniquis."

Yet not to be wholly ſilent of all your charities, I muſt ſtay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the conſideration of yourſelf. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had tranſported you ſo far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much leſs to ſuccour you; when you were not only dangerouſly, but in all appearance mortally wounded, when in that deſperate condition you were made priſoner, and carried to Namur. at that

time in poſſeſſion of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a conſiderable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and as a memorable inſtance of your heroic charity, put into the hands of Count Guiſcard, who was governor of the place, to be diſtributed among your fellow-priſoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatneſs of your ſoul, accordingly conſigned it to the uſe for which it was intended by the donor: by which means the lives of ſo many miſerable men were ſaved, and a comfortable proviſion made for their ſubſiſtence; who had otherwiſe periſhed, had you not been the companion of their misfortune: or rather ſent by Providence, like another Joſeph, to keep out famine from thoſe whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for thoſe poor creatures that your Grace was made their fellow-ſufferer! and how glorious for you, that you choſe to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, ſpoke like a chriſtian; "Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco." All men, even thoſe of a different intereſt, and contrary principles, muſt praiſe this action, as the moſt eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almoſt in any of the former; when men were made "de meliore luto;" when examples of charity were frequent, and when they were in being, "Teucri pulcherrima proles, magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis." No envy can detract from this: it will ſhine in hiſtory; and, like ſwans, grow whiter the longer it endures: and the name of ORMOND will be more celebrated in his captivity, than in his greateſt triumphs.

But all actions of your grace are of a piece; as waters keep the tenor of their fountains: your compaſſion general, and has the ſame effect as well on enemies as friends. It is ſo much in your nature to do good, that your life is but one continued act of placing benefits on many, as the ſun is always carrying his light to ſome part or other of the world: and were it not that your reaſon guides you where to give, I might almoſt ſay that you could not help beſtowing more, than is conſiſting with the fortune of a private man, or with the will of any but an Alexander.

What wonder is it then, that, being born for a bleſſing to mankind, your ſuppoſed death in that engagement was ſo generally lamented through the nation! The concernment for it was as univerſal as the loſs: and though the gratitude might be counterfeit in ſome, yet the tears of all were real: where every man deplored his private part in that calamity, and even thoſe, who had not taſted of your favours, yet built ſo much on the fame of your beneficence, that they bemoaned the loſs of their expectations.

This brought the untimely death of your great father into freſh remembrance; as if the fame decree had paſſed on two, ſhort ſucceſſive generations of the virtuous; and I repeated to myſelf the ſame verſes, which I had formerly applied to him: "Oſtendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultra eſſe ſinunt." But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are ſtill living to enjoy the bleſſings and applauſe of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long proſperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealouſly deſired than by

Your Grace's
Moſt humble,
Moſt obliged, and
Moſt obedient ſervant,
JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FABLES.

IT is with a poet as with a man who deſigns to build, and is very exact, as he ſuppoſes, in caſting up the coſt beforehand; but, generally ſpeaking, he is miſtaken in his account, and reckons ſhort in the expence he firſt intended: he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me: I have built a houſe, where I intended but a lodge: yet with better ſucceſs than a certain nobleman, who beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finiſh the palace he had contrived.

From tranſlating the firſt of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an eſſay to the whole work) I proceeded to the tranſlation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, becauſe it contains, among other things, the cauſes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war: here I ought in reaſon to have ſtopped: but the ſpeeches of Ajax and Ulyſſes lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compaſſed them, I was ſo taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the maſter-piece of the whole Metamorphoſes), that I enjoined myſelf the pleaſing taſk of rendering it into Engliſh. And now I found, by the number of my verſes, that they began to ſwell into a little volume; which gave me an occaſion of looking backward on ſome beauties of my author, in his former books: there occurred to me the hunting of the boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, with the reſt, which I hope I have tranſlated cloſely enough, and given them the ſame turn of verſe which they had in the original; and this, I may ſay without vanity, is not the talent of every poet: he who has arrived the neareſt to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the beſt verſifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenſer and Fairfax both flouriſhed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great maſters in our language; and who ſaw much farther into the beauties of our numbers, than thoſe who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical ſon of Spenſer, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal deſcents and clans, as well as other families: Spenſer more than once inſinuates, that the ſoul of Chaucer was transfuſed into his body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his deceaſe. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenſer was his original; and many beſides myſelf have heard our famous Waller own, that he has derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloign, which was turned into Engliſh by Mr. Fairfax. But to return: having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old Engliſh poet Chaucer in many things reſembled him, and that with no diſadvantage on the ſide of the modern author, as I ſhall endeavour to prove when I compare them: and as I am, and always have been, ſtudious to promote the honour of my native country, ſo I ſoon reſolved to put their merits to

the trial, by turning ſome of the Canterbury tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means both the poets being ſet in the ſame light, and dreſſed in the ſame Engliſh habit, ſtory to be compared with ſtory, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them, by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him: or if I ſeem partial to my countryman, and predeceſſor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few: and beſides many of the learned, Ovid has almoſt all the beaux, and the whole fair ſex his declared patrons. Perhaps I have aſſumed to myſelf ſomewhat more than they allow me: becauſe I have ventured to ſum up the evidence: but the readers are the jury; and their privilege remains entire to decide according to the merits of the cauſe, or if they pleaſe, to bring it to another hearing, before ſome other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my diſcourſe (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always ſome connexion) ſo from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but alſo purſued the ſame ſtudies; wrote novels in proſe, and many works in verſe; particularly is ſaid to have invented the octave rhyme, or ſtanza of eight lines, which ever ſince has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at leaſt aſſume the title of Heroic Poets: he and Chaucer, among other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongue; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at leaſt in verſe, before the time of Boccace, who likewiſe received no little help from his maſter Petrarch. But the reformation of their proſe was wholly owing to Boccace himſelf, who is yet the ſtandard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phraſes are become obſolete, as in proceſs of time it muſt needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) firſt adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provençal, which was then the moſt poliſhed of all the modern languages; but this ſubject has been copiouſly treated by that great critic, who deſerves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For theſe reaſons of time, and reſemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I reſolved to join them in my preſent work; to which I have added ſome original papers of my own; which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the moſt improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the beſt, that they will not be condemned; but if they ſhould, I have the excuſe of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horſeback before ſome ladies, when I was preſent, got up ſomewhat heavily, but deſired of the fair ſpectators, that they would count fourſcore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays are in my mind, the reader muſt determine. I think myſelf as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my ſoul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I loſe not more of it, I have no great reaſon to complain. What judgment I had, increaſes rather than diminiſhes; and thoughts, ſuch as they are, come crowding in ſo faſt upon me, that my only difficulty is to chooſe or to reject; to run them into verſe, or to give them the other harmony of proſe. I have ſo long ſtudied and practiſed both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In ſhort, though I may lawfully plead ſome part of the old gentleman's excuſe; yet I will reſerve it till I think I have greater need, and aſk no grains of allowance for the faults of this my preſent work, but thoſe which are given of courſe to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the

ſhortneſs of time in which I writ it, or the ſeveral intervals of ſickneſs: they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boaſt in their prefaces how little time their works have coſt them; and what other buſineſs of more importance interfered; but the reader will be apt to aſk the queſtion, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had ſo deſpicable an opinion of their judges, as to thruſt their indigeſted ſtuff upon them, as if they deſerved no better?

With this account of my preſent undertaking, I conclude the firſt part of this diſcourſe: in the ſecond part, as at a ſecond ſitting, though I alter not the draught, I muſt touch the ſame features over again, and change the dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only ſay, that I have written nothing which ſavours of immorality or profaneneſs; at leaſt I am not conſcious to myſelf of any ſuch intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expreſſion, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verſes through my inadvertency; if the ſearchers find any in the cargo, let them be ſtaved or forfeited, like contraband goods; at leaſt, let their authors be anſwerable for them, as being but imported merchandiſe, and not of my own manufacture. On the other ſide, I have endeavoured to chooſe ſuch fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them ſome inſtructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremoſt into ſight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them.

I wiſh I could affirm with a ſafe conſcience, that I had taken the ſame care in all my former writings; for it muſt be owned, that ſuppoſing verſes are never ſo beautiful or pleaſing, yet if they contain any thing which ſhocks religion or good-manners, they are at beſt, what Horace ſays of good numbers, without good ſenſe, "Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ." Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of ſelf-defence, where I have been wrongfully accuſed, and my ſenſe wire-drawn into blaſphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading againſt the ſtage; in which he mixes truth with falſehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating ſtrongly, that ſomething may remain.

I reſume the thread of my diſcourſe with the firſt of my tranſlation, which was the firſt Iliad of Homer. If it ſhall pleaſe God to give me longer life, and moderate health, my intentions are to tranſlate the whole Ilias; provided ſtill that I meet with thoſe encouragements from the public, which may enable me to proceed in my undertaking with ſome chearfulneſs. And this I dare aſſure the world before-hand, that I have found, by trial, Homer a more pleaſing taſk than Virgil (though I ſay not the tranſlation will be leſs laborious: for the Grecian is more according to my genius, than the Latin poet. In the works of the two authors we may read their manners, and natural inclinations, which are wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, ſedate temper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full of fire. The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of thoughts, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid in his thoughts, and took all the liberties both of numbers and of expreſſions, which his language, and the age in which he lived, allowed him: Homer's invention was more copious, Virgil's more confined: ſo that if Homer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil to have begun heroic poetry: for nothing can be more evident, than that the Roman poem is but the ſecond part of the Ilias, a continuation of the ſame ſtory: and the perſons already formed: The manners of Æneas are thoſe of Hector ſuper-

added to thoſe which Homer gave him. The adventures of Ulyſſes in the Odyſſeis are imitated in the firſt Six Books of Virgil's Æneis: and though the accidents are not the ſame (which would have argued him of a ſervile copying, and total barrenneſs of invention) yet the ſeas were the ſame, in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypſo. The ſix latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occaſioned by a lady, a ſingle combat, battles fought, and a town beſieged. I ſay not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly ſaid in his juſt praiſe: for his Epiſodes are almoſt wholly of his own invention; and the form, which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original ſtory had been the ſame. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to deſign: and if invention be the firſt virtue of an epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the ſecond place. Mr. Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald tranſlation of the Ilias, (ſtudying poetry as he did mathematicks, when it was too late) Mr. Hobbes, I ſay, begins the praiſe of Homer where he ſhould have ended it. He tell us, that the firſt beauty of an Epic poem conſiſts in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers: now, the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is laſt to be conſidered. The deſign, the diſpoſition, the manners, and the thoughts are all before it; where any of thoſe are wanting or imperfect, ſo much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the firſt beauties that ariſe, and ſtrike the ſight; but if the draught be falſe or lame, the figures ill-diſpoſed, the manners obſcure or inconſiſtent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the fineſt colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monſter at the beſt. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this laſt which is expreſſion, the Roman poet is at leaſt equal to the Grecian, as I have ſaid elſewhere; ſupplying the poverty of his language by his muſical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being ſo different in their tempers, one choleric and ſanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their ſeveral ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the deſign, as in the execution of it. The very heroes ſhew their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, &c." Æneas patient, conſiderate, careful of his people, and merciful to his enemies: ever ſubmiſſive to the will of heaven, "quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque, "ſequamur." I could pleaſe myſelf with enlarging on this ſubject, but I am forced to defer it to a fitter time. From all I have ſaid, I will only draw this inference, that the action of Homer being more full of vigour than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the writer, is of conſequence more pleaſing to the reader. One warms you by degrees; the other ſets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his heat. It is the ſame difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demoſthenes and Tully. One perſuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read Homer, even not in the ſecond book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he haſtens from the ſhips, and concludes not that book till he has made you amends by the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he hurries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in leſs compaſs than two months. This vehemence of his, I confeſs, is more ſuitable to my temper;

and therefore I have tranſlated his firſt book with greater pleaſure than any part of Virgil: but it was not a pleaſure without pains: the continual agitations of the ſpirits muſt needs be a weakening of any conſtitution, eſpecially in age; and many pauſes are required for refreſhment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itſelf being a third part longer than all Virgil's works put together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to ſay of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer; conſidering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue; from Chaucer the purity of the Engliſh tongue began. The manners of the poets were unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at leaſt in their writings, it may be alſo in their lives. Their ſtudies were the ſame, philoſophy and philology. Both of them were knowing in aſtronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feaſts, and Chaucer's treatiſe of the Aſtrolabe, are ſufficient witneſſes. But Chaucer was likewiſe an aſtrologer, as were Virgil, Horace, Perſius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonderful facility and clearneſs: neither were great inventors: for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and moſt of Chaucer's ſtories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predeceſſors. Boccace's Decameron was firſt publiſhed; and from thence our Engliſhman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales: yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by ſome Italian wit, in a former age; as I ſhall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him ſent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Creſſida was alſo written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our Engliſh tranſlator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themſelves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: but there is ſo much leſs behind; and I am of the temper of moſt kings, who love to be in debt; are all for preſent money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: beſides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honeſt Montaigne, and return at my pleaſure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to ſay. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet ſince Chaucer had ſomething of his own, as The Wife of Bath's Tale, The Cock and the Fox, which I have tranſlated, and ſome others, I may juſtly give our countryman the precedence in that part; ſince I can remember nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them underſtood the manners, under which name I comprehend the paſſions, and, in a larger ſenſe, the deſcriptions of perſons, and their very habits: for an example, I ſee Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if ſome ancient painter had drawn them; and all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humours, their features, and the very dreſs, as diſtinctly as if I had ſupped with them at the Tabard in Southwark: yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and ſet in a better light: which though I have not time to prove; yet I appeal to the reader, and am ſure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be conſidered in the compariſon of the two poets; and I have ſaved myſelf one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language: therefore that part of the compariſon ſtands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer and our

preſent Engliſh. The words are given up as a poſt not to be defended in our poet, becauſe he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be conſidered: and they are to be meaſured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or leſs naturally from the perſons deſcribed, on ſuch and ſuch occaſions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who ſee Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little leſs than mad, for preferring the Engliſhman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I muſt preſume to ſay, that the things they admire, are nothing only glittering trifles, and ſo far from being witty, that in a ſerious poem they are nauſeous, becauſe they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, deſcribe his paſſion like Narciſſus? Would he think of "inopem me copia fecit," and a dozen more of ſuch expreſſions, poured on the neck of one another, and ſignifying all the ſame thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death! This is juſt John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his miſery; a miſerable conceit. On theſe occaſions the poet ſhould endeavour to raiſe pity: but, inſtead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made uſe of ſuch machines, when he was moving you to commiſerate the death of Dido: he would not deſtroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjuſt in the purſuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reaſonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injuſtice of his proceedings, and reſigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occaſion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from poſſeſſion, by being ſo near, and a thouſand ſuch boyiſms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the ſubject. They, who think otherwiſe, would by the ſame reaſon prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are ſometimes a fault, and ſometimes a beauty, as they are uſed properly or improperly; but in ſtrong paſſions always to be ſhunned, becauſe paſſions are ſerious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confeſs, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more ſimplicity, and followed nature more cloſely, than to uſe them. I have thus far, to the beſt of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the deſign nor the diſpoſition of it; becauſe the deſign was not their own; and in the diſpoſing of it they were equal. It remains that I ſay ſomewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the firſt place, as he is the father of Engliſh poetry, ſo I hold him in the ſame degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good ſenſe; learned in all ſciences; and therefore ſpeaks properly on all ſubjects: as he knew what to ſay, ſo he knows alſo when to leave off; a continence which is practiſed by few writers, and ſcarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is ſunk in his reputation, becauſe he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but ſwept like a drag-net, great and ſmall. There was plenty enough, but the diſhes were ill-ſorted; whole pyramids of ſweet-meats, for boys and women; but little of ſolid meat, for

men: all this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment; neither did he want that in diſcerning the beauties and faults of other poets; but only indulged himſelf in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reaſon, though he muſt always be thought a great poet, he is no longer eſteemed a good writer: and for ten impreſſions, which his works have had in ſo many ſucceſſive years, yet at preſent a hundred books are ſcarcely purchaſed once a twelvemonth: for, as my laſt Lord Rocheſter ſaid, though ſomewhat profanely, Not being of God, he could not ſtand.

Chaucer followed nature every where; but was never ſo bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of being Poeta, and nimis Poeta, if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modeſt behaviour and affectation. The verſe of Chaucer, I confeſs, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was "auribus iſtius temporis "accommodata:" they who lived with him, and ſometime after him, thought it muſical; and it continues ſo even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude ſweetneſs of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleaſing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go ſo far as he who publiſhed the laſt edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten ſyllables in a verſe where we find but nine: but this opinion is not worth confuting; it is ſo groſs and obvious an error, that common ſenſe (which is a rule in every thing but matters of faith and revelation) muſt convince the reader that equality of numbers in every verſe, which we call Heroic, was either not known, or not always practiſed in Chaucer's age. It were an eaſy matter to produce ſome thouſands of his verſes, which are lame for want of half a foot, and ſometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwiſe. We can only ſay, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the firſt. We muſt be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in proceſs of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenſer, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till theſe laſt appeared. I need ſay little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I ſuppoſe, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Gaunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had depoſed his predeceſſor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wiſe as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by ſucceſſion, and was ſenſible that his title was not ſound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; It was not to be admired, I ſay, if that great politician ſhould be pleaſed to have the greateſt wit of thoſe times in his intereſts, and to be the trumpet of his praiſes. Auguſtus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whoſe praiſes helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to poſterity. As for the religion of our poet, he ſeems to have ſome little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt

his patron; ſomewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing ſo ſharply againſt the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly intereſt deſerved the laſhes which he gave them, both in that, and in moſt of his Canterbury tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace ſpared them. Yet both thoſe poets lived in much eſteem with good and holy men in orders: for the ſcandal which is given by particular prieſts, reflects not on the ſacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his good parſon. A ſatyrical poet is the check of the laymen, on bad prieſts. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the ſame condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarſely uſed: for the corruption of the beſt becomes the worſt. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is firſt taken off, by which the dignity of his order is ſecured: if he be wrongfully accuſed, he has his action of ſlander; and it is at the poet's peril, if he tranſgreſs the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of ſatire, though never ſo well deſerved by particular prieſts, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing diſhonoured, when a peer ſuffers for his treaſon? if he be libeled, or any way defamed, he has his "Scandalum Magnatum" to puniſh the offender. They, who uſe this kind of argument, ſeem to be conſcious to themſelves of ſomewhat which has deſerved the poet's laſh; and are leſs concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at leaſt there is pride at the bottom of their reaſoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themſelves, they are all in ſome ſort parties: for, ſince they ſay the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be ſure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to ſpeak my opinion in this caſe, I know not: but I am ſure a diſpute of this nature cauſed miſchief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbiſhop of Canterbury; one ſtanding up for the Laws of his Land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murther of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majeſty from poſt to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has ſaved me the labour of inquiring into the eſteem and reverence which the prieſts have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminiſh any part of it: yet I muſt needs ſay, that when a prieſt provokes me without any occaſion given him, I have no reaſon, unleſs it be the charity of a Chriſtian, to forgive him. "Prior læſit" is juſtification ſufficient in the Civil Law. If I anſwer him in his own language, ſelf-defence, I am ſure, muſt be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a ſharp recrimination, ſomewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my reſentment has not wrought ſo far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that ſubject with ſome pleaſure, reſerving to myſelf the right, if I ſhall think fit hereafter, to deſcribe another ſort of prieſts, ſuch as are more eaſily to be found than the good parſon; ſuch as have given the laſt blow to Chriſtianity in this age, by a practice ſo contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He muſt have been a man of a moſt wonderful comprehenſive nature, becauſe, as it has been truly obſerved of him, he has taken into the compaſs of his Canterbury tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole Engliſh nation, in his age. Not a ſingle character has eſcaped

him. All his pilgrims are ſeverally diſtinguiſhed from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very phyſiognomies and perſons. Baptiſta Porta could not have deſcribed their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are ſo ſuited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and ſerious characters are diſtinguiſhed by their ſeveral ſorts of gravity: their diſcourſes are ſuch as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; ſuch as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his perſons are vicious, and ſome virtuous; ſome unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and ſome are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are ſeveral men, and diſtinguiſhed from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioreſs, and the broad-ſpeaking gap-toothed wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is ſuch a variety of game ſpringing up before me, that I am diſtracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is ſufficient to ſay, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our fore-fathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are ſtill remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than thoſe of Monks and Friars, and Chanons, and lady Abbeſſes, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the ſame, and nothing loſt out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I have leave to do myſelf the juſtice, (ſince my enemies will do me none, and are ſo far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me to be a chriſtian, or a moral man); may I have leave, I ſay, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to ſuch tales of Chaucer as favour nothing of immodeſty. If I had deſired more to pleaſe than to inſtruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchants, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux and ladies of pleaſure in the town. But I will no more offend againſt good manners: I am ſenſible, as I ought to be, of the ſcandal I have given by my looſe writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneneſs, be crept into theſe poems, I am ſo far from defending it, that I diſown it. "Totum hoc indictum volo." Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-ſpeaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our country-man, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuſes the ribaldry, which is very groſs in many of his novels.

But firſt, I pray you of your courteſy,
That ye ne arrettee it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly ſpeak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I ſpeak her words properly,
For this ye known as well as I,
Who ſhall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearſe as nye, as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All ſpeke he, never ſo rudely, ne large.
Or elſe he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:

He may not ſpare, although he were his brother,
He mote as well ſay o word as another.
Chriſt ſpake himſelf full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,
Eke Plato ſaith, who ſo can him rede,
The words mote been couſin to the dede.

Yet if a man ſhould have inquired of Boccace or of Chaucer, what need they had of introducing ſuch characters, where obſcene words were proper in their mouths, but very indecent to be heard; I know not what anſwer they could have made: for that reaſon, ſuch tale ſhall be left untold by me. You have here a ſpecimen of Chaucer's language, which is ſo obſolete, that his ſenſe is ſcarce to be underſtood; and you have likewiſe more than one example of his unequal numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his verſes conſiſt of ten ſyllables, and the words not much behind our preſent Engliſh: as for example, theſe two lines, in the deſcription of the carpenter's young wife:

Wincing ſhe was, as is a jolly colt,
Long as a maſt, and upright as a bolt.

I have almoſt done with Chaucer, when I have anſwered ſome objections relating to my preſent work. I find ſome people are offended that I have turned theſe tales into modern Engliſh; becauſe they think them unworthy of my pains, and look on Chaucer as a dry, old-faſhioned wit not worth reviving. I have often heard the late earl of Leiceſter ſay, that Mr. Cowley himſelf was of that opinion; who, having read him over at my lord's requeſt, declared he had no taſte of him. I dare not advance my opinion againſt the judgment of ſo great an author: but I think it fair, however, to leave the deciſion to the public: Mr. Cowley was too modeſt to ſet up for a dictator; and being ſhocked perhaps with his old ſtile, never examined into the depth of his good ſenſe. Chaucer, I confeſs, is a rough diamond, and muſt firſt be poliſhed, ere he ſhines. I deny not, likewiſe, that living in our early days of poetry, he writes not of a piece: but ſometimes mingles trivial things with thoſe of greater moment. Sometimes alſo, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has ſaid enough. But there are more great wits beſides Chaucer, whoſe fault is their exceſs of conceits, and thoſe ill ſorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having obſerved this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an eaſy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myſelf to a literal tranſlation; but have often omitted what I judged unneceſſary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have preſumed farther, in ſome places, and added ſomewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true luſtre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, becauſe (if I may be permitted to ſay it of myſelf) I found I had a ſoul congenial to his, and that I had been converſant in the ſame ſtudies. Another poet, in another age, may take the ſame liberty with my writings; if at leaſt they live long enough to deſerve correction. It was alſo neceſſary ſometimes to reſtore the ſenſe of Chaucer, which was loſt or mangled in the errors of the preſs: let this example ſuffice at preſent; in the ſtory of Palamon

and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is deſcribed, you find theſe verſes, in all the editions of our author:

> There ſaw I Danè turned into a tree,
> I mean not the goddeſs Diane,
> But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè:

Which after a little conſideration I knew was to be reformed into this ſenſe, that Daphne the daughter of Peneus was turned into a tree. I durſt not make thus bold with Ovid, leſt ſome future Milbourne ſhould ariſe, and ſay, I varied from my author, becauſe I underſtood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have tranſlated Chaucer into Engliſh, out of a quite contrary notion: they ſuppoſe there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little leſs than profanation and ſacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion that ſomewhat of his good ſenſe will ſuffer in this transfuſion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be loſt, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent perſon, whom I mentioned, the late earl of Leiceſter, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley deſpiſed him. My Lord diſſuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it ſome years before his death) and his authority prevailed ſo far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reaſon was not convinced with what he urged againſt it. If the firſt end of a writer be to be underſtood, then as his language grows obſolete, his thoughts muſt grow obſcure:

> "Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
> "Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula; ſi volet uſus,
> "Quem penès arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma loquendi."

When an ancient word for its ſound and ſignificancy deſerves to be revived, I have that reaſonable veneration for antiquity, to reſtore it. All beyond this is ſuperſtition. Words are not like landmarks, ſo ſacred as never to be removed; cuſtoms are changed; and even ſtatutes are ſilently repealed, when the reaſon ceaſes for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will loſe of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the firſt place, not only their beauty, but their being is loſt, where they are no longer underſtood, which is the preſent caſe. I grant that ſomething muſt be loſt in all transfuſion, that is, in all tranſlations; but the ſenſe will remain, which would otherwiſe be loſt, or at leaſt be maimed, when it is ſcarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, ſo as to underſtand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with leſs profit and no pleaſure. It is not for the uſe of ſome old Saxon friends, that I have taken theſe pains with him: let them neglect my verſion, becauſe they have no need of it. I made it for their ſakes who underſtood ſenſe and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and ſenſe is put into words which they underſtand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I loſe in ſome places, I give to others which had them not originally: but in this I may be partial to myſelf; let the reader judge, and I ſubmit to his deciſion. Yet I think I have juſt occaſion to complain of them, who, becauſe they underſtand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of

their countrymen of the ſame advantage, and hoard him up, as miſers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themſelves, and hinder others from making uſe of it. In ſum, I ſeriouſly proteſt, no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myſelf. I have tranſlated ſome part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at leaſt refreſh it, amongſt my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I muſt at the ſame time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him: "Facile eſt inventis addere," is no great commendation; and I am not ſo vain to think I have deſerved a greater. I will conclude what I have to ſay of him ſingly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correſpondence with ſome authors of the fair ſex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiſelle de Scudery, who is as old as Sybil, and inſpired like her by the ſame god of Poetry, is at this time tranſlating Chaucer into modern French. From which I gather, that he has been formerly tranſlated into the old Provençal (for how ſhe ſhould come to underſtand old Engliſh I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is ſomething in it like fatality; that, after certain periods of time, the fame and memory of great wits ſhould be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. If this be wholly chance, it is extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for of being taxed with ſuperſtition.

Boccace comes laſt to be conſidered, who, living in the ſame age with Chaucer, had the ſame genius, and followed the ſame ſtudies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greateſt reſemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar ſtile, and pleaſing way of relating comical adventures, I may paſs it over, becauſe I have tranſlated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the ſerious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's ſide; for though the Engliſhman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that thoſe of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: ſo that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the ſtories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though proſe allows more liberty of thought, and the expreſſion is more eaſy, when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at diſadvantage. I deſire not the reader to take my word: and therefore I will ſet two of their diſcourſes on the ſame ſubject, in the ſame light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I tranſlated Chaucer firſt, and, amongſt the reſt, pitched on the Wife of Bath's tale; not daring, as I have ſaid, to adventure on her prologue, becauſe it is too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a youthful knight of noble blood was forced to marry, and conſequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his averſion, endeavours to win his affection by reaſon, and ſpeaks a good word for herſelf, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the ſullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantage of old age and uglineſs, the vanity of youth, and the ſilly pride of anceſtry, and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had cloſed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and tranſlated ſome more of his fables: and by this time had ſo far forgotten the Wife of Bath's tale, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the ſame argument of preferring virtue to nobility of

blood, and titles, in the ſtory of Sigiſmunda; which I had certainly avoided for the reſemblance of the two diſcourſes, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other ſtories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis: the ſtory is more pleaſing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the diſpoſition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up ſeven years at leaſt; but Ariſtotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is eaſily reduced into the compaſs of a year, by a narration of what preceded the return of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whoſe laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this ſtory was of Engliſh growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for caſually looking on the end of his ſeventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he ſhadows himſelf) and Fiametta (who repreſents his miſtreſs the natural daughter of Robert king of Naples) of whom theſe words are ſpoken, "Dioneo e la Fiametta granpezza contarono inſieme d'Arcita, e di Palamone:" by which it appears that this ſtory was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly loſt, Chaucer is now become an original; and I queſtion not but the poem has received many beauties by paſſing through his noble hands. Beſides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was ſo particularly pleaſed, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myſelf from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done juſtice to others, I owe ſomewhat to myſelf: not that I think it worth my time to enter the liſts with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that ſuch men there are who have written ſcurrilouſly againſt me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in Orders, pretends amongſt the reſt this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on prieſthood: if I have, I am only to aſk pardon of good prieſts, and am afraid his part of the reparation will come to little. Let him be ſatisfied that he ſhall not be able to force himſelf upon me for an adverſary. I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him. His own tranſlations of Virgil have anſwered his criticiſms on mine. If (as they ſay, he has declared in print) he prefers the verſion of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him the ſame compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that he writes even below Ogilby: that, you will ſay, is not eaſily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn bring about? I am ſatisfied, however, that while he and I live together, I ſhall not be thought the worſt poet of the age. It looks as if I had deſired him underhand to write ſo ill againſt me: but upon my honeſt word I have not bribed him to do me this ſervice, and am wholly guiltleſs of his pamphlet. It is true, I ſhould be glad, if I could perſuade him to continue his good offices, and write ſuch another critique on any thing of mine: for I find by experience he has a great ſtroke with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems, to make the world have a better opinion of them. He has taken ſome pains with my poetry;

but nobody will be perſuaded to take the ſame with his. If I had taken to the church (as he affirms, but which was never in my thoughts) I ſhould have had more ſenſe, if not more grace, than to have turned myſelf out of my benefice by writing libels on my pariſhioners. But his account of my manners and my principles are of a piece with his cavils and his poetry: and ſo I have done with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Phyſician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Abſalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, becauſe nothing ill is to be ſpoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only ſay, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an Epic poem on king Arthur, in my preface to the tranſlation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the ſtory; though he had the baſeneſs not to acknowledge his benefactor; but inſtead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I ſhall ſay the leſs of Mr. Collier, becauſe in many things he has taxed me juſtly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expreſſions of mine, which can be truly argued of obſcenity, profaneneſs, or immorality; and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no perſonal occaſion to be otherwiſe, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes not me to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cauſe, when I have ſo often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his gloſſes, and interpreted my words into blaſphemy and baudry, of which they were not guilty; beſides that he is too much given to horſe-play in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not ſay, the zeal of God's houſe has eaten him up; but I am ſure it has devoured ſome part of his good manners and civility. It might alſo be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbiſh of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employed his pains to better purpoſe, than in the naſtineſs of Plautus and Ariſtophanes; whoſe examples, as they excuſe not me, ſo it might be poſſibly ſuppoſed, that he read them not without ſome pleaſure. They who have written commentaries on thoſe poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained ſome vices, which, without their interpretation, had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more baudry in one Play of Fletcher's, called The Cuſtom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the ſtage in my remembrance. Are the times ſo much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cauſe of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have ſome of them anſwered for themſelves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier ſo

formidable an enemy, that we ſhould ſhun him. He has loſt ground at the latter end of the day, by purſuing his point too far, like the prince of Condé at the battle of Senneph: from immoral plays, to no plays; "ab abuſu "ad uſum, non valet conſequentia." But being a party, I am not to erect myſelf into a judge. As for the reſt of thoſe who have written againſt me, they are ſuch ſcoundrels, that they deſerve not the leaſt notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only diſtinguiſhed from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

——— "Demetri, Teque Tigelli
"Diſcipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras."

TO

HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF ORMOND,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

MADAM,

THE bard who firſt adorn'd our na'ive tongue
Tun'd to his Britiſh lyre this ancient ſong:
Which Homer might without a bluſh rehearſe,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verſe.
He match'd their beauties, where they moſt excell;
Of love ſung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchſafe, illuſtrious Ormond, to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if ſuch deeds of arms were done,
Inſpir'd by two fair eyes, that ſparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the beſt idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The faireſt nymph before his eyes he ſet;
And then the faireſt was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made her prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the nobleſt order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conqueſts, and extend your own:
As when the ſtars in their etherial race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid ſpace,
At certain periods they reſume their place,
From the ſame point of heav'n their courſe advance,
And move in meaſures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, ſhe returns,
Reſtor'd in you, and the ſame place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the ſphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty ſtill is fatal to the line)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you:
Or had you liv'd, to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight:
And conqu'ring Theſeus from his ſide had ſent
Your gen'rous lord to guide the Theban government.
Time ſhall accompliſh that, and I ſhall ſee
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.

Already have the fates your path prepar'd,
And ſure preſage your future ſway declar'd:
When Weſtward, like the ſun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the ſignal from the ſhore,
The ready Nereids heard, and ſwam before
To ſmooth the ſeas; a ſoft Eteſian gale
But juſt inſpir'd, and gently ſwell'd the ſail;
Portunus took his turn, whoſe ample hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd keel, and ſunk the ſand,
And ſteer'd the ſacred veſſel ſafe to land.
The land, if not reſtrained, had me your way,
Projected out a neck, and jutted to the ſea.
Hibernia, proſtrate at your feet, ador'd,
In you, the pledge of her expected lord;
Due to her iſle; a venerable name;
His father and his grandfire known to fame:
Aw'd by that houſe, accuſtom'd to command,
The ſturdy Kerns in due ſubjection ſtand;
Nor beat the reins in any foreign hand.
At your approach they crowded to the port;
And ſcarcely landed, you create a court:
As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run;
For Venus is the promiſe of the ſun.
The waſte of civil wars, their towns deſtroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot; and one triumphant day
Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
Blood, rapines, maſſacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty recompence your beauty brought.
As when the dove returning, bore the mark
Of earth reſtor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
The relics of mankind, ſecure of reſt,
Op'd ev'ry window to receive the gueſt,
And the fair bearer of the meſſage bleſs'd;
So, when you came, with loud repeated cries,
The nation took an omen from your eyes,
And God advanc'd his rainbow in the ſkies,
To ſign inviolable peace reſtor'd;
The ſaints with ſolemn ſhouts proclaim'd the new accord.

When at your ſecond coming you appear,
(For I foretell the millenary year)
The ſharpen'd ſhare ſhall vex the ſoil no more,
But earth unbidden ſhall produce her ſtore:
The land ſhall laugh, the circling ocean ſmile,
And heav'n's indulgence bleſs the holy iſle.
Heav'n from all ages has reſerv'd for you
That happy clime, which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have pow'r to chaſe all poiſon, but their own.
Now in this interval, which fate has caſt
Betwixt your future glories, and your paſt,
This pauſe of pow'r, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your ſafe return,
By which you ſeem the ſeaſons to command,
And bring our ſummers back to their forſaken land.
The vanquiſh'd iſle our leiſure muſt attend,
Till the fair bleſſing we vouchſafe to ſend;
Nor can we ſpare you long, tho' often we may lend.
The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The world was dry'd; and ſhe return'd no more.
Nor dare we truſt ſo ſoft a meſſenger,
New from her ſickneſs, to that northern air;
Reſt here awhile, your luſtre to reſtore,
That they may ſee you as you ſhone before:
For yet, th' eclipſe not wholly paſt, you wade
Thro' ſome remains, and dimneſs of a ſhade.
A ſubject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor ſuffer him with ſtrength impair'd to fight;
Till force returns, his ardour we reſtrain,
And curb his warlike wiſh to croſs the main.
Now paſt the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' enquiry, where diſeaſe could enter in;
How thoſe malignant atoms forc'd their way,
What in the faultleſs frame they found to make their prey?
Where ev'ry element was weigh'd ſo well,
That heav'n alone who mix'd the maſs, could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, impriſon'd in ſo ſweet a cage,
A ſoul might well be pleas'd to paſs an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak;
Porcelain by being pure, is apt to break:
Ev'n to your breaſt the ſickneſs durſt aſpire;
And forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely ſet the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord like young Veſpaſian mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the ſanctuary burn'd:
And I prepar'd to pay in verſes rude
A moſt deteſted act of gratitude:
Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the tablet of my vow.
Your angel ſure our Morley's mind inſpir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
Or heav'n, which had ſuch over-coſt beſtow'd,
As ſcarce it could afford to fleſh and blood,
So lov'd the frame, he would not work anew,
To ſave the charges of another you.
Or by his middle ſcience did he ſteer,
And ſaw ſome great continzent good appear,
Well worth a miracle to keep you here.
And for that end, preſerv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated in his better mind
As large from you, who may redeem the falling kind.

Bleſs'd be the pow'r which has at once reſtor'd
The hopes of loſt ſucceſſion to your lord,
Joy to the firſt, and laſt of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and what I long'd to ſee,
To you the graces, and the muſe to me.
O daughter of the roſe, whoſe cheeks unite
The diff'ring titles of the red and white;
Who heav'n's alternate beauty well diſplay,
The bluſh of morning, and the milky way;
Whoſe face is paradiſe, but fenc'd from ſin:
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.
All is your lord's alone; ev'n abſent, he
Employs the care of chaſte Penelope.
For him you waſte in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers:
Such works of old imperial dames were taught;
Such for Aſcanius, fair Eliſa wrought.
The ſoft receſſes of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a ſon:
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

THE KNIGHT's TALE,

FROM CHAUCER, IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

IN days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame
A valiant prince; and Theſeus was his name:
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd
The riſing nor the ſetting ſun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown:
In Scythia with the warrior queen he ſtrove,
Whom firſt by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her ſiſter, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theſeus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his ſide.
I paſs their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their ſhouts, their ſongs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen, and hero knight.
The town beſieg'd, and how much blood it coſt
The female army and th' Athenian hoſt:
The ſpouſals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts, and turneys at the feaſt were ſeen;

The ſtorm at their return, the ladies fear:
But theſe and other things I muſt forbear.
The field is ſpacious I deſign to ſow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waſte my ſtrength;
And trivial accidents ſhall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at firſt enjoin'd us by mine hoſt:
That he whoſe tale is beſt, and pleaſes moſt,
Should win his ſupper at our common coſt.
And therefore where I left, I will purſue
This antient ſtory, whether falſe or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmoſt of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to caſt his eye aſide,
And ſaw a quire of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two acroſs the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breaſts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying till they ſeiz'd at laſt
His courſer's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
Tell me, ſaid Theſeus, what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praiſe, and would deſtroy
With grief my pleaſures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your requeſt, and I will eaſe your grief.
The moſt in years of all the mourning train
Began; (but ſounded firſt away for pain)
Then ſcarce recover'd, ſpoke: nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redreſs,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy ſucceſs:
We wretched women ſue for that alone,
Which of thy goodneſs is refus'd to none:
Let fall ſome drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be juſt, and we deſerve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of ſovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance which never bears
That mortal bliſs ſhould laſt for length of years,
She caſt us headlong from our high eſtate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait;
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddeſs Clemency.
But rev'rence thou the power whoſe name it bears,
Relieve th' oppreſs'd, and wipe the widows tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortune ſeen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curs'd be the fatal day!
And all the reſt thou ſeeſt in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle loſt
Before that town beſieg'd by our confed'rate hoſt:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and uſurps the lands,
Denies the rites of fun'ral fires to thoſe
Whoſe breathleſs bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and ſuch his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeleſs limbs his hounds are fed:
At this ſhe ſhriek'd aloud, the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and grov'ling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Beſought his pity to their helpleſs kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He ſigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, ſo fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty ſteed he flew,
And raiſing one by one the ſuppliant crew,
To comfort each, full ſolemnly he ſwore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And what e'er elſe to Chivalry belongs,
He would not ceaſe, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece ſhould ſee perform'd what he declar'd,
And cruel Creon find his juſt reward.
He ſaid no more, but ſhunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his ſiſter and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron carr;
Red was his ſword and ſhield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead ſeem'd to glow with fire;
Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the ſtandard flew,
And the green graſs was dy'd to ſanguin hue.
High on his ſpointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaure:
The ſoldiers ſhout around with generous rage,
And in that victory, their own preſage.
He prais'd their ardour: only pleas'd to ſee
His hoſt the flow'r of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd; and all th' enſuing night;
And ſaw the city with returning light.
The proceſs of the war I need not tell,
How Theſeus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by ſtorm the walls were won,
Or how the victor ſack'd and burn'd the town:
How to the ladies he reſtor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle ſlain:
And with what ancient rites they were inter'd;
All theſe to fitter time ſhall be deferr'd:
I ſpare the widows tears, their woful cries
And howling at their huſband's obſequies;
How Theſeus at theſe fun'rals did aſſiſt,
And with what gifts the mourning dames diſmiſs'd.
Thus when the victor chief had Creon ſlain
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and when the day return'd,
The country waſted, and the hamlets burn'd;
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without controul to ſtrip and ſpoil the dead.
There, in a heap of ſlain, among the reſt
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load oppreſs'd
Of ſlaughter'd foes, whom firſt to death they ſent,
The trophies of their ſtrength, a bloody monument,
Both fair, and both of royal blood they ſeem'd,
Whom kinſmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their ſwords, their ſhields, their ſurcoats were the ſame.
Cloſe by each other laid they preſs'd the ground,
Their manly boſoms pierc'd with many a gaping wound;
Nor well a'live, nor wholly dead they were,
But ſome faint ſigns of feeble life appear:
The wand'ring breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulſe, and hardly heav'd the heart.

These two were sisters sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent;
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as pris'ners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie,
In durance, doom'd a ling'ring death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd and more renown'd.
But in a tow'r, and never to be loos'd,
The woful captive kinsmen are enclos'd.
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, ('twas on the morn of chearful May)
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new
(For with the rose colour strove her hue)
Wak'd as her custom was before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep:
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguished loves;
In this remembrance Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair;
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpl'd o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden-walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
At ev'ry turn, she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose, and ev'ry rose she drew
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew:
Then party-colour'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear.
Ev'n wand'ring Philomel forgot to sing;
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring.
The tow'r, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was enclos'd within the square
When young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon the pris'ner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And with his jailor's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tow'r he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger jail he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flow'rs in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last (for so his destiny requir'd)
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He thro' a little window cast his sight,
Tho' thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But ev'n that glimm'ring serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.
S arce had he seen, but seiz'd with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpow'ring light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence, and how his change of cheer began?
Or who had done th' offence? but if, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity;
For love of heav'n, with patience undergo
A cureless ill since fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under earth:
Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done;
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun.
Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt thro' either eye:
Pierc'd with a random-shaft, I faint away
And perish with insensible decay:
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus, (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in heav'n) nor art thou less;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape,
O help us captives from our chains to scape;
But if our doom be past in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die;
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And shew compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant pow'r! while yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes; and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in ev'ry glance.
O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.

Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes.)
Speak'ſt thou in earneſt, or in jeſting vein?
Jeſting, ſaid Arcite, ſuits but ill with pain.
It ſuits far worſe, (ſaid Palamon again,
And bent his brows) with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendſhip to betray;
But worſt with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinſman, and in arms my brother ſworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one ſhould be the common good of both?
One ſoul ſhould both inſpire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in purſuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to farther my deſign:
As I am bound by vow to farther thine:
Nor canſt, nor dar'ſt thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thy own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whoſe faith I truſt, and on whoſe care depend:
And wouldſt thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than releaſe, would chuſe to die?
But thou, falſe Arcite, never ſhalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee firſt my pain:
For firſt my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother ſworn,
Art bound t' aſſiſt my elderſhip of right,
Or juſtly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.
Thus Palamon: but Arcite with diſdain
In haughty language thus reply'd again:
Forſworn thyſelf: the traitor's odious name
I firſt return, and then diſprove thy claim.
If love be paſſion, and that paſſion nurſt
With ſtrong deſires, I lov'd the lady firſt.
Canſt thou pretend deſire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worſhip, and a pow'r celeſtial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the bleſt above,
I ſaw the woman, and deſir'd her love;
Firſt own'd my paſſion, and to thee commend
Th' important ſecret, as my choſen friend.
Suppoſe (which yet I grant not) thy deſire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of ſeeing firſt thy title prove?
And know'ſt thou not, no law is made for love?
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate:
Laws are but poſitive: love's pow'r we ſee
Is nature's ſanction, and her firſt decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cauſe.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waſte:
Maids, widows, wives, without diſtinction fall;
The ſweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
If then the laws of friendſhip I tranſgreſs,
I keep the greater, while I break the leſs;
And both are mad alike, ſince neither can poſſeſs.
But hopeleſs to be ranſom'd, never more
To ſee the ſun but as he paſſes o'er.
Like Eſop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitleſs fight continu'd all the day;
A cur came by, and ſnatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore juſtle for a grant,
And when they break their friendſhip, plead their want,
So thou, if fortune will thy ſuit advance,
Love on; nor envy me my equal chance:
For I muſt love, and am reſolv'd to try
My fate, or falling in th' adventure die.
Great was their ſtrife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a furly ſtand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they paſs'd,
And wiſh'd that ev'ry look might be their laſt.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came, t' attend
This worthy Theſeus, his familiar friend:
Their love in early infancy began,
And roſe as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war; and lov'd ſo well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient ſtories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to purſue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother, is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long ſince,
And honour'd by this young Theſſalian prince.
Theſeus, to gratify his friend and gueſt,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his requeſt,
Reſtor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on theſe hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite ſhould be found
Within the compaſs of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this, Pirithous for his friend, agreed,
And on his promiſe was the priſ'ner freed.
Unpleas'd and penſive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life muſt pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchaſe, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he ſaid, in priſon pent,
If I but change my bonds for baniſhment?
And baniſh'd from her ſight, I ſuffer more,
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her preſence, and condemn'd to flee
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heav'n is not but where Emily abides,
And where ſhe's abſent, all is hell beſides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurſt
Which bound my friendſhip to Pirithous firſt:
Had I not known that prince I ſtill had been
In bondage, and had ſtill Emilia ſeen:
For tho' I never can her grace deſerve,
'Tis recompence enough to ſee and ſerve.
O Palamon, my kinſman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face mayſt feed thy eyes,
In priſon, no; but bliſsful paradiſe!
Thou daily ſeeſt that ſun of beauty ſhine,
And lov'ſt at leaſt in love's extremeſt line.
I mourn in abſence, love's eternal night,
And who can tell but ſince thou haſt her ſight,
And art a comely, young and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various pow'r) may ceaſe to frown,
And by ſome ways unknown thy wiſhes crown?

But I, the moſt forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathſome life in care,
For my reward muſt end it in deſpair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and heav'n that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand can eaſe my grief,
Nothing but death, the wretch's laſt relief:
Then farewel, youth, and all the joys that dwell
With youth and life, and life itſelf farewell.
But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than thoſe which we deſire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are ſlain:
Some pray from priſon to be freed; and come
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by thoſe they truſted with their life;
A favour'd ſervant, or a boſom wife.
Such dear-bought bleſſings happen ev'ry day,
Becauſe we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken ſots about the ſtreets we roam;
Well knows the ſot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and ſtaggers ev'ry pace.
Thus all ſeek happineſs; but few can find,
For 'tis the greater part of men are blind.
This is my caſe, who thought our utmoſt good
Was in one word of freedom underſtood:
The fatal bleſſing came: from priſon free,
I ſtarve abroad, and loſe the ſight of Emily.
Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His ſuff'rings, Palamon yet ſuffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He ſwells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he ſtares, he ſtamps the ground;
The hollow tow'r with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And drop'd all o'er with agony of ſweat.
Alas! he cry'd, I wretch in priſon pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'ſt at large, thou draw'ſt thy native air,
Bleſs'd with thy freedom, proud of my deſpair:
Thou may'ſt, ſince thou haſt youth and courage join'd,
A ſweet behaviour, and a ſolid mind,
Aſſemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy diſgrace.
And after (by ſome treaty made) poſſeſs
Fair Emily, the pledge of laſting peace.
Be thine ſhall be the beauteous prize, while I
Muſt languiſh in deſpair, in priſon die.
Thou all th' advantage of the ſtrife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double ſorrows mine.
The rage of jealouſy then fir'd his ſoul,
And his face kindl'd like a burning coal:
Now cold deſpair, ſucceeding in her ſtead,
To livid paleneſs turns the glowing red.
His blood ſcarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind conſtrains.
Then thus he ſaid; Eternal deities,
Who rule the world with abſolute decrees,
And write whatever time ſhall bring to paſs
With pens of adamant, on plates of braſs;
What is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the reſt is liable to pain,
And like the ſheep, his brother-beaſt, is ſlain.
Cold, hunger, priſons, ills without a cure,
All theſe he muſt, and guiltleſs oft, endure:
Or does your juſtice, pow'r, or preſcience fail,
When the good ſuffer, and the bad prevail?
What worſe to wretched virtue could befall,
If fate, or giddy fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worſe than other beaſts is our eſtate?
Them, to purſue their pleaſures you create;
We, bound by harder laws, muſt curb our will,
And your commands, not our deſires fulfill:
Then when the creature is unjuſtly ſlain,
Yet after death at leaſt he feels no pain;
But man in life ſurcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to ſuffer more.
A ſerpent ſhoots his ſting at unaware;
An ambuſh'd thief forelays a traveller;
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and ſnake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know,
Juſt, or unjuſt, I have my ſhare of woe:
Through Saturn ſeated in a luckleſs place,
And Juno's wrath, that perſecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus in a quartil, move
My pangs of jealouſy for Arcite's love.
Let Palamon oppreſs'd in bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this the Sun declining from his height,
The day had ſhortned to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of miſery
Both to the captive lover, and the free.
For Palamon in endleſs priſon mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns.
The baniſh'd never hopes his love to ſee,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to ſay who ſuffers greater pains,
One ſees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free and all his motions uncontroul'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he wou'd behold
Judge as you pleaſe, for I will haſte to tell
What fortune to the baniſh'd knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loſs of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worſe, than never more to ſee
His life, his ſoul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madneſs of deſpair,
He roar'd, he beat his breaſt, he tore his hair.
Dry ſorrow in his ſtupid eyes appears,
For wanting nouriſhment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow ſockets ſink,
Bereft of ſleep; he loaths his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale ſpectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of ſapleſs boxen leaves:
In ſolitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone.
Nor mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleaſures ſhares,
But ſighs when ſongs and inſtruments he hears:
His ſpirits are ſo low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a ſwound,
Like the deaf murmurs of a diſtant ſound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and ſqualid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay deſire;
But full of muſeful mopings, which preſage
The loſs of reaſon, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,

It happen'd once, that ſlumb'ring as he lay,
He dreamt (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with ſoft words his drooping ſpirits cheer'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, diſclos'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the ſleep-compelling rod:
Such as he ſeem'd, when at his ſire's command
On Argus' head he laid the ſnaky wand;
Ariſe, he ſaid, to conqu'ring Athens go,
There fate appoints an end of all thy woe.
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a ſtart,
Againſt his boſom bounc'd his heaving heart;
But ſoon he ſaid, with ſcarce recover'd breath,
And thither will I go to meet my death,
Sure to be ſlain; but death is my deſire,
Since in Emilia's ſight I ſhall expire.
By chance he ſpy'd a mirrour while he ſpoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wond'ring, he ſaw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that ſcarce himſelf he knew.
A ſudden thought then ſtarting in his mind,
Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may ſearch in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this diſguiſe.
Thanks to the change which grief and ſickneſs give,
In low eſtate I may ſecurely live,
And ſee unknown my miſtreſs day by day:
He ſaid; and cloath'd himſelf in coarſe array;
A lab'ring hind in ſhew: then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian tow'rs his journey bent:
One ſquire attended in the ſame diſguiſe,
Made conſcious of his maſter's enterprize.
Arriv'd at Athens, ſoon he came to court,
Unknown, unqueſtion'd in that thick reſort;
Proff'ring for hire his ſervice at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befel him, that for little gain
He ſerv'd at firſt Emilia's chamberlain;
And watchful all advantages to ſpy,
Was ſtill at hand, and in his maſter's eye;
And as his bones were big, and ſinews ſtrong,
Refus'd no toil that could to ſlaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He paſs'd a year at leaſt attending thus
On Emily, and called Philoſtratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much eſteem'd, ſo well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courteſy was blown:
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace;
That exercis'd within a higher ſphere,
His virtues more conſpicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theſeus to high favour rais'd;
Among his menial ſervants firſt enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with ſums of gold:
Beſides what ſecretly from Thebes was ſent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent.
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiouſly conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increaſe,
In arms of honour, and eſteem in peace;
To Theſeus' perſon he was ever near,
And Theſeus for his virtues held him dear.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PALAMON AND ARCITE: OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliſs, the ſtory turns
Where hopeleſs Palamon in priſon mourns.
For ſix long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and ſcarcely ſeen the light:
Loſt liberty, and love at once he bore;
His priſon pain'd him much, his paſſion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wiſhes to be free from love.
But when the ſixth revolving year was run,
And May within the twins receiv'd the ſun,
Were it by chance, or forceful deſtiny,
Which forms in cauſes firſt whate'er ſhall be,
Aſſiſted by a friend one moonleſs night,
This Palamon from priſon took his flight:
A pleaſant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd, with added ſtore
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who ſwallow'd unaware the ſleepy draught,
And ſnor'd ſecure till morn, his ſenſes bound
In ſlumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the riſing ſun.
A thick ſpread foreſt near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd ſtrides he took his way,
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day:)
Safe from purſuit, he meant to ſhun the light,
Till the brown ſhadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next deſign
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theſeus, till he loſt his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the ling'ring day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our ſtile;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
'Till treach'rous fortune caught him in the ſnare.
The morning-lark, the meſſenger of day,
Saluted in her ſong the morning gray:
And ſoon the ſun aroſe with beams ſo bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyous ſight;
He with his tepid rays the roſe renews,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, reſolv'd to pay
Obſervance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery ſteed betimes he rode,
That ſcarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At eaſe he ſeem'd, and prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horſe's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and lighting there,
A woodbind garland ſought to crown his hair;

Then turn'd his face againſt the riſing day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.
For thee, ſweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:
When thy ſhort reign is paſt, the fev'riſh ſun
The ſultry Tropic fears, and moves more ſlowly on.
So may thy tender bloſſoms fear no blite,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou ſhalt guide my wand'ring feet to find
The fragrant greens I ſeek, my brows to bind.
His vows addreſs'd, within the grove he ſtray'd,
Till Fate, or Fortune, near the place convey'd
His ſteps where ſecret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who flying death had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and ſhunning mortal fight.
And leſs he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been ſaid of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wiſe are ever on their guard,
For, unforeſeen, they ſay, is unprepar'd.
Unwarious Arcite thought himſelf alone,
And leſs than all ſuſpected Palamon,
Who lift'ning heard him, while he ſearch'd the grove,
And loudly ſung his roundelay of love.
But on the ſudden ſtopp'd, and ſilent ſtood,
As lovers often muſe, and change their mood;)
Now high as heav'n, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well:
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And ſeldom ſhall we ſee a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite having ſung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his boſom drew
A deſp'rate ſigh, accuſing heav'n and fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
Curſt be the day when firſt I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Leſt it pollute the month, and poiſon all the year.
Still will the jealous queen purſue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceaſes not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I ſuffer for my blood: unjuſt decree!
That puniſhes another's crimes on me.
In mean eſtate I ſerve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my ſhame,
Has forc'd me to forſake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philoſtratus I am.
That ſide of heav'n is all my enemy:
Mars ruin'd Thebes; his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Beſide myſelf, th' unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theſeus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet theſe, and all the reſt I could endure;
But love's a malady without a cure:
Fierce love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He tries within, and hiſſes at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate purſue;
I ſuffer for the reſt, I die for you.
Of ſuch a goddeſs no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where ſhe was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my ſuff'rings, if you knew my pain:
At this a ſickly qualm his heart aſſail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his ſenſes fail'd.
No word miſs'd Palamon of all he ſpoke,
But ſoon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembl'd ev'ry limb, and felt a ſmart,
As if cold ſteel had glided through his heart;
Nor longer ſtaid, but ſtarting from his place,
Diſcover'd ſtood, and ſhew'd his hoſtile face:
Falſe traytor Arcite, traytor to thy blood,
Bound by thy ſacred oath to ſeek my good,
Now art thou found forſworn, for Emily;
And dar'ſt attempt her love, for whom I die.
So haſt thou cheated Theſeus with a wile,
Againſt thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as falſe to me,
So falſe thou art to him who ſet thee free:
But reſt aſſur'd, that either thou ſhalt die,
Or elſe renounce thy claim in Emily:
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my ſword or pointed lance;
Hope not, baſe man, unqueſtion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.
Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His ſword unſheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
Now by the gods, who govern heav'n above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy laſt, or in this grove
This hand ſhould force thee to renounce thy love.
The ſurety which I gave thee, I defie;
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.
Know I will ſerve the fair in thy deſpight;
But ſince thou art my kinſman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms ſhall plead the titles of our love:
And heav'n ſo help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cauſe and quarrel both unknown;
With arms of proof both for myſelf and thee;
Chuſe thou the beſt, and leave the worſt to me.
And, that at better eaſe, thou maiſt abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful ſuſtenance, that thou maiſt be
A conqueſt better won, and worthy me.
His promiſe Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the firſt he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou ſternly doſt thy pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowſhip diſdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd and Palamon,
Both in deſpair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding, and with food ſupply'd:
Then, ere the day, two ſuits of armour ſought,
Which born before him on his ſteed he brought:
Both were of ſhining ſteel, and wrought ſo pure,
As might the ſtrokes of two ſuch arms endure.
Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger, and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So ſtands the Thracian herdſman with his ſpear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the haunted bear,

And hears him ruſtling in the wood, and ſees
His courſe at diſtance by the bending trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy.
And either he muſt fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A gen'rous chilneſs ſeizes ev'ry part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortifie the heart.
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb ſullineſs, each arm'd with care
His foe profeſt, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment loſt, at once advance
Againſt each other, arm'd with ſword and lance:
They laſh, they foin, they paſs, they ſtrive to bore
Their corſlets, and the thinneſt parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they ſtood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the ſpot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With riſing briſtles, and with froathy jaws,
Their adverſe breaſts with tuſks oblique they wound;
With grunts and groans the foreſt rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting muſt abide,
Till fate an umpire ſends their diff'rence to decide.
The pow'r that miniſters to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what heav'n foreſees,
Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal ſway,
Comes with reſiſtleſs force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united pow'r
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And ſome one day, ſome wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For ſure, whate'er we mortals hate or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on pow'rs above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foreſight neceſſitate the will.
In Theſeus this appears; whoſe youthful joy
Was beaſts of chaſe in foreſts to deſtroy;
This gentle knight, inſpir'd by jolly May
Forſook his eaſy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds purſu'd his way.
Beſide him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green:
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, ſo now
He ſerves the goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
The way that Theſeus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle ſtood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which th' uncoupl'd hounds began the chace.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouſe the prey,
That ſhaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And thence diſlodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and croſs the cryſtal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the ſun,
He ſaw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightening flam'd their fauchions to and fro,
And ſhot a dreadful gleam; ſo ſtrong they ſtrook,
There ſeem'd leſs force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Reſolv'd to learn, he ſpur'd his fiery ſteed
With goring rowels, to provoke his ſpeed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So ſoon he was betwixt 'em on the place;
And with his ſword unſheath'd on pain of life
Commands both combatants to ceaſe their ſtrife:
Then with imperious tone purſues his threat;
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride preſume againſt my laws,
As in a liſted field to fight your cauſe?
Unaſk'd the royal grant; no marſhal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?
Then Palamon with ſcarce recover'd breath,
Thus haſty ſpoke; we both deſerve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair ſo wretched is not to be found.
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to ſet th' impriſon'd ſoul at large.
Now as thou art a ſovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty.
Me firſt, O kill me firſt; and cure my woe:
Then ſheath the ſword of juſtice on my foe:
Or kill him firſt; for when his name is heard,
He foremoſt will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe,
On whom thy grace did liberty beſtow,
But firſt contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit: ſee return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour ſcorn'd.
For this is he, who with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd ſervice, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philoſtratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor truſted, and in high degree,
Aſpiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains: from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myſelf th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; ſince no diſgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me from what I am: I broke thy chain,
Nor promis'd I thy priſ'ner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is giv'n,
And life itſelf th' inferior gift of heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, ſince I thy life purſue,
For ſafeguard of thyſelf, death is my due.
More would'ſt thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her ſake, and in her ſight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no leſs
Deſerves; and I thy righteous doom will bleſs,
Aſſur'd that what I loſe, he never ſhall poſſeſs.
To this reply'd the ſtern Athenian prince,
And ſowrly ſmil'd, in owing your offence
You judge yourſelf; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your deſert, the death you have decreed;
I ſeal your doom, and ratify the deed.
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He ſaid; dumb ſorrow ſeiz'd the ſtanders by.
The queen above the reſt, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when ſhe began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.

All drop'd their tears, ev'n the contended maid;
And thus among themſelves they ſoftly ſaid:
What eyes can ſuffer this unworthy ſight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The maſterſhip of heav'n in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithleſs kind;
See their wide ſtreaming wounds; they neither came
From pride of empire, nor deſire of fame:
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applauſe;
But love, for love alone; that crowns the lover's cauſe.
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in ev'ry lady's mind,
They left their ſteeds, and proſtrate on the place,
From the fierce king, implor'd th' offender's grace.
He paus'd a while, ſtood ſilent in his mood,
(For yet, his rage was boiling in his blood)
But ſoon his tender mind th' impreſſion felt,
(As ſofteſt metals are not ſlow to melt,
And pity ſooneſt runs in gentle minds:)
Then reaſons with himſelf; and firſt he finds
His paſſion caſt a miſt before his ſenſe,
And either made, or magnify'd th' offence.
Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the cauſe?
The priſ'ner freed himſelf by nature's laws:
Born free, he fought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his eyes,
And ſaw the women's tears, and heard their cries;
Which mov'd compaſſion more: he ſhook his head,
And ſoftly ſighing to himſelf, he ſaid,
Curſe on th'unpard'ning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorſe; who rules by lions law;
And deaf to pray'rs, by no ſubmiſſion bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent, and proud:
At this, with look ſerene, he rais'd his head,
Reaſon reſum'd her place, and paſſion fled:
Then thus aloud he ſpoke: the pow'r of love,
In earth, and ſeas, and air, and heav'n above,
Rules, unreſiſted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:
He binds the wiſe, gives eye-ſight to the blind;
And moulds and ſtamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in ſafety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native ſoil
At eaſe to reap the harveſt of their toil?
But love, their lord, did otherwiſe ordain,
And brought them in their own deſpite again,
To ſuffer death deſerv'd; for well they know,
'Tis in my pow'r, and I their deadly foe;
The proverb holds, that to be wiſe and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed: behold the gains
With which their maſter, love, rewards their pains:
For ſeven long years, on duty ev'ry day,
To their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they ſerve him on,
And ask the fools, they think it wiſely done:
Nor eaſe, nor wealth, nor life itſelf regard,
For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair for whom they ſtrove
Nor knew before, nor could ſuſpect their love,
Nor thought when ſhe beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was th' occaſion of the war.
But ſure a gen'ral doom on man is paſt,
And all are fools and lovers, firſt or laſt:
This both by others and myſelf I know.
For I have ſerv'd their ſovereign long ago,
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female ſnares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts conſtrain.
To this remembrance, and the pray'rs of thoſe
Who for th' offending warriors interpoſe,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their ſov'reign lord;
And as my vaſſals, to their utmoſt might,
Aſſiſt my perſon, and aſſert my right.
This, freely ſworn, the knights their grace obtain'd;
Then thus the king his ſecret thoughts explain'd:
If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deſerve
A princeſs born, and ſuch is ſhe you ſerve:
For Emily is ſiſter to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known;
But ſhou'd you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot ſhare a ſingle bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both he left to deſtiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who beſt deſerves her love.
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you pleaſe repair;
But on the day when this returning Sun
To the ſame point through ev'ry ſign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights ſhall bring,
In royal liſts, to fight before the king;
And then, the knight, whom fate or happy chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms ſo far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his oppoſite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love ſhall gain;
The vanquiſh'd party ſhall their claim releaſe,
And the long jars conclude in laſting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the choſen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions ſo renown'd;
And take the patrons place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And heav'n of me ſo judge, as I ſhall judge aright.
If both are ſatisfy'd with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my ſword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And raviſh'd Arcite ſeems to touch the ſky:
The whole aſſembl'd troop was pleas'd as well,
Extoll'd th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bleſs the gracious king. The knights with leave
Departing from the place, his laſt commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inſpiration took.
From thence to Thebes' old walls purſue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd on our hiſtorian's part,
Or too much negligence, or want of art,
If he forgot the vaſt magnificence
Of royal Theſeus, and his large expence.
He firſt enclos'd for liſts a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around:
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was ſunk, to moat the place about.
Within, an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees; to ſixty paces rear'd:

That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to ſee.
Eaſtward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the weſtern oppoſite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never ſaw; nor of ſo vaſt a ſpace.
For, rich with ſpoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artiſts Theſeus could command;
Who ſold for hire, or wrought for better fame:
The maſter-painters, and the carvers came.
So roſe within the compaſs of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eaſtern gate was rais'd above
A temple ſacred to the queen of love;
An altar ſtood below: on either hand
A prieſt with roſes crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was enclos'd,
Within the wall, of alabaſter white,
And crimſon coral, for the queen of night,
Who takes in ſylvan ſports her chaſte delight.
Within theſe oratories might you ſee
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where ev'ry figure to the life expreſs'd
The godhead's pow'r to whom it was addreſs'd.
In Venus' temple, on the ſides were ſeen
The broken ſlumbers of enamour'd men:
Pray'rs, that ev'n ſpoke, and pity ſeem'd to call,
And iſſuing ſighs that ſmoak'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot deſires, the lover's hell,
And ſcalding tears that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's aſſurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in luſt, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And ſprightly hope, and ſhort-enduring joy;
And ſorceries, to raiſe th' infernal powr's,
And ſigils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark deſpair:
Suſpicions, and fantaſtical ſurmiſe,
And jealouſy ſuffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes;
Diſcolouring all ſhe view'd, in tawney dreſs'd;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fiſt.
Oppos'd to her, on t'other ſide, advance
The coſtly feaſt, the carol, and the dance,
Miniſtrels, and muſic, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All theſe were painted on the wall, and more;
With acts, and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there, th' Idalian mount, and Cytheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn:
Before the palace-gate, in careleſs dreſs,
And looſe array, ſat portreſs idleneſs:
There, by the fount, Narciſſus pin'd alone;
There Sampſon was; with wiſer Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone:
Medea's charms were there, Circean feaſts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youth to beaſts.
Here might be ſeen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And proweſs, to the pow'r of love ſubmit:
The ſpreading ſnare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.

The goddeſs ſelf, ſome noble hand had wrought;
Smiling ſhe ſeem'd, and full of pleaſing thought:
From ocean as ſhe firſt began to riſe,
And ſmooth'd the ruffled ſeas, and clear'd the ſkies;
She trode the brine, all bare below the breaſt,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the reſt;
A lute ſhe held; and on her head was ſeen
A wreath of roſes red, and myrtles green:
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And by his mother, ſtood an infant love:
With wings unfledg'd, his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly ſtore.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red,
With diff'rent figures all the ſides were ſpread:
This temple, leſs in form, with equal grace
Was imitative of the firſt in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And ſov'reign manſion of the warrior god.
The landſcape was a foreſt wide and bare;
Where neither beaſt, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that ſcent afar, the borders fly,
And ſhun the bitter blaſt, and wheel about the ſky.
A cake of ſcurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly ſtubs, inſtead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots, and knares deform'd and old;
Headleſs the moſt, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempeſt through the branches went,
That ſtripp'd them bare, and one ſole way they bent.
Heav'n froze above, ſevere, the clouds congeal,
And thro' the cryſtal vault appear'd the ſtanding hail.
Such was the face without, a mountain ſtood
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the low'ring brow, and on a bent,
The temple ſtood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burniſh'd ſteel, that caſt a glare
From far, and ſeem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A ſtreight, long entry, to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and horror over head:
Thence iſſu'd ſuch a blaſt, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In, through that door, a northern light there ſhone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which hew'd by Mars himſelf, from Indian quarries came.
The labour of a god; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it ſtrong.
A tun about, was ev'ry pillar there;
A poliſh'd mirror ſhone not half ſo clear.
There ſaw I how the ſecret felon wrought,
And treaſon lab'ring in the traitor's thought;
And midwife time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There, the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
Next ſtood hypocriſy, with holy lear:
Soft, ſmiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' aſſaſſinating wife, the houſhold fiend;
And far the blackeſt there, the traitor-fiend.
On t'other ſide there ſtood deſtruction bare;
Unpuniſh'd rapine, and a waſte of war.
Conteſt, with ſharpen'd knives in cloyſters drawn,
And all with blood beſpread the holy lawn.

Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen soul away.
In midst of all the dome, misfortune sat,
And gloomy discontent, and fell debate:
And madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd complaint and theft; and cries of blood.
There was the murder'd corps, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes display'd:
The city to the soldier's rage resign'd:
Succeedless wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.
All ills of Mars his nature, flame and steel:
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own carr; the ruin'd house that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:
The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains,
Were there: the butcher, armourer and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd fauchions, or the scythe,
The scarlet conquest on a tow'r was plac'd,
With soldiers shouts, and acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threat'ning o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars his ides, the capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall,
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born.
All copied from the heav'ns, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the god:
Two gromantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a * warrior and a maid,
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste;
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia with her nymphs around,
Pursu'd the flying deer, the woods with horns resound:
Callisto there stood manifest of shame,
And turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Acteon in the stream had spy'd
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chace, and their mistaken master slew.
Penetan Daphne too was there to see
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
The adjoining fane th' assembl'd Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast,

* Rubeus, et Puella.

Oenides valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal pow'r of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murdress mother, and consuming son.
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And salvage beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry kind:
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before,
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trode a waxing moon, that soon wou'd wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again:
With down-cast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throws,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of ev'ry god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd:
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat; and their arms to sing.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

THE KNIGHT's TALE.

BOOK III.

THE day approach'd when fortune shou'd decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his number, well appointed, brought.
The nations far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flow'r of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs; as each an army seem'd alone:
Besides the champions; all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, inroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for ev'ry noble knight,
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel wou'd be proud to fight.

There breathes not ſcarce a man on Britiſh ground
(An iſle for love, and arms of old renown'd)
But would have ſold his life to purchaſe fame,
To Palamon and Arcite ſent his name:
And had the land ſelected of the beſt,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the reſt.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were ſev'ral, as their nations were,
But furniſh'd all alike with ſword and ſpear.
Some wore coat-armour, imitating ſcale;
And next their ſkins were ſtubborn ſhirts of mail.
Some wore a breaſt-plate and a light juppon,
Their horſes cloath'd with rich capariſon:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers uſe,
Of folded hides; and others ſhields of Pruce.
One hung a poleax at his ſaddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace, to ſtun the foe:
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of ſteel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a ſleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the reſt in place,
Lycurgus came, the ſurly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face:
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy ſtare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with ſinews ſtrong,
Broad ſhoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian uſe of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burniſh'd gold.
Upright he ſtood, and bore aloft his ſhield,
Conſpicuous from afar, and over-look'd the field.
His ſurcoat was a bear-ſkin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and gloſſy raven-black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With ſparkling diamonds, and with rubies ſet:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, ſnowy fair,
And tall as ſtags, ran looſe, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling, for the bear:
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the ſame their necks ſurround.
Thus thro' the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with ſtrong Arcite came
Emetrius king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courſer, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horſe emboſs'd with barb'rous gold.
Not Mars beſtrode a ſteed with greater grace;
His ſurcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His ſaddle was of gold, with emeralds ſet.
His ſhoulders large, a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and ſparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and ſhone againſt the ſun.
His noſe was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and freſh and fair his hue:
Some ſprinkled freckles on his face were ſeen,
Whoſe duſk ſet off the whiteneſs of the ſkin:
His awful preſence did the crowd ſurprize,
Nor durſt the raſh ſpectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confeſs'd him born for kingly ſway,
So fierce, they flaſh'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And juſt began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he ſpoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a ſilver ſound.
A laurel wreath'd his temples, freſh, and green;
And myrtle-ſprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
Upon his fiſt he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lilly-white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; ſave their heads were bare.
Words, and devices blaz'd on ev'ry ſhield,
And pleaſing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons you might ſee,
Like ſparkling ſtars, though diff'rent in degree,
All for th' increaſe of arms, and love of chivalry
Before the king, tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beaſts in gambols friſk'd before their horſed god.
In this array the war of either ſide,
Through Athens paſt with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the ſunday morn;
Rich tap'ſtry ſpread the ſtreets, and flow'rs the poſts adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feaſts;
So Theſeus will'd, in honour of his gueſts:
Himſelf with open arms the kings embrac'd,
Then all the reſt in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for the night,
For ev'ry houſe was proud to lodge a knight.
I paſs the royal treat, nor muſt relate
The gifts beſtow'd, nor how the champions ſate;
Who firſt, who laſt, or how the knights addreſs'd
Their vows, or who was faireſt at the feaſt;
Whoſe voice, whoſe graceful dance did moſt ſurpriſe,
Soft am'rous ſighs, and ſilent love of eyes.
The rivals call my muſe another way,
To ſing their vigils for th' enſuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkneſs, paſt the noon of night;
And Phoſpor on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the ſun, ere day began to ſpring
The tuneful lark already ſtretcht her wing,
And flick'ring on her neſt, made ſhort eſſays to ſing.
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal liſts, his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own houſe to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her ſhrine,
He thus implor'd with pray'rs her pow'r divine.
Creator Venus, genial pow'r of love,
The bliſs of men below, and gods above,
Beneath the ſliding ſun thou runn'ſt thy race,
Doſt fairer ſhine, and beſt become thy place.
For thee the winds their eaſtern blaſts forbear,
Thy mouth reveals the ſpring, and opens all the year.
Thee, goddeſs, thee the ſtorms of winter fly,
Earth ſmiles with flow'rs renewing; laughs the ſky.
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion loaths the taſte of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood:
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the ſtream, and ſnuff their abſent loves.

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart:
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief:
Light suff'rings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profest to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
Nor chuse I more to vanquish, than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let fate or partial chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare:
Possession, more, than conquest, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours, to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The fates but only spin the coarser clue,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But if you this ambitious pray'r deny,
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality)
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And I once dead, let him possess her charms.
Thus ended he; then, with observance due,
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembl'd all the shrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, since the flames pursu'd the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distance driv'n, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.
Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky,
Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and od'rous gums, and cover'd fire.
Nine plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown,
Nor wanted ought besides in honour of the moon.
Now while the temple smoak'd with hallow'd steam,
They wash the virgin in a living stream;
The secret ceremonies I conceal:
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful to reveal:
But such they were as pagan use requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whose eyes profane, their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.

Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosly spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head:
When to the shrine approach'd the spotless maid,
Had kindling fires on either altar laid:
(The rites were such as were observed of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told)
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request.
O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heav'n and earth and seas are seen;
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;
Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,
When hissing through the skies the feather'd death were dealt:
As I desire to live a virgin-life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I loath the nuptial state,
And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate.
Where love is duty, on the female side;
On theirs mere sensual gust, and sought with surly pride.
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In heav'n, earth, hell, and ev'ry where a queen,
Grant this my first desire; let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love.
Or if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh! ev'n that avert! I chuse it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh, let me still that spotless name retain!
Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chace my prey!
The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her pray'r.
When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little space;
Which turn'd self-kindl'd, and renew'd the blaze:
That other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night:
At either end it whistl'd as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the dew;
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
Nor knew what signify'd the boding sign,
But found the pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.
Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The pow'r, behold! the pow'r in glory shone,
By her bent bow, and her keen arrows known:

The reſt, a huntreſs iſſuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel ſpear ſhe ſtood.
Then gracious thus began; diſmiſs thy fear:
And heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful god have torn thee from my ſide,
Unwilling to reſign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above:
One Mars protects, and one the queen of love:
But which the man, is in the thund'rer's breaſt,
This be pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee beſt.
The fire that once extinct, reviv'd again,
Foreſhews the love allotted to remain.
Farewell, ſhe ſaid, and vaniſh'd from the place;
The ſheat of arrows ſhook, and rattl'd in the caſe.
Aghaſt at this, the royal virgin ſtood,
Diſclaim'd, and now no more a fitter of the wood;
But to the parting goddeſs thus ſhe pray'd;
Propitious ſtill be preſent to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid.
Then ſighing ſhe return'd; but ſmill'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with ſorrows mixt.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who ſhar'd the heptarchy of pow'r,
His ſteps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with pagan rites the pow'r armipotent:
Then proſtrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray.
Strong god of arms, whoſe iron ſceptre ſways
The freezing north, and Hyperborean ſeas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's wintry coaſt,
Where ſtand my ſteeds, and thou art honour'd moſt:
There moſt; but ev'ry where thy pow'r is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the ſtrong:
And diſarray and ſhameful rout enſue,
And force is added to the fainting crews.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my pray'r,
If aught I have atchiev'd deſerve thy care:
If to my utmoſt pow'r with ſword and ſhield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my rank, ſtill kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee ſuſtain'd,
That Emily by conqueſt may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor thoſe unknown
To Mars, which when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy ſtubborn heart has ſoftened into love:
Now by her blandiſhments and pow'rful charms
When yielded, ſhe lay curling in thy arms,
Even by thy ſhame, if ſhame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd;
O envy'd ignominy, ſweet diſgrace,
When ev'ry god that ſaw thee, wiſh'd thy place!
By thoſe dear pleaſures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to perſuade;
And want the ſoothing arts that catch the fair,
But caught my ſelf, lie ſtruggling in the ſnare:
And ſhe I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with diſdain.
For ſure I am, unleſs I win in arms,
To ſtand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my ſtrength avail, unleſs by thee
Endu'd with force, I gain the victory:
Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous heart,
Pity thy ſubject's pains, and equal ſmart.
So be the morrow's ſweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conqueſt thine:
Then ſhall the war, and ſtern debate, and ſtrife
Immortal, be the buſineſs of my life;
And in thy fane, the duſty ſpoils among,
High on the burniſh'd roof, my banner ſhall be hung;
Rank'd with my champions bucklers, and below
With arms revers'd, th' atchievments of my foe:
And while theſe limbs the vital ſpirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day ſucceeds,
Thy ſmoaking altar ſhall be fat with food
Of incenſe, and the grateful ſteam of blood;
Burnt off'rings morn and ev'ning ſhall be thine;
And fires eternal in thy temple ſhine.
This luſh of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltleſs of ſteel, and from the razour free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reſerv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be bleſt,
I aſk no more; let fate diſpoſe the reſt.
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the cloſe
A hollow groan, a murm'ring wind aroſe,
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring ſound, and harſhly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blaſt,
The ſtorm ruſh'd in; and Arcite ſtood aghaſt:
The flames were blown aſide, yet ſhone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruſſ'd light:
Then from the ground a ſcent began to riſe,
Sweet-ſmelling, as accepted ſacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aſpire
With od'rous incenſe Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding ſtatue claſh'd his arms,
And with a ſullen ſound, and feeble cry,
Half ſunk, and half pronounc'd the word of victory.
For this, with ſoul devout, he thank'd the god,
And of ſucceſs ſecure, return'd to his abode.
Theſe vows thus granted, rais'd a ſtrife above,
Betwixt the god of war, and queen of love.
She granting firſt, had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And ſeem'd unwilling to decide the ſtrife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne aroſe,
And found a way the diff'rence to compoſe:
Though ſparing of his grace, to miſchief bent,
He ſeldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wiſe; by long experience taught
To pleaſe both parties, for ill ends he ſought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with ſtern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him diſpoſing in his own abode,
He ſooth'd the goddeſs, while he gull'd the god:
Ceaſe, daughter, to complain; and ſtint the ſtrife,
Thy Palamon ſhall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conqueſt, in the fight
With palm and laurel ſhall adorn his knight.
Wide is my courſe, nor turn I to my place
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I preſs th' etherial plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.

Mine is the shipwreck, in a wat'ry sign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The strangling quinsey, 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms I tend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
And housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Fought senates, and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy pois'ning, I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me king's palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners, crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art;
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
Tho' ill, tho' diff'rent your complexions are,
The family of heav'n for men should war.
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right:
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May:
Which ev'ry soul inspir'd with such delight.
'Twas justing all the day, and love at night.
Heav'n smil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world, as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal giv'n, the streets with clamours ring;
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the heav'n was heard a shouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rows'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the gen'rous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd:
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clatt'ring of armour, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Batt'ring the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glitt'ring arms, too dazzling to behold;
And polished steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liv'ries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Around the sign to sound the martial blast:
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few.
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
Factious, and fav'ring this or t'other side,
As their strong fancies, and weak reason guide:
Their wagers back their wishes: numbers hold
With the fair freckl'd king, and beard of gold:
So vig'rous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles, and his brawn commend;
His dou le-biting ax, and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind;
And safe themselves, at others cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There, for the two contending knights he sent:
Arm'd cap-a-pe, with rev'rence low they bent;
He smil'd on both, and with superior look,
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on ev'ry side to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to the heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and listning crowd.

Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and in born clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree:
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death shou'd terminate their strife;
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life.
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command
That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With shortned sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.
The tuiney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear.
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot, their honour to regain.
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but pris'ners to the pillar bound
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made,)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights an young,
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims, and vast applause is rent:
Heav'n guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the gen'ral cry. The trumpets sound
And warlike symphony is heard around.

The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great-earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flow'rs is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses hoofs, for earth, on silken trapp'stry tread.
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause, and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshal'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,
And at the lists arriv'd ere prime of day.
There parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And wheeling east and west, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen, and Emily:
Next these, the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lord's by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
The guards, and then each other overbare,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad,
The bloody colours of his patron god.
At that self moment enters Palamon,
The gate of Venus, and the rising sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd, were never to be found:
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature fix'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.
Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun with care
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war.
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds, the chalieng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men:
As lab'ring in eclipse, a while they stay,
Till the next blast of wind retires the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found,
But men and steeds lie grov'ling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glitt'ring sauchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound;
Out spits the streaming blood, and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And flound'ring, throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabl'd with his wound,
In triumph led is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's reward he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t'other side.
By fits they cease: and leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
That other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their sauchions bite, that ev'ry stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Born far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tyger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on their prey:
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.
At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end;
So when the sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he staggered with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpow'r'd at length they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbl'd on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from firſt to laſt,
Bade ceaſe the war; pronouncing from on high
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The ſound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And round the royal liſts the heralds cry'd,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.
The people rend the ſkies with vaſt applauſe;
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cauſe.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conqu'ring Mars inſults the queen of love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's uſurping arms in heav'n prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the pow'rs who favour tyranny;
And all the ſtanding army of the ſky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping, on the liſts diſtill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman moſt,
And in her champion foil'd, the cauſe of love is loſt.
Till Saturn ſaid, fair daughter, now be ſtill,
The bluſt'ring fool has ſatisfy'd his will:
His boon is giv'n; his knight has gain'd the day,
But loſt the prize; th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care ſhall be
To pleaſe thy knight, and fet thy promiſe free.
Now while the heralds run the liſts around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heav'n and earth reſound;
A miracle (nor leſs it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected ſorrow pall'd,
The victor knight had laid his helm aſide,
Part for his eaſe, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the ſalutations of the crowd.
Then ſpurring at full ſpeed, ran endlong on
Where Theſeus ſat on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward caſt his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily;
Then paſſing, to the ſaddle-bow he bent,
A ſweet regard the gracious virgin lent:
(For women, to the brave an eaſy prey,
Still follow fortune, where ſhe leads the way:)
Juſt then, from earth ſprung out a flaſhing fire,
By Pluto ſent, at Saturn's bad deſire;
The ſtartling ſteed was ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pummel caſt the knight:
Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
His quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little ſpace,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand; they rear'd him from the ground,
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with ſymptoms of his death.
The ſaddle-bow the noble parts had preſt,
All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly breaſt.
Him ſtill entranc'd, and in a litter laid.
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and with a feeble cry,
The word he firſt pronounc'd was Emily.
Meantime the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs, who fought the field:
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd.)
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior train,
Though moſt were ſorely wounded, none were ſlain.
The ſurgeons ſoon deſpoil'd them of their arms,
And ſome with ſalves they cure, and ſome with charms;
Foment the bruiſes, and the pains aſſwage,
And heal their inward hurts with ſov'reign draughts of ſage.
The king in perſon viſits all around,
Comforts the ſick, congratulates the ſound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the reſt,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feaſt.
None was diſgrac'd; for falling is no ſhame;
And cowardice alone is loſs of fame.
The vent'rous knight is from the ſaddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.
If crowns and palms the conqu'ring ſide adorn,
The victor under better ſtars was born:
The brave man ſeeks not popular applauſe,
Nor overpow'r'd with arms, deſerts his cauſe;
Unſham'd, tho' foil'd, he does the beſt he can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Thus Theſeus ſmil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was ſet according to his place.
With eaſe were reconcil'd the diff'ring parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd;
Well pleas'd, and to their ſev'ral homes retir'd.
Mean while the health of Arcite ſtill impairs:
From bad proceeds to worſe, and mocks the leeches cares:
Swoln is his breaſt, his inward pains increaſe,
All means are us'd, and all without ſucceſs.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in ſpite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mold of nature's fabric is deſtroy'd,
Her veſſels diſcompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begins to ſwell:
All out of frame is ev'ry ſecret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Thoſe breathing organs thus within oppreſt,
With venom ſoon diſtend the ſinews of his breaſt.
Nought profits him to ſave abandon'd life,
Nor vomits upward aid, nor downward laxatife.
The midmoſt region batter'd, and deſtroy'd,
When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.
For phyſic can but mend our crazy ſtate,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Muſt leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, againſt right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd, all hope of life was paſt,
Conſcience, that of all phyſic works the laſt,
Caus'd him to ſend for Emily in haſte.
With her, at his deſire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
No language can expreſs the ſmalleſt part
Of what I feel, and ſuffer in my heart,
For you, whom beſt I love and value moſt;
But to your ſervice I bequeath my ghoſt;
Which from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unſeen, unheard, ſhall hover at your ſide;
Nor fright you waking, nor your ſleep offend,
But wait officious, and your ſteps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuſe my faltring tongue,
My ſpirits feeble, and my pains are ſtrong:

This I may ſay, I only grieve to die
Becauſe I loſe my charming Emily:
To die, when heav'n had put you in my pow'r,
Fate could not chuſe a more malicious hour!
What greater curſe cou'd envious fortune give,
Than juſt to die when I began to live!
Vain men, how vaniſhing a bliſs we crave,
Now warm in love, now with'ring in the grave!
Never, O never more to ſee the ſun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and ſtill alone!
This fate is common; but I loſe my breath,
Near bliſs, and yet not bleſs'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death reſign;
Ah, could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me ſpeak my laſt.
Ah! my ſweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the ſenſe of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, thou'd heav'n my life prolong
I ſhould return to juſtify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of pow'r to ſin.
With mortal hatred I purſu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the ſtrife;
Nor I, but as I lov'd: yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind;
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For ſtill our kindred ſouls had one deſire.
He had a moment's right, in point of time;
Had I been firſt, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and juſtify'd his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deſerving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good;
So help me heav'n, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too; with ſuch a holy fire,
As will not, cannot but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
Nor any love but yours cou'd ours divide.
Then by my love's inviolable band,
By my long ſuff'ring, and my ſhort command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

This was his laſt; for death came on amain,
And exerciſ'd below, his iron reign;
Then upward, to the ſeat of life he goes;
Senſe fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
Yet cou'd he not his cloſing eyes withdraw,
Though leſs and leſs of Emily he ſaw:
So, ſpeechleſs, for a little ſpace he lay;
Then graſp'd the hand he held, and ſigh'd his ſoul away.

But whither went his ſoul, let ſuch relate
Who ſearch the ſecrets of the future ſtate:
Divines can ſay but what themſelves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonſtrative:
For, were all plain, then all ſides muſt agree,
And faith itſelf be loſt in certainty.
To live uprightly then is ſure the beſt,
To ſave ourſelves, and not to damn the reſt.
The ſoul of Arcite went, where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though leſs they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent, he wept, aſham'd to ſhew his tears:
Emilia ſhriek'd but once, and then oppreſs'd
With ſorrow, ſunk upon her lover's breaſt:
Till Theſeus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from ſo ſad a ſight, the ſwooning fair.
'Twere loſs of time her ſorrow to relate;
Ill bears the ſex a youthful lover's fate,
When juſt approaching to the nuptial ſtate.
But like a low-hung cloud, it rains ſo faſt,
That all at once it falls, and cannot laſt.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd ſo late, becomes the ſcene of woe:
Matrons, and maids, both ſexes, ev'ry ſtate,
With tears lament the knights untimely fate.
Not greater grief in falling Troy was ſeen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with duſt deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breaſts, their cheeks they tear.
Why would'ſt thou go, with one conſent they cry,
When thou hadſt gold enough, and Emily!
Theſeus himſelf, who ſhould have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the ſame relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his ſon,
Who various changes of the world had known;
And ſtrange viciſſitudes of human fate,
Still alt'ring, never in a ſteady ſtate:
Good after ill, and after pain, delight;
Alternate, like the ſcenes of day and night:
Since ev'ry man who lives, is born to die,
And none can boaſt ſincere felicity.
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims, to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worſe or better, mount the throne.
With words like theſe the crowd was ſatisfy'd,
And ſo they would have been, had Theſeus dy'd.
But he, their king, was lab'ring in his mind,
A fitting place for fun'ral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead deſign'd.
And after long debate, at laſt he found
(As love itſelf had mark'd the ſpot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conſcious lawn,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous deſires
With ſoft complaints, and felt his boneſt fires,
There other flames might waſte his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.
This, once reſolv'd, the peaſants were enjoin'd
Sere wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With ſounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, ſplit, and lay the fewel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeleſs body ſhould be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corps of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle, ſpread,
A ſword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly viſage on the bier;
Menac'd his count'nance; ev'n in death ſevere.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in ſolemn ſtate, a public ſight.

Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on ev'ry face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the fun'ral of his friends he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin widow, and a mourning bride.
And that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with th' atchievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often stay'd,
And through the master-street the corps convey'd.
The rouses to their tops with black were spread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Ægeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept:
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd th' illustrious train:
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire the fun'ral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan-honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strow'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain ash, the mother of the spear;
The mourner yew, and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And lawrels which the gods for conqu'ring chiefs ordain.
How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
Wild nameless nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree;
Nor how the dryads, and the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright
Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below;
Of chips and fere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd:
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array;
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smouldring flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoond,
I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.

While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave the warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound:
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring shields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continu'd all the night,
And fun'ral games were play'd at new returning light:
Who naked wrestl'd best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor wou'd you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.
I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd,
When, by the Grecians general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage shou'd be freed;
Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.
And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd th' event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.
At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
The cause and spring of motion, from above
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain still holds; for tho' the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The same first mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last;
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing, and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass th' appointed destiny.
So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.
Then since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;
Who gives us life, and all-animating soul.
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being which the whole can only give:

He perfect, ſtable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and diff'rent in degree.
Plants, beaſts, and man; and as our organs are,
We more or leſs of his perfection ſhare.
But by a long deſcent, th' etherial fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, ſo they paſs,
And the ſame matter makes another maſs:
This law th' omniſcient pow'r was pleas'd to give,
That ev'ry kind ſhould by ſucceſſion live,
That individuals die, his will ordains;
The propagated ſpecies ſtill remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots riſing up, and ſpreads by ſlow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he ſtays,
Supreme in ſtate; and in three more decays:
So wears the paving pebble in the ſtreet,
And towns and tow'rs their fatal periods meet.
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forſaken of their ſprings; and leave their channels dry.
So man, at firſt a drop, dilates with heat,
Then form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the ſhell,
And ſtruggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpleſs, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and iſſuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began.
Retchleſs of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and reſtleſs on the throne:
Firſt vegetive, then feels, and reaſons laſt;
Rich of three ſouls, and lives all three to waſte,
Some thus; but thouſands more in flow'r of age:
For few arrive to run the latter ſtage.
Sunk in the firſt, in battle ſome are ſlain,
And others whelmed beneath the ſtormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whoſe command we periſh, and we ſpring?
Then 'tis our beſt, ſince thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
Take what he gives, ſince to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well ſuſtain:
And cou'd we chuſe the time, and chuſe aright,
'Tis beſt to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our anceſtors no ſhame,
But ſerv'd our friends, and well ſecur'd our fame;
Then ſhould we wiſh our happy life to cloſe,
And leave no more for fortune to diſpoſe:
So ſhould we make our death a glad relief,
From future ſhame, from ſickneſs, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the preſent hour,
And dying in our excellence, and flow'r.
Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend ſhou'd run,
And joyous of our conqueſt, early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Shou'd grudge our happy end, and wiſh it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why ſhould we mourn, that he ſo ſoon is freed,
Or call untimely, what the gods decreed?
With grief as juſt, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul priſon to free air reſtor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinſman, or his wife,
Cou'd tears recall him into wretched life!
Their ſorrow hurts themſelves; on him is loſt;
And worſe than both, offends his happy ghoſt.
What then remains, but after paſt annoy,
To take the good viciſſitude of joy?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Poſſeſs our ſouls, and while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two ſorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence reſulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propoſe, that Palamon ſhall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' aſſent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deſerv'd, had fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; ſince Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair ſiſter, ratify the accord,
And take him for your huſband, and your lord.
'Tis no diſhonour to confer your grace
On one deſcended from a royal race:
And were he leſs, yet years of ſervice paſt
From grateful ſouls exact reward at laſt:
Pity is heav'n's and yours: nor can ſhe find
A throne ſo ſoft as in a woman's mind.
He ſaid; ſhe bluſh'd; and as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theſeus, what ſhe gave the knight.
Then turning to the Theban, thus he ſaid;
Small arguments are needful to perſuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And ſpeaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conqueſt, though he loſt the fight,
And bleſs'd with nuptial bliſs the ſweet laborious night.
Eros, and Anteros, on either ſide,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride;
And long attending Hymen from above
Show'r'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day diſcolour'd with domeſtic ſtrife;
No jealouſy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repoſe, and kindneſs undeceiv'd.
Thus heav'n, beyond the compaſs of his thought,
Sent him the bleſſing he ſo dearly bought.
So may the queen of love long duty bleſs,
And all true lovers find the ſame ſucceſs!

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE COCK AND THE FOX; OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST;

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow ſomewhat old, and very poor:

Deep in a cell her cottage lonely ſtood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since laſt ſhe laid her huſband in the ground,
A ſimple ſober life in patience led,
And had but juſt enough to buy her bread:
But huſewifing the little heav'n had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly with her daughter too,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homeſtead were three ſows,
An ewe call'd Mally; and three brinded cows.
Her parlour window ſtuck with herbs around,
Of ſav'ry ſmell, and ruſhes ſtrew'd the ground.
A maple-dreſſer, in her hall ſhe had,
On which full many a ſlender meal ſhe made:
For no delicious morſel paſs'd her throat;
According to her cloth ſhe cut her coat:
No poynant ſauce ſhe knew, no coſtly treat,
Her hunger gave a reliſh to her meat:
A ſparing diet did her health aſſure;
Or ſick, a pepper-poſſet was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work ſhe ſped,
And never went by candle light to bed:
With exerciſe ſhe ſweat ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad: her heart content,
Nor knew ſhe what the ſpleen or vapours meant.
Of wine ſhe never taſted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer;
Brown bread, and milk, (but firſt ſhe ſkim'd her bowls)
And raſhers of ſing'd bacon, on the coals,
On holy days, an egg or two at moſt;
But her ambition never reach'd to roaſt.
A yard ſhe had, with pales enclos'd about,
Some high, ſome low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homeſtead, liv'd without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer:
So high her cock, whoſe ſinging did ſurpaſs
The merry notes of organs at the maſs.
More certain was the crowing of this cock,
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And ſooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clap'd his wings upon his rooſt, and ſung:
For when degrees fifteen aſcendèd right,
By ſure inſtinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral red withal,
In dents embattl'd like a caſtle-wall;
His bill was raven-black, and ſhone like jet,
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his naiſs, like ſilver to behold,
His body glitt'ring like the burniſh'd gold.
This gentle cock, for ſolace of his life,
Six miſſes had beſide his lawful wife;
Scandal that ſpares no king, tho' ne'er ſo good,
Says, they were all of his own fleſh and blood:
His ſiſters both by ſire, and mother's ſide,
And fair their likeneſs ſhew'd them near ally'd.
But make the worſt, the monarch did no more,
Than all the Ptolemeys had done before:
When inceſt is for int'reſt of a nation,
'Tis made no ſin by holy diſpenſation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common uglineſs are known.
But paſſing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the ſovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
And ſhe that was not only paſſing fair,
But was withal diſcreet, and debonnair,
Reſoly'd the paſſive doctrine to fulfill
Tho' loath: and let him work his wicked will;
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-vow did bind,
And as the church's precept had enjoin'd.
Ev'n ſince ſhe was a ſennight old, they ſay,
Was chaſte, and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to diſobey.
By this her huſband's heart ſhe did obtain,
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his ſide;
If ſpurning up the ground, he ſprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was born.
But oh! what joy it was to hear him ſing
In ſummer, when the day began to ſpring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
Solus cum ſola, then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to ſpeak, and ſing, and learn the lib'ral arts.
It happ'd that perching on the parlour-beam
Amidſt his wives he had a deadly dream;
Juſt at the dawn, and ſigh'd, and groan'd ſo faſt,
As ev'ry breath he drew wou'd be his laſt.
Dame Partlet, ever neareſt to his ſide,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
For help from gods and men: and ſore aghaſt
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at laſt.
Dear heart, ſaid ſhe, for love of heav'n declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, ſir, ever ſince the morning-light,
As ſomething had diſturb'd your noble ſpright.
And Madam, well I might, ſaid Chanticleer,
Never was Shrove-tide-cock in ſuch a fear.
Ev'n ſtill I run all over in a ſweat,
My princely ſenſes not recover'd yet.
For ſuch a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be ſhent:
It bodes I ſhall have wars and woful ſtrife,
Or in a loathſome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breaſt
That in our yard, I ſaw a murd'rous beaſt,
That on my body wou'd have made arreſt.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow,
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
With black; and much unlike his other hairs:
The reſt, in ſhape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a ſharper ſnout:
Deep in his front were ſunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I ſee him with ſurprize.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy ſwe
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now fy for ſhame, quoth ſhe, by heaven abov
Thou haſt for ever loſt thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He muſt be bold by day, and free by night.
Our ſex deſires a huſband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend
Wiſe, hardy, ſecret, lib'ral of his purſe
A fool is nauſeous, but a coward worſe:

Let this ſuffice, that plainly I foreſee
My dream was bad, and bodes adverſity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only ſerve to make a well-man ſick:
Of theſe his gain the ſharp phyſician makes,
And often gives a purge, but ſeldom takes:
They not correct, but poiſon all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all,
With ev'ry work of 'pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and ſwear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor diſgrace:
So may my ſoul have bliſs, as when I ſpy
The ſcarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art conſtant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All ſorrows at thy preſence take their flight.
For true it is, as in principio,
Mulier eſt hominis confuſio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his ſovereign bliſs.
For when by night I feel your tender ſide,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have ſuch a ſolace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are caſt behind:
And ev'n already I forget my dream;
He ſaid, and downward flew from off the beam.
For day-light now began apace to ſpring,
The thruſh to whiſtle, and the lark to ſing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went ſtrutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart ſo light,
As ſhew'd he ſcorn'd the viſions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he ſpurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the firſt grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day;
And took by turns and gave ſo much delight,
Her ſiſters pin'd with envy at the ſight.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And ſcarcely deign'd to ſee a foot to ground;
But ſwagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his ſev'n wives came running at his call.
'Twas now the month in which the world began,
(If March beheld the firſt created man:)
And ſince the vernal equinox, the Sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more had run,
When caſting up his eyes againſt the light,
Both month, and day, and hour he meaſur'd right;
And told more truly, than th' ephemeris,
For art may err, but nature cannot miſs.
Thus numb'ring times, and ſeaſons in his breaſt,
His ſecond crowing the third hour confeſs'd.
Then turning, ſaid to Partlet, ſee, my dear,
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primroſe, and blue violet ſpring,
And birds chaunt their throats diſus'd to ſing:
All theſe are ours; and I with pleaſure ſee
Man ſtrutting on two legs, and aping me!
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpiſh frame,
Indu'd with fewer particles of flame:
Our dame ſits couring o'er a kitchen-fire,
I draw freſh air, and nature's works admire
And ev'n this day, in more delight abound,
Than ſince I was an egg, I ever found.
The time ſhall come when Chanticleer ſhall wiſh
His words unſaid, and hate his boaſted bliſs:
The creſted bird ſhall by experience know,
Jove made not him his maſter-piece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The veſſel of his bliſs to dregs is run,
And heav'n will have him taſte his other tun.
Ye wife draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flatt'ry fall:
The legend is as true I undertake
As Triſtram is, and Launcelot of the Lake:
Which all our ladies in ſuch rev'rence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.
A fox full fraught with ſeeming ſanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but like the devil, would lie,
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durſt not ſin before he ſaid his pray'r:
This pious cheat that never ſuck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the fleſh of lambs but when he cou'd,
Had paſs'd three ſummers in the neighb'ring wood,
And muſing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination caſt,
By ſtratagem to gratify his taſte.
The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet fearing to be ſeen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
There ſculk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murd'rers uſe) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to deſtroy,
O traitor, worſe than Sinon was to Troy;
O vile ſubverter of the Gallic reign,
More falſe than Gano was to Charlemaign!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Did'ſt thou forſake the ſafety of thy bow'r:
Better for thee thou hadſt believ'd thy dream,
And not that day deſcended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly diſpute:
Some hold predeſtination abſolute:
Some clerks maintain, that heav'n at firſt foreſees,
And in the virtue of foreſight decrees.
If this be ſo, then preſcience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill:
For what he firſt foreſaw, he muſt ordain,
Or its eternal preſcience may be vain:
As bad for us as preſcience had not been:
For firſt, or laſt, he's author of the ſin.
And who ſays that, let the blaſpheming man
Say worſe ev'n of the devil, if he can.
For how can that Eternal Pow'r be juſt
To puniſh man, who ſins becauſe he muſt?
Or, how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us; but firſt decreed?
I cannot boult this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Auſtin can:
If preſcience can determine actions ſo
That we muſt do, becauſe he did foreknow.
Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not fore'd to ſin by ſtrict neceſſity:
This ſtrict neceſſity they ſimple call,
Another ſort there is conditional.
The firſt ſo binds the will, that things foreknown
By ſpontaneity, not choice, are done.

Thus galley-ſlaves tug willing, at their oar,
Conſent to work, in proſpect of the ſhore;
But wou'd not work at all, if not conſtrain'd before.
That other does not liberty conſtrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heav'n made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foreſaw the will.
Freedom was firſt beſtow'd on human race,
And preſcience only held the ſecond place.
If he could make ſuch agents wholly free,
I not diſpute; the point's too high for me;
For heaven's unfathom'd power what man can ſound,
Or put to his omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image all agree;
That image is the ſoul, and that muſt be,
Or not the maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to ſin,
I wave, for fear of ſplitting on a rock,
The tale I tell is only of a cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his life
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a miſchief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counſel brought us firſt to woe,
And made her man his paradiſe forego,
Where at heart's eaſe he liv'd; and might have been
As free from ſorrow as he was from ſin.
For what the devil had their ſex to do,
That, born to folly, they preſum'd to know,
And could not ſee the ſerpent in the graſs?
But I myſelf preſume, and let it paſs.
Silence in times of ſuff'ring is the beſt,
'Tis dang'rous to diſturb a hornet's neſt.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they ſay of dames is idle ſtuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The wife of Bath would throw 'em to the ground:
Theſe are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour dames, and think their ſex divine.
Now to continue what my tale begun,
Lay madam Partlet baſking in the ſun,
Breaſt high in ſand; her ſiſters in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below.
The cock that of his fleſh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the ſea:
And ſo befel, that as he caſt his eye,
Among the coleworts, on a butterfly,
He ſaw falſe Reynard where he lay full low,
I need not ſwear he had no lift to crow:
But cry'd cock, cock, and gave a ſudden ſtart,
As ſore diſmay'd and frighted at his heart.
For birds and beaſts, inform'd by nature, know
Kinds oppoſite to theirs, and fly their foe.
So, Chanticleer, who never ſaw a fox,
Yet ſhunn'd him as a ſailor ſhuns the rocks.
But the falſe loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flatt'ring ſkill;
I hope, my lord, ſaid he, I not offend,
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
I were a beaſt indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd, and honour'd you ſo long:
Stay, gentle ſir, nor take a falſe alarm,
For on my ſoul I never meant you harm.
I come no ſpy, nor as a traitor preſs,
To learn the ſecrets of your ſoft receſs:
Far be from Reynard ſo profane a thought,
But by the ſweetneſs of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard,
The ſongs as of an angel in the yard:
A ſong that wou'd have charm'd th' infernal gods,
And baniſh'd horror from the dark abodes:
Had Orpheus ſung it in the nether ſphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the huſband there.
My lord, your ſire familiarly I knew,
A peer deſerving ſuch a ſon, as you:
He, with your lady-mother (whom heav'n reſt)
Has often grac'd my houſe, and been my gueſt,
To view his living features does me good,
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood:
And in my cottage ſhou'd be proud to ſee
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
But ſince I ſpeak of ſinging, let me ſay,
As with an upright heart I ſafely may.
That, ſave yourſelf, there breaths not on the ground,
One like your father for a ſilver ſound.
So ſweetly would he make the winter-day,
That matrons to the church miſtook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he to raiſe his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to pleaſe the fair?)
On tiptoe ſtood to ſing with greater ſtrength,
And ſtretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he pain'd his voice to pierce the ſkies,
As ſaints in raptures uſe, would ſhut his eyes,
That the ſound ſtriving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail, to mend the note.
By this, in ſong, he never had his peer,
From ſweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muſe who ſung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a ſwan.
Your anceſtors proceed from race divine,
From Brennus and Belinus is your line:
Who gave to ſov'reign Rome ſuch loud alarms,
That ev'n the prieſts were not excus'd from arms.
Beſides, a famous monk of modern times,
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhimes,
That of a pariſh prieſt the ſon and heir,
(When ſons of prieſts were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or ſtruck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was diſgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now ſing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the ſake of ſweet Saint Charity;
Make hills, and dales, and earth, and heav'n rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel-voice.
The cock was pleas'd to hear him ſpeak ſo fair,
And proud beſide, as ſolar people are:
Nor cou'd the treaſon from the truth deſcry,
So was he raviſh'd with this flattery:
So much the more as from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himſelf:
Though ſickly, ſlender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.

Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And listen'd to, than modest truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes;
Ambitious, as he sought the Olympic prize.
But while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.
Alas, what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast:
In Aries though the sun exalted stood,
His patron planet to procure his good;
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he
In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
The rays both good and bad, of equal pow'r,
Each thwarting other made a mingled hour.
On Friday-morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme!
Ah blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
How could'st thou suffer thy devoted knight,
On thy own day to fall by foe oppress'd.
The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best?
Who true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.
Gaufride, who could'st so well in rhyme complain,
The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
Why had not I thy muse, or thou my heart,
To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!
That I like thee on Friday might complain;
For on that day was Coeur de Lion slain.
Not louder cries when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to heav'n by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade
And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was born from sight,
With sov'reign shricks bewail'd her captive knight.
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Asdrubal her husband lost his life,
When she beheld the smouldring flames ascend,
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd th' imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfal in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.
Now to my story I return again,
The trembling widow and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard;
And starting up beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
And cross his back as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was born.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry,
Out from his house ran ev'ry neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand:
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs,
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks that heard the proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in ruthes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms,
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London-stone with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the welkin rung with one and all;
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall;
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heav'n above to fall.
With might and main they chas'd the murd'rous foe,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.
But see how fortune can confound the wise,
And when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who scarce cou'd draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death:
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supply'd him with this happy thought:
Yours is the prince, victorious prince, said he,
The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey,
Call back their mungril curs, and cease their cry,
See fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die.
He shall be pluck'd, and eaten to the bone.
'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done:
This Reynard said: but as the word he spoke,
The pris'ner with a spring from prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighb'ring maple wing'd his flight.
Whom when the traytor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his folly; sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime:
Yet mast'ring both, th' artificer of lies
Renews th' assault, and his last batt'ry tries.
Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend?
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by night,
And put your noble person in a fright:
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though heav'n can witness with no bad intent,
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer,
With double pleasure first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.

Deſcend; ſo help me Jove as you ſhall find
That Reynard comes of no diſſembling kind.
Nay, quoth the cock; but I beſhrew us both,
If I believe a ſaint upon his oath:
An honeſt man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only will be couzen'd twice:
Once warn'd is well bewar'd: no flatt'ring lies
Shall ſooth me more to ſing with winking eyes,
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim
When he ſhould ſee, has he deſerv'd to ſwim?
Better, ſir cock, let all contention ceaſe,
Come down, ſaid Reynard, let us treat of peace.
A peace with all my ſoul, ſaid Chanticleer;
But with your favour, I will treat it here:
And leſt the truce with treaſon ſhould be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may ſee
Of negligence, and fond credulity:
And learn beſides of flatt'rers to beware,
Them moſt pernicious when they ſpeak too fair.
The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who ſpoke in parables, I dare not ſay;
For ſure, he knew it was a pleaſing way,
Sound ſenſe, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleaſure with inſtruction ſhould be join'd:
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF: OR THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR. A VISION.

NOW turning from the wintry ſigns, the ſun
His courſe exalted through the Ram had run:
And wheeling up the ſkies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightſome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb deſcends in ſhow'rs
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flow'rs:
When firſt the tender blades of graſs appear,
And buds that yet the blaſt of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to cloath the year.
Till gentle heat, and ſoft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call, emboldn'd out they come,
And ſwell the gems, and burſt the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms diſplay,
Salute the welcome ſun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing ſouls the ſweets repair
To ſcent the ſkies, and purge th' unwholeſome air:
Joy ſpreads the heart, and with a general ſong,
Spring iſſues out, and leads the jolly months along.
In that ſweet ſeaſon as in bed I lay,
And ſought in ſleep to paſs the night away,
I turn'd my weary ſide, but ſtill in vain,
Tho' full of youthful health, and void of pain:
Cares I had none to keep me from my reſt,
For love had never enter'd in my breaſt;
I wanted nothing fortune could ſupply,
Nor did ſhe ſlumber till that hour deny:
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools without the bruſhing air,
To curl the waves; and ſure ſome little care
Should weary nature ſo, to make her want repair.
When chanticleer the ſecond watch had ſung,
Scorning the ſcorner Sleep from bed I ſprung.
And dreſſing, by the moon, in looſe array,
Paſs'd out in open air, preventing day,
And ſought a goodly grove as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order ſtood
Of oaks unſhorn a venerable wood:
Freſh was the graſs beneath, and ev'ry tree
At diſtance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal ſpace
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace:
And the new leaves on every bough were ſeen,
Some ruddy-colour'd, ſome of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the ſpring,
Hopping from ſpray to ſpray, were heard to ſing;
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting muſic, and a charming ſight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole deſire;
And liſten'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heav'nly voice to ſing;
And wanted yet an omen to the ſpring.
Attending long in vain; I took the way,
Which through a path, but ſcarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it ſeem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly preſs'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for ſtill methought,
To ſome ſtrange end ſo ſtrange a path was wrought:
At laſt it led me where an arbour ſtood,
The ſacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progreſs I had never ſeen:
And ſeiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the tranſporting ſight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be ſeen,
The thick young graſs aroſe in freſher green:
The mound was newly made, no ſight could paſs
Betwixt the nice partitions of the graſs;
The well-united ſods ſo cloſely lay;
And all around the ſhades defended it from day.
For ſycamours with eglantine were ſpread,
A hedge about the ſides, a covering over head.
And ſo the fragrant brier was wove between,
The ſycamour and flow'rs were mix'd with green,
That nature ſeem'd to vary the delight;
And ſatisfy'd at once the ſmell and ſight.
The maſter-workman of the bow'r was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon:

Who twining leaves with ſuch proportion drew,
They roſe by meaſure, and by rule they grew:
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell;
For none but hands divine could work ſo well.
Both roof and ſides were like a parlour made,
A ſoft receſs, and a cool ſummer ſhade;
The hedge was ſet ſo thick, no foreign eye
The perſons plac'd within it could eſpy:
But all that paſs'd without with eaſe was ſeen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and ſome was plain
With graſs; and ſome was ſow'd with riſing grain.
That (now the dew with ſpangles deck'd the ground:)
A ſweeter ſpot of earth was never found.
I look'd, and look'd, and ſtill with new delight;
Such joy my ſoul, ſuch pleaſures fill'd my ſight:
And the freſh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whoſe odours were of pow'r to raiſe from death:
Nor ſullen diſcontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this ſweet place could only pleaſure know.

Thus, as I mus'd, I caſt aſide my eye
And ſaw a medlar-tree was planted nigh;
The ſpreading branches made a goodly ſhow,
And full of op'ning blooms was ev'ry bough:
A goldfinch there I ſaw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from ſide to ſide,
Still pecking as ſhe paſs'd; and ſtill ſhe drew
The ſweets from ev'ry flow'r, and ſuck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, ſhe warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indiſtinct, and neither ſweet nor clear,
Yet ſuch as ſooth'd my ſoul, and pleas'd my ear.

Her ſhort performance was no ſooner try'd,
When ſhe I ſought, the nightingale, reply'd:
So ſweet, ſo ſhrill, ſo variouſly ſhe ſung,
That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung:
And I ſo raviſh'd with her heav'nly note,
I ſtood entranc'd, and had no room for thought.
But all o'erpow'r'd with extaſy of bliſs,
Was in a pleaſing dream of paradiſe;
At length I wak'd; and looking round the bow'r
Search'd ev'ry tree, and pry'd on ev'ry flow'r,
If any where by chance I might eſpy
The rural poet of the melody:
But ſtill methought ſhe ſung not far away;
At laſt I found her on a laurel ſpray,
Cloſe by my ſide ſhe ſate, and fair in ſight,
Full in a line, againſt her oppoſite;
Where ſtood the eglantine with laurel twin'd:
And both their native ſweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I ſat, and liſten'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the ſong!)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wiſh'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too ſwiftly paſs'd,
And ev'ry note I fear'd wou'd be the laſt.
My ſight, and ſmell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three ſenſes in full guſt enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the reſt ſurpaſs,
The ſweet poſſeſſion of the fairy place;
Single, and conſcious to myſelf alone,
Of pleaſures which no where elſe were to be found,
And all Elyſium in a ſpot of ground.

Thus while I ſat intent to ſee and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All ſuddenly I heard th' approaching ſound
Of vocal muſic, on th' inchanted ground:
An hoſt of ſaints it ſeem'd, ſo full the quire;
As if the bleſs'd above did all conſpire,
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there iſſu'd from the grove behind
A fair aſſembly of the female kind.
A train leſs fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the ſons of heaven to rebel.
I paſs their forms, and ev'ry charming grace,
Leſs than an angel wou'd their worth debaſe:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare is freſh within my mind.
In velvet white as ſnow the troop was gown'd,
The ſeams with ſparkling emeralds, ſet around;
Their hoods and ſleeves the ſame: and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the ſhining ſtore
Of eaſtern pomp: their long deſcending train
With rubies edg'd, and ſapphires, ſweep the plain;
High on their heads, with jewels richly ſet
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd.
Of laurel ſome, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of Agnus Caſtus, others bore:
Theſe laſt who with thoſe virgin crowns were dreſs'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the reſt.
They danc'd around, but in the midſt was ſeen
A lady of a more majeſtic mien;
By ſtature, and by beauty mark'd their ſov'reign queen.

She in the midſt began with ſober grace;
Her ſervants eyes were fix'd upon her face:
And as ſhe mov'd or turn'd her motions view'd,
Her meaſures kept, and ſtep by ſtep purſu'd.
Methought ſhe trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead ſhining in her face;
And as in beauty ſhe ſurpaſs'd the quire,
So, nobler than the reſt, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold incloſ'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a ſhow:
A branch of Agnus Caſtus in her hand,
She bore aloft (her ſceptre of command:)
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For whereſoe'er ſhe turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as ſhe danc'd, a roundelay ſhe ſung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and ſung ſo clear,
The fauns came ſcudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending foreſt lent an ear.
At every cloſe ſhe made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the ſong:
So juſt, ſo ſmall, yet in ſo ſweet a note,
It ſeem'd the muſic melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and ſinging as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd:
Till round my arbour, a new ring they made,
And footed it about the ſecret ſhade:
O'erjoy'd to ſee the jolly troop ſo near,
But ſomewhat aw'd, I ſhook with holy fear;
Yet not ſo much, but that I noted well
Who did the moſt in ſong, or dance excell.

Not long I had obſerv'd, when from afar
I heard a ſudden ſymphony of war;
The neighing courſers, and the ſoldiers cry,
And ſounding trumps that ſeem'd to tear the ſky:

I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flow'rs, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issu'd in white mantles dress'd;
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial oak were crown'd,
And at each trumpet was a banner bound;
Which waving in the wind display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks, the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and ev'ry one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these of kings at arms a goodly train,
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd.
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow:
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a-row.
The pursevants came next in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed:
In golden armour glorious to behold;
The crests of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermin fur were made;
With cloth of gold between that cast a glitt'ring shade.
The trappings of their steeds were of the same;
The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame;
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for ev'ry knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind:
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
The foremost held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ransom wou'd not pay the price
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.
And after these came arm'd with spear and shield
An host so great, as cover'd all the field:
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands besides the lance and shield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons, rang'd on either side.
Then turn'd their horses heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.
They lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:
They met; I sitting at my ease beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man,
And round the fields the lighten'd coursers ran.
An hour and more like tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day:
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful flight compell'd
And with resistless force, o'er-ran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret arbour sung and danc'd.
The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen knight.
Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat,
From sudden April show'rs, a shelter from the heat.
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there.
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war;
From heav'n's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shun'd the scorching heat:
A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And ev'ry knight a lady by his side:
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
The lords, and ladies here approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made:
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue,
With songs of love, and mix with measures new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And ev'ry champion leads his chosen dame.
I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the west I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.
The ladies dress'd in rich symarrs were seen
Of Florence sattin, flow'r'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the gloomy gridelin,
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded think with rubies on a-row;

And ev'ry damsel wore upon her head
Of flow'rs a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with chearful green:
Their chaplets of the ir ladies colours were
Compos'd of white and red to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd,
All in their master's liveries were array'd:
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind:
The sawtry, pipe, and hautbois noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daisies on a flow'ry lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way:
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay;
And still at ev'ry close she wou'd repeat
The burden of the song, "The daisy is so sweet."
The daisy is so sweet when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continu'd on.
The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was heav'n to hear.
But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon of day;
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Syrius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky:
The drooping flow'rs (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head;
And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no lower air, but fire;
The fainty knights were scorch'd; and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near.
And after this the gath'ring clouds amain,
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain.
And lightning flash'd betwixt: the field, and flow'rs
Burn'd up before, were bury'd in the show'rs.
The ladies, and the knights no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather, and the wintry sky,
Were drooping wet, disconsolate and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain.
While those in white protected by the tree
Saw pass the vain assault, and stood from danger free.
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suffering they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames with courtly grace
And with behaviour sweet their foes embrace.
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair sister I have suffer'd in your woe:
Nor shall be wanting ought within my pow'r
For your relief in my refreshing bow'r.
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had born, and beating rain.
Like curtesy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and ev'ry knight knight.
The laurel-champions with their swords invade,
The neighb'ring forests where the justs were made,
And firewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A chearful blaze arose, and by the fire,
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet attire.
Refresh'd with heat the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
They squeez'd the juice; and cooling ointment made
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their chap skins they laid:
Then sought green sallads which they bade 'em eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat
The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the flow'r her guest:
When lo, a bow'r ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats adorn'd, and large for either train.
This bow'r was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sate, and each a knight between
Distinguished by their colours white and green:
The vanquished party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mast'ry vy'd:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bow'r.
The sun was set; and Vesper to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky:
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of th' ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes scap'd the bitter show'r,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flow'r;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night.
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by star-light and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen,
Supply'd with steeds the lady of the green;
Her, and her train conducting on the way
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white with laurel crown'd
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court; according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow
She said; and I who much desir'd to know

Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak.
Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in lifted field so well.
To this the dame reply'd, Fair daughter, know
That what you saw, was all a fairy show:
And all those airy shapes you now behold
Were human bodies once, and cloath'd with earthly mold:
Our souls not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon:
But when the morn arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before; and lashes into night
All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bow'rs,
And ev'n this grove unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; ev'ry lady cloath'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel ev'ry knight,
Are servants to the leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold:
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That Agnus Castus in her hand appears:
And all her train with leafy chaplets crown'd
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd:
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel-crowns, are they
Whom death nor danger ever cou'd dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.
But those who wear the woodbine on their brow
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow:
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
As true as Tristram, and Isotta were.
But what are those, said I, th' unconquer'd nine
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour shine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adore the flow'r, and some the tree?
Just is your suit, fair daughter, said the dame,
Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of diff'rent rites,
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian knights.
These, as you see, ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd.
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew;
For deathless laurel is the victors due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemaign:
For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour, and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince.
Unchang'd by fortune, to their sovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid those honours which they gain'd.
The laurel-wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
And still they Cæsar's successors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality,
And more of worth, than all the world can buy.
One doubt remains, said I, the dames in green,
What were their qualities, and who their queen?
Flora commands, said she, those nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in slothful ease, and loose delights:
Who never acts of honour durst pursue,
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all untrue:
Who nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays, and sports,
Till death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their green.
These, and their mates, enjoy the present hour,
And therefore pay their homage to the Flow'r.
But knights and knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue, and proceed in honour's fair career.
No room for cowardice, or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way.
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste;
For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd;
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground:
From winter-winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry month is May.
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow;
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snows, appears the streaky green.
Not so the flow'r, which lasts for little space,
In short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driv'n,
Weak to sustain the storms, and injuries of heav'n.
Prop'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a fickly beauty, soon to shed;
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind for pleasure made
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd.
With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
And proffer'd service I repaid the dame:
That of her grace she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.

And ſhe to prove what profit I had made,
Of myſtic truth, in fables firſt convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the leaf or flow'r I would obey?
I choſe the leaf; ſhe finiſh'd with ſober chear,
And wiſh'd me fair adventure for the year.
And gave me charms and figils, for defence
Againſt ill tongues that ſcandal innocence:
But I, ſaid ſhe, my fellows muſt purſue,
Already paſt the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus; I homeward ſped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then late refreſh'd with ſleep I roſe to write
The viſionary vigils of the night:
Bluſh, as thou may'ſt, my little book, for ſhame,
Nor hope with homely verſe to purchaſe fame;
For ſuch thy maker choſe; and ſo deſign'd
Thy ſimple ſtile to ſuit thy lowly kind.

THE

WIFE OF BATH,

HER

TALE.

IN days of old when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whoſe acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry green.
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The graſs unbidden roſe, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the ſilver light
Of Phœbe ſerv'd to guide their ſteps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full ſhe play'd,
Nor longer than ſhe ſhed her horns they ſtaid,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the reſt our Britain held they dear,
More ſolemnly they kept their ſabbaths here,
And made more ſpacious rings, and revell'd half the year.
I ſpeak of ancient times, for now the ſwain
Returning late may paſs the woods in vain,
And never hope to ſee the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mints is dreſs'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy gueſt,
To ſkim the bowls, and after pay the feaſt.
She ſighs and ſhakes her empty ſhoes in vain,
No ſilver penny to reward her pain:
For prieſts with pray'rs, and other godly geer,
Have made the merry goblins diſappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have ſprinkled holy water on the floor:
And fry'rs that through the wealthy regions run
Thick as the motes, that twinkle in the ſun;
Reſort to farmers rich, and bleſs their halls
And exorciſe the beds, and croſs the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forſake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the pariſh now is ſeen,
The midnight parſon poſting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up to wakes; for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he ſets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus, but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and ſanctity ſo near:
For by ſome haycock or ſome ſhady thorn
He bids his beads both even-ſong and morn.
It ſo befel in this king Arthur's reign,
A luſty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A batchelor he was, and of the courtly train
It happen'd as he rode, a damſel gay
In ruſſet-robes to market took her way;
Soon on the girl he caſt an amorous eye,
So ſtrait ſhe walk'd, and on her paſterns high:
If ſeeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning ſhort he better lik'd her face:
He lights in haſte, and full of youthful fire,
By force accompliſh'd his deſire:
This done, away he rode, not uneſpy'd,
For ſwarming at his back the country cry'd;
And once in view they never loſt the ſight,
But ſeiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere mark'd the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaſte as maids in monaſteries liv'd:
The king himſelf to nuptial tyes a ſlave,
No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad but in a vicious age,
Had not to pleaſe the prince debauch'd the ſtage.
Now what ſhou'd Arthur do? he lov'd the knight,
But ſovereign monarchs are the ſource of right:
Mov'd by the damſel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal raviſher to die.
But fair Geneura roſe in his defence,
And pray'd ſo hard for mercy from the prince;
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her pow'r to kill or ſave:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man ſhould die for love.
And with their miſtreſs join'd in cloſe debate
(Covering their kindneſs with diſſembled hate;)
If not to ſee him, to prolong his fate.
At laſt agreed they call'd him by conſent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair ſpeaker riſing from her chair,
Did thus the judgment of the houſe declare.
Sir knight, though I have aſk'd thy life, yet ſtill
Thy deſtiny depends upon my will:
Nor haſt thou other ſurety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a ſoſter mold,
And cannot blood without a ſigh behold,
I grant thee life; reſerving ſtill the pow'r
To take the forfeit when I ſee my hour:
Unleſs thy anſwer to my next demand
Shall ſet thee free from our avenging hand;

The queſtion, whoſe ſolution I require,
"Is what the ſex of women moſt deſire?"
In this diſpute thy judges are at ſtrife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (leſt ſurpriz'd, unknowing what to ſay
Thou damn thyſelf) we give thee farther day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others if thou want'ſt the ſkill.
But, not to hold our proffer into ſcorn,
Good ſureties will we have for thy return;
That at the time preſix'd thou ſhalt obey,
And at thy pledges peril keep thy day.
Woe was the knight at this ſevere command!
But well he knew 'twas bootleſs to withſtand:
The terms accepted as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again.
And promis'd anſwer at the day aſſign'd,
The beſt, with heav'n's aſſiſtance, he could find.
His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of diſcontent,
Miſdoubting much, and fearful of th' event.
'Twas hard the truth of ſuch a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went, ſtill anxious more and more
Aſk'd all he met; and knock'd at ev'ry door;
Enquir'd of men; but made his chief requeſt
To learn from women what they lov'd the beſt.
They anſwer'd each according to her mind;
To pleaſe herſelf, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place:
Some old and ugly, wiſh'd a better face.
The widow's wiſh was oftentimes to wed;
The wanton maids were all for ſport a-bed.
Some ſaid the ſex were pleas'd with handſome lies,
And ſome groſs flatt'ry lov'd without diſguiſe:
Truth is, ſays one, he ſeldom fails to win
Who flatters well, for that's our darling ſin.
But long attendance, and a duteous mind
Will work ev'n with the wiſeſt of the kind.
One thought the ſex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleaſures, hours, and actions, all their own,
And uncontroll'd to give account to none.
Some wiſh a huſband fool; but ſuch are curſt,
For fools perverſe, of huſbands are the worſt:
All women wou'd be counted chaſte and wiſe,
Nor ſhould our ſpouſes ſee, but with our eyes;
For fools will prate; and tho' they want the wit
To find cloſe faults, yet open blots will hit:
Tho' better for their eaſe to hold their tongue,
For womankind was never in the wrong.
So noiſe enſues, and quarrels laſt for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And ſome men ſay that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and ſecrecy:
And conſtant in one purpoſe ſtill to dwell;
And not our huſband's counſels to reveal.
But that's a fable; for our ſex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky ſieves no ſecrets we can hold:
Witneſs the famous tale that Ovid told.
Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with aſſes ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
(As monarchs vices muſt not be reveal'd)
For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind;
Nor apt to think from heav'n their title ſprings,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew; and durſt communicate
To none but to his wife, his ears of ſtate:
One muſt be truſted, and he thought her fit,
As paſſing prudent; and a parlous wit.
To this ſagacious confeſſor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had ſent:
But told it under matrimonial ſeal,
With ſtrict injunction never to reveal.
The ſecret heard ſhe plighted him her troth,
(And ſacred ſure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady ſhould reſt unknown
Both for her huſband's honour and her own:
But ne'ertheleſs ſhe pin'd with diſcontent;
The counſel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing ſhe knew ſhe was oblig'd to hide;
By int'reſt and by oath the wife was ty'd;
But if ſhe told it not the woman dy'd.
Loth to betray a huſband and a prince,
But ſhe muſt burſt, or blab; and no pretence
Of honour ty'd her tongue from ſelf-defence.
A marſhy ground commodiouſly was near,
Thither ſhe ran, and held her breath for fear,
Leſt if a word ſhe ſpoke of any thing,
That word might be the ſecret of the king.
Thus full of counſel to the fen ſhe went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent:
Arriv'd, by pure neceſſity compell'd,
On her majeſtic mary-bones ſhe kneel'd:
Then to the waters brink ſhe laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, ſhe ſaid, I tell
(And as thy queen command thee to conceal)
Beneath his locks the king my huſband wears
A goodly royal pair of aſſes ears:
Now I have eas'd my boſom of the pain
Till the next longing fit return again!
Thus through a woman was the ſecret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town:
But to my tale: the knight with heavy cheer,
Wandring in vain had now conſum'd the year:
One day was only left to ſolve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he firſt ſet out.
But home he muſt: and as th' award had been
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this deſpairing ſtate he hap'd to ride
As fortune led him, by a foreſt-ſide:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror ſtood
Brown with the ſhade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up and ſhot a gleamy light)
He ſaw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing ſeem'd to ſkim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, ſo light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At ſpeed he drove, and came a ſudden gueſt,
In hope where many women were, at leaſt,
Some one by chance might anſwer his requeſt.
But faſter than his horſe the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vaniſh'd out of view.
One only hag remain'd: but fouler far
Than grandame-apes in Indian foreſts are:
Againſt a wither'd oak ſhe lean'd her weight,
Prop'd on her truſty ſtaff, not half upright,
And drop'd an awkard court'ſy to the knight.
Then ſaid, what make you, ſir, ſo late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?

Or want you ought that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and, if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight:
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
Then tell your pain: for wisdom is in age.
To this the knight: Good mother, wou'd you know
The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell, what women most desire:
Now cou'd you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay:
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfy'd of what they love the best.
Plight me thy faith, quoth she, that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd the task;
That shalt thou give for hire of thy demand,
Here take thy oath; and seal it on my hand;
I warrant thee on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife.
More words there needed not to move the knight
To take her offer and his truth to plight.
With that she spread her mantle on the ground,
And first enquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, tho' long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day:
His horse should find the way without a guide,
She said; with fury they began to ride.
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
To court they came: the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town:
The queen sate lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim,
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
And after forms of laws, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.
Th' offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began; My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is sovereignty.
The wife affects her husband to command,
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses ev'n in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all; while we, like slaves, obey.
There was not one or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life.
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a blush confess'd,
The man had found what women love the best.
Upstarts the beldame, who was there unseen,
And reverence made, accosted thus the queen.
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I poor wretch find favour in your eyes:
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought.
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his life,
And claim his debt to take me for his wife.
The knight was ask'd, nor cou'd his oath deny,
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent to brothers of the bar)
Cry'd one, and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame-hag adjudg'd the knight.
In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit, might be requir'd.
But still the crone was constant to her note;
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body, destin'd to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn:
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
Not all the wealth of eastern kings, said she,
Have power to part my plighted love, and me:
And old, and ugly as I am, and poor;
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.
My love! nay rather my damnation thou,
Said he: nor am I bound to keep my vow:
The fiend thy sire has sent thee from below,
Else how cou'dst thou my secret sorrows know?
Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;
So was he married in his own despite;
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong
To pass the marriage-feast, and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was a-la-mort:
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bride-groom and the bride:
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple ty'd.
Restless he toss'd and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd, and wriggled farther off; for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quiv'ring arms, and cry'd,
When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such, you might have 'scap'd the law.
Is this the custom of King Arthur's court?
Are all round-table knights of such a sort?
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife:
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my pow'r.
In time of need I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, 'tis much unkind;
What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?

Thus on my wedding-night——without pretence—
Come turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reason's rule perſuade,
Name but my fault, amends ſhall ſoon be made.
Amends! nay that's impoſſible, ſaid he,
What change of age, or uglineſs can be!
Or, cou'd Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art deſcended from ſo mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with ſuch diſgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my ſide,
When if I turn, I turn to ſuch a bride?
And is this all that troubles you ſo ſore!
And what the devil cou'dſt thou wiſh me more?
Ah, Benedicite, reply'd the crone:
Then cauſe of juſt complaining have you none.
The remedy to this were ſoon apply'd,
Wou'd you be like the bridegroom to the bride.
But, for you ſay a long deſcended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and pow'r and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much diſparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glitt'ring, and fallacious good.
The nobleman is he whoſe noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The king of heaven was in a manger laid;
And took his earth but from an humble maid:
Then what can birth or mortal men beſtow,
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We who for name, and empty honour ſtrive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your anceſtors who puff your mind with pride,
And vaſt eſtates to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honour, but their own advance,
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you tralienate from your father's mind,
What are you elſe but of a baſtard kind?
Do, as your great progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourſelf their ſon.
No father can infuſe, or wit, or grace,
A mother comes acroſs, and mars the race.
A grandſire, or a grandame taints the blood;
And ſeldom three deſcents continue good.
Were virtue by deſcent, a noble name
Cou'd never villanize his father's fame:
But as the firſt the laſt of all the line,
Wou'd like the ſun ev'n in deſcending ſhine.
Take fire; and bear it to the darkeſt houſe,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucaſus,
If you depart, the flame ſhall ſtill remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor till the fuel periſh, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combuſtible to prey.
Such is not man, who mixing better ſeed
With worſe, begets a baſe, degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father ſinks within his ſon, we ſee,
And often riſes in the third degree;
If better luck, a better mother give:
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, ev'n ſuch are we,
Or call it chance, or ſtrong neceſſity.
Thus, loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs muſt be; for ſeed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work th' imperfect kind:
But fire, th' enliv'ner of the general frame
Is one, its operation ſtill the ſame.
Its principle is in itſelf: while ours
Works as conſed'rates war, with mingled pow'rs:
Or man, or woman, which ſoever fails:
And oft the vigour of the worſe prevails.
Aether with ſulphur blended, alters hue,
And caſts a duſky gleam of Sodom blue,
Thus in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fiſh deſcends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But by himſelf degraded turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long train of light, to thee deſcending down.
If in thy ſmoke it ends; their glories ſhine;
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I ſaid before, is plainly ſhow'd,
That true nobility proceeds from God:
Not left us by inheritance, but giv'n
By bounty of our ſtars, and grace of heav'n.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius roſe,
Whom for his virtues, the firſt Romans choſe:
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whoſe noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
From hence, my lord, and love, I thus conclude,
That tho' my homely anceſtors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace,
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin
In virtue cloath'd, to caſt the rags of ſin:
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in heav'n; there was a time,
When He, the great controller of our fate
Deign'd to be man; and liv'd in low eſtate:
Which he who had the world at his diſpoſe,
If poverty were vice, wou'd never chooſe.
Philoſophers have ſaid, and poets ſing,
That a glad poverty's an honeſt thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treaſure find.
But the baſe miſer ſtarves amiſt his ſtore,
Broods on his gold, and griping ſtill at more
Sits ſadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, tho' he wants relief,
Has not to loſe, and ſings before the thief.
Want is a bitter, and a hateful good,
Becauſe its ſtirrings are not underſtood:
Yet many things impoſſible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the ſoul proceeds from thence,
Sharpneſs of wit, and active diligence:
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And if in patience taken mends our lives;
For ev'n that indigence that brings me low
Makes me myſelf, and Him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would chooſe,
A fair poſſeſſion, which mankind refuſe.
If we from wealth to poverty deſcend,
Want gives to know the flatt'rer from the friend.
If I am old, and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adult'rer will my love purſue.
Nor jealouſy the bane of married life,
Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely wife:
For age, and uglineſs, as all agree,
Are the beſt guards of female chaſtity.

Yet ſince I ſee your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my beſt to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my diſpoſe,
Think ere you ſpeak, I grant you leave to chuſe:
Wou'd you I ſhould be ſtill deform'd, and old,
Nauſeous to touch, and loathſome to behold;
On this condition, to remain for life
A careful, tender and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your eaſe,
And not in deed or word, or thought diſpleaſe?
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your ſhare?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger, with the doubtful bliſs,
And thank yourſelf, if ought ſhould fall amiſs.
Sore ſigh'd the knight, who this long ſermon heard,
At length conſidering all, his heart he chear'd:
And thus reply'd, my lady, and my wife,
To your wiſe conduct I reſign my life:
Chooſe you for me, for well you underſtand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble huſband may requeſt,
Provide, and order all things for the beſt;
Yours be the care to profit, and to pleaſe:
And let your ſubject ſervant take his eaſe.
Then thus in peace, quoth ſhe, concludes the ſtrife,
Since I am turn'd the huſband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which having fairly gain'd, I will reſign;
Forgive, if I have ſaid, or done amiſs,
And ſeal the bargain with a friendly kiſs:
I promis'd you but one, content to ſhare,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel ſhall diſturb your eaſe,
The buſineſs of my life ſhall be to pleaſe:
And for my beauty that, as time ſhall try;
But draw the curtain firſt, and caſt your eye.
He look'd, and ſaw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and ſeiz'd her ivory arm;
And like Pygmalion found the ſtatue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A ſtorm of kiſſes pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliſs they lay entrac'd,
And their firſt love continu'd to the laſt:
One ſun-ſhine was their life; no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple ſeen.
And ſo may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heav'n ſend the maids young huſbands, fresh in bed:
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man:
And ſome devouring plague purſue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE

CHARACTER

OF A

GOOD PARSON;

IMITATED FROM

CHAUCER,

AND ENLARGED.

A Pariſh-prieſt, was of the pilgrim-train:
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itſelf was in his face.
Rich was his ſoul, though his attire was poor;
(As God had cloth'd his own ambaſſador;)
For ſuch, on earth, his bleſs'd Redeemer bore.
Of ſixty years he ſeem'd; and well might laſt
To ſixty more, but that he liv'd too faſt;
Refin'd himſelf to ſoul, to curb the ſenſe;
And made almoſt a ſin of abſtinence.
Yet, had his aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a face as promis'd him ſincere.
Nothing reſerv'd or ſullen was to ſee:
But ſweet regards, and pleaſing ſanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Tho' harſh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd.
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the ſky:
And oft, with holy hymns, he charm'd their ears:
(A muſic more melodious than the ſpheres.)
For David left him, when he went to reſt,
His lyre; and after him, he ſung the beſt.
He bore his great commiſſion in his look:
But ſweetly temper'd awe; and ſoften'd all he ſpoke.
He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell,
And warn'd the ſinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the goſpel rather than the law:
And forc'd himſelf to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds; but love, like heat,
Exhales the ſoul ſublime, to ſeek her native ſeat.
To threats, the ſtubborn ſinner oft is hard:
Wrap'd in his crimes, againſt the ſtorm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightnings and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Thoſe, but proclaim his ſtile, and diſappear;
The ſtiller ſound ſucceeds; and God is there.
The tythes, his pariſh freely paid, he took;
But never ſu'd; or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong; but off'ring none:
Since ev'ry man is free to loſe his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind:)
The leſs he fought his ſuff'rings, pinch'd the more:
And prais'd a prieſt contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the famiſh'd, and to cloath the bare:
For mortify'd he was, to that degree,
A poorer than himſelf, he wou'd not ſee.
True prieſts, he ſaid, and preachers of the word,
Were only ſtewards of their ſovereign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public ſtore:
Intruſted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, ſhou'd they ſteal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himſelf accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his pariſh; not contracted cloſe
In ſtreets, but here and there a ſtraggling houſe:
Yet ſtill he was at hand, without requeſt
To ſerve the ſick; to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempeſtuous night.
All this the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor ſpar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durſt he truſt another with his care;
Nor rode himſelf to Pauls, the public fair,

To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics, and fine-cures are sold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey;
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought;
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest:
The gold of heaven, who bear the god impress'd:
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patient in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught; and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become St. Peter's successor:
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp; the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with ev'ry grace;
Reflecting, Moses like, his maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation bless'd.
The tempter saw him too, with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd:
And high and low, with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, tho' great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near tho' he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne:
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted; none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by providence,
Was, by a flatt'ring priest, invented since:
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their pow'r, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice; because he knew
Worse might, and often did from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke:
And, unpreferr'd, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still chearful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught; and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not, with the crowd, to see a shrine;
But fed us by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To shew you, what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foyl: but shines by his own proper light.

TRANSLATIONS FROM BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA,

AND

GUISCARDO.

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd;
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd;
Till turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He lost the lustre of his former praise;
And from the bright meridian where he stood,
Descending, dipp'd his hands in lovers blood.
This prince, of fortune's favour long possess'd,
Yet was with one fair daughter only bless'd;
And bless'd he might have been with her alone:
But oh! how much more happy, had he none!
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight:
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid;
As envying any else should share a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart,
At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vassals eagerly desir'd,
With mind averse, he rather underwent
His people's will, then gave his own consent:
So was she torn, as from a lover's side,
And made almost in his despite a bride.
Short were her marriage joys; for in the prime
Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time:
And to her father's court, in little space
Restor'd anew, she held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace.
This princess, fresh and young, and fair, and wise,
The worshipp'd idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her sex in ev'ry grace exceed,
And had more wit beside than women need.
Youth, health, and ease, and most an amorous mind,
To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd:
And former joys had left a secret sting behind.
But prodigal in ev'ry other grant,
Her sire left unsupply'd her only want;
And she, betwixt her modesty, and pride,
Her wishes, which she could not help, would hide.
Resolv'd at last to lose no longer time,
And yet to please herself without a crime,
She cast her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy subject suiting to her mind,

To him in holy nuptials to be ty'd,
A feeming widow, and a fecret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one ſhe found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
Of gentle blood; but one whoſe niggard fate
Had ſet him far below her high eſtate;
Guiſcard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
Now ſquire to Tancred, and before his page:
To him, the choice of all the ſhining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigiſmonda vow'd.
Yet hitherto ſhe kept her love conceal'd,
And with cloſe glances ev'ry day beheld
The graceful youth; and ev'ry day increas'd
The raging fire that burn'd within her breaſt:
Some ſecret charm did all his acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, her's could mend:
Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the priſon pent, conſume the prey;
So long her earneſt eyes on his were ſet,
At length their twiſted rays together met:
And he, ſurpriz'd with humble joy, ſurvey'd
One ſweet regard, ſhot by the royal maid:
Nor well aſſur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
A ſecond glance came gliding like the firſt;
And he who ſaw the ſharpneſs of the dart,
Without defence receiv'd it in his heart
In publick though their paſſion wanted ſpeech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted for each:
Time, ways, and means of meeting were deny'd;
But all thoſe wants it genious love ſupply'd.
Th' inventive god, who never fails in part,
Inſpires the wit, when once he warms the heart.
When Guiſcard next was in the circle ſeen,
Where Sigiſmonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand ſhe brought,
But in the concave had enclos'd a note:
With this ſhe ſeem'd to play, and, as in ſport,
Toſs'd to her love, in preſence of the court;
Take it, ſhe ſaid; and when your needs require,
This little brand will ſerve to light your fire.
He took it with a bow, and ſoon divin'd
The ſeeming toy was not for nought deſign'd:
But when retir'd, ſo long with curious eyes
He view'd the preſent, that he found the prize.
Much was in little writ; and all convey'd
With cautious care, for fear to be betray'd
By ſome falſe confident, or fav'rite maid.
The time, the place, the manner how to meet,
Were all in punctual order plainly writ:
But ſince a truſt muſt be, ſhe thought it beſt
To put it out of laymens pow'r at leaſt,
And for their ſolemn vows prepar'd a prieſt.
Guiſcard, (her ſecret purpoſe underſtood)
With joy prepar'd to meet the coming good;
Nor pains nor danger was reſolv'd to ſpare,
But uſe the means appointed by the fair.
Near the proud palace of Salerno ſtood
A mount of rough aſcent, and thick with wood;
Through this a cave was dug with vaſt expence,
The work it ſeem'd of ſome ſuſpicious prince,
Who, when abuſing pow'r with lawleſs might,
From public juſtice would ſecure his flight.
The paſſage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpoſe, on a lower floor
He lodg'd, whoſe iſſue was an iron door,
From whence, by ſtairs deſcending to the ground,
In the blind grot a ſafe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, choak'd by time, and now unknown.
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimm'ring and maligant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whoſe uſe though loſt to fame,
Was now th' apartment of the royal dame,
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter ſhown.
Neglected long ſhe let the ſecret reſt,
Till love recall'd it to her lab'ring breaſt,
And hinted as the way by heav'n deſign'd
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inſpires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Though jealouſy of ſtate th' invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way, the tyrant had reſerv'd, to fly
Purſuing hate, now ſerv'd to bring two lovers nigh.
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Bold by deſire, explor'd the ſecret way;
Now try'd the ſtairs, and wading through the night,
Search'd all the deep receſs, and iſſu'd into light.
All this her letter had ſo well explain'd,
Th' inſtructed youth might compaſs what remain'd:
The cavern-mouth alone was hard to find,
Becauſe the path diſus'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copſe it lay,
His eye by certain level could ſurvey:
Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
A ſtock of leather o'er his limbs he drew:
And thus provided, ſearched the brake around,
Till the choak'd entry of the cave he found.
Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd,
So long expected, and ſo well contriv'd:
With love to friend, th' impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep deſcent.
The conſcious prieſt, who was ſuborn'd before,
Stood ready poſted at the poſtern-door:
The maids in diſtant rooms were ſent to reſt,
And nothing wanted but th' invited gueſt.
He came, and knocking thrice, without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the firſt ſtep he made, was in her arms:
The leathern out-ſide, boiſtrous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her ſtrict embrace:
On either ſide the kiſſes flew ſo thick,
That neither he nor ſhe had breath to ſpeak.
The holy man amaz'd at what he ſaw,
Made haſte to ſanctify the bliſs by law;
And mutter'd faſt the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed ſin ſhould get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Becauſe he knew he could not go too ſoon;
His preſence odious, when his taſk was done,
What thoughts he had, beſeems not me to ſay;
Though ſome ſurmiſe he went to faſt and pray,
And needed both, to drive the tempting thought away.
The foe once gone, they took their full delight
'Twas reſtleſs rage, and tempeſt all the night:
For greedy love each moment would employ,
And grudg'd the ſhorteſt pauſes of their joy.
Thus were their loves auſpiciouſly begun,
And thus with ſecret care were carried on.

The ſtealth itſelf did appetite reſtore,
And look'd ſo like a ſin, it pleas'd the more.
The cave was now become a common way,
The wickets often open'd, knew the key:
Love rioted ſecure, and long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
But as extremes are ſhort, of ill and good,
And tides at higheſt mark regorge the flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleaſure to deſtroy.
Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whoſe delight
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily ſight,
Of cuſtom, when his ſtate-affairs were done,
Would paſs his pleaſing hours with her alone:
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of the officious crowd.
It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He try'd to ſleep, as was his uſual way,
The balmy ſlumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own deſpite, to riſe:
Of ſleep forſaken, to relieve his care,
He ſought the converſation of the fair:
But with her train of damſels ſhe was gone,
In ſhady walks the ſcorching heat to ſhun:
He would not violate that ſweet receſs,
And found beſides a welcome heavineſs
That ſeiz'd his eyes: and ſlumber, which forgot
When call'd before to come, now came unſought.
From light retir'd, behind his daughter's bed,
Or for approaching ſleep compos'd his head;
A chair was ready, for that uſe deſign'd,
So quilted, that he lay at eaſe reclin'd;
The curtains cloſely drawn, the light to ſcreen,
As if he had contriv'd to lie unſeen:
Thus cover'd with an artificial night,
Sleep did his office ſoon, and ſealed his ſight.
With heav'n averſe, in this ill-omen'd hour
Was Guiſcard ſummon'd to the ſecret bow'r,
And the fair nymph, with expectation fir'd,
From her attending damſels was retir'd:
For, true to love, ſhe meaſur'd time ſo right,
As not to miſs one moment of delight.
The garden, ſeated on the level floor,
She left behind, and locking ev'ry door,
Though all ſecure; but little did ſhe know,
Blind to her fate, ſhe had incloſ'd her foe.
Attending Guiſcard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock:
Thrice with a doleful ſound the jarring grate
Rung deaf, and hollow, and preſag'd their fate.
The door unlock'd, to known delight they haſte,
And panting in each others arms, embrac'd;
Rush to the conſcious bed, a mutual freight,
And needleſs preſs it with their wonted weight.
The ſudden bound awak'd the ſleeping fire,
And ſhew'd a ſight no parent can deſire:
His opening eyes at once with odious view
The love diſcover'd, and the lover knew:
He would have cry'd; but hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement ty'd his tongue, and ſtopp'd the attempt.
To'enſuing moment all the truth declar'd,
But now he ſtood collected, and prepar'd;
For malice and revenge had put him on his guard.
So, like a lion, that unheeded lay,
Diſſembling ſleep, and watchful to betray,
With inward rage he meditates his prey.

The thoughtleſs pair, indulging their deſires,
Alternate, kind'd, and then quench'd their fires;
Nor thinking in the ſhades of death they play'd,
Full of themſelves, themſelves alone ſurvey'd,
And, too ſecure, were by themſelves betray'd.
Long time diſſolv'd in pleaſure thus they lay,
Till nature could no more ſuffice their play;
Then roſe the youth, and through the cave again
Return'd; the princeſs mingl'd with her train.
Reſolv'd his unripe vengeance to defer
The royal ſpy, when now the coaſt was clear,
Sought not the garden, but retir'd unſeen,
To brood in ſecret on his gather'd ſpleen,
And methodize revenge: to death he griev'd;
And, but he ſaw the crime, had ſcarce believ'd.
Th' appointment for th' enſuing night he heard;
And therefore in the cavern had prepar'd
Two brawny yeomen of his truſty guard.
Scarce had unwary Guiſcard ſet his foot
Within the foremoſt entrance of the grot,
When theſe in ſecret ambuſh ready lay,
And ruſhing on the ſudden ſeiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An eaſy prize, they led the priſoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy ſire, too ſenſible of wrong
To vent his rage in words, reſtrain'd his tongue;
And only ſaid, thus ſervants are preferr'd,
And truſted, thus their ſov'reigns they reward.
Had I not ſeen, had not theſe eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.
He paus'd, and choak'd the reſt. The youth, who ſaw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge th' accuſer, and th' offence to him
Who had both pow'r and will t' avenge the crime;
No vain defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd,
The faults of love by love are juſtify'd:
With unreſiſted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raiſes plains;
And not regarding diff'rence of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me
This bold return with ſeeming patience heard,
The priſoner was remitted to the guard.
The ſullen tyrant ſlept not all the night,
But lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breaſt
But would not violate his daughter's reſt;
Who long expecting lay, for bliſs prepar'd,
Liſtning for noiſe, and griev'd that none ſhe heard;
Oft roſe, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay;
And paſs'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.
The morrow came; and at his uſual hour
Old Tancred viſited his daughter's bow'r;
Her cheek, (for ſuch his cuſtom was) he kiſs'd,
Then bleſs'd her kneeling, and her maids diſmiſs'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard.
O Sigiſmonda, he beg'an to ſay:
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to ſtay,
Till words with often trying found their way:
I thought, O Sigiſmonda, (but how blind
Are parents eyes, their childrens faults to find!)

Thy virtue, birth, and breeding were above
A mean desire, and vulgar sense of love.
Nor less than sight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and so just a prince,
Of such an unforeseen, and unbelieved offence.
Then what indignant sorrow must I have,
To see thee lie subjected to my slave!
A man so smelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him first for charity;
And since with no degree of honour grac'd,
But only suffer'd, where he first was plac'd:
A grov'ling insect still; and so design'd
By nature's hand, nor born of noble kind:
A thing, by neither man nor woman priz'd,
And scarcely known enough, to be despis'd.
To what has heav'n reserv'd my age? ah! why
Should man, when nature calls, not chuse to die,
Rather than stretch the span of life, to find
Such ills as fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel whom fond desire to live
Makes covetous of more than life can give!
Each has his share of good; and when 'tis gone,
The guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
But I, expecting more, in my own wrong
Protracting life, have liv'd a day too long.
If yesterday could be recall'd again,
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy reign:
But 'tis too late, my glorious race is run,
And a dark cloud o'ertakes my setting sun.
Had'st thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the shame,
If not the sin, by some illustrious name,
This little comfort had reliev'd my mind,
'Twas frailty, not unusual to thy kind:
But thy low fall beneath thy royal blood,
Shews downward appetite to mix with mud:
Thus not the least excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least refuge for unhappy me.
For him I have resolv'd: whom by surprize
I took, and scarce can call it, in disguise:
For such was his attire, as with intent
Of nature, suited to his mean descent:
The harder question yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To punish an offence of this degenerate kind.
As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So, that indulgence draws me to forgive:
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live.
But, as a public parent of the state,
My justice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I choose a middle course to steer;
Nature's too kind, and justice too severe:
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either side, the father, and the king.
Heav'n knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Make it but scanty weight, and leave the rest to me.
Here stopping with a sigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears to make his last expression good.
She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known;
But he was taken who her soul possess'd,
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast:
And little wanted, but a woman's heart
With cries, and tears, had testify'd her smart:
But in-born worth, that fortune can controul,
New strung, and stiffer bent her softer soul;
The heroine assum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and mortify'd her face:
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemn'd her friend!
Her life she might have had; but her despair
Of saving his, had put it past her care:
Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But rather than not die, solicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, she not as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse;
But boldly justify'd her innocence,
And while the fact was own'd, deny'd th' offence:
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance mid-way, and thus undaunted spoke.
Tancred, I neither am disposed to make
Request for life, nor offer'd life to take:
Much less deny the deed; but least of all
Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
My words to sacred truth shall be confin'd,
My deeds shall shew the greatness of my mind.
That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,
I call to witness all the pow'rs above:
Yet more I own; to Guiscard's love I give
The small remaining time I have to live;
And if beyond this life desire can be,
Not fate itself shall set my passion free.
This first avow'd; nor folly wrapp'd my mind,
Nor the frail texture of the female kind
Betray'd my virtue: for, too well I knew
What honour was, and honour had his due:
Before the holy priest my vows were ty'd,
So came I not a strumpet, but a bride;
This for my fame: and for the public voice:
Yet more, his merits justify'd my choice:
Which had they not, the first election thine,
That bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine:
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny,)
Had parents pow'r ev'n second vows to tie,
Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights
Has forc'd me to recourse of marriage-rites,
To fill an empty side, and follow known delights.
What have I done in this, deserving blame?
State-laws may alter; nature's are the same;
Those are usurp'd on helpless woman kind,
Made without our consent, and wanting pow'r to bind.
Thou, Tancred, better should'st have understood,
That as thy father gave thee flesh and blood,
So gav'st thou me: not from the quarry hew'd,
But of a softer mould, with sense endu'd;
Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler kind,
More exquisite of taste, and more than man refin'd.
Nor need'st thou by thy daughter to be told,
Though now thy sprightly blood with age be cold,
Thou hast been young; and canst remember still,
That when thou hadst the power, thou hadst the will;
And from the past experience of thy fires,
Canst tell with what a tide our strong desires
Come rushing on in youth, and what their sway requires.
And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
When love no leisure found for softer charms;
My tender age in luxury was train'd,
With idle ease and pageants entertain'd;
My hours my own, my pleasures unrestrain'd;
So bred, no wonder if I took the bent
That seem'd ev'n warranted by thy consent;

for, when the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.
Blame then thyself, as reason's law requires,
(Since nature gave, and thou foment'st my fires;)
If still those appetites continue strong.
Thou maist consider, I am yet but young:
Consider too, that having been a wife,
I must have tasted of a better life,
And am not to be blam'd, if I renew,
By lawful means, the joys which then I knew.
Where was the crime, if pleasure I procur'd,
Young, and a woman, and to bliss inur'd?
That was my case, and this is my defence;
I pleas'd myself, I shunn'd incontinence,
And, urg'd by strong desires, indulg'd my sense.
Left to myself, I must avow, I strove
From public shame to screen my secret love,
And, well acquainted with thy native pride,
Endeavour'd, what I could not help to hide;
For which, a woman's wit an easie way supply'd.
How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
Was known to thee, or by what chance betray'd,
Is not my care: to please thy pride alone,
I could have wish'd it had been still unknown.
Nor took I Guiscard by blind fancy led,
Or hasty choice, as many women wed;
But with delib'rate care, and ripen'd thought,
At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
On him I rested, after long debate,
And not without considering fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd;
(For so the diff'rence of our birth requir'd:)
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
For thus beginning, thus we persevere;
Our passions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the less sincere.
At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd,
Thy judgment herding with the common crowd)
Thou tak'st unjust offence; and, led by them,
Dost less the merit, than the man esteem.
Too sharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Hast thou against the laws of kind inveigh'd;
For all th' offence is in opinion plac'd,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd:
This thought alone with fury fires thy breast,
(For holy marriage justifies the rest)
That I have sunk the glories of the state,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate:
In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
Superior causes, or impute to me
The fault of fortune, or the fates decree.
Or call it heaven's imperial pow'r alone,
Which moves on springs of justice, though unknown;
Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The bad exalted, and the good oppress'd;
Permitted laurels grace the lawless brow,
Th' unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below.
But leaving that; search we the secret springs,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass compos'd the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moistn'ing blood.
The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the frame
With kindl'd life, and form'd the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect, and will,
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal skill,
Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill.
Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The diff'rence that distinguish man from man:
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble, made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame;
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancell'd, tho' disus'd: and he whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind.
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime, who calls him base.
Now lay the line; and measure all thy court,
By inward virtue, not external port,
And find whom justly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So shalt thou see his parts, and person shine;
And thus compar'd, the rest a base degen'rate line.
Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtues on report;
But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
Thy praise (and thine was then the public voice)
First recommended Guiscard to my choice:
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man, I thought, deserving to be crown'd;
First by my father pointed to my sight,
Nor less conspicuous by his native light:
His mind, his mien, the features of his face,
Excelling all the rest of human race:
These were thy thoughts, and thou could'st judge aright,
Till int'rest made a jaundice in thy sight.
Or thou'd I grant, thou didst not rightly see;
Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceived by thee.
But if thou shalt alledge, through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of base condition join'd,
'Tis false; for 'tis not baseness to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy justice with the scant regard
Of worth: whom princes praise, they should reward.
Are these the kings entrusted by the crowd
With wealth, to be dispens'd for common good?
The people sweat not for their king's delight,
T' enrich a pimp, or raise a parasite;
Theirs is the toil; and he who well has serv'd
His country, has his country's wealth deserv'd.
Ev'n mighty monarchs oft are meanly born,
And kings by birth, to lowest rank return;
All subject to the pow'r of giddy chance,
For fortune can depress, or can advance:
But true nobility, is of the mind,
Not giv'n by chance, and not to chance resign'd.
For the remaining doubt of thy decree,
What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
Be warn'd to cast that useless care aside,
My self alone, will for my self provide:
If in thy doting, and decrepit age,
Thy soul, a stranger in thy youth to rage,
Begins in cruel deeds to take delight;
Gorge with my blood thy barb'rous appetite;
For I so little am dispos'd to pray
For life, I would not cast a wish away.

Such as it is, th' offence is all my own;
And what to Guiscard is already done,
Or to be done, is doom'd by thy decree,
That, if not executed first by thee,
Shall on my person be perform'd by me.
Away, with women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd like a man to die, without a tear:
Or save, or slay us both this present hour,
'Tis all that fate has left within thy pow'r.
She said: nor did her father fail to find,
In all she spoke, the greatness of her mind;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death she promis'd was so nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Resolv'd to spare her life, and save her shame;
But that detested object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a secret order sign'd,
The death of Guiscard to his guards enjoin'd:
Strangling was chosen, and the night the time,
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart, a bloody sacrifice,
Torn from his breast, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
Clos'd the severe command: for, (slaves to pay)
What kings decree, the soldier must obey:
Wag'd against foes; and, when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain despotic pow'r:
Dang'rous to freedom, and desir'd alone
By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne:
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
The prince himself, allur'd with greater gain:
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.
Now, though the sullen sire had eas'd his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the present he design'd.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
Inclos'd; the lid conceal'd the lover's heart:
Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
And bade him with these words the gift present;
Thy father sends thee this, to cheer thy breast,
And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the best;
As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he lov'd the most of human kind.
Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
The consequence of what her sire had said,
Fix'd on her fate, against th' expected hour,
Procur'd the means to have it in her pow'r:
For this, she had distill'd, with early care,
The juice of simples, friendly to despair,
A magazine of death; and thus prepar'd,
Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubled look,
Or trembling hand, the fun'ral present took;
Ev'n kept her count'nance, when the lid remov'd,
Disclos'd the heart, unfortunately lov'd:
She needed not be told within whose breast
It lodg'd; the message had explain'd the rest.
Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprize,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes:
Then thus: tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart:
But he did well to give his best; and I,
Who wish'd a worthier urn, forgive his poverty.
At this, she curb'd a groan, that else had come,
And pausing, view'd the present in the tomb:
Then, to the heart ador'd, devoutly glew'd
Her lips, and raising it, her speech renew'd;
Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care, and tenderness express'd:
But this last act of love excels the rest:
For this so dear a present, bear him back
The best return that I can live to make.
The messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd
The lov'd remains, and sighing, thus pursu'd;
Source of my life, and lord of my desires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my soul expires;
Poor heart, no more the spring of vital heat,
Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy seat!
The course is finish'd, which thy fates decreed,
And thou, from thy corporeal prison freed:
Soon hast thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes dispatch'd in little space:
Forc'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly tomb;
There yet remain'd thy fun'ral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And those, indulgent heav'n has found the way
That I, before my death have leave to pay.
My father ev'n in cruelty is kind,
Or heav'n has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better uses than his hate design'd;
And made th' insult which in his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And save myself the pains to weep below,
If souls can weep; though once I meant to meet
My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy tomb:
Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexplor'd, secure to share
Thy state; nor hell shall punishment appear;
And heav'n is double heav'n, if thou art there.
She said: her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to weep a flood,
Releas'd their wat'ry store, and pour'd amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober show'r of rain;
Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
Such as the majesty of grief destroys:
For, bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed
Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head,
O'er-fill'd before; and oft (her mouth apply'd
To the cold heart) she kiss'd at once, and cry'd.
Her maids who stood amaz'd, nor knew the cause
Of her complaining, nor whose heart it was;
Yet all due measures of her mourning kept,
Did office at the dirge, and by infection wept;
And oft enquir'd th' occasion of her grief,
(Unanswer'd but by sighs) and offer'd vain relief.
At length, her stock of tears already shed,
She wip'd her eyes, she rais'd her drooping head,
And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial part,
The decencies of grief: it rests behind,
That as our bodies were, our souls be join'd:
To thy whate'er abode, my shade convey,
And as an elder ghost, direct the way.

She said; and bade the vial to be brought.
Where she before had brew'd the deadly draught,
First pouring out the med'cinable bane,
The heart, her tears had rins'd, she bath'd again;
Then down her throat the death securely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.
This done, she mounts the genial bed, and there,
(Her body first compos'd with honest care)
Attends the welcome rest: her hands yet hold
Close to her heart, the monumental gold;
Nor farther word she spoke, but clos'd her sight,
And quiet, sought the covert of the night.
The damsels, who the while in silence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting death suborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred sent,
Who, conscious of th' occasion, fear'd th' event.
Alarm'd, and with presaging heart he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To loathsome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts to mitigate her grief.
She, what she could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and stemly thus replies:
Tancred, restrain thy tears, unsought by me,
And sorrow, unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To see th' effect of what himself design'd?
Yet if thou hast remaining in thy heart
Some sense of love, some unextinguish'd part
Of former kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breast,
Not to deny thy daughter's last request:
The secret love which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd, to gratify thy pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our death:
Where'er his corps by thy command is laid,
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Expos'd in open view, and side by side,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride.
The prince's anguish hinder'd his reply:
And she who felt her fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold heart, and heaving to her breast,
Here, precious pledge, she said, securely rest:
These accents were her last: the creeping death
Benumb'd her senses first, then stopp'd her breath.
Thus she for disobedience justly dy'd;
The sire was justly punish'd for his pride:
The youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th' offence
Of duty violated to his prince:
Who late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common sepulchre for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal state,
And on their monument inscrib'd their fate.

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

FROM BOCCACE.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd Ravenna stands:
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune, and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place, for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame,
Of high degree, Honoria was her name:
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth; (for equal she had none;)
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone.
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd:
He liv'd with all the pomp he cou'd devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did, or said:
Nor pray'rs nor tears, nor offer'd vows could move;
The work went backward; and the more he strove
T' advance his suite, the farther from her love.
Weary'd at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care,
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingring death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still the chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain;
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard, you may think it was, to give consent,
But, struggling with his own desires, he went:
With large expence, and with a pompous train,
Provided, as to visit France or Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short
Confin'd within the purlieus of his court:
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighb'ring grove,
Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight,
To morning-walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.

He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large,
From public buſineſs, yet with equal charge;
With houſe, and heart ſtill open to receive;
As well content, as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a gueſt,
Who could forſake the friend, purſu'd the feaſt.
It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his uſual hour, he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that ſtood
On ev'ry ſide, ſurrounded by the wood:
Alone he walk'd to pleaſe his penſive mind,
And ſought the deepeſt ſolitude to find:
'Twas in a grove of ſpreading pines he ſtray'd;
The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful muſic made.
The place itſelf was ſuiting to his care,
Uncouth, and ſalvage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Loſt in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And ſummon'd him to due repaſt at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
While liſt'ning to the murm'ring leaves he ſtood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whiſp'ring ſound
Was dumb; a riſing earthquake rock'd the ground:
With deeper brown the grove was overſpread:
A ſudden horror ſeiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinckled, and his colour fled.
Nature was in alarm; ſome danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unſeen to mortal eye:
Unus'd to fear, he ſummon'd all his ſoul,
And ſtood collected in himſelf, and whole;
Not long: for ſoon a whirlwind roſe around,
And from afar he heard a ſcreaming ſound,
As of a dame diſtreſs'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the ſecret ſhade.
A thicket cloſe beſide the grove there ſtood
With briers, and brambles choak'd, and dwarfiſh wood:
From thence the noiſe: which now approaching near,
With more diſtinguiſh'd notes invades his ear:
He rais'd his head, and ſaw a beauteous maid,
With hair diſhevell'd, iſſuing through the ſhade:
Stripp'd of her cloaths, and e'en thoſe parts reveal'd,
Which modeſt nature keeps from ſight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With paſſing through the brakes and prickly thorn:
Two maſtiffs gaunt and grim, her flight purſu'd,
And oft their faſten'd fangs in blood embru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender ſide,
Mercy, O mercy, Heav'n, ſhe ran, and cry'd:
When Heav'n was nam'd they loos'd their hold again,
Then ſprung ſhe forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of ſwarthy face,
High on a coal-black ſteed purſu'd the chace;
With flaſhing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hands a naked ſword he held:
He chear'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind:
Mov'd with unworthy uſage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, reſolv'd to give her aid.
A ſapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readieſt weapon that his fury found.
Thus furniſh'd for offence he croſs'd the way
Betwixt the graceleſs villain, and his prey.
The knight came thund'ring on, but from afar
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
Ceaſe, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor ſtop the vengeance of ſo juſt a grief;
But give me leave to ſeize my deſtin'd prey,
And let eternal juſtice take the way:
I but revenge my fate; diſdain'd, betray'd,
And ſuff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.
He ſaid; at once diſmounting from the ſteed;
For now the hell-hounds with ſuperior ſpeed
Had reach'd the dame, and faſt'ning on her ſide,
The ground with iſſuing ſtreams of purple dy'd.
Stood Theodore ſurpriz'd in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth and briſtling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, ſaid he,
Thou art, who knoweſt me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cauſe, or be defy'd:
The ſpectre, fiercely ſtaring, thus reply'd.
Know, Theodore, thy anceſtry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common fire our fathers did beget,
My name and ſtory ſome remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my ſins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Nor leſs ador'd in life, nor ſerv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her ſtubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were anſwer'd with diſdain;
She ſcorn'd my ſorrows, and deſpis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitleſs care,
Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep deſpair,
To finiſh my unhappy life, I fell
On this ſharp ſword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for ſoon th' inſulting maid
By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid,
And as in unrepenting ſin ſhe dy'd,
Doom'd to the ſame bad place, is puniſh'd for her pride;
Becauſe ſhe deem'd I well deſerv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were caſt,
And this irrevocable ſentence paſt:
That ſhe whom I ſo long purſu'd in vain,
Should ſuffer from my hands a lingring pain:
Renew'd to life, that ſhe might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, ſhe to fly;
No more a lover but a mortal foe,
I ſeek her life (for love is none below:)
As often as my dogs with better ſpeed
Arreſt her flight, is ſhe to death decreed.
Then with this fatal ſword on which I dy'd
I pierce her open back or tender ſide.
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breaſt,
Which, with her entrails makes my hungry hounds a feaſt.
Nor lies ſhe long, but as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and freſh to ſecond pain,
Is fav'd to-day, to-morrow to be ſlain.
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd their common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to purſue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as fruſtrate of his will
Not half ſuffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the ſoul expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathleſs on the ground,

When thus the grizly ſpectre ſpoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I ſuſtain'd her hate,
So many years is ſhe condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and ev'ry ſeveral place,
Conſcious of her diſdain, and my diſgrace,
Muſt witneſs her juſt puniſhment; and be
A ſcene of triumph and revenge to me.
As in this grove I took my laſt farewell,
As on this very ſpot of earth I fell,
As Friday ſaw me die, ſo ſhe my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he ſpoke, the virgin from the ground
Upſtarted freſh, already clos'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all ſhe felt before
Precipitates her flight along the ſhore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with fleſh and blood,
Purſue their prey, and ſeek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courſer: mends his pace,
And all the viſion vaniſh'd from the place.
Long ſtood the noble youth oppreſs'd with awe,
And ſtupid at the wond'rous things he ſaw
Surpaſſing common faith; tranſgreſſing nature's law.
He would have been aſleep, and wiſh'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impreſſion make,
Though ſtrong at firſt: if viſion, to what end,
But ſuch as muſt his future ſtate portend?
His love the damſel, and himſelf the fiend.
But yet reflecting that it could not be
From Heav'n, which cannot impious acts decree,
Reſolv'd within himſelf to ſhun the ſnare
Which hell for his deſtruction did prepare;
And as his better genius ſhould direct
From an ill cauſe to draw a good effect.
Inſpir'd from Heav'n he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new deſign with long delay:
But of his train a truſty ſervant ſent;
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and uſual ſalutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he ſaid:
What you have often counſell'd, to remove
My vain purſuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my ſinking fortune to repair,
Tho' late, yet is at laſt become my care:
My heart ſhall be my own; my vaſt expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence:
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cauſe I ſhall diſplay,
On Friday next, for that's th' appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the taſk was light;
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repaſt;
But yet reſolv'd, becauſe it was the laſt.
The day was come; the gueſts invited came,
And, with the reſt, th' inexorable dame:
A feaſt prepar'd with riotous expence,
Much coſt, more care, and moſt magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghoſt purſu'd his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion ſpread,
With flow'rs below, and tiſſue overhead:
The reſt in rank; Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to ſet her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chace.

The feaſt was ſerv'd; the time ſo well forecaſt,
That juſt when the deſert, and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began: the hollow ſound
Sung in the leaves, the foreſt ſhook around,
Air blacken'd; roll'd the thunder; groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments ariſe,
Of one diſtreſs'd, and maſtiffs' mingl'd cries;
And firſt the dame came ruſhing through the wood,
And next the famiſh'd hounds that ſought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft eſſay'd their jaws in blood.
Laſt came the felon on the ſable ſteed,
Arm'd with his naked ſword, and urg'd his dogs to ſpeed:
She ran, and cry'd: her flight directly bent,
(A gueſt unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The ſcene of death, and place ordain'd for puniſhment.
Loud was the noiſe, aghaſt was ev'ry gueſt,
The women ſhriek'd, the men forſook the feaſt;
The hounds at nearer diſtance hoarſely bay'd;
The hunter cloſe purſu'd the viſionary maid,
She rent the heav'n with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants to protect the ladies right;
Their fauchions brandiſh'd at the giſly ſpright;
High on his ſtirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he caſt a furious look,
And wither'd all their ſtrength before he ſtrook:
Back on your lives; let be, ſaid he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the deſtin'd way.
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Againſt th' eternal doom of providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by Heav'n deſign'd:
Mercy ſhe would not give, nor mercy ſhall ſhe find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a ſecond time,
But bore each other back; ſome knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented caſe,
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal miniſter advanc'd,
Seiz'd the new victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmoſt heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre maſtiffs made a prey:
The pale aſſiſtants, on each other ſtar'd
With gaping mouths for iſſuing words prepar'd;
The ſtill-born ſounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faltring tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpleſs train) in more confuſion ſtand;
With horror ſhudd'ring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the ſight of hateful juſtice done;
For conſcience rung th' alarm; and made the caſe their own.
So ſpread upon a lake with upward eye
A plump of ſowl, behold their foe on high,
They cloſe their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the ſowſing eagle will deſcend.
But moſt the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the viſion ſent.

Her guilt preſents to her diſtracted mind
Heav'n's juſtice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the ſame fate to the ſame ſin aſſign'd;
Already ſees herſelf the monſter's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute ſcene of ſorrow, mix'd with fear,
Still on the table lay th' unfiniſh'd cheer;
The knight, with hungry maſtiffs ſtood around,
The mangled dame lay breathleſs on the ground:
When on a ſudden re-inſpir'd with breath,
Again ſhe roſe, again to ſuffer death;
Nor ſtay'd the hell-hounds, nor the hunter ſtay'd,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging ſword,
And mounting light as air, his ſable ſteed he ſpurr'd:
The clouds diſpell'd, the ſky reſum'd her light,
And nature ſtood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the laſt of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy ſat on ev'ry mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more his feaſt,
But ſternly look'd, as hatching in his breaſt
Some deep deſign, which when Honoria view'd,
The freſh impulſe her former fright renew'd:
She thought herſelf the trembling dame who fled,
And him the griſly ghoſt that ſpurr'd th' infernal ſteed:
The more diſmay'd, for when the gueſts withdrew,
Their courteous hoſt ſaluting all the crew,
Regardleſs paſs'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu.
That ſting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfal of her empire ſhe divin'd;
And her proud heart with ſecret ſorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the ſad diſcourſe renew'd
Of the relentleſs dame to death purſu'd,
And of the fight obſcene ſo lately view'd.
None durſt arraign the righteous doom ſhe bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd moſt yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At ev'ry little noiſe ſhe look'd behind,
For ſtill the knight was preſent to her mind:
And anxious oft ſhe ſtarted on the way,
And thought the horſeman-ghoſt came thund'ring for his prey.
Return'd ſhe took her bed, with little reſt,
But in ſhort ſlumbers dreamt the funeral feaſt:
Awak'd, ſhe turn'd her ſide; and ſlept again,
The ſame black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the ſame dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake becauſe afraid to ſleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She ſprung from bed, diſtracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at ev'ry ſtep, a twitching ſpright behind.
Darkling and des'prate with a ſtagg'ring pace,
Of death afraid, and conſcious of diſgrace;
Fear, pride, remorſe, at once her heart aſſail'd,
Pride put remorſe to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her ſoul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her purſue, or Theodore be ſlain,
And two ghoſts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image ſo poſſeſs'd her mind,
That des'prate any ſuccour elſe to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflexion on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who paſt expreſſion lov'd,
Proof to diſdain; and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men reſpected, and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herſelf, deſir'd.
Why not of her? preferr'd above the reſt
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profeſs'd?
So had another been; where he his vows addreſs'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That once diſdaining ſhe might be diſdain'd:
The fear was juſt, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by helliſh hounds aſſail'd:
He took a low'ring leave, but who can tell,
What outward hate, might inward love conceal?
Her ſex's arts ſhe knew, and why not then,
Might deep diſſembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; reſolv'd to try,
She fixt on this her utmoſt remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at laſt on death to call,
The precipice in ſight: a ſhrub was all,
That kindly ſtood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid ſhe had, belov'd above the reſt,
Secure of her, the ſecret ſhe confeſs'd:
And now the chearful light her fears diſpell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and ſtood reveal'd:
With faults confeſs'd commiſſion'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe:
The welcome meſſage made, was ſoon receiv'd;
'Twas what he wiſh'd, and hop'd, but ſcarce believ'd;
Fate ſeem'd a fair occaſion to preſent,
He knew the ſex, and fear'd ſhe might repent,
Should he delay the moment of conſent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modeſty of maidens well might ſpare;)
But ſhe with ſuch a zeal the cauſe embrac'd,
(As women where they will, are all in haſte)
That father, mother, and the kin beſide,
Were overborn by fury of the tide:
With full conſent of all, ſhe chang'd her ſtate,
Reſiſtleſs in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the reſt beware;
More eaſy, leſs imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting which the devil deſign'd,
For one fair female, loſt him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA,

FROM BOCCACE.

Poeta loquitur.

OLD as I am, for ladies love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my ſoul, and ſtill inſpires my wit.

If love be folly, the ſevere divine
Has felt that folly, tho' he cenſures mine;
Pollutes the pleaſures of a chaſte embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace
With riotous exceſs, a prieſtly race:
Suppoſe him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He ſhew'd the way, perverting firſt my ſenſe:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me ſpeak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill ſuits his cloth the praiſe of railing well!
The world will think that what we looſly write,
Tho' now arraign'd, he read with ſome delight:
Becauſe he ſeems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain:
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double meanings of the ſtage.
What need he paraphraſe on what we mean?
We were at worſt but wanton; he's obſcene.
I, nor my fellows, nor myſelf excuſe:
But love's the ſubject of the comic muſe:
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry inſtruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind.
Awakes the ſleepy vigour of the ſoul,
And, bruſhing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, ſtudious how to pleaſe, improves our parts,
With poliſh'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love firſt invented verſe, and form'd the rhime,
The motion meaſur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To lib'ral acts inlarg'd the narrow-ſoul'd:
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold:
The world when waſte, he peopled with increaſe,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the firſt, and all the fair may find
In this one legend to their fame deſign'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

IN that ſweet iſle, where Venus keeps her court,
And ev'ry grace, and all the loves reſort;
Where either ſex in form'd of ſofter earth,
And takes the bent of pleaſure from their birth:
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the reſt,
Wiſe, wealthy, with a num'rous iſſue bleſt.
But as no gift of fortune is ſincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldeſt born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the reſt in ſhape, and outward ſhew;
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His ſoul bely'd the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in diſgrace.
A clowniſh mien, a voice with ruſtic ſound,
And ſtupid eyes, that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error; as the mind
And body were not of a piece deſign'd,
But made for two, and by miſtake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain, on wit's deſpair;
The more inform'd, the leſs he underſtood,
And deeper ſunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now ſcorn'd of all, and grown the public ſhame,
The people from Galeſus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which ſignifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature ſuit.
His father, when he found his labour loſt.
And care employ'd, that anſwer'd not the coſt,
Choſe an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to ſee what nature made him love;
So to his country-farm the fool confin'd:
Rude work well ſuited with a ruſtic mind.
Thus to the wilds the ſturdy Cymon went,
A ſquire among the ſwains, and pleas'd with baniſhment.
His corn, and cattle, were his only care,
And his ſupreme delight a country-fare.
It happen'd on a ſummer's holiday,
That to the green-wood ſhade he took his way;
For Cymon ſhun'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-ſtaff, which he cou'd ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went, for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep receſſes of the grove he gain'd;
Where in a plain, defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted graſs a cryſtal flood,
By which an alabaſter fountain ſtood.
And on the margin of the ſount was laid
(Attended by her ſlaves) a ſleeping maid.
Like Dian, and her nymphs, when tir'd with ſport,
To reſt by cool Eurotas they reſort:
The dame herſelf the goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her purple veſt,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in ſlumber a ſuperior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body ſhaded with a ſlight cymarr;
Her boſom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were ſcarcely ſpy'd,
For yet their places were but ſignify'd:
The fanning wind upon her boſom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the boſom roſe;
The fanning wind, and purling ſtreams continue her repoſe.
The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that teſtify'd ſurprize,
Fix'd on her face, nor cou'd remove his ſight,
New as he was to love, and novice in delight:
Long mute he ſtood, and leaning on his ſtaff,
His wonder witneſs'd with an ideot laugh;
Then would have ſpoke, but by his glimmering ſenſe
Firſt found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his clown-accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the firſt ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkneſs in the maſs were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe, the beams were fix'd:
Laſt ſhone the ſun, who radiant in his ſphere
Illumin'd heav'n, and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reaſon in this brutal ſoul began:
Love made him firſt ſuſpect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian ſound,
By love his want of words, and wit he found:
That ſenſe of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and diſcloſed the promiſe of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art
Cou'd plant with pains in his unpoliſh'd heart,
The beſt inſtructor love at once inſpir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulneſs are fir'd:
Love taught him ſhame, and ſhame with love at ſtrife
Soon taught the ſweet civilities of life;
His groſs material ſoul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a deſire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
This made the firſt impreſſion in his mind,
Above, but juſt above the brutal kind.
For beaſts can like, but not diſtinguiſh too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace,
But love in groſs, and ſtupidly admire;
As flies allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man beaſt advancing by degrees,
Firſt likes the whole, then ſep'rates what he ſees;
On ſev'ral parts a ſev'ral praiſe beſtows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd noſe,
The ſnowy ſkin, the raven gloſſy hair,
The dimpled cheek, the forehead riſing fair,
And ev'n in ſleep itſelf a ſmiling air.
From thence his eyes deſcending view'd the reſt,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breaſt.
Long on the laſt he dwelt, though ev'ry part
A pointed arrow ſped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a thrice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to ſee her eyes in ſlumber hid;
And wiſh'd his own cou'd pierce within the lid:
He wou'd have wak'd her, but reſtrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the firſt good manners taught.
An awful fear his ardent wiſh withſtood,
Nor durſt diſturb the goddeſs of the wood;
For ſuch ſhe ſeem'd by her celeſtial face,
Excelling all the reſt of human race:
And things divine by common ſenſe he knew,
Muſt be devoutly ſeen at diſtant view:
So checking his deſire, with trembling heart
Gazing he ſtood, nor would, nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not ſtir by night for fear to ſtray,
But ſtands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.
At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double-day reveal'd,
While thoſe of all her ſlaves in ſleep were ſeal'd.
The ſlavering cu'den prop'd upon his ſtaff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake, nor durſt begin
To ſpeak, but wiſely kept the fool within.
Then ſhe; What make you Cymon here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known
Becauſe deſcended of a noble race,
And for a ſoul ill ſorted with his face.)
But ſtill the ſot ſtood ſilent with ſurprize,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breaſt receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the ſmart.
But conſcious of her form, with quick diſtruſt
She ſaw his ſparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal luſt:
This to prevent ſhe wak'd her ſleepy crew,
And riſing haſty took a ſhort adieu.
Then Cymon firſt his ruſtic voice eſſay'd,
With proffer'd ſervice to the parting maid
To ſee her ſafe; his hand ſhe long deny'd,
But took at length, aſham'd of ſuch a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there
No more wou'd to his country clowns repair.
But ſought his father's houſe with better mind,
Refuſing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the ſon's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting ſtill
To learn the ſecret cauſes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the firſt requeſt
He made, was, like his brothers to be dreſt,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the reſt.
With eaſe his ſuit was granted by his ſire,
Diſtinguiſhing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next deſign'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind:
He ſought a tutor of his own accord,
And ſtudy'd leſſons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd ſo faſt,
That in ſhort time his equals he ſurpaſs'd:
His brutal manners from his breaſt exil'd,
His mien he faſhion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exerciſe of all admir'd,
He ſeem'd, nor only ſeem'd, but was inſpir'd:
Inſpir'd by love, whoſe buſineſs is to pleaſe;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful eaſe,
More fam'd for ſenſe, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon ſhall we ſay,
But that the fire which chouk'd in aſhes lay,
A load too heavy for his ſoul to move,
Was upward blown below, and bruſh'd away by love?
Love made an active progreſs through his mind,
The duſky parts he clear'd, the groſs refin'd;
The drowſy wak'd; and as he went impreſs'd
The Maker's image on the human beaſt.
Thus was the man amended by deſire,
And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reaſon ſcan'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd th' exceſs of paſſion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, ſince his fire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon ſtill;
Galeſus he diſown'd, and choſe to bear
The name of fool confirm'd, and biſhop'd by the fair.
To Cipſeus by his friends his ſuit he mov'd,
Cipſeus the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-ingag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeav'ring to be wiſe:
And Iphigene oblig'd by former vows,
Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign ſpouſe:
Her ſire and ſhe to Rhodian Pafimond,
Tho' both repenting, were by promiſe bound,
Nor cou'd retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Tho' better lov'd, he ſpoke too late to ſpeed.
The doom was paſt, the ſhip already loſt,
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herſelf the fair unhappy maid,
While ſtormy Cymon thus in ſecret ſaid:

The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.
For mine my love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said: and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore:
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight: then standing on his prow
In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe,
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he past.
Fierce was the fight, but hast'ning to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast their weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other booty sought;
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign,
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you:
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove,
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or if he cou'd, my love disdains the laws,
And like a king by conquest gains his cause:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain.
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd the accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took;
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father ty'd
Your vows; and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away:
Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.

Who now exults but Cymon in his mind,
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate while Cymon plows the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails:
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky light'ning flies:
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides
Forc'd back and forwards in a circle rides,
Stun'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots amain
Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heav'n to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd
Now curs'd, the more, the more he had been bless'd,
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious pray'rs, and wearies all the saints;
Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent,
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger as her fears increase;
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst in heaven's despight
Invade, and violate another's right:
The pow'rs incens'd a-while defer'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprize she dy'd,
Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.
Then impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
Sex to the last: meantime with sails declin'd
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind:
Tos'd, and retos'd, aloft, and then alow;
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But ev'ry moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted sailors try'd their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!

The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian ſtrand,
And the ſhip moor'd, conſtrains the crew to land:
Yet ſtill they might be ſafe becauſe unknown,
But as ill fortune ſeldom comes alone,
The veſſel they diſmiſs'd was driv'n before,
Already ſhelter'd on their native ſhore;
Known each, they know: but each with change of chear;
The vanquiſh'd ſide exults: the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they fight,
Deſpairing conqueſt, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia ſwarms;
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vaſt expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march a bluſt'ring band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand:
This was the morn when iſſuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they ſtood prepar'd
Of ſeeming arms to make a ſhort eſſay,
Then haſten to be drunk, the buſineſs of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themſelves ſo many, and their foes ſo few;
But crowding on, the laſt the firſt impel;
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon inſlav'd, who firſt the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is loſt and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive caſt,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters faſt:
His life was only ſpar'd at their requeſt,
Whom taken he ſo nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the ladies care,
Each in their turn addreſs'd to treat the fair;
While Paſimond and his, the nuptial feaſt prepare.
Her ſecret ſoul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But ſhe muſt ſuffer what her fates aſſign'd;
So paſſive is the church of womankind.
What worſe to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the loweſt ſpoke of all her wheel?
It reſted to diſmiſs the downward weight,
Or raiſe him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the moſt)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he loſt.
The ſire of Paſimond had left a ſon,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormiſda call'd; to whom by promiſe ty'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the deſtin'd bride:
Caſſandra was her name, above the reſt
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bleſs'd.
Lyſimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian ſtate,
Was then by choice their annual magiſtrate:
He lov'd Caſſandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his deſire;
Croſs'd by her friends, by her not diſapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormiſda lov'd:
So ſtood th' affair: ſome little hope remain'd,
That ſhould his rival chance to loſe, he gain'd.
Meantime young Paſimond his marriage preſs'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feaſt;
And frugally reſolv'd (the charge to ſhun,
Which would be double ſhould he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lyſimachus oppreſs'd with mortal grief
Receiv'd the news, and ſtudy'd quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd: if force were us'd,
The magiſtrate his public truſt abus'd;
To juſtice liable, as law requir'd,
For when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand;
By force to ſeize, and then forſake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A ſlave to fame, but more a ſlave to love:
Reſtraining others, yet himſelf not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity!
Both ſides he weigh'd: but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magiſtrate.
Love never fails to maſter what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wiſe he blinds.
This youth propoſing to poſſeſs, and ſcape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, though heav'n ſometime may bleſs
An impious act with undeſerv'd ſucceſs:
The great it ſeems, are privileg'd alone
To puniſh all injuſtice but their own.
But here I ſtop, not daring to proceed,
Yet bluſh to flatter an unrighteous deed:
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Reſolv'd on force, his wit the pretor bent,
To find the means that might ſecure th' event;
Not long he labour'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he ſought;
Th' example pleas'd: the cauſe and crime the ſame;
An injur'd lover, and a raviſh'd dame.
How much he durſt he knew by what he dar'd,
The leſs he had to loſe, the leſs he car'd
To manage loathſome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the pris'ner ſent;
In ſecret ſent, the public view to ſhun,
Then with a ſober ſmile he thus begun.
The pow'rs above, who bounteouſly beſtow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit firſt, nor blindly give
To ſuch as are not worthy to receive:
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but firſt they muſt be try'd:
Theſe fruitful ſeeds within your mind they ſow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they beſtow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the groſſer parts; they gave you eaſe
To pleaſe, and courage to deſerve the fair.
Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they found
The grain intruſted in a grateful ground:
But ſtill the great experiment remain'd,
They ſuffer'd you to loſe the prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone,
And when reſtor'd, to them the bleſſing own.
Reſtor'd it ſoon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty ſmooth'd, the danger clear'd:
Be but yourſelf, the care to me reſign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Caſſandra mine.
Your rival Paſimond purſues your life,
Impatient to revenge his raviſh'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
Two brothers are our foes; Ormiſda mine,
As much declar'd, as Paſimond is thine:
To-morrow muſt their common vows be ty'd;
With love to friend and fortune for our guide,
Let both reſolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

Right I have none, nor haſt thou much to plead;
'Tis force when done muſt juſtify the deed:
Our taſk perform'd we next prepare for flight;
And let the loſers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will ſail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy reſolves; if now thy courage droop,
Deſpair in priſon, and abandon hope;
But if thou dar'ſt in arms thy love regain,
(For liberty without thy love were vain:)
Then ſecond my deſign to ſeize the prey,
Or lead to ſecond rape, for well thou know'ſt the way.
Said Cymon overjoy'd, do thou propoſe
The means to fight, and only ſhew the foes;
For from the firſt, when love had fir'd my mind,
Reſolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lyſimachus reply'd,
Let heav'n be neuter, and the ſword decide:
The ſpouſals are prepar'd, already play
The minſtrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dreſs'd;
All Rhodes are ſummon'd to the nuptial feaſt,
All but myſelf, the ſole unbidden gueſt.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the reſt; when day reſigns the light,
And chearful torches gild the jolly night;
Be ready at my call, my choſen few
With arms adminiſter'd ſhall aid thy crew.
Then entring unexpected will we ſeize
Our deſtin'd prey, from men diſſolv'd in eaſe;
By wine diſabl'd, unprepar'd for fight;
And haſt'ning to the ſeas ſuborn our flight:
The ſeas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ſhip well mann'd, expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends the prize conteſt,
Death ſhall attend the man who dares reſiſt.
It pleas'd; the priſ'ner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The ſun aroſe; the ſtreets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the poſts were crown'd:
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected ſpouſe, and entertains the friends:
They meet, they lead to church; the prieſts invoke
The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant ſmoke:
This done they feaſt, and at the cloſe of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
Theſe lead the lively dance, and thoſe the brimming bowls invite.
Now at th' appointed place and hour aſſign'd,
With fowls reſolv'd the raviſhers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd: the firſt is ſent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the ſhore:
The ſecond at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty ſtairs aſcend the laſt:
A peaceful troop they ſeem with ſhining veſts,
But coats of mail beneath ſecure their breaſts.
Dauntleſs they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feaſt renew'd, the table ſpread:
Sweet voices mix'd with inſtrumental ſounds
Aſcend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
When like the harpies ruſhing through the hall
The ſudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their ſmoaking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each raviſher prepares to ſeize his own:
The brides invaded with a rude embrace
Shriek out for aid, confuſion fills the place:
Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with ſhining ſwords.
But late is all defence; and ſuccour vain,
The rape is made, the raviſhers remain.
Two ſturdy ſlaves were only ſent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in ſafety to the ſhore.
The troop retires, the lovers cloſe the rear,
With forward faces not confeſſing fear:
Backward they move, but ſcorn their pace to mend,
Then ſeek the ſtairs, and with ſlow haſte deſcend.
Fierce Paſimond their paſſage to prevent,
Thruſt full on Cymon's back in his deſcent,
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent:
Stout Cymon ſoon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one deſcending blow:
And as the next in rank Ormiſda ſtood,
He turn'd the point: the ſword enur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breaſt, which pour'd a purple flood.
With vow'd revenge the gath'ring crowd purſues,
The raviſhers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the ſprinkled gore
Beſmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Diſpers'd at length the drunken ſquadron flies,
The victors to their veſſel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans and lamentable cries,
The crew with merry ſhouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and bruſh the buxom ſea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What ſhould the people do, when left alone?
The governor, and government are gone.
The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops diſbanded, and the reſt unpaid.
Rhodes is the ſovereign of the ſea no more;
Their ſhips unrigg'd, and ſpent their naval ſtore;
They neither could defend, nor can purſue,
But grind their teeth, and caſt a helpleſs view:
In vain with darts a diſtant war they try,
Short, and more ſhort the miſſive weapons fly.
Mean while the raviſhers their crimes enjoy,
And flying ſails, and ſweeping oars employ;
The cliffs of Rhodes in little ſpace are loſt,
Jove's iſle they ſeek; nor Jove denies his coaſt.
In ſafety landed on the Candian ſhore,
With generous wines their ſpirits they reſtore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend reſides,
Both court, and wed at once their willing brides.
A war enſues, the Cretans own their cauſe,
Stiff to defend their hoſpitable laws:
Both parties loſe by turns; and neither wins,
'Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the ſlain forgive the deed,
But a ſhort exile muſt for ſhow precede;
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each at home, enjoys his love.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I ſing:
Ye Gods, from whence theſe miracles did ſpring,
Inſpire my numbers with celeſtial heat;
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth, to Cæſar's times.
Before the ſeas, and this terreſtrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigeſted maſs;
A lifeleſs lump, unfaſhion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring ſeeds, and juſtly Chaos nam'd.
No ſun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth ſuſpended in the ſky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor ſeas about the ſhores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unſtable,
And water's dark abyſs unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impreſt;
All were confus'd, and each diſturb'd the reſt.
For hot and cold were in one body fixt,
And ſoft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To theſe inteſtine diſcords put an end.
Then earth from air, and ſeas from earth were driven,
And groſſer air ſunk from ætherial heaven.
Thus diſembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguouſly embrace;
And foes are ſunder'd by a larger ſpace.
The force of fire aſcended firſt on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted ſky.
Then air ſucceeds, in lightneſs next to fire;
Whoſe atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth ſinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy ſeeds along.
About her coaſts unruly waters roar,
And, riſing on a ridge, inſult the ſhore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a ſpacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running ſprings, and ſtanding lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample oceans, diſembogued, are loſt.
He ſhades the woods, the vallies he reſtrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones th' ætherial regions bind,
Five, correſpondent, are to earth aſſign'd:
The ſun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the diſtant poles complain
Of endleſs winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold,
The fields of liquid air, incloſing all,
Surround the compaſs of this earthy ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The groſſer near the watery ſurface move:
Thick clouds are ſpread, and ſtorms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſtering brethren left at large,
On ſeas and ſhores their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the world, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt Eurus to the riſing morn is ſent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And Eaſtern realms, where early Perſians run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the ſun.
Weſtward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring iſſues forth,
T' invade the frozen waggon of the North.
While frowning Auſter ſeeks the ſouthern ſkies,
And rots, with endleſs rain, th' unwholſome year.
High, o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer ſpace for heaven deſign'd;
Where fields of light and liquid æther flow,
Purg'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power diſtinguiſh'd theſe, when ſtraight
The ſtars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the maſs,
And upward ſhoot, and kindle as they paſs,
And with diffuſive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to ſupply,
With forms of Gods he fills the vacant ſky:
New herds of beaſts he ſends, the plains to ſtock;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man deſign'd:
Conſcious of thought, of more capacious breaſt,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his ſoul inſpire;
Or earth, but new divided from the ſky,
And pliant ſtill, retain'd th' ætherial energy:
Which wiſe Prometheus temper'd into paſte,
And, mixt with living ſtreams, the godlike image caſt.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their ſight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary ſkies.
From ſuch rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was firſt; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reaſon knew;
And, with a native bent, did good purſue.

Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere:
Needless was written-law, where none oppress;
The law of man was written in his breast:
No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard;
But all was safe, for conscience was their guard.
The mountain trees in distant prospect please,
Ere yet the pine descended to the seas;
Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wishes to their native shore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor moat, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound:
Nor swords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The soft creation slept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on strawberries they fed;
Cornel and bramble-berries gave the rest,
And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
The flowers unsown in fields and meadows reign'd;
And western winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn ensu'd
From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of valleys milk and nectar broke;
And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a silver age behold,
Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear;
And Spring was but a season of the year.
The sun his annual course obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with sultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clogg'd with ice and snow;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from th' inclemency of heaven.
Those houses, then, were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining osiers fenc'd, and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in course the brazen age,
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet ——

THE IRON AGE.

——Hard steel succeeded then;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the world forsook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new:
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain:
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watery plain.
Then land-marks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
Digg'd from her entrails first the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent Gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to sight display'd:
Thus curs'd steel, and more accurs'd gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain:
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain:
The son-in-law pursues the father's life:
The wife her husband murders, he the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares,
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and Piety, in exile mourns;
And Justice, here oppress't, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS WAR.

Nor were the Gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monsters mix'd;
The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnate earth new sons beget:
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurst,
Against the Gods immortal hatred nurst:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
Expressing their original from blood.
Which when the king of Gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat)
He sigh'd, nor longer with his pity strove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
Then call'd a general council of the Gods;
Who, summon'd, issue from their blest abodes,
And fill th' assembly with a shining train:
A way there is, in heaven's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The ground-work is of stars; through which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode.
The Gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left the palace bound;
The commons where they can; the nobler sort,
With winding-doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he their father had assum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head that shook the firmament:
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd th' almighty nod;
And, with a general fear, confess'd the God.
At length with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke:
I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state

Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace:
For, though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original;
Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestat on make:
By hell and hell's inviolable lake,
I try'd whatever in the Gods-head lay,
But gangren'd members must be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay
There dwells below a race of Demi gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let them at least enjoy the earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?
At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd:
Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then reform'd his speech to pain.
The Gods to silence were compos'd, and fate
With reverence due to his superior state.
Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and th' oppressor's rage,
Had reach'd the stars; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.
O'er Maenalus I took my sleepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey:
Then cross'd Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by curst Lycaon made:
Dark night had covered heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhospitable door.
Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins;
And, adding prophanation to his sins,
I'll try, said he, and if a God appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear
'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppress with cares:
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove:
But first he had resolv'd to taste my power:
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some legates sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up so dress't,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd;
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
The tyrant, in a frieht, for shelter gains
The neighbouring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook;
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing slaughter, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns,
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famish'd face he bears;
His arms defend, his shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for chace of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns.
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.
This was a single ruin, but not one
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a monster, and th' ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater Gods assent,
By clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of earth?
Is his dispeopl'd world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke.
To whom the father of the Gods reply'd:
Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care new people to provide,
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.
Already had he toss'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
But stopt, for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axle-tree of heaven.
Remembring, in the Fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all th' interior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a watery deluge down;
And, what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are lowering on his brow,
Still as he swept along, with his clench'd fist,
He squeez'd the clouds; th' imprison'd clouds resist;
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And showers inlarg'd come pouring on the ground
Then, clad in colours of a various die,
Junonian Iris breeds a new supply,
To feed the clouds impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.

Nor from [illegible] patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
And from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mouldy caves, their moist abodes;
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom in brief he thus imparts his will:
Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:
And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your watery store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door.
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopp'd their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground:
With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain:
Then, rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and labouring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sapp'd by floods,
Their houses fell upon their houshold Gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a watery wall.
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his corn.
Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below:
Or, downward driven, they bruise the tender vine;
Or, tost'd aloft, are knock'd against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they browze;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now swims among the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know,
And level'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt th' Athenian and Boeotian lands;
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name; whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man; they two were human-kind.
The mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he;
The most sincere and holy woman, she.
When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd,
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies;
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves: a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early East,
And met the rattling echos in the West.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons and forsake the shore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds:
The streams but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all restor'd to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke:
Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain a species in a pair:
The rest the seas have swallow'd; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How could'st thou such a wretched life sustain?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That bury'd her I lov'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But Heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we th' examples of mankind, remain.
He said; the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the Gods with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief:
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their head,
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual prostrate they ador'd,
The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implor'd.

O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miſeries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may reſtore, by ſecond birth,
Mankind, and people deſolated earth.
Then thus the gracious Goddeſs, nodding, ſaid;
Depart, and with your veſtments veil your head:
And ſtooping lowly down, with looſen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.
Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, ſtand,
Till Pyrrha firſt refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it heaven, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhould tear
Thoſe holy relics from the ſepulchre.
They ponder'd the myſterious words again,
For ſome new ſenſe; and long they ſought in vain.
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And ſaid, The dark ænigma will allow
A meaning; which if well I underſtand,
From ſacrilege will free the God's command;
This earth our mighty mother is, the ſtones
In her capacious body are her bones:
Theſe we muſt caſt behind. With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new ſolution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both reſolve to try.
Deſcending from the mount, they firſt unbind
Their veſts, and veil'd they caſt the ſtones behind:
The ſtones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it paſs for true)
Did fitſt the rigour of their kind expel,
And ſuppled into ſoftneſs as they fell:
Then ſwell'd, and ſwelling by degrees grew warm;
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect ſhapes, in marble ſuch are ſeen,
When the rude chizzel does the man begin;
While yet the roughneſs of the ſtone remains,
Without the riſing muſcles and the veins.
The ſappy parts, and next reſembling juice,
Were turn'd to moiſture, for the body's uſe:
Supplying humours, blood, and nouriſhment:
The reſt, too ſolid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little ſpace,
What the man threw aſſum'd a manly face;
And what the wife renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.
The reſt of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moiſture, in its cloſe retreat,
Digeſted by the ſun's ætherial heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then ſwell'd, and quicken'd by the vital ſeed.
And ſome in leſs, and ſome in longer ſpace,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a ſeveral face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And ſeeks with ebbing tides his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;
And cruſted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
Theſe, when they turn the glebe, the peaſants find:
Some rude, and yet unfiniſh'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeleſs earth.
For heat and moiſture when in bodies join'd,
The temper that reſults from either kind
Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly diſcord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the ſurface of the ground with mud
And ſlime beſmear'd (the faces of the flood)
Receiv'd the rays of heaven; and, ſucking in
The ſeeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of ſeveral ſorts produc'd before;
But of new monſters earth created more;
Unwillingly, but yet ſhe brought to light
Thee, Python too, the wondering world to fright
And the new nations with ſo dire a ſight,
So monſtrous was his bulk, ſo large a ſpace
Did his vaſt body and long train embrace;
Whom Phœbus baſking on a bank eſpy'd,
Ere now the God his arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to ſhoot
Though every ſhaft took place, he ſpent the ſtore
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring ſerpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then, to preſerve the fame of ſuch a deed,
For Python ſlain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for maſterſhip ſhould ſtrive,
To quoit, to run, and ſteeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame, in witneſs of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumph born;
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiſcuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A LAUREL.

THE firſt and faireſt of his loves was ſhe,
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to deſire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her ſire.
Swell'd with the pride that new ſucceſs attends,
He ſees the ſtripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus inſults him: Thou laſcivious boy,
Are arms like theſe for children to employ?
Know, ſuch atchievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Reſiſtleſs are my ſhafts; and Python late,
In ſuch a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble ſouls of lovers fry.
To whom the ſon of Venus thus reply'd:
Phœbus, thy ſhafts are ſure on all beſide;
But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame ſhall be
Of all thy conqueſts, when I conquer thee.
He ſaid, and ſoaring ſwiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor ſtopt but on Parnaſſus' airy height.
Two different ſhafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel deſire, and one to cauſe.
One ſhaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whoſe baſe alloy
Provokes diſdain, and drives deſire away.
The blunted bolt againſt the nymph he drives;
But with the ſharp transfix'd Apollo's breaſt.
Th' enamour'd Deity purſues the chace;
The ſcornful damſel ſhuns his loath'd embrace:

In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs;
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never try'd.
On wilds and wood she fixes her desire:
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'st, says he,
A husband to thyself, a son to me
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.
Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandishments and filial charms:
Give me, my lord, she said, to live, and die,
A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.
'Tis but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old sire was soften'd to consent;
But said, her wish would prove her punishment:
For so much youth, and so much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the state, which her desires design'd.
The God of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the God, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her dishevel'd hair:
Oh, were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone!
He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
Stay, nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the Lion trips the trembling Doe;
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
And from pursuing Falcons fearful Doves;
Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God, that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou should'st fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate,
Me Clyros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
These hands the Patarean sceptre sway.
The king of Gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes and heavenly numbers I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
Medicine is mine, what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails.
She heard not half, so furiously she flies,
And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as she fled, the wind
Increasing spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view;
Which made the God more eager to pursue.
The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and fir'd by such a sight,
Impetuously pursued his near delight
As when th' impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'er runs her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'scapes, and for the neighbouring covert strives,
And, gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and such the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move;
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chace:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight;
And now despairing cast a mournful look,
Upon the streams of her paternal brook:
Oh, help, she cry'd in this extremest need,
If Water-Gods are Deities indeed:
Gape, earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb:
Or change my form whence all my sorrows come.
Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and, casting round
Her bole, his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in th' unfinish'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the God: Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace;
When pomps shall in a long procession pass:
Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal powers above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said,
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IO INTO AN HEIFER.

AN ancient foreſt in Theſſalia grows;
Which Tempe's pleaſant valley does incloſe;
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his courſe;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Miſts from the river's mighty fall ariſe;
And deadly damps incloſe the cloudy ſkies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood;
And ſounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood,
Deep in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A manſion proper for a mourning God.
Here he gives audience; iſſuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent Deities.
On this occaſion hither they reſort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court,
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, firſt appears;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, Amphryſos tame;
And Æas laſt with lagging waters came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loſs, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the wat'ry train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's loſſes, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether ſtray'd or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he ſhed.
He ſought her through the world, but ſought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her ſlain.
Her juſt returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld with a deſiring look;
And, oh, fair daughter of the flood, he ſaid,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy whoever ſhall thoſe charms poſſeſs!
The king of Gods (nor is thy lover leſs)
Invites thee to yon cooler ſhades, to ſhun
The ſcorching rays of the meridian ſun.
Nor ſhalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
No puny power, but he, whoſe high command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the ſeas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh, fly not (for ſhe fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's paſtures): he purſued the chace
Along the ſhades of the Lyrcæan plain;
At length the God who never aſks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then ſuppreſs'd her flight,
And mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the miſt ſhould over-run
The face of day-light, and obſcure the ſun.
No natural cauſe ſhe found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marſhy low lands to produce the fogs:
Then round the ſkies ſhe ſought for Jupiter,
Her faithleſs huſband; but no Jove was there.
Suſpecting now the worſt, Or I, ſhe ſaid,
Am much miſtaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury ſhe precipitates her flight;
Diſpels the ſhadows of diſſembled night,
And to the day reſtores his native light.
Th' almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The conſequence, foreſeeing her deſcent,
Transforms his miſtreſs in a trice: and now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So ſleek her ſkin, ſo faultleſs was her make,
Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleaſure take
To ſee ſo fair a rival of her love;
And what ſhe was, and whence, enquir'd of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The God half-caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And ſaid, ſhe ſprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What ſhould he do? 'twas equal ſhame to Jove,
Or to relinquiſh, or betray his love:
Yet to refuſe ſo ſlight a gift, would be
But more t' increaſe his conſort's jealouſy:
Thus fear, and love, by turns his heart aſſail'd;
And ſtronger love had ſure at length prevail'd;
But ſome faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the miſtreſs through the heifer ſeen.
The cautious Goddeſs of her gift poſſeſt,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breaſt;
As ſhe who knew the falſehood of her Jove,
And juſtly fear'd ſome new relapſe of love.
Which to prevent, and to ſecure her care,
To truſty Argus ſhe commits the fair.
The head of Argus (as with ſtars the ſkies)
Was compaſs'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in ſlumber ſteep;
The reſt on duty ſtill their ſtation keep;
Nor could the total conſtellation ſleep.
Thus, ever preſent, to his eyes and mind,
His charge was ſtill before him, though behind,
In fields he ſuffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the ſetting ſun to night gave way,
The captive cow he ſummon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the ſtall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs ſhe fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and to digeſt her food,
She drank from troubled ſtreams defil'd with mud.
Her woful ſtory fain ſhe would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She ſtrove to ſpeak; ſhe ſpoke not, but ſhe low'd.
Affrighted with the noiſe, ſhe look'd around,
And ſeem'd t' inquire the author of the ſound.
Once on the banks where often ſhe had play'd
(Her father's banks) ſhe came, and there ſurvey'd
Her alter'd viſage, and her branching head;
And ſtarting from herſelf ſhe would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld but knew her not in this diſguiſe.
Ev'n Inachus himſelf was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as ſhe
Were ſtill a partner of the company:
They ſtroke her neck; the gentle heifer ſtands,
And her neck offers to their ſtroking hands:
Her father gave her graſs; the graſs ſhe took;
And lick'd his palms, and caſt a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes ſhe ſpoke.
She would have told her name, and aſk'd relief,
But, wanting words, in tears ſhe tells her grief.
Which with her foot ſhe makes him underſtand;
And prints the name of Io in the ſand,

Ah wretched me! her mournful father cry'd;
She with a figh to *wretched* me reply'd:
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw;
And wept, and then theſe tender words enſue:
And art thou ſhe, whom I have ſought around
The world, and have at length ſo ſadly found?
So found, is worſe than loſt: with mutual words
Thou anſwer'ſt not, no voice thy tongue affords:
But ſighs are deeply drawn from out thy breaſt;
And ſpeech deny'd by lowing is expreſs'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy iſſue fed.
But now the huſband of a herd muſt be
Thy mate, and bellowing ſons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
But now my God-head but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I ſee,
And makes me curſe my immortality.
More had he ſaid, but, fearful of her ſtay,
The ſtarry guardian drove his charge away
To ſome freſh paſture; on a hilly height
He ſate himſelf, and kept her ſtill in ſight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her ſufferings bear:
But call'd in haſte his airy meſſenger,
The ſon of Maia, with ſevere decree
To kill the keeper, and to ſet her free.
With all his harneſs ſoon the God was ſped;
His flying hat was faſten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the ſnaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, ſhoot him on the ground.
Before he came in ſight, the crafty God
His wings diſmiſs'd, but ſtill retain'd his rod:
That ſleep-procuring wand wiſe Hermes took,
But made it ſeem to fight a ſhepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control;
Which by the way he met, and ſilly ſtole.
Clad like a country ſwain, he pip'd, and ſung;
And playing drove his jolly troop along.
With pleaſure Argus the muſician heeds;
But wonders much at thoſe new vocal reeds.
And whoſo'er thou art, my friend, ſaid he,
Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has brouze for them, and ſhade for thee.
The God, who was with eaſe induc'd to climb,
Began diſcourſe to paſs away the time;
And ſtill betwixt his tuneful pipe he plies:
And watch'd his hour, to cloſe the keeper's eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not ſuffering all his eyes repoſe to take:
And aſk'd the ſtranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence became ſo rare an inſtrument.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Hermes thus; a nymph of late there was,
Whoſe heavenly form her fellows did ſurpaſs.
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
Belov'd by Deities, ador'd by ſwains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft purſu'd,
As oft ſhe did the luſtful Gods delude:
The rural and the wood-land powers diſdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd:
Like Phœbe clad, ev'n Phœbe's ſelf ſhe ſeems,
So tall, ſo ſtraight, ſuch well-proportion'd limbs:
The niceſt eye did no diſtinction know,
But that the Goddeſs bore a golden bow:
Diſtinguiſh'd thus, the ſight ſhe cheated too.
Deſcending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchleſs nymph, and burns with new deſires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But, ere he thus began, ſhe took her flight
So ſwift, ſhe was already out of ſight.
Nor ſtay'd to hear the courtſhip of the God:
But bent her courſe to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river ſtopt, and tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.
Now while the luſtful God, with ſpeedy pace,
Juſt thought to ſtrain her in a ſtrict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new riſing on the place.
And while he ſighs his ill ſucceſs to find,
The tender canes were ſhaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
That, much ſurprizing Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new muſic, Thou, he ſaid,
Who canſt not be the partner of my bed,
At leaſt ſhalt be the conſort of my mind;
And, often, often to my lips be join'd.
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They ſtill retain the name of his ungrateful fair.
While Hermes pip'd, and ſung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowſy ſlumber on the lids to creep;
Till all the watchman was at length aſleep.
Then ſoon the God his voice and ſong ſuppreſt;
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his reſt:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal ſtroke the keeper ſlew.
Down from the rock fell the diſſever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled;
And mark'd the paſſage with a crimſon trail:
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are cloſ'd at once, in one perpetual night.
Theſe Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And ſpreads them in her peacocks's gaudy tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madneſs and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian ſhore.
At length arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cauſe of all her miſeries:
And caſt her languiſhing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept, ſhe low'd; 'twas all ſhe could;
And with unkindneſs ſeem'd to tax the God.
Laſt, with an humble prayer, ſhe begg'd repoſe,
Or death at leaſt to finiſh all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and, with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno ſpoke.

He caſt his arms about her neck, and ſaid:
Dame, reſt ſecure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph ſhall violate; by Styx I ſwear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The Goddeſs was appeas'd: and at the word
Was Io to her former ſhape reſtor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The ſweetneſs of her eyes did only ſtay,
Though not ſo large; her crooked horns decreaſe;
The wideneſs of her jaws and noſtrils ceaſe:
Her hoofs and hands return, in little ſpace;
The five long taper fingers take their place;
And nothing of the heifer now is ſeen,
Beſide the naked whiteneſs of her ſkin.
Erected on her feet ſhe walks again,
And two the duty of the four ſuſtain.
She tries her tongue, her ſilence ſoftly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when ſhe ſpeaks:
A Goddeſs now through all th' Egyptian ſtate;
And ſerv'd by prieſts, who in white linen wait.
Her ſon was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The ſon of Jove, and as a God receiv'd.
With ſacrifice ador'd, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother ſhares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton,
Like honour claims, and boaſts his ſire the ſun.
His haughty looks, and his aſſuming air,
The ſon of Iſis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'ſt thy mother's word too far, ſaid he,
And haſt uſurp'd thy boaſted pedigree.
Go, baſe pretender to a borrow'd name!
Thus tax'd, he bluſh'd with anger, and with ſhame;
But ſhame repreſs'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon ſeeks his mother, and enquires the truth:
Mother, ſaid he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your ſon.
He ſpoke in public, told it to my face:
Nor durſt I vindicate the dire diſgrace:
Ev'n I, the bold, the ſenſible of wrong,
Reſtrain'd by ſhame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open ſlander, is a curſe:
But not to find an anſwer, is a worſe.
If I am heaven-begot, aſſert your ſon
By ſome ſure ſign; and make my father-known,
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He ſaid, and ſaying caſt his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to reſolve the doubt.
Tis hard to judge if Clymene were mov'd
More by his pray'r, whom ſhe ſo dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the ſport of common fame.
She ſtretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the ſkies;
Now by thoſe beams, ſaid ſhe, whoſe holy fires
Conſume my breaſt, and kindle my deſires;
By him who ſees us both, and clears our ſight,
By him, the public miniſter of light,
I ſwear that Sun begot thee: if I lye,
Let him his chearful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd creature ſee,
And ſhine on all the world but only me.
If ſtill you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eaſtern manſion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himſelf your parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey ſoon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to ſurvey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroë's burning ſands he bends his courſe,
Nor leſs in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in ſight,
And ſaw the palace by the purple light.

MELEAGER AND ATALANTA.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNECTION to the former STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theſeus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was impoſed on them by Minos king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digreſſion to the ſtory of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the moſt inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoſes: for he only ſays, that Theſeus obtained ſuch honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourſe to him in their neceſſities; and amongſt others, Calydon; though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

FROM him, the Caledonian ſought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cauſe, a boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of Cynthia's wrath, th' avenging miniſter.
For Oeneus, with autumnal plenty bleſs'd,
In gifts to heaven his gratitude expreſs'd:
Cull'd ſheaves, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd ſheep and kine;
And fat of olives to Minerva's ſhrine.
Beginning from the rural Gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each Deity in every kind was bleſs'd,
Till at Diana's ſane th' invidious honour ceas'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the Gods; the queen of night
Fir'd with diſdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at leaſt ſaid ſhe,
Not unreveng'd that impious act ſhall be.
Swift as the word, ſhe ſped the boar away,
With charge on thoſe devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls th' Ægyptian paſtures feed,
And none ſo large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eye-balls glare with fire, ſuffus'd with blood;
His neck ſhoots up a thickſet thorny wood;
His briſtled back a trench impal'd appears,
And ſtands erected, like a field of ſpears.
Froth fills his chaps, he ſends a grunting ſound,
And part he churns, and part beſoams the ground.
For tuſks with Indian elephants he ſtrove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the ſcorching blaſt impairs
The tender corn, and ſhrivels-up the blades.
Or, ſuffering not their yellow beards to ripen,
He tramples down the ſpikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad;
In vain the hinds the threſhing-floor prepare,
And exerciſe their flails in empty air.
With olives ever green the ground is ſtrow'd,
And grapes ungather'd ſhed their generous blood.

Amid the fold he rages, nor the ſheep
Their ſhepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep.
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themſelves ſecure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his choſen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praiſe purſue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to ſtars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery ſteed;
Then iſſu'd forth fam'd Jaſon after theſe,
Who mann'd the foremoſt ſhip that ſail'd the ſeas;
Then Theſeus join'd with bold Pirithous came:
A ſingle concord in a double name:
The Theſtian ſons, Idas who ſwiftly ran,
And Ceneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acaſtus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' ſon;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippaſus the ſtrong;
With twice old Iolas, and Neſtor then but young.
Laertes active, and Arcæus bold;
Mopſus the ſage, who future things foretold;
And t' other ſeer yet by his wife unfold.
A thouſand others of immortal fame;
Among the reſt fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods; a diamond buckle bound
Her veſt behind, that elſe had flow'd upon the ground,
And ſhew'd her buſkin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;
Which in a ſimple knot was ty'd above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her ſounding quiver on her ſhoulder ty'd,
One hand a dart, and one a bow ſupply'd.
Such was her face, as in a nymph diſplay'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The bluſhing beauties of a modeſt maid.
The Caledonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averſe. O happy youth, he cry'd;
For whom thy fates reſerve ſo fair a bride!
He ſigh'd, and had no leiſure more to ſay:
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And forc'd him to purſue the now neglected prey.
There ſtood a foreſt on the mountain's brow,
Which over-look'd the ſhaded plains below,
No ſounding ax preſum'd thoſe trees to bite,
Coeval with the world, a venerable ſight.
The heroes there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around
The toils, ſome ſearch the footſteps on the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger ſought:
A valley ſtood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moiſt and marſhy ground,
Whoſe edges were with bending oſiers crown'd;
The knotty bulruſh next in order ſtood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.
From hence the boar was rous'd, and ſprung amain,
Like lightning ſudden on the warrior-train;
Beats down the trees before him, ſhakes the ground,
The foreſt echoes to the crackling ſound:
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.

All ſtood with their protended ſpears prepar'd,
With broad ſteel heads the brandiſh'd weapons glar'd
The beaſt impetuous with his tuſks aſide
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All ſpend their mouth a'oft, but none abide.
Echion threw the firſt, but miſs'd his mark,
And ſtuck his boar-ſpear on a maple's bark,
Then Jaſon; and his javelin ſeem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his back.
Mopſus was next; but ere he threw, addreſs'd
To Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy prieſt.
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy preſent aid afford;
That I may reach the beaſt. The God allow'd
His prayer, and, ſmiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the ſavage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.
This chaf'd the boar, his noſtrils flames expire,
And his red eyeballs roll with living fire.
Whirl'd with a ſling, or from an engine thrown,
Amidſt the foes, ſo flies a mighty ſtone,
As flew the beaſt; the left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'erborn, he ruſhes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In duſt, and next to death, but for their fellows aid.
Oneſimus far'd worſe, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more ſuſtain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd falls headlong on the plain.
Neſtor had fail'd the fall of Troy to ſee,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monſtrous foe was ſtill too near.
Againſt a ſtump his tuſk the monſter grinds,
And in the ſharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, truſting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continu'd wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future ſtars, appear:
White were their habits, white their horſes were;
Conſpicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandiſh'd at the foe:
Nor had they miſs'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming ſpears, not previous to the ſteed.
But Telamon ruſh'd in, and happ'd to meet
A riſing root, that held his faſten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, ſprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Mean time the virgin-huntreſs was not ſlow
T' expel the ſhaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the faſten'd arrow ſtood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She bluſh'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applauſe, and the fair archer prais'd.
He was the firſt to ſee, and firſt to ſhow
His friends the marks of the ſucceſsful blow.
Nor ſhall thy valour want the praiſes due,
He ſaid; a virtuous envy ſeiz'd the crew.
They ſhout; the ſhouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But, out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes fruſtrate the deſign.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flouriſhes his double-biting ax:

Then, forward to his fate, he took a ſtride
Before the reſt, and to his fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beaſt defend.
Thus boaſted he; then ſtretch'd, on tiptoe ſtood,
Secure to make his empty promiſe good.
But the more wary beaſt prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his auda cious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Ruſh out, and clotted blood diſtains the ground.
Pirithous, no ſmall portion of the war,
Preſs'd on, and ſhook his lance: to whom from far,
Thus Theſeus cry'd: O ſtay, my better part,
My more than miſtreſs; of my heart, the heart.
The ſtrong may fight aloof; Ancæus try'd
His force too near, and by preſuming dy'd:
He ſaid, and while he ſpake, his javelin threw;
Hiſſing in air th' unerring weapon flew;
But on the arm of oak, that ſtood betwixt
The marks-man and the mark, his lance he fixt.
Once more bold Jaſon threw, but fail'd to wound
The boar, and ſlew an undeſerving hound;
And through the dog the dart was nail'd to ground.
Two ſpears from Meleager's hand were ſent,
With equal force, but various in th' event:
The firſt was fix'd in earth, the ſecond ſtood
On the boar's briſtled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now while the tortur'd ſavage turns around,
And flings about his foam impatient of the wound.
The wound's great author cloſe at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled ſtrokes;
Wheels as he wheels: and with his pointed dart
Explores the neareſt paſſage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he ſpins in giddy gires,
Then falls, and in much foam his ſoul expires
This act with ſhouts heaven-high the friendly band
Applaud, and ſtrain in theirs the victor's hand.
Then all approach the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Admire on what a breadth of earth he lies;
And, ſcarce ſecure, reach out their ſpears afar,
And blood their points, to prove their partnerſhip of war.
But he, the conquering chief, his foot impreſs'd
On the ſtrong neck of that deſtructive beaſt;
And, gazing on the nymph with ardent eyes,
Accept, ſaid he, fair Nonacrine, my prize,
And, though inferior, ſuffer me to join
My labours, and my part of praiſe, with thine:
At this preſents her with the tuſky head
And chine, with riſing briſtles roughly ſpread.
Glad, ſhe receiv'd the gift; and ſeem'd to take
With double pleaſure, for the giver's ſake.
The reſt were ſeiz'd with ſullen diſcontent,
And a deaf murmur through the ſquadron went:
All envy'd; but the Theſtyan brethren ſhow'd
The leaſt reſpect, and thus they vent their ſpleen aloud:
Lay down thoſe honour'd ſpoils, nor think to ſhare,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Truſt not thy beauty; but reſtore the prize,
Which he, beſotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with ſpite,
From her they ſnatch'd the gift, from him the giver's right.
But ſoon th' impatient prince his ſauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper coſt,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boaſt.
At this advanc'd, and ſudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' boſom plung'd the ſword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement ſlow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he ſtood,
Receiv'd the ſteel bath'd in his brother's blood.
Pleas'd with the firſt, unknown the ſecond news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues
For her ſon's conqueſt; when at length appear
Her griſly brethren ſtretch'd upon the bier:
Pale, at the ſudden ſight, ſhe chang'd her cheer,
And with her cheer her robes; but hearing tell
The cauſe, the manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas grief no more, or grief and rage were one
Within her ſoul; at laſt 'twas rage alone;
Which burning upwards in ſucceſſion dries
The tears that ſtood conſidering in her eyes.
There lay a log unlighted on the earth,
When ſhe was labouring in the throes of birth:
For th' unborn chief the fatal ſiſters came,
And rais'd it up, and toſs'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a ſcanty meaſure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning ſung, To this red brand and thee,
O new-born babe, we give an equal deſtiny:
So vaniſh'd out of view. The frighted dame
Sprung haſty from her bed, and quench'd the flame:
The log in ſecret lock'd, ſhe kept with care,
And that, while thus preſerv'd, preſerv'd her heir.
This brand ſhe now produc'd; and firſt ſhe ſtrows
The hearth with heaps of chips, and after blows;
Thrice heav'd her hand, and, heav'd, ſhe thrice repreſs'd:
The ſiſter and the mother long conteſt,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breaſt;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow.
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now lowering looks preſage approaching ſtorms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Reſolv'd, ſhe doubts again; the tears, ſhe dry'd
With bluſhing rage, are by new tears ſupply'd:
And as a ſhip, which winds and waves aſſail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both oppoſite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempeſt, and th' impetuous ſeas;
So fares Althæa's mind; firſt ſhe relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Siſter and mother long the ſcales divide,
But the beam nodded on the ſiſter's ſide.
Sometimes ſhe ſoftly ſigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But ſighs were ſtifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed
To pleaſe her brother's ghoſts, her ſon ſhould bleed:
And when the funeral flames began to riſe,
Receive, ſhe ſaid, a ſiſter's ſacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, ſhe held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile ſhe bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:

Come, come, revenging ſiſters, come and view
A ſiſter paying a dead brother's due:
A crime I puniſh, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
Great crimes muſt be with greater crimes repaid,
And ſecond funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole houſhold in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curſe o'ertake us all!
Shall fate to happy Oeneus ſtill allow
One ſon, while Theſtius ſtands depriv'd of two?
Better three loſt than one unpuniſh'd go,
Take then, dear ghoſts, (while yet admitted new
In hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A coſtly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye ſhades, and let your ſiſter's iſſue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deſerves it, he deſerves it not from me.
Then ſhall th' unpuniſh'd wretch inſult the ſlain,
Triumphant live, not only live, but reign?
While you thin ſhades, the ſport of winds, are toſt
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coaſt.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis paſt, 'tis done;
Periſh this impious, this deteſted ſon;
Periſh his ſire, and periſh I withal;
And let the houſe's heir, and the hop'd kingdom fall.
Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains with which ten months I ſtrove!
Ah! hadſt thou dy'd, my ſon, in infant years,
Thy little herſe had been bedew'd with tears.
Thou liv'ſt by me; to me thy breath reſign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preſerv'd from fire:
One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee reſtore.
I would, but cannot: my ſon's image ſtands
Before my ſight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance theſe exact,
This pleads compaſſion, and repents the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjuſtly, ſhall o'ercome.
But, having pay'd their injur'd ghoſts their due,
My ſon requires my death, and mine ſhall his purſue.
At this for the laſt time ſhe lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or ſeem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themſelves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have ſhrunk away.
Juſt then the hero caſt a doleful cry,
And in thoſe abſent flames began to fry;
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains;
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honeſt wound, and by a death ſo dry.
Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd!
Then call'd his brothers, ſiſters, ſire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long ſigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his laſt adieu:
For as the flames augment, and as they ſtay
At their full height, then languiſh to decay,
They riſe, and ſink by fits; at laſt they ſoar
In one bright blaze, and then deſcend no more;
Juſt ſo his inward heats, at height, impair,
Till the laſt burning breath ſhoots out the ſoul in air.
Now lofty Calydon in ruins lies;
All ages, all degrees, unſluice their eyes;
And heaven and earth reſound with murmurs, groans, and cries.
Matrons and maidens beat their breaſts, and tear
Their habits, and root up their ſcatter'd hair.
The wretched father, father now no more,
With ſorrow ſunk, lies proſtrate on the floor,
Deforms his hoary locks with duſt obſcene,
And curſes age, and loaths a life prolong'd with pain.
By ſteel her ſtubborn ſoul his mother freed,
And puniſh'd on herſelf the impious deed.
Had I an hundred tongues, a wit ſo large
As could their hundred offices diſcharge;
Had Phœbus all his Helicon beſtow'd,
In all the ſtreams inſpiring all the God;
Thoſe tongues, that wit, thoſe ſtreams, that God, in vain
Would offer to deſcribe his ſiſter's pain:
They beat their breaſts with many a bruiſing blow,
Till they turn livid, and corrupt the ſnow,
The corpſe they cheriſh, while the corpſe remains,
And exerciſe and rub with fruitleſs pains;
And when to funeral flames 'tis borne away,
They kiſs the bed on which the body lay:
And when thoſe funeral flames no longer burn
(The duſt compos'd within a pious urn),
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confeſs,
And hug it in their arms, and to their boſom preſs.
His tomb is raiſed; then, ſtretched along the ground,
Thoſe living monuments his tomb ſurround:
Ev'n to his name, inſcribed, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kiſſes wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury ſpent,
Not with leſs ruin, than a race, content:
Excepting Gorgé, periſh'd all the ſeed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at laſt, no longer ſhe purſu'd
The weeping ſiſters; but, with wings endu'd,
And horny beaks, and ſent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, purſuing the deeds of Theſeus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to ſtay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an iſland by Neptune, at his requeſt. Pirithous, being an atheiſt, derides the legend, and denies the power of the Gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theſeus, to confirm the ſtory of Achelous, relates another metamorphoſis of Baucis and Philemon into trees: of which he was partly an eye-witneſs.

THUS Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear

The powers of heaven; except Ixion's ſon,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none;
He ſhook his impious head, and thus replies,
Theſe legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly ſway,
To think they give us ſorms, and take away.
The reſt, of better minds, their ſenſe declar'd
Againſt this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex roſe, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with ſober gravity began:
Heav'ns power is infinite: earth, air, and ſea,
The manufacture maſs, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompaſs'd round,
Stand on a moderate riſe, with wonder ſhown,
One a hard oak, a ſofter linden one:
I ſaw the place and them, by Pittheus ſent
To Phrygian realms, my grandſire's government.
Not far from thence is ſeen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fiſhing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in diſguiſe
Of mortal men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aſide his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilſome ſteps together trod;
For harbour at a thouſand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thouſand but was lock'd.
At laſt an hoſpitable houſe they found,
A homely ſhed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and ſtraw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their ſtore,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, profeſſing to be poor.
For maſter or for ſervant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
From lofty roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now ſtooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome firſt expreſs'd)
A common ſettle drew for either gueſt,
Inviting each his weary limbs to reſt.
But ere they ſat, officious Baucis lays
Two cuſhions ſtuff'd with ſtraw, the ſeat to raiſe;
Coarſe, but the beſt ſhe had; then takes the load
Of aſhes from the hearth, then ſpreads abroad
The living coals, and leſt they ſhould expire,
With leaves and barks ſhe feeds her infant-fire:
It ſmokes, and then with trembling breath ſhe blows,
Till in a chearful blaze the flames aroſe.
With bruſh-wood and with chips ſhe ſtrengthens theſe,
And adds at laſt the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, ſhe ſets the kettle on,
(Like burniſh'd gold the little ſeether ſhone)
Next took the coleworts which her huſband got
From his own ground (a ſmall well-water'd ſpot;)
She ſtripp'd the ſtalks of all their leaves; the beſt
She cull'd, and then with handy care ſhe dreſs'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon ſeiz'd it with a prong,
And from the ſooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a ſlice, but ſcarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little ſtore,
Which for their ſakes alone he wiſh'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the fleſh, and drain the ſalt away.
The time between, before the fire they ſat,
And ſhorten'd the delay by pleaſing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they ſet
Before their gueſts; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their ſweat.
This done, the hoſt produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the ſted,
Which with no coſtly coverlet they ſpread;
But coarſe old garments, yet ſuch robes as theſe
They laid alone, at feaſts, on holidays.
The good old houſewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables ſet; th' invited Gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thruſt, beneath the limping leg, a ſherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd mint,
A wholeſome herb, that breath'd a grateful ſcent.
Pallas began the feaſt, where firſt was ſeen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order ſerv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preſerv'd:
A garden-ſallad was the third ſupply,
Of endive, radiſhes, and ſuccory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' buſy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roaſted rare.
All theſe in earthen-ware were ſerv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher ſtor'd
With liquor of the beſt the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his ſide
Stood beechen bowls; and theſe were ſhining clean,
Varniſh'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table ſent the ſmoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A ſavory bit, that ſerv'd to reliſh wine:
The wine itſelf was ſuiting to the reſt,
Still working in the muſt, and lately preſs'd.
The ſecond courſe ſucceeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintery ſtore,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were ſet
In caniſters, t' inlarge the little treat:
All theſe a milk-white honey-comb ſurround,
Which in the midſt the country-banquet crown'd.
But the kind hoſts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might diſcern with eaſe
A willing mind, and a deſire to pleaſe.
Mean time the beechen bowls went round, and ſtill,
Though often empty'd, were obſerv'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion ſeiz'd the pair, to ſee the feaſt
With wine, and of no common grape increas'd:
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excuſing, as they could, their country fare.
One gooſe they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
Whom to the Gods for ſacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they purſu'd:

Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her maſter's compliment;
But perſecuted, to the pow'rs ſhe flies,
And cloſe between the legs of Jove ſhe lies.
He with a gracious ear the ſuppliant heard,
And ſav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the God. The neighbourhood, ſaid he,
Shall juſtly periſh for impiety:
You ſtand alone exempted; but obey
With ſpeed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave theſe accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
Aſcend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haſte; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
The truſty ſtaff (their better leg) ſupply'd.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there ſecure, but ſpent with travel, ſtop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Loſt in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery deſert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an iſle, remains:
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours fate, and country now no more,
Their little ſhed ſcarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk to grow;
A ſtately temple ſhoots within the ſkies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns riſe:
The pavement poliſh'd marble they behold,
The gates with ſculpture grac'd, the ſpires and tiles of gold.
Then thus the ſire of Gods, with looks ſerene,
Speak thy deſire, thou only juſt of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with ſuch a man in marriage bound.
A while they whiſper; then, to Jove addreſs'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint requeſt.
We crave to ſerve before your ſacred ſhrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And ſince not any action of our life
Has been pollured with domeſtic ſtrife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither ſhe
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms may bear
My breathleſs Baucis to the ſepulchre.
The Godheads ſign their ſuit. They run their race
In the ſame tenor all th' appointed ſpace;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
Theſe paſt adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon ſeen
Sprouting with ſudden leaves of ſprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon ſtood,
And ſaw his lengthen'd arms a ſprouting wood:
New roots their faſten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies ſtiffen in a riſing rind:
Then, ere the bark above their ſhoulders grew,
They give and take at once their laſt adieu;
At once, farewel, O faithful ſpouſe, they ſaid;
At once th' incroaching rinds their cloſing lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan ſhows
A ſpreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I ſaw myſelf the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering freſher up, with pious prayer,
The good, ſaid I, are God's peculiar care,
And ſuch as honour heaven, ſhall heavenly honour ſhare.

THE FABLE OF

IPHIS AND IANTHE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this perhaps, through Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood;
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.
He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.
Yet Telethuſa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy load could ſcarcely bear;
When ſlumbering, in the latter ſhades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Iſis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow ſheaves her ſhining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, ſhe wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Oſiris, ſought along the banks of Nile;
The ſilent God; the ſacred Crocodile;
And, laſt, a long proceſſion moving on,
With timbrels, that aſſiſt the labouring moon.
Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with art thy huſband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repoſe thy truſt on me;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This promiſe made, with night the Goddeſs fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;
Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With ſecrecy, to ſhun the father's ſight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And paſs'd it on her huſband for a boy.

The nurſe was conſcious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a ſon;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either ſex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandſire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit ſhew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceneſs mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of ſettling in the world his only ſon.
Ianthe was his choice; ſo wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bleſs'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They ſoon eſpous'd: for they with eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the ſame, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one ſchool they grew.
Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame deſires,
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languiſh'd in deſpair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom ſhe thought a man, ſhe thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her deſpair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madneſs does a maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining tears, Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What iſſue of my love remains for me!
How wild a paſſion works within my breaſt!
With what prodigious flames am I poſſeſt!
Could I the care of Providence deſerve,
Heaven muſt deſtroy me, if it would preſerve.
And that's my fate, or ſure it would have ſent
Some uſual evil for my puniſhment:
Not this unkindly curſe; to rage and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no proſpect of return.
Nor cows for cows conſume with fruitleſs fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares deſire:
The father of the fold ſupplies his ewes;
The ſtag through ſecret woods his hind purſues;
And birds for mates the males of their own ſpecies chooſe.
Her female nature guards from female flame,
And joins two ſexes to preſerve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monſters, wanted of her ſtore,
Till my new love produc'd one monſter more.
The daughter of the ſun a bull deſir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd:
Her paſſion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impoſſible ſhe was not bent,
But found the means to compaſs her intent.
To cheat his eyes, ſhe took a different ſhape;
Yet ſtill ſhe gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conſpire,
Should Dædalus aſſiſt my wild deſire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguiſh then thy paſſion, hopeleſs maid,
And recollect thy reaſon for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive theſe golden wiſhes from thy thought:
Thou canſt not hope thy fond deſires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wiſhes are in vain.
And yet no guards againſt our joys conſpire;
No jealous huſband hinders our deſire;
My parents are propitious to my wiſh,
And ſhe herſelf conſenting to the bliſs.
All things concur to proſper our deſign;
All things to proſper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis paſt the power of heaven to grant my pray'r.
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own deſires agree;
But Nature, ſtronger than the Gods above,
Refuſes her aſſiſtance to my love;
She ſets the bar that cauſes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is juſt at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midſt of water I complain of thirſt.
Why com'ſt thou, Juno, to theſe barren rites,
To bleſs a bed defrauded of delights?
And why ſhould Hymen lift his torch on high,
To ſee two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-ſick Iphis her vain paſſion mourns;
With equal ardor fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To ſpeed the work, and haſte the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethuſa fears the day,
And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new delay:
Now feigns a ſickneſs, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding ſight.
But, having done whate'er ſhe could deviſe,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next enſuing day
The fatal ſecret muſt to light betray.
Then Telethuſa had recourſe to prayer,
She and her daughter with diſhevel'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Iſis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
Fair queen, who doſt on fruitful Egypt ſmile,
Who ſway'ſt the ſceptre of the Pharian iſle,
And ſeven-fold falls of diſemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our laſt diſtreſs, ſhe ſaid,
A ſuppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my ſight;
Reveal'd I ſaw thee by thy own fair light:
I ſaw thee in my dream, as now I ſee,
With all thy marks of awful majeſty:
The glorious train that compaſs'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy ſound.
Thy words I noted; which I ſtill retain;
Let not thy ſacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myſelf am free
From ſhame and puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counſel ſav'd us, let thy power defend.
Her tears purſu'd her words; and while ſhe ſpoke
The Goddeſs nodded, and her altar ſhook:
The temple doors, as with a blaſt of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Iſis caſt a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring ſound.
Some hopes theſe happy omens did inſpire;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,

Not much in fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger ſtride:
The whiteneſs of her ſkin forſook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her ſtrength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her ſparkling eyes with manly vigour ſhone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inſcription wear:
Iphis, the man, has to the Goddeſs paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the ſtar of day had ſhewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their preſence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Deſcended to complete their happy love;
The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

FROM THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

The Propœtides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into ſtone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, deteſted all women for their ſake, and reſolved never to marry. He falls in love with a ſtatue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his deſcendants is Cinyras the father of Myrrha: the daughter inceſtuouſly loves her own father; for which ſhe is changed into a tree which bears her name. Theſe two ſtories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYGMALION, loathing their laſcivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but moſt a wife:
So ſingle choſe to live, and ſhunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a conſort of his bed:
Yet, fearing idleneſs, the nurſe of ill,
In ſculpture exercis'd his happy ſkill;
And carv'd in ivory ſuch a maid, ſo fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were ſhe to work; but, in her own defence,
Muſt take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt, the thing ador'd deſires.
A very virgin in her face was ſeen,
And, had ſhe mov'd, a living maid had been;
One would have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd; but ſtrove
With modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, ſo well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit;
He knows 'tis madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
And ſtill the more he knows it, loves the more:
The fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he ſtrain'd the breaſt,
And on the lips a burning kiſs impreſs'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breaſt reſiſts the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiſs unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean;
So would believe ſhe kiſs'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And ſtraining hard the ſtatue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he ſeeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furniſhes her cloſet firſt; and fills
The crowded ſhelves with rarities of ſhells;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the ſparkling ſtones of various hue:
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And finging-birds in ſilver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were ſorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, faſhionable robes her perſon deck,
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone ſurrounds her ſlender waſte.
Thus like a queen array'd, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Beauteous ſhe ſhew'd, but naked ſhew'd the beſt.
Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple ſpread:
The ſolemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandiſhments invites her to his ſide,
And as ſhe were with vital ſenſe poſſeſs'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow reſt.
The feaſt of Venus came, a ſolemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the ſacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, firſt approach'd the ſhrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the pow'rs divine:
Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair ſtatue mine, he would have ſaid,
But chang'd his words for ſhame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeneſs of my ivory maid.
The golden Goddeſs, preſent at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the ſign of granting his deſire;
For thrice in chearful flames aſcends the fire.
The youth, returning to his miſtreſs, hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breaſt, by the dear ſtatue lies.
He kiſſes her white lips, renews the bliſs,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiſs:
He thought them warm'd before; nor longer ſtays,
But next his hand on her hard boſom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It ſeem'd the breaſt beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas fleſh, but fleſh ſo firm, it roſe againſt the dint.
The pleaſing taſk he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more ſoft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former maſs to form, and frame to uſe.

He would believe, but yet is ſtill in pain,
And tries his argument of ſenſe again,
Preſſes the pulſe, and feels the leaping vein.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his ſtudied thanks and praiſe
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kiſs ſincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with ſurprize.
The Goddeſs, preſent at the match ſhe made,
So bleſs'd the bed, ſuch fruitfulneſs convey'd,
That ere ten moons had ſharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliſs, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this ſtory with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the laſt: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far diſtant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither ſhe fled. You will ſee the reaſon of this note, ſoon after the firſt lines of this fable.

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his ſire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a ſire.
Daughters and fathers, from my ſong retire:
I ſing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You ſhould not hear, or not believe, my tale.
Yet if the pleaſure of my ſong be ſuch,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive liſten to the laſt event,
And with the ſin believe the puniſhment:
Since nature could behold ſo dire a crime,
I gratulate at leaſt my native clime,
That ſuch a land, which ſuch a monſter bore,
So far is diſtant from our Thracian ſhore.
Let Araby extol her happy coaſt,
Her cinnamon and ſweet Amomum boaſt,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her ſecond harveſts, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd ſo bleſs'd that Myrrha bears?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanſe her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Diſowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee thoſe infernal pains,
And ſhot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy ſire, had merited a curſe:
But ſuch an impious love deſerv'd a worſe,
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canſt not chooſe, alone.
She knew it too, the miſerable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her ſecret ſoul ſhe ſaid:
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wiſhes tend?
Ye Gods, ye ſacred laws, my ſoul defend
From ſuch a crime as all mankind deteſt,
And never lodg'd before in human breaſt!
But is it ſin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd ſin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then theſe envious laws began,
Made not for any other beaſt but man!
The father bull his daughter may beſtride,
The horſe may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the luſty ram,
Or more ſalacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick ſhe bore,
And make a huſband, whom ſhe hatch'd before.
All creatures elſe are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleaſures bind,
Nor thoughts of ſin diſturb their peace of mind.
But man a ſlave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himſelf what nature gives:
Too buſy ſenates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have daſh'd a ſpice of envy in the laws,
And, ſtraining up too high, have ſpoil'd the cauſe.
Yet ſome wiſe nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but thoſe which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their ſires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in ſuch a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy ſtray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
His worth deſerves to kindle my deſires,
But with the love that daughters bears to ſires.
Then, had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverſeneſs of my fate is ſuch,
That he's not mine, becauſe he's mine too much:
Our kindred blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not ſo nigh.
Eyes and their objects never muſt unite,
Some diſtance is requir'd to help the ſight:
Fain would I travel to ſome foreign ſhore,
Never to ſee my native country more,
So might I to myſelf myſelf reſtore;
So might my mind theſe impious thoughts remove,
And, ceaſing to behold, might ceaſe to love.
But ſtay I muſt, to feed my famiſh'd fight,
To talk, and kiſs; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canſt thou deſign,
To make a monſtrous mixture in thy line,
And break all ſtatutes human and divine?
Canſt thou be call'd (to ſave thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound ſo many ſacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! ſiſter to thy ſon!
And fear'ſt thou not to ſee th' infernal bands,
Their heads with ſnakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
And ſhake the ſerpents from their hiſſing hair?
But thou in time th' increaſing ill controul,
Nor firſt debauch the body by the ſoul;
Secure the ſacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the ſanctions nature has deſign'd.

Suppoſe I ſhould attempt, th' attempt were vain;
No thoughts like mine his ſinleſs ſoul profane:
Obſervant of the right; and O, that he
Could cure my madneſs, or be mad like me!
Thus ſhe; but Cinyras, who daily ſees,
A crowd of noble ſuitors at his knees,
Among ſo many, knew not whom to chooſe,
Irreſolute to grant, or to refuſe.
But, having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her beſt, and whom ſhe would prefer?
The bluſhing maid ſtood ſilent with ſurprize,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking ſigh'd: and as ſhe ſigh'd, began
Round tears to ſhed, that ſcalded as they ran.
The tender fire, who ſaw her bluſh and cry,
Aſcrib'd it all to maiden-modeſty;
And dry'd the falling-drops, and, yet more kind,
He ſtrok'd her cheeks, and holy kiſſes join'd:
She felt a ſecret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleaſure than a daughter ſhould;
And, aſk'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the beſt; ſhe anſwer'd, One like you.
Miſtaking what ſhe meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her ſo continue ſtill:
The word of Pious heard, ſhe bluſh'd with ſhame
Of ſecret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when ſlumbers cloſe
Our eyes, and ſooth our cares with ſoft repoſe;
But no repoſe could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as ſhe roll'd her mind:
Mad with deſire, ſhe ruminates her ſin,
And wiſhes all her wiſhes o'er again.
Now ſhe deſpairs, and now reſolves to try;
Would not, and would again, ſhe knows not why;
Stops, and returns, takes and retracts the vow:
Fain would begin, but underſtands not how:
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the laſt mortal ſtroke alone remains,
Labouring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
This way and that ſhe nods, conſidering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either ſide,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide;
Irreſolute on which ſhe ſhould rely,
And laſt, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die;
On that ſad thought ſhe reſts; reſolv'd on death,
She riſes, and prepares to choak her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone ſhe ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewell, ſhe ſoftly cries;
For thee I die, and only wiſh to be
Not hated, when thou know'ſt I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cauſe;
This ſaid, about her neck the nooſe ſhe draws;
The nurſe, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not in words, the murmurs overheard,
And ſighs and hollow ſounds: ſurpriz'd with fright,
She ſtarts, and leaves her bed, and ſprings a light:
Unlocks the door, and entering out of breath,
The dying ſaw, and inſtruments of death;
She ſhrieks, ſhe cuts the zone with trembling haſte,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for ſhe now had leiſure for her tears)
She weeping aſk'd, in theſe her blooming years,
What unforeſeen misfortune cau'd her care,
To loath her life, and languiſh in deſpair!
The maid with down-caſt eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfiniſh'd, and ill tim'd relief,
Stood ſullen to her ſuit: the beldame preſs'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breaſt,
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food ſhe drew
From thoſe dry founts, her ſecret ill to ſhew,
Sad Myrrha ſigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aſide:
The nurſe ſtill urg'd, and would not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd ſecreſy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, ſhe ſaid, my want of ſtrength ſupplies,
And diligence ſhall give what age denies.
If ſtrong deſires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and medicines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have caſt,
More powerful verſe ſhall free thee from the blaſt:
If heaven offended ſends thee this diſeaſe,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appeaſe.
What then remain, that can theſe cares procure?
Thy houſe is flouriſhing, thy fortune ſure:
Thy careful mother yet in health ſurvives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin ſtarted at her father's name,
And ſigh'd profoundly, conſcious of the ſhame:
Nor yet the nurſe her impious love divin'd:
But yet ſurmis'd, that love diſturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, ſhe purſued her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid,
Then ſoftly ſooth'd her thus, I gueſs your grief:
You love, my child; your love ſhall find relief.
My long experienc'd age ſhall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay diſtruſt aſide:
No breath of air ſhall on the ſecret blow,
Nor ſhall (what moſt you fear) your father know,
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body proſtrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her bluſhes, hid her head:
There ſilent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but ſhe receiv'd not the command;
Remaining ſtill importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; Or aſk no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or ſtaying ſpare my ſhame;
What thou wouldſt hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And, trembling both with age and terror, ſtands,
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Sooths her with blandiſhments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or diſcloſe
What part of it ſhe knew, if ſhe no farther knows:
And laſt, if conſcious to her counſel made,
Confirms anew the promiſe of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but ſoon, oppreſs'd
With ſhame, reclin'd it on her nurſe's breaſt;
Bath'd it with tears, and ſtrove to have confeſs'd:
Twice ſhe began, and ſtopp'd; again ſhe try'd;
The faltering tongue its office ſtill deny'd:
At laſt her veil before her face ſhe ſpread,
And drew a long preluding ſigh, and ſaid,
O happy mother, in thy marriage-bed!
Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman ſhook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghaſtly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror ſtood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than ſhe would:
Much ſhe reproach'd, and many things ſhe ſaid,
To cure the madneſs of th' unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha ſtood convict of ill:
Her reaſon vanquiſh'd, but unchang'd her will:

Perverſe of mind, unable to reply,
She ſtood reſolv'd or to poſſeſs or die.
At length the fondneſs of a nurſe prevail'd
Againſt her better ſenſe, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, ſince ſuch is thy deſire,
Thy love, ſhe ſaid; ſhe durſt not ſay, thy ſire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a ſecond oath her faith confirms.
The ſolemn feaſt of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen ſtoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in proceſſion walk the pious train,
Offering firſt-fruits, and ſpikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they ſhun,
And, ſanctifying harveſt, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forſook her lord,
And Ceres' power with ſecret rites ador'd.
The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
The craf y crone, officious in her crime,
The curſt occaſion took: the king ſhe found
Eaſy with wine, and deep in pleaſure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confeſs'd the paſſion, but conceal'd the name.
Her form ſhe prais'd; the monarch aſk'd her years,
And ſhe reply'd, the ſame that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, ſhe hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the taſk was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was inſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find.
Ill ſhe preſag'd, and yet purſu'd her luſt;
For guilty pleaſures give a double guſt.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
When Myrrha haſten'd to the crime deſir'd;
The moon beheld her firſt, and firſt retir'd;
The ſtars amaz'd ran backward from the ſight,
And, ſhrunk within their ſockets, loſt their light.
Icarius firſt withdraws his holy flame:
The virgin ſign, in heaven the ſecond name,
Slides down the belt; and from her ſtation flies,
And night in ſable clouds involves the ſkies.
Bold Myrrha ſtill purſues her black intent:
She ſtumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event;)
Thrice ſhriek'd the funeral owl, yet on ſhe went,
Secure of ſhame, becauſe ſecure of ſight;
Ev'n baſhful ſins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was op'd, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay;
Thus far her courage held, but here forſakes;
Her faint knees knock at every ſtep ſhe makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorſe, and horror of her ſin;
Repents too late her criminal deſire,
And wiſhes, that unknown ſhe could retire.
Her lingering thus, the nurſe (who fear'd delay
The fatal ſecret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And ſaid to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus ſaying, ſhe deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The fire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd ſheets;
He found ſhe trembled, but believ'd ſhe drove
With maiden modeſty, againſt her love;
And ſought with flattering words vain fancies to remove.
Perhaps he ſaid, My daughter, ceaſe thy fears,
(Becauſe the title ſuited with her years;)
And, Father, ſhe might whiſper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the ſin.
Full of her ſire, ſhe left th' inceſtuous bed,
And carried in her womb the crime ſhe bred:
Another, and another night ſhe came;
For frequent ſin had left no ſenſe of ſhame:
Till Cinyras deſir'd to ſee her face,
Whoſe body he had held in cloſe embrace,
And brought a taper; the reveal'd, light,
Expos'd both crime and criminal to ſight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no ſpeech afford;
But from the ſheath he drew th' avenging ſword:
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd firſt the ſin, ſecur'd the flight.
Long wandering through the ſpacious fields, ſhe bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
Then paſs'd the region which Panchaea join'd,
And flying left the balmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unſupply'd with ſtrength,
And with the burden of her womb oppreſs'd;
Sabaean fields afford her needful reſt:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguiſh of her ſpirit, thus ſhe pray'd:
Ye powers, if any ſo propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my prayer;
Your judgments, I confeſs, are juſtly ſent:
Great ſins deſerve as great a puniſhment:
Yet ſince my life the living will profane,
And ſince my death the happy dead will ſtain,
A middle ſtate your mercy may beſtow,
Betwixt the realms above, and thoſe below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live,
The prayers of penitents are never vain;
At leaſt, ſhe did her laſt requeſt obtain;
For, while ſhe ſpoke, the ground began to riſe,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
Her toes in roots deſcend, and, ſpreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her ſolid bones convert to ſolid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to ſap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender ſkin is harden'd into rind:
And now the riſing tree her womb inveſts,
Now, ſhooting upwards ſtill, invades her breaſts,
And ſhades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She ſunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward ſhape ſhe loſt her ſenſe,
With bitter tears ſhe wept her laſt offence;
And ſtill ſhe weeps, nor ſheds her tears in vain;
For ſtill the precious drops her name retain.
Mean time the miſbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, diſtends with deadly throes
The ſwelling rind, with unavailing ſtrife,
To leave the wooden womb, and puſhes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppreſs'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bands in vain.
And, like a labouring woman, would have groan'd
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:

The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to speed the throes,
And spoke the powerful spells that babes to birth disclose.
The bark divides, the living load to free,
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread
The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace.
Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked Loves bestow:
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past:
So swift are years: the babe, whom just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore;
The drop the thing which late the tree incloss'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX AND ALCYONE.

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the son of Lucifer (the morning star), and king of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the husband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he succeeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo; and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, slain by Diana; Ceyx prepared a ship to sail to Clarus, there to consult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

THESE prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,
He purposes to seek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegian robbers made unsafe the road.
Yet could not he, from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal:
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart:
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And faltering dy'd unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, she said, what fault unknown
Thy once-belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindness gone?
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd, forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goest by land, though grief possess
My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.
But ah! be warn'd to shun the watery way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw a drift of loosen'd planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves confrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous race appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas.
Nor so, for once, indulg'd, they sweep the plains
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain.
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And, not content with seas, insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage:
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But, if not fears or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present suffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
These reasons mov'd her warlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart:
For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could he wrought his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to sooth her pain;
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won:
My love, so short an absence cease to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.
This promise of so short a stay prevails;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch; she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Last, with a kiss, she took a long farewel,
Sigh'd, with a sad presage, and swooning fell;
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.
The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies

Shaking h's hand at diſtance on the main;
She took the ſign; and ſhook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With ſharpen'd ſight, till ſhe no longer knew
The much-lov'd face; that comfort loſt ſupplies
With leſs, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by riſing gales,
She follow'd with her ſight the flying ſails:
When ev'n the flying ſails were ſeen no more,
Forſaken of all ſight, ſhe left the ſhore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And ſought in ſleep her weary'd eyes to cloſe:
Her huſband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he preſs'd, renew'd the former ſmart.
And now a breeze from ſhore began to blow,
The ſailors ſhip their oars, and ceaſe to row;
Then hoiſt their yards a-trip, and all their ſails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the veſſel half her courſe had run,
And as much reſted till the riſing ſun;
Both ſhores were loſt to ſight, when at the cloſe
Of day, a ſtiffer gale at eaſt aroſe:
The ſea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, firſt denounce the watery war.
This ſeen, the maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the top-ſail; let the main-ſheet fly,
And furl your ſails: the winds repel the ſound,
And in the ſpeaker's mouth the ſpeech is drown'd.
Yet, of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiouſly they wrought;
Some ſtow their oars, or ſtop the leaky ſides,
Another bolder yet the yard beſtrides.
And folds the ſails; a fourth, with labour, laves
Th' intruding ſeas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confuſion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the ſky,
And wage inteſtine wars: the ſuffering ſeas
Are toſs'd, and mingled as their tyrants pleaſe.
The maſter would command, but, in deſpair
Of ſafety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid care,
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempeſt to ſuch fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his ſkill;
With ſuch a concourſe comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling ſhrowds;
Seas daſh on ſeas, and clouds encounter clouds;
At once from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flaſh, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves aſcending ſcale the ſkies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:
When yellow ſands are ſifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden ſhow:
And when the fouler bottom ſpews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted ſeas,
And change their colour, changing their diſeaſe.
Like various fits the Trachin veſſel finds,
And now ſublime ſhe rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty ſummit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether ſky;
Now from the depth of hell they liſt their ſight,
And at a diſtance ſee ſuperior light:
The laſhing billows make a loud report,
And beat her ſides, as battering-rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way
With force augmented bears againſt his prey;
Sidelong to ſeize: or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils and ruſhes on the ſpear:
So ſeas impell'd by winds, with added power
Aſſault the ſides, and o'er the hatches tower.
The planks, their pitchy coverings waſh'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach diſplay:
The roaring waters with a hoſtile tide
Ruſh through the ruins of her gaping ſide.
Mean time in ſheets of rain the ſky deſcends,
And ocean ſwell'd with waters upwards tends,
One riſing, falling one; the heavens and ſea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The ſails are drunk with ſhowers, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No ſtar appears to lend his friendly light:
Darkneſs and tempeſt make a double night.
But flaſhing fires diſcloſe the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their ſcatter'd force unite,
And as a ſoldier, foremoſt in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an hoſt alone
Still preſſes on, and urging gains the town;
So while th' invading billows come a-breaſt,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the reſt,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous ſway,
And from the walls deſcends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conquering ſhout,
And mount on others backs, in hope to ſhare
The city, thus become the ſeat of war.
An univerſal cry reſounds aloud,
The ſailors run in heaps; a helpleſs crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no ſuccour near:
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet deſpairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But ſtupid with dry eyes expects his fate.
One with loud ſhrieks laments his loſt eſtate,
And calls thoſe happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the ſkies he cannot ſee, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts beſtows,
His careful father, and his faithful ſpouſe.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her abſence joys:
His wife he wiſhes, and would ſtill be near,
Not her with him, but wiſhes him with her:
Now with laſt looks he ſeeks his native ſhore,
Which fate has deſtin'd him to ſee no more;
He ſought, but in the dark tempeſtuous night
He knew not whither to direct his ſight.
So whirls the ſeas, ſuch darkneſs blinds the ſky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ſhip ran round; the tempeſt tore
Her maſt, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and with a ſcornful brow,
Proud of her conqueſt gain'd, inſults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if ſome giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toſs'd on ſeas: preſs'd with the ponderous blow
Down ſinks the ſhip within th' abyſs below:
Down with the veſſel ſink into the main
The many, never more to riſe again.
Some few on ſcatter'd planks with fruitleſs care
Lay hold, and ſwim, but, while they ſwim, deſpair.

E'n he who late a ſceptre did command,
Now graſps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he ſtruggles on the ſtormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his conſort is his greateſt care:
Alcyone he names amidſt his prayer,
Names as a charm againſt the waves, and wind;
Moſt in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of ſafety paſt,
From prayers to wiſhes he deſcends at laſt;
That his dead body, wafted to the ſands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands,
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the ſeas, he names the fair,
And, ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At laſt a falling billow ſtops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himſelf appears
That night, his heavenly form obſcur'd with tears;
And ſince he was forbid to leave the ſkies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone,
Obſerves the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wiſhes for a new;
Againſt the promis'd time provides with care,
And haſtens in the woof the robes he was to wear:
And for herſelf employs another loom,
New dreſs'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the ſacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All Powers implor'd, but far above the reſt
To Juno ſhe her pious vows addreſs'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And ſafe o'er ſeas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that ſhe might ſtill poſſeſs his heart,
And no pretending rival ſhare a part;
This laſt petition heard of all her prayer,
The reſt diſpers'd in winds were loſt in air.
But ſhe, the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Reſolv'd the tainted hand ſhould be repell'd,
Which incenſe offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus beſpoke; Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haſte to the houſe of ſleep, and bid the God,
Who rules the night by viſions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Reſembling him who periſh'd in the ſtorm:
This form before Alcyone preſent,
To make her certain of the ſad event.
Iris'd with robes of various hue ſhe flies,
And flying draws an arch (a ſegment of the ſkies):
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the ſteep
Deſcends to ſearch the ſilent houſe of ſleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowſy God:
Whoſe gloomy manſion nor the riſing ſun,
Nor ſetting, viſits, nor the lightſome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful ſky;
No crowing cock does there his wings diſplay,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geeſe,
Diſturb with nightly noiſe the ſacred peace:
Nor beaſt of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempeſts rock'd, nor human cry;
But ſafe repoſe without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Ariſing upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with ſoft murmurs calls the coming ſleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool ſimples that ſweet reſt beſtow;
Night from the plants their ſleepy virtue drains,
And paſſing ſheds it on the ſilent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded houſe to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his ſleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-ſted:
Black was the covering too, where lay the God
And ſlept ſupine, his limbs diſplay'd abroad:
About his head fantaſtic viſions fly,
Which various images of things ſupply,
And mock their forms; the leaves of trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor ſands upon the ſhore.
The virgin entering bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and bruſh'd the dreams away:
The God, diſturb'd with this new glare of light,
Caſt ſudden on his face, unſeal'd his ſight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which ſunk again,
And ſinking on his boſom knock'd his chin:
At length ſhook off himſelf; and aſk'd the dame,
(And aſking yawn'd) for what intent ſhe came?
To whom the Goddeſs thus: O ſacred reſt,
Sweet pleaſing ſleep, of all the powers the beſt!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whoſe balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care ſhuns thy ſoft approach, and ſullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expreſſing human form,
The ſhape of him who ſuffer'd in the ſtorm,
And ſend it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale ſpectre ſtand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She ſaid, and ſcarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to ſupport the fumes of ſleep:
But fled, returning by the way ſhe went,
And ſwerv'd along her bow by ſwift aſcent.
The God, uneaſy till he ſlept again,
Reſolv'd at once to rid himſelf of pain;
And, though againſt his cuſtom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the ſleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train expreſs'd
The ſhape of man, and imitated beſt;
The walk, the words, the geſture, could ſupply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beaſts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monſter ſhapes.
This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
The gods have nam'd; but men Phobetor call:
A third is Phantaſus, whoſe actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of ſoul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he repreſents in dreams,
And ſolid rocks unmov'd, and running ſtreams:

Thefe three to kings and chiefs their fcenes diſplay,
The reſt before th' ignoble commons play:
Of theſe the chofen Morpheus is diſpatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch ever-watch'd
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep, and ſhrinks within his bed.
Darkling the demon glides for flight prepar'd,
So ſoft that ſcarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, ſwift as thought, the flitting ſhade
Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aſide the ſteerage of his wings,
Forſakes his proper form, aſſumes the king's;
And pale as death, deſpoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And ſtands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears
And ſhedding vain, but ſeeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs;
Then ſtaring on her, with a ghaſtly look
And hollow voice, he thus the queen beſpoke:
Know'ſt thou not me! Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features periſh'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy huſband loſt,
Lo all that's left of him, thy huſband's ghoſt!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The ſtormy ſouth o'ertook us in the main;
And never ſhalt thou ſee thy living lord again.
Bear witneſs, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow ſtopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I preſent, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Riſe, wretched widow, riſe, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghoſt to paſs the Stygian ford:
But riſe, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy periſh'd lord
Thus ſaid the player-god; and, adding art
Of voice and geſture, ſo perform'd his part,
She thought (ſo like her love the ſhade appears)
That Ceyx ſpake the words, and Ceyx ſhed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward ſoul with grief oppreſt,
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept; and ſleeping beat her breaſt:
Then ſtretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare,
Her claſping arms incloſe but empty air:
At this not yet awake ſhe cry'd, Oh ſtay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, ſo loud ſhe ſpoke,
That, ſtarting ſudden up, the ſlumber broke;
Then caſt her eyes around in hope to view
Her vaniſh'd lord, and find the viſion true:
For now the maids who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the ſearch, not finding what ſhe ſeeks,
With cruel blows ſhe pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breaſt the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurſe demands the cauſe; with louder cries
She proſecutes her griefs, and thus replies.
No more Alcyone, ſhe ſuffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx loſt his breath:
No flattery, no falſe comfort, give me none,
My ſhipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I ſaw, I ſaw him manifeſt in view,
His voice, his figure, and his geſtures knew:
His luſtre loſt, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear ſo fair:
I would have ſtrain'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
But through my arms he ſlipt, and vaniſh'd from the place:
There, ev'n juſt there he ſtood; and as the ſpirit,
Where laſt the ſpectre was, ſhe caſt her look:
Fain would ſhe hope, and gaz'd upon the ground
If any printed footſteps might be found.
Then ſigh'd and ſaid; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear preſag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and ſuffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to ſtay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours allign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death diſjoin'd.
So had my Ceyx ſtill been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had periſh'd there:
Now I die abſent in the vaſt profound;
And me without myſelf the ſeas have drown'd.
The ſtorms were not ſo cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive?
But neither will I ſtrive, nor wretched thee
In death forſake, but keep thee company.
If not one common ſepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our laſt remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone ſhall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For ſighs come ruſhing in betwixt her words,
And ſtopt her tongue: but what her tongue deny'd
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints ſupply'd.
'Twas morning; to the port ſhe takes her way,
And ſtands upon the margin of the ſea:
That place, that very ſpot of ground ſhe ſought,
Or thither by her deſtiny was brought,
Where laſt he ſtood: and while ſhe ſadly ſaid,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiſs; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus ſpeaking, while her thoughts paſt o'er each trace,
And call to mind, admoniſh'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmoſt ken ſhe caſt her eyes,
And ſomewhat floating from afar deſcries;
It ſeem'd a corpſe adrift, to diſtant ſight,
But at a diſtance who could judge aright?
It waſted nearer yet, and then ſhe knew
That what before ſhe but ſurmis'd, was true:
A corpſe it was, but whoſe it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er ſhe made the caſe her own:
Took the bad omen of a ſhipwreck'd man,
As for a ſtranger wept, and thus began:
Poor wretch, on ſtormy ſeas to loſe thy life!
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this ſhe paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the ſide:
The more ſhe looks, the more her fears increaſe,
At nearer ſight; and ſhe's herſelf the leſs:
Now driven aſhore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom ſhe miſs:
Her huſband's corpſe; at this ſhe loudly cries,
'Tis he, 'tis he, ſhe cries, and tears her hair,
Her hair, her veſt, and, ſtooping to the ſhore,
About his neck ſhe caſt her trembling hands,
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'ſt thou to thy longing wife!
She ſaid, and to the neighbouring mole ſhe ran,
(Rais'd there to break th' incurſions of the ſeas)

Headlong from thence to plunge herſelf ſhe ſprings,
But ſhoots along ſupported on her wings:
A bird new-made about the banks ſhe plies,
Nor far from ſhore, and ſhort excurſions tries;
Nor ſeeks in air her humble flight to raiſe,
Content to ſkim the ſurface of the ſeas;
Her bill, though ſlender, ſends a creaking noiſe,
And imitates a lamentable voice:
Now lighting where the bloodleſs body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries.
At all her ſtretch her little wings ſhe ſpread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead:
Then, flickering to his pallid lips, ſhe ſtrove
To print a kiſs, the laſt eſſay of love:
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiſs, the vulgar doubt alone;
For ſure a preſent miracle was ſhown.
The Gods their ſhapes to wintry-birds tranſlate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection ſtill is ty'd,
And ſtill the mournful race is multiply'd;
They hill, they tread: Alcyone compreſs'd
Seven days ſits brooding on her floating neſt:
A wintery queen: her ſire at length is kind,
Calms every ſtorm, and huſhes every wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's eaſe,
And for his hatching nephews ſmooths the ſeas.

ÆSACUS *tranſformed into a* CORMORANT.

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THESE ſome old man ſees wanton in the air,
And praiſes the unhappy conſtant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant ſhows,
The former tale reviving others woes:
That ſable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With ſlender legs, was once of royal blood;
His anceſtors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede
(Whoſe beauty tempted Jove to ſteal the boy),
And Priam, hapleſs prince! who fell with Troy:
Himſelf was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's ſide of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æſacus by ſtealth in Ida's ſhade.
He fled the noiſy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and ſimple rural ſport,
And ſeldom to the city would reſort.
Yet he no ruſtic clowniſhneſs profeſt,
Nor was ſoft love a ſtranger to his breaſt:
The youth had long the nymph Heſperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket or the mead purſu'd:
Her lately on her father's bank he ſpy'd,
While fearleſs ſhe her ſilver treſſes dry'd;
Away ſhe fled: not ſtags with half ſuch ſpeed,
Before the prowling wolf, ſcud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the ſafer flood forſake,
Purſu'd by hawks, ſo ſwift regain the lake.
As faſt he follow'd in the hot career:
Deſire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A ſnake unſeen now pierc'd her heedleſs foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices ſhoot:
She fell, and, ſcap'd by death his fierce purſuit.
Her lifeleſs body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haſte:
O had my love been leſs, or leſs thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accurſed ſnake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cauſe was given by me.
Yet none ſhall ſay, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He ſpoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging ſide,
And, reſolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he ſought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the ſureſt remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curſt th' unaſk'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a ſecond fall ſucceeſleſs tries:
The downy plume a quick deſcent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaſeleſs ſorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his ſpirits prey'd.
Still near the ſounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE

TWELFTH BOOK

OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the End of the ELEVENTH BOOK.

Æſacus, the ſon of Priam, loving a country life, forſakes the court: living obſcurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who flying from him, was killed by a ſerpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himſelf; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æſacus, believes him to be dead, and raiſes a tomb to preſerve his memory. By this tranſition, which is one of the fineſt in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the ſtory of the Trojan war, which is ſummed up, in the preſent book, but ſo very briefly, in many places, that Ovid ſeems more ſhort than Virgil, contrary to his uſual ſtyle. Yet the Houſe of Fame, which is here deſcribed, is one of the moſt beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoſes. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the ſtory was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphoſ'd ſon:

A cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.
This pious office Paris did not share;
Absent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
T' avenge the rape, and Asia to subdue.
A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea:
Nor had their just resentments found delay,
Had not the wind and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis with united powers, they meet;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore;
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And, in the leafy summit, spy'd a nest,
Which, o'er her callow young, a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but still in view:
Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drank her blood.
This dire ostent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heaven decreed: and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we shall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays shall first afflict our powers:
Nine years of labour, the nine birds portend;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.
The serpent, who his m w obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone;
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their sails; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not so the seer: who knew, and known foreshow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd; the common cause
Prevail'd; and, pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia the devoted maid
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and stopp'd the coming blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
Th' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd:
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gallies bore.
Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a place
Confining on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud fame; her seat of power;
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tower;
A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies:
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat:
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there; with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:
Suspicion, with sedition join'd, are near;
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panique fear.
Fame sits aloft; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; enquiring all around.
The Goddess gives th' alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian fleet, descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians won:
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son.
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.
From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcases, and stain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he fought,
Cygnus or Hector, through the fields he sought,
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-maned steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He chear'd to courage, with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And rising shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death erobled by Pelides' spear.
The lance pursued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass, with such fury sent;
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune; Goddess-born,
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler I can spare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
Thy sire is mortal; mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassable depart:
He said, and threw: the trembling weapon pass'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad shield, and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again
The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.

He try'd a third, a tough well choſen ſpear;
The inviolable body ſtood ſincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But ſcornful offer'd his unſhielded ſide.
Not otherwiſe th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompaſs'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
By ſight of ſcarlet, and a ſanguine war:
They quit their ground; his bended horns elude;
In vain purſuing, and in vain purſued.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He ſtood conſidering, and ſurvey'd his lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden ſpear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my lance he ſaid,
By which ſo many thouſand foes are dead.
O whither is their uſual virtue fled?
I had it once; and the Lyrnæſſian wall,
And Tenedos, confeſs'd it in their fall.
Thy ſtreams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimſon flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing ſteel,
To wound him firſt, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted proweſs I retain,
Witneſs theſe heaps of ſlaughter on the plain.
He ſaid, and doubtful of his former deeds,
To ſome new trial of his force proceeds.
He choſe Menætes from among the reſt;
At him he lanch'd his ſpear, and pierc'd his breaſt:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay ſupine; and forth the ſpirit fled.
Then thus the hero; Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are ſtill the ſame.
The ſame I will employ againſt this foe;
And wiſh but with the ſame ſucceſs to throw.
So ſpoke the chief; and while he ſpoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew;
At his left ſhoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with ſwift rebound
Harmleſs return'd: a bloody mark appear'd
Which with falſe joy the flatter'd hero chear'd.
Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from ſlain Menætes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in cloſe fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high diſdain, repeats his blows;
Nor ſhield nor armour can their force oppoſe;
Huge cantlets of his buckler ſtrew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms are found.
But on his fleſh no wound or blood is ſeen;
The ſword itſelf is blunted on the ſkin.
This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the ſon of Neptune, ſtunn'd
With theſe repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A ſickly ſweat ſucceeds, and ſhades of night;
Inverted nature ſwims before his ſight:
Th' inſulting victor preſſes on the more,
And treads the ſteps the vanquiſh'd trod before,
Nor reſt, nor reſpite gives. A ſtone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and ſtopp'd his way:
Achilles took the advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd and puſh'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he preſs'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breaſt.
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twiſt
He ty'd; and ſoon the ſtrangled ſoul diſmiſs'd.
With eager haſte he went to ſtrip the dead;
The vanquiſh'd body from his arms was fled.
His ſea-god ſire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce ſucceeds the labours of this day,
And arms ſuſpended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard;
The feaſt approach'd; when to the blue-eyed maid
His vows for Cygnus ſlain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the Gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in ſacrifice: the reſt
Was broil'd and roaſted for the future feaſt.
The chief invited gueſts were ſet around:
And hunger firſt aſſuag'd, the bowls were crown'd
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd,
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike ſymphony;
Diſcourſe, the food of ſouls, was their delight,
And pleaſing chat prolong'd the ſummer's night.
The ſubject, deeds of arms; and valour ſhown,
Or on the Trojan ſide, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame atchiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but theſe could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear ſo well?
The laſt great act perform'd, of Cygnus ſlain,
Did moſt the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From ſteel, and which could ev'n that ſteel rebate:
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And ſcarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Neſtor thus; What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
Theſe eyes have ſeen in Cæneus long before,
Whoſe body not a thouſand ſwords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in ſtrength excell'd,
And ſtill his Othrys' with his fame is fill'd.
But what did moſt his martial deeds adorn,
(Though ſince he chang'd his ſex) a woman born.
A novelty ſo ſtrange, and full of fate,
His liſtening audience aſk'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common ſuit;
O father, firſt for prudence in repute,
Tell with that eloquence ſo much thy own,
What thou haſt heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of ſex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal ſtrife
The youth, without a wound, could loſe his life?
Neleides then; Though tardy age, and time
Have ſhrunk my ſinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my ſtore,
Yet not exhauſted, I remember more.
Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace deſign'd,
That action ſtill is freſher in my mind
Than aught beſide. If reverend age can give
To faith a ſanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my ſecond century, I ſurvey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Theſſalian maid:

Cænis the bright was born to high command:
A princeſs, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy ſire, perhaps had ſought her bed,
Among the reſt; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promiſe ty'd;
But ſhe to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.
It was her fortune once to take her way
Along the ſandy margin of the ſea:
The power of Ocean view'd her as ſhe paſs'd,
And lov'd, as ſoon as ſeen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treaſure ſeiz'd,
And his new joys the raviſher ſo pleas'd,
That thus, tranſported, to the nymph he cry'd;
Aſk what thou wilt, no prayer ſhall be deny'd.
This alſo fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a God could bear,
This anſwer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to ſuffer ſuch a ſhame;
But change the woman, for a better name;
One gift for all: ſhe ſaid; and while ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtern, majeſtic, manly tone ſhe took.
A man ſhe was: and as the Godhead ſwore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the lover adds, without requeſt:
No force of ſteel ſhould violate his breaſt.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes
Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's ſon,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beaſt,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feaſt:
In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'erſhade.
They ſate: and, ſummon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with thoſe the Lapithæan name:
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy reſound:
And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars ſhone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herſelf (and lovely by her ſide
A bevy of bright nymphs, with ſober grace),
Came glittering like a ſtar, and took her place:
Her heavenly form beheld, all wiſh'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wiſhes all employ.
For one, muſt brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride; at once reſolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and faſtening on her hair,
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his beſtial kind
His crime purſued; and each as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance preſented, took: the feaſt
An image of a taken town expreſs'd.
The cave reſounds with female ſhrieks; we riſe,
Mad with revenge, to make a ſwift repriſe:
And Theſeus firſt; What frenzy has poſſeſs'd,
O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breaſt,
To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?
To juſtify his threat, he thruſts aſide
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride;
The monſter nought reply'd: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjuſt maintain:
But anſwers with his hand; and forward preſs'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breaſt.
An ample goblet ſtood, of antique mold,
And rough with figures of the raiſing gold;
The hero ſnatch'd it up, and toſs'd in air,
Full at the front of the ſoul raviſher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing, through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
To weak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at firſt, ſupply the fight,
Once inſtruments of feaſts, but now of fate;
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
Bold Amycus, from the robb'd veſtry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a ſconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the ſacriſty,
Torn from the crowd, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell; and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when ſome brawny ſacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground:
His noſe diſmantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound,
This Belates th' avenger, could not brook:
But, by the foot, a maple board he took;
And hurl'd at Amycus: his chin is bent
Againſt his cheſt, and down the Centaur ſent;
Whom ſputtering bloody teeth, the ſecond blow
Of his drawn ſword diſpatch'd to ſhades below.
Grineus was near; and caſt a furious look
On the ſide-altar, cens'd with ſacred ſmoke,
And bright with flaming fires. The Gods, he cry'd,
Have with their holy trade our hands ſupply'd:
Why uſe we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar-ſtone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickeſt throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus ſlew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale was known
Down from her ſphere to draw the labouring moon:
Exadius cry'd, Unpuniſh'd ſhall not go
This fact, if arms are found againſt the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were ſpread
The votive horns of a ſtag's branching head:
At Grineus theſe he throws; ſo juſt they fly,
That the ſharp antlers ſtuck in either eye:
Breathleſs and blind he fell; with blood bedrench'd
His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his cheek.
Fierce Rhætus, from the earth, a burning brand
SeleQs, and whirling waves; till, from his hand
The fire took flame; then daſh'd it from the ſight,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the right:
The whiſtling peſt came on, and pierc'd the head,
And caught the yellow hair, that ſhriveled while
ſhone.
Caught, like dry ſtubble fir'd, or like feeruſſia
Yet from the wound enſued no purple ſtood;
But look'd a bubbling maſs of frying blood.
His blazing locks ſent forth a crackling ſound,
And hiſs'd, like red-hot iron within the
drown'd.

The wounded warrior ſhook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horſe could hardly rear)
He heaves the thre ſhold-ſtone; but could not throw:
The weight itſelf forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and cruſh'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but ſaid,
So by their fellows may our foes be ſped!
Then with redoubled ſtrokes he plies his head:
The burning fever not deludes his pains;
But drives the batter'd ſkull within the brains.
Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagros, Dryas, Corythus, purſued:
Firſt, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he ſlew;
Whoſe fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cry'd, What palm is from a beardleſs prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to ſay;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hiſſing in, and chok'd his breath.
At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
No longer would the ſame ſucceſs advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a ſharpen'd ſtake ſtrong Dryas found;
And in the ſhoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon ſtruck; which roaring out with pain
He drew: nor longer durſt the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread poſſeſs'd;
Thaumas and Medon wounded in the breaſt,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who bears encountering flew:
And Augur Aſtylos, whoſe art in vain
From fight diſſuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Neſſus on the plain;
But to his fellow cry'd, Be fately flow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.
Mean time ſtrong Dryas urg'd his chance ſo well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more diſgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his noſe and front, the blow before.
Amid the noiſe and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide ſecurely ſlept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart tranſfix'd;
Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
And ſleep thy fill, th' inſulting victor cry'd;
Surpriz'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his ſoul,
Repaſs'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
I ſaw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
The trunk was like a ſapling in his hands,
And ſtill obey'd the bent: while thus he ſtood,
Pirithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppreſs'd:
Helops and Dictys added to the reſt
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Tranſfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating ſpear.
This Dictys ſaw; and, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of ſteepy height;
And cruſh'd an aſh beneath, that could not bear his weight.
The ſhatter'd tree receives his fall, and ſtrikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the ſharpen'd ſpikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty ſtone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theſeus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd; nor ſeconded the ſtroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back (who bore
No mortal burden but his own, before).
Preſs'd with his knees his ſides; the double man,
His ſpeed with ſpurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero faſten'd on his locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated ſtrokes.
The club hung round his ears and batter'd brows;
He falls; and, laſhing up his heels, his rider throws.
The ſame Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippaſus, whoſe beard his breaſt invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland ſhades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to ſtrive;
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beaſts alive.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful ſight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to diſengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root ſtuck faſt: the broken trunk he ſent
At Theſeus: Theſeus fruſtrates his intent,
And leaps aſide, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To ſhun (for ſo he ſaid; and we believ'd it ſo).
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was caſt;
Which Crantor's body ſunder'd at the waiſt:
Thy father's ſquire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Delopeian war
Their king, his preſent ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus ſent.
Thy ſire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, ſhalt thou waſte
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he ſaid, and threw
His aſhen-ſpear, which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his ſoul apply'd;
The ſharp point enter'd in the centaur's ſide:
Both hands to wrench it out, the monſter join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the ſteel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it ſtood: inrag'd he rears
His hooſs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his ſhield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the duſt,
He ſped the Centaur, with one ſingle thruſt.
Two more his lance before tranſfix'd from far;
And two his ſword had ſlain in cloſer war.
To theſe was added Dorylas: who ſpread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With theſe he puſh'd; in blood already dy'd:
Him, fearleſs, I approach'd, and thus defy'd:
Now, monſter, now, by proof it ſhall appear,
Whether thy horns are ſharper, or my ſpear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it paſs'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud ſhouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finiſh'd, with a ſecond wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he cruſh'd:
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, ruſh'd.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreſhow
Thy fate (if form to monſters men allow):
Juſt bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy ſhoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look: thy ſhapes in every part
So clean as might inſtruct the ſculptor's art,
As far as man extended: where began
The beaſt, the beaſt was equal to the man.
Add but a horſe's head and neck, and he,
O Caſtor, was a courſer worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the ſeat;
So roſe his brawny cheſt; ſo ſwiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it ſhone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome poſſeſs'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor leſs her blandiſhments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confeſſing love.
For him ſhe dreſs'd; for him with female care
She comb'd and ſet in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roſes, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And ſprigs of flowing roſemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegaſæan fount,
And in the ſtreams that from the fountain play,
She waſh'd her face, and batli'd her twice a day.
The ſcarf of furs, that hung below her ſide,
Was ermin, or the panther's ſpotted pride;
Spoils of no common beaſt: with equal flame
They lov'd: their ſylvan pleaſures were the ſame:
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to ſome ſhady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, ſide by ſide, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was ſent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with ſtaggering ſteps, and ſeeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And ſtrove his wandering ſpirits to recal:
And, while her hand the ſtreaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers ſhe clos'd.
Stifled with kiſſes, a ſweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undiſtinguiſh'd cries:
At leaſt her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my ſtunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal ſound.
In madneſs of her grief, ſhe ſeiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare boſom the ſharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell; and, falling by his ſide,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing dy'd.
Ev'n ſtill methinks, I ſee Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dreſs,
Six lions hides, with thongs together faſt,
His upper part defended to his waiſt;
And where man ended, the continued veſt
Spread on his back the houſs and trappings of a beaſt.
A ſtump too heavy for a team to draw
(It ſeems a fable, though the fact I ſaw);
He threw at Pholon; the deſcending blow
Divides the ſkull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from noſe and mouth, and either ear,
Came iſſuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the preſs the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while ſtooping down to ſpoil the ſlain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain:
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I ſlew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
The javelin wounded me (behold the ſcar).
Then was my time to ſeek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at leaſt a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight: nor will I ſtay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointleſs lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Neſſus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopſus not alone divin'd,
Whoſe valour equal'd his foreſeeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had ſlaughter'd five the boldeſt of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and ſtronger Stiphelus:
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkieſt of the double race,
Whom the ſpoil'd arms of ſlain Haleſus grace,
In years retaining ſtill his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interſpers'd with white.
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either hoſt
Might hear him, while he made this empty boaſt.
And from a ſtrumpet ſhall we ſuffer ſhame?
For Cænis ſtill, not Cæneus, is thy name:
Find ſtill the native ſoftneſs of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy ſex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in ſhew: go, card and ſpin;
And leave the buſineſs of the war to men.
While thus the boaſter exercis'd his pride,
The fatal ſpear of Cæneus reach'd his ſide:
Juſt in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beaſt and upper man.
The monſter mad with rage, and ſtung with ſmart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It ſtrook; but bounded from his harden'd breaſt;
Like hail from tiles, which the ſafe houſe inveſt;
Nor ſeem'd the ſtroke with more effect to come,
Than a ſmall pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion try'd, in cloſer fight,
But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
He thruſt; the blunted point return'd again.
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thruſts are vain,
I'll prove his ſide: in ſtrong embraces held,
He prov'd his ſide; his ſide the ſword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the ſtroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a ſolid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at laſt, the blade in ſhivers broke.
Th' impaſſive knight ſtood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked ſide:
At length, Now, monſter, in thy turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the ſtrength of Cæneus: at the word
He thruſt: and in his ſhoulder plung'd the ſword.

Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breaſt, made many wounds in one.
The Centaurs ſaw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd ſucceſs;
And nothing on, in crowds, together preſs;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they ſtood; till Monychus began,
O ſhame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? th' united force,
Of two the ſtrongeſt creatures, man and horſe:
Nor goddeſs-born, nor of Ixion's ſeed,
We ſeem (a lover built for Juno's bed);
Maſter'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choak the ſoul within, though not to force it out.
Heap weights, inſtead of wounds: he chane'd to ſee
Where ſouthern ſtorms had rooted up a tree;
This, rais'd from earth, againſt the foe he threw;
Th' example ſhewn, his fellow brutes purſue.
With foreſt-loads the warrior they invade:
Othrys and Pelion ſoon were void of ſhade;
And ſpreading groves were naked mountains made.
Preſs'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his ſhoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
At length it roſe above his mouth and eyes;
Yet ſtill he heaves: and ſtruggling with deſpair,
Shakes all aſide, and gains a gulp of air:
A ſhort relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then reſpires again:
At laſt, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs th' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he ſuffocated ſeem'd
To moſt; but otherwiſe our Mopſus deem'd,
Who ſaid, he ſaw a yellow bird ariſe
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid ſkies:
I ſaw it too: with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld ſo ſtrange a ſight.
Whom Mopſus viewing, as it ſoar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling ſound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love;
Once firſt of men below, now firſt of birds above.
Its author to the ſtory gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Aſham'd to ſee a ſingle man, purſu'd
With odds, to ſink beneath a multitude:
We puſh'd the foe, and forc'd to ſhameful flight;
Part fell; and part eſcap'd by favour of the night.
This tale, by Neſtor told, did much diſpleaſe
Tlepolemus, the ſeed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father ſay,
That he himſelf was preſent at the fray;
And more than ſhar'd the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he ſaid, among the reſt,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the leaſt:
Is he not worth your praiſe? The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he ſpoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have loſt; but you renew the wound:
Better to paſs him o'er, than to relate
The cauſe I have your mighty ſire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the ſky;
(Which, oh, I wiſh, with truth, I could deny)!
We praiſe not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praiſe a foe.
He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Meſſenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylos; that a neighbouring ſtate,
And this my own: both guiltleſs of their fate.
To paſs the reſt, twelve, wanting one, he ſlew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promiſe, had they liv'd;
By him they periſh'd: I alone ſurviv'd.
The reſt were eaſy conqueſt: but the fate
Of Periclymenus is wondrous to relate.
To him our common grandſire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, chang'd reſume again.
Vary'd at pleaſure, every ſhape he try'd;
And in all beaſts Alcides ſtill defy'd:
Vanquiſh'd on earth, at length he ſoar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of love:
The new-diſſembled eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules purſu'd,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, ſafe retir'd, and tour'd in empty ſpace.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe,
But, bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, ſuſpended as he ſtood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the ſinew hung
The point; and his diſabled wing unſtrung.
He wheel'd in air, and ſtretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight ſuſtain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unſupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other ſide.
He fell: the ſhaft, that ſlightly was impreſs'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aſſant; he ſpurns the ground,
And the ſoul iſſues through the weazon's wound.
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian ſeas,
What praiſe is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my ſlain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.
Thus with a flowing tongue old Neſtor ſpoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:
At length, with wearineſs and wine oppreſs'd,
They riſe from table, and withdraw to reſt.
The ſire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his ſon, in battle ſlain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the ſmother'd pain he bore
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before):
Then when he ſaw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus beſpoke the God that guides the year.
Immortal offſpring of my brother Jove;
My brighteſt nephew, and whom beſt I love,
Whoſe hands were join'd with mine, to raiſe the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Doſt thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city ſlain?
To paſs the reſt, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himſelf by far
A greater plague, than all the waſteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boaſt
Our town deſtroy'd, our common labour loſt!
O, could I meet him! But I wiſh too late;
To prove my trident, is not in his fate.

But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the superior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the God confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd:
Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim, and, with one arrow, end the war.
He said; and shew'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the standing field.
The Deity himself directs aright
Th' invenom'd shaft; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name;
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the same.
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double ax of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
The God, that arm'd him first, consum'd at last,
Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.
His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthiest, after him, his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.
Ev'n Diomede sat mute, with down-cast eyes:
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose: Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cause.

THE

SPEECHES

OF

AJAX AND ULYSSES.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the sevenfold shield
Upstarted fierce: and kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian gallies haul'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Must then our cause before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were mine own valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd;
And who before, with Jason, sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy stone).
Just Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock, and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed.
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor shunn'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare,
(Ill for myself) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he, who shunn'd all honours, gain the best;
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd to fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsel'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His sufferings and our baseness he bemoans;

nd riches (ſo may heaven his wiſh fulfil)
he due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
low he, with us to Troy's deſtruction ſworn,
ur brother of the war, by whom are borne
cides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
Vith cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
o find him food and cloathing, muſt employ
ra aſt the birds the ſhafts due to the fate of Troy.
'et ſtill he lives, and lives from treaſon free,
ecauſe he left Ulyſſes' company:
oor Palamede might wiſh, ſo void of aid
ather to have been left, than ſo to death betray'd.
he coward bore the man immortal ſpite,
Vho ſham'd him out of madneſs into fight:
or, daring otherwiſe to vent his hate;
ccus'd him firſt of treaſon to the ſtate;
nd then for proof produc'd the golden ſtore
imſelf had hidden in his tent before:
hus of two champions he depriv'd our hoſt,
y exile one, and one by treaſon loſt.
hus fights Ulyſſes, thus his fame extends,
formidable man, but to his friends:
reat, for what greatneſs is in words and ſound:
v'n faithful Neſtor leſs in both is found:
ut that he might without a rival reign,
e left his faithful Neſtor on the plain;
orſook his friend, ev'n at his utmoſt need,
Vho tir'd and tardy, with his wounded ſteed,
ry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
ut cowardice has neither ears nor ſhame:
hus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
nd, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
hat this is not a fable forg'd by me,
ke one of his, an Ulyſſean lye,
touch ev'n Diomede, who, though his friend,
annot that act excuſe, much leſs defend:
le call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
nd ſure enough he heard, but durſt not hear.
The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He juſtly was forſaken, who forſook:
Wanted that ſuccour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow ſuch another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himſelf by his own laws,
And ſtood condemn'd, I help'd the common cauſe:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the ſhield trembling as he lay below);
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heaven forgive me for ſo bad a deed!
If ſtill he will perſiſt, and urge the ſtrife,
Firſt let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting ſhield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confeſs his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cauſe in that eſtate;
And yet, when ſnatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted ſhield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he roſe, with what a bound
He ſprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How freſh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not ſtrength to ſtand, had ſpeed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear ſeiz'd alike the feeble and the ſtrong:
Each Greek was an Ulyſſes; ſuch a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the ſound, of Hector bred:
Him, fleſh'd with ſlaughter, and with conqueſt crown'd,
I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchleſs as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our hoſt to ſingle fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wiſh'd alone:
Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquiſh'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' inſulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the ſtrength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour that ſaved you from the ſword?
Or was my breaſt expos'd alone, to brave
A thouſand ſwords, a thouſand ſhips to ſave?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a ſav'd fleet, leſs than a ſingle ſhield?
Think it no boaſt, O Grecians, if I deem
Theſe arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honour ſhare;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his flight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain,
Than a ſpy taken, and a ſleeper ſlain;
A prieſt made priſoner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all theſe actions done by day:
Nor aught of theſe was done and Diomede away.
If on ſuch petty merits you conſer
So vaſt a prize, let each his portion ſhare;
Make a juſt dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus ſuch arms as thoſe,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or ſuſtain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toſs the beamy lance:
Much leſs the left that ampler ſhield advance;
Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with coſt
Of the round world in riſing gold emboſs'd,
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he ſtole the ſhield;
Which ſhould your error on the wretch beſtow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why aſks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haſte.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-ſhield,
Nor the leaſt dint has ſuffer'd in the field,
Guiltleſs of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of ſervice, muſt forſake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to ſcan?
My arguments are deeds, let action ſpeak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the ſtrife aroſe,
So caſt the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then ſend us to redeem both arms and ſhield,
And let him wear who wins them in the field,

He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.

If heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd.
But since hard fate, and heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew);
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing, nor I may lose the prize,
By having sense, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime where nature made it none;
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, fend the shield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.

Then, since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.

Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war;
And till the threatening influence were past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast,
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not discover'd by her mein or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
O Goddess-born, resist not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all the actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla; not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.

When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prize,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
No subject could sustain their sovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durst th' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, sham'd him to consent.
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy task was I design'd:
Reasons against her love I knew were vain;
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our fleet's fate
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel and crouded with retinue.
There in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawless crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted forth the sword
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to hazard
With me the rough preludium of the war.

Endleſs it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counſel, ſince the ſiege begun:
The firſt encounters paſt, the foe repell'd,
They ſkulk'd within the town, we kept the field,
War ſeem'd aſleep for nine long years; at length,
Both ſides reſolv'd to puſh, we try'd our ſtrength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the groſs mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambuſh'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with falſe alarms;
Secur'd the ſhips, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting chear'd, chaſtis'd the rebel-train,
Provided forage, our ſpent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or ſent abroad, the common cauſe purſu'd.
The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Deſpair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What ſubject durſt arraign the power ſupreme,
Producing Jove to juſtify his dream?
Ajax might wiſh the ſoldiers to retain
From ſhameful flight, but wiſhes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of courſe his blundering tongue affords.
But did this boaſter threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their ſtay?
None, none of theſe, but ran himſelf away.
I ſaw him run, and was aſham'd to ſee;
Who ply'd his feet ſo faſt to get aboard as he?
Then, ſpeeding through the place, I made a ſtand,
And loudly cry'd, O baſe degenerate band,
To leave a town already in your hand,
After ſo long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual ſhame!
Theſe words, or what I have forgotten ſince,
(For grief inſpir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forſaken camp reſort;
Diſmay'd the council met: this man was there,
Not mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Therſites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide-opening mouth with blows I ſeal'd.
Then, riſing, I excite their ſouls to fame,
And kindle ſleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is juſtly mine who drew him back from flight.
Which of the Grecian chiefs conforts with thee?
But Diomede deſires my company,
And ſtill communicates his praiſe with me.
As guided by a God, ſecure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowſhip, amid the foes:
And ſure no little merit I may boaſt,
Whom ſuch a man ſelects from ſuch an hoſt;
Unforc'd by lots, I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the ſame errand ſent, we met the ſpy
Of Hector, double-tongued, and us'd to lye;
Him I diſpatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him firſt to tell what treacherous Troy deſign'd:
My taſk perform'd, with praiſe I had retir'd,
But, not content with this, to greater praiſe aſpir'd;
Invaded Rhoeſus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own ſtrength, I ſlew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal ſeat:
Refuſe me now his arms, whoſe fiery ſteeds
Were promis'd to the ſpy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling ſtill: the ſun beheld
With ſlaughter'd Lycians when I ſtrew'd the field:
You ſaw and counted as I paſs'd along,
Alaſtor, Cromius, Ceranos the ſtrong,
Alcander, Prytanus, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Eunomus,
Choon, Cherſidamas; and five beſide,
Men of obſcure deſcent, but courage try'd:
All theſe this hand laid breathleſs on the ground;
Nor want I proof of many a manly wound:
All honeſt, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you ſee.
At this he bar'd his breaſt, and ſhew'd his ſcars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, ſaid he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his ſhield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not, our boaſter ſtrove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To ſave the fleet: this I confeſs is true
(Nor will I take from any man his due):
But thus aſſuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your ſhare will fall,
He did the beſt indeed, but did not all:
Patroclus' in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he ſeem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preſerv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boaſts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat fought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He, but the ninth, and not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boaſt th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I ſaw Peliden ſink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave ſoul was fled: full of my friend,
I ruſh'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Thoſe arms, which on theſe ſhoulders then I bore,
'Tis juſt you to theſe ſhoulders ſhould reſtore.
You ſee I want not nerves, who could ſuſtain
The ponderous ruins of ſo great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
Theſe arms thus labour'd for her ſon prepare;
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift ſhould wear?
For that dull ſoul to ſtare with ſtupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the ſculptures of the ſhield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's watery field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; leſs and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in ſeas; Orion's angry ſtar;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot underſtand?
Beſide, what wiſe objections he prepares
Againſt my late acceſſion to the wars!

Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force againſt Achilles bent?
For if diſſembling be ſo great a crime,
The fault is common, and the ſame in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is leſs, who ſooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her ſon; and me my pious wife.
To them the bloſſoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reſerv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with ſo great a man my guilt I ſhare:
My wit to war the matchleſs hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.
Nor need I wonder that on me he threw
Such foul aſperſions, when he ſpares not you:
If Palamede unjuſtly fell by me,
Your honour ſuffer'd in th' unjuſt decree;
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treaſon, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was falſe; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifeſt; the bribe reveal'd.
That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your juſtice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that ſtaying there
He might his weary limbs with reſt repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took the counſel, and he lives at leaſt;
Th' event declares I counſel'd for the beſt:
Though faith is all, in miniſters of ſtate;
For who can promiſe to be fortunate?
Now ſince his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak addreſs, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his perſuaſive ſenſe,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus ſhall run backward; Ida ſtand
A leafleſs mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counſels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.
Hard Philoctetes, exerciſe thy ſpleen
Againſt thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curſe my devoted head, above the reſt,
And wiſh in arms to meet me breaſt to breaſt:
Yet I the dangerous taſk will undertake,
And either die myſelf, or bring thee back.
Nor doubt the ſame ſucceſs, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to theſe tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and anſwers to diſplay,
And how to take the town, and where the ſecret lay:
Yet this I compaſs'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while ſhe was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what deſign'd?
A noiſy nothing, and an empty wind.
If he be what he promiſes in ſhow,
Why was I ſent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boaſting champion thought the taſk not light
To paſs the guards, commit himſelf to night:
Not only through a hoſtile town to paſs,
But ſcale, with ſteep aſcent, the ſacred place;
With wandering ſteps to ſearch the citadel,
And from the prieſts their patroneſs to ſteal:
Then through ſurrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monſtrous bulk, his ſevenfold ſhield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be ſaid,
When Troy was liable to conqueſt made.
Why point'ſt thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy ſhare
In all my toil and praiſe; but when thy might
Our ſhips protected, didſt thou ſingly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I aſk'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well aſſur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than ſtrength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at leaſt Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with ſword and ſpear:
All theſe had been my rivals in the ſhield,
And yet all theſe to my pretenſions yield.
Thy boiſterous hands are then of uſe, when I
With this directing head thoſe hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foreſees, provides, adminiſters the war:
Thy province is to fight, but when ſhall be
The time to fight, the king conſults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ſhip of ſafety owes
To him who ſteers, than him that only rows;
By how much more the captain merits praiſe
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By ſo much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canſt but execute what I deſign.
What gain'ſt thou, brutal man, if I confeſs
Thy ſtrength ſuperior, when thy wit is leſs?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole deſert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in ſo long a ſpace,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taking Gods, which now are ours,
Or if there yet a farther taſk remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet ſome deſperate action reſts behind,
That aſks high conduct, and a dauntleſs mind,
If aught be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome,
Award thoſe arms I aſk, by your decree;
Or give to this what you refuſe to me.
He ceas'd: and ceaſing with reſpect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal ſhrine
Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applauſe,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cauſe.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

HE who could often, and alone, withſtand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
How cannot his unmaſter'd grief ſuſtain,
But yields to rage, to madneſs, and diſdain;
Then ſnatching out his fauchion, Thou, ſaid he,
Art mine; Ulyſſes lays no claim to thee.
So often try'd, and ever truſty ſword,
Now do thy laſt kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requeſts thy aid, to ſhow
None but himſelf, himſelf could overthrow.
He ſaid, and with ſo good a will to die
Did to his breaſt the fatal point apply,
As found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, ſo faſt it ſtood,
Till out it ruſh'd, expell'd by ſtreams of ſpouting blood.
The fruitful blood produc'd a flower, which grew
On a green ſtem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo ſlew;
Inſcrib'd in both, the letters are the ſame,
But thoſe expreſs the grief, and theſe the name.

THE STORY OF ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ACIS, the lovely youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents pleaſure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now ſixteen ſummers the ſweet youth had ſeen;
And doubtful down began to ſhade his chin:
When Polyphemus firſt diſturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Aſk not which paſſion in my ſoul was higher,
My laſt averſion, or my firſt deſire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
Both were alike, for both were in exceſs.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immenſe thy power, and boundleſs is thy ſway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' æthereal throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in foreſts are,
The inhuman hoſt, who made his bloody feaſts,
On mangled members of his butcher'd gueſts,
Yet felt the force of love and fierce deſire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Affam'd the ſoftneſs of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked ſcythe his beard he ſleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn ſtubble of his cheeks:
Now in the cryſtal ſtream, he looks, to try
His ſimagres, and rowls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirſt of blood are loſt;
And ſhips ſecurely ſail along the coaſt.
The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's ſummits to the ſeas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And ſure preſages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulyſſes' hand
In his broad eye ſhould thruſt a flaming brand.
The giant, with a ſcornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou haſt falſly propheſy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair eyes, my ſight I loſt.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy ſteps; and, weary, ſought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, ſharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:
On either ſide, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant-lover choſe;
Here on the midſt he ſate; his flocks, unled,
Their ſhepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A pine ſo burly, and of length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing ſhips requir'd it for a maſt,
He wielded for a ſtaff, his ſteps to guide:
But laid it by, his whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiſs reſound.
I heard the ruffian ſhepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I ſat below;
On Acis' boſom I my head reclin'd:
And ſtill preſerve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling ſnows and riſing lilies are;
More flowery than the meads, as cryſtal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more ſleek thy ſkin,
Than orient ſhells, that on the ſhores are ſeen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleaſing, as winter ſuns, or ſummer ſhade:
More grateful to the ſight, than goodly plains;
And ſofter to the touch than down of ſwans,
Or curds new turn'd; and ſweeter to the taſte,
Than ſwelling grapes, that to the vintage haſte:
More clear than ice, or running ſtreams, that ſtray
Through garden plots, but ah! more ſwift than they.
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted oak:
Like ſliding ſtreams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy diſdain:
Rough, as theſe rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent, than is the riſing flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half ſo proud
Fierce as the fire, and ſharp as thiſtles are;
And more outrageous than a mo her-bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden ſnake:

In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.
Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run:
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand: a spacious pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
Autumnal cornels later fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding vallies hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these houshold dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
All sorts of venison; and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest;
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left them on the naked ground;
So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread:
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd: what fouler sight can be,
Than the bald brances of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane:
And birds, without their feathers and their train.
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is Nature's eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his faded thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor;
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scatter'd limbs shall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Transflated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he rose and strode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquish'd bull when forc'd to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.
Thus far unseen I saw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd:
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he call;
I see, I see, but this shall be your last.
A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, help, he cry'd,
Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone,
To crush all Acis; 'twas too late to save,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage should return;
And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood;
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
The stone was cleft, and through the gaping chink
New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb disclos'd
A sound like water in its course oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,

His colour blue, for Acis he might paſs:
And Acis chang'd into a ſtream he was.
But, mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE
PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.
FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occaſion, Ovid, following the opinion of ſome authors, makes Numa the ſcholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philoſopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digreſſion to the moral and natural philoſophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the moſt learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoſes.

A King is ſought, to guide the growing ſtate,
One able to ſupport the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had fate.
Renown, which oft beſpeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his ſtudy bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cauſe:
Urg'd by this care, his country he forſook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he firſt enquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony: and whence he came.
Then thus a ſenior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
'Tis ſaid, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows;
He ſought himſelf ſome hoſpitable houſe:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike gueſt;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with reſt.
The hero thence departing, bleſs'd the place;
And here, he ſaid, in Time's revolving race,
A riſing town ſhall take its name from thee;
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myſcelos, the juſteſt man on earth,
Alemon's ſon, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules arm'd with his club of oak,
O'erſhadow'd in a dream, and thus beſpoke;
Go, leave thy native ſoil, and make abode
Where Æſaris rolls down his rapid flood;
He ſaid; and ſleep forſook him, and the God.
Trembling he wak'd, and roſe with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What ſhould he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to ſtay:
All day he doubted; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the ſame forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the God ſtood threatening o'er his head:
With added curſes if he diſobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he ſtudy'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his perſon and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his deſign was heard;
A ſpeedy proceſs form'd, and death declar'd.
Witneſs there needed none of his offence,
Againſt himſelf the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and deſtitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he ſuffer'd, thus he pray'd:
O Power, who haſt deſerv'd in heaven a throne
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy ſuppliant, and protect his cauſe,
Whom thou haſt made obnoxious to the laws.
A cuſtom was of old, and ſtill remains,
Which life or death by ſuffrages ordains;
White ſtones and black within an urn are caſt,
The firſt abſolve, but fate is in the laſt:
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the ſable ſigns of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The ſtones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his ſafety won,
Preſerv'd from death by Alcumena's ſon:
Then to his kinſman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with proſperous gales th' Ionian ſeas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temiſes, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that ſtand
Along the ſhore, he makes in ſight of land;
Still doubling, and ſtill coaſting, till he found
The mouth of Æſaris, and promis'd ground:
Then ſaw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton ſtood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted: and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The ſure tradition of th' Italian town.
Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now ſelf-baniſh'd from his native ſhore,
Becauſe he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but ſervile ſouls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With ſtrength of mind, and tread th' abyſs above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Thoſe upper depths, which Nature hid from ſight:
And what he had obſerv'd and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to diſpenſe.
The crowd with ſilent admiration ſtand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's command;
While he diſcours'd of heaven's myſterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cauſe;
And what was God, and why the fleecy ſnows
In ſilence fell, and rattling winds aroſe;
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant ſun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burſt above:
Of theſe, and things beyond the common reach,
He ſpoke, and charm'd his audience with his ſpeech.
He firſt the taſte of fleſh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows blood abſtain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulſe by nature are beſtow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;

While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tann'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please,
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browz, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endued with principles of blood,
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
O impious use! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
If men with fleshly morsels must be fed,
And chew with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What else is this but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts!
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge the ungodly maw with meats obscene.
Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd first our food's simplicity;
Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey that other beasts destroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justify'd by Nature's laws,
And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power;
But not th' extended licence, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that she dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had crept the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at least, some shadow of offence:
The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd
And plow'd, with pains, thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the surly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
Nor this alone! but heaven itself to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious acts ascribe:
First recompense with death their creature's toil,
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil:
The fairest victim must the powers appease:
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast
(The fruit and product of his labours past);
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests t' inspect the Gods decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And, when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!
Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring Power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaking mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
Those I would teach; and by right reason bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires?
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my shield.
Then death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a vary'd vest:

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd ſpirit flies,
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beaſt;
Or hunts without, 'till ready limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toſs'd;
The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt:
And as the ſoften'd wax new ſeals receives,
This face aſſumes, and that impreſſion leaves:
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is ſtill the ſame:
So death, ſo call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal ſoul flies out in empty ſpace;
To ſeek her fortune in ſome other place.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the taſte of glutton appetite;
But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.
And ſince, like Tiphys, parting from the ſhore,
In ample ſeas I ſail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No ſtedfaſt ſtation; but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new figures in another mold.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than ſtreams, is at a ſtay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain ſtill ſupplies her ſtore,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in ſucceſſive courſe the minutes run,
And urge their predeceſſor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome act till then unknown,
Darkneſs we ſee emerges into light,
And ſhining ſuns deſcend to ſable night;
Ev'n heaven itſelf receives another die,
When weary'd animals in ſlumbers lie
Of midnight eaſe; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the ſplendor of the day.
The diſk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a bloodſhot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the ſame ſuffuſion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he ſhines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of æther flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning horns.
For every day ſhe wanes, her face is leſs,
But, gathering into globe, ſhe fattens at increaſe.
Perceiv'ſt thou not the proceſs of the year,
How the four ſeaſons in four forms appear,
Reſembling human life in every ſhape they wear?
Spring firſt, like infancy, ſhoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpleſs, though freſh, and wanting to be led,
The green ſtem grows in ſtature and in ſize,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childiſh year with flowrets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the fields around,
But no ſubſtantial nouriſhment receives,
Infirm the ſtalks, unfold are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The ſummer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This ſeaſon, as in men, is moſt repleat
With kindly moiſture, and prolific heat.
Autumn ſucceeds, a ſober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.
Laſt, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His ſcalp, if not diſhonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worſe than bare.
Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yeſterday they were;
Nor the whole ſame to-morrow will appear.
Time was, when we were ſow'd, and juſt began,
From ſome few fruitful drops, the promiſe of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to ſhape the ſoft, coagulated maſs;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathleſs embryo with a ſpirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind priſon, puſhing to repair
His ſtifled breath, and draw the living air;
Caſt on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpleſs babe, but by inſtinct he cries.
He next eſſays to walk, but downward preſs'd
On four feet imitates his brother beaſt:
By ſlow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horſeman now become,
He rides a ſtick, and travels round the room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his firſt merry ſtage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his ſtrength, and ſpares his age.
Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And though 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now ſapleſs on the verge of death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;
And, Milo-like, his ſlacken'd ſinews ſees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tear, the trees.
So Helen wept, when her too faithful glaſs
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wondering what charms her raviſhers could ſpy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!
Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below ſtill exerciſe your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morſels eat.
Nor thoſe, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
For this eternal world is ſaid of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven aſcend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire firſt with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper ſky;

Then air, becauſe unclog'd in empty ſpace,
Flies after fire, and claims the ſecond place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth ſubſides.
All things are mixt with theſe, which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The ſubtil dew in air begins to ſoar;
Spreads as ſhe flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Reſtleſs they ſoon untwiſt the web they ſpun,
And fire begins to loſe her radiant hue,
Mix'd with groſs air, and air deſcends to dew;
And dew, condenſing, does her form forego,
And ſinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a ſtand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is deſtroy'd,
The ſhifted ſcene for ſome new ſhow employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other things we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Thoſe very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead ſome other bodies make:
Tranſlated grow, have ſenſe, or can diſcourſe;
But death on deathleſs ſubſtance has no force.
That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to ſilver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at laſt.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is ſolid earth, that once was ſea:
Seas in their turn, retreating from the ſhore,
Make ſolid land what ocean was before;
And far from ſtrands are ſhells of fiſhes found,
And ruſty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now waſh'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling ſtill deſcend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren ſands;
And the parch'd deſart floats in ſtreams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
Here nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wounds where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes ſtop their ancient courſe, and bring
Diverted ſtreams to feed a diſtant ſpring.
So Lycus, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Eraſinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond birth,
Starts up in Argos meads, and ſhakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Myſus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now diſdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forſakes,
And the proud title of Caïcus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow ſands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholeſome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame reſounds,
The Centaurs in his current waſh'd their wounds.
The ſtreams of Hypanis are ſweet no more,
But brackiſh loſe their taſte they had before.
Anſiſſa, Pharos, Tyre, in ſeas were pent,
Once iſles, but now in reaſe the continent;
While the Leucadian coaſt, main-land before,
By ruſhing ſeas is ſever'd from the ſhore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ſhips at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in diſdain pour'd in the conquering ſea.
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are ſunk and drown'd;
And boatſmen through the cryſtal water ſhow,
To wandering paſſengers, the walls below.
Near Træzen ſtands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy ſhadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (ſtrange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and cloſe confin'd,
In vain ſought iſſue from the rumbling wind:
Yet ſtill they heav'd for vent, and heaving ſtill
Inlarg'd the concave, and ſhot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the ſkins
Of goats are blown t' incloſe the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbiſh heals the hollow ſpace.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching moſt, I will relate but few:
What, are not ſprings with qualities oppos'd
Endued at ſeaſons, and at ſeaſons loſt?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form:
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a ſtream, if any try
The taſte, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to ſtones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Grathis, and Sibaris her ſiſter flood,
That glide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber die the ſhining hair,
And thither youth reſort; (for who would not be fair?)
But ſtranger virtues yet in ſtreams we find,
Some change not only bodies but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obſcene,
Whoſe waters into women ſoften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madneſs, or in heavy ſleep conſtrain?
Clytorean ſtreams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abſtemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the ſtood
Extinguiſhes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (ſo have ſome aſſur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and ſimples
Into the ſober ſpring, where ſtill their virtues
Unlike effects Lynceſtis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate
Reels as with wine, and ſees with double light,
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian ſtream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name):
By day is wholeſome beverage; but is ſtrange
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the ſtanding lake,
Now of theſe virtues, now of thoſe partake:

Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd;
They swam where now they fit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire
The veins exhausted of the liquid store);
Time was she cast no flames; in time will cast no more.
For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits: she still requires
Vents for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire: thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur, till the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on,
And unctuous parts till all the matter gone
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
Her food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
Famish'd for want of fuel must expire.
A race of men there are, as fame has told,
That shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
With feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.
But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Even from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
The warlike steed is multiply'd, we find,
In wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Yet from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide
And shoot his sting, his tail in circles toss'd
Bears the limbs his backward father lost.
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filthy loom,
Crawl from their bags and butterflies become.
Even slime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take,
Take'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.
The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
The mother licks them into shape, and gives
As much of form as she herself receives.
The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
Frisk without limbs; till time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove:
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that from sight, the surest sense, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white arose?
There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb
All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same:
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of Cassia, Cynamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
First catches, then consumes, the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant-phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' Hyæna shews it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conquering God
For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd,
Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing species should my song recite;
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:
Now for thick streets it shews an empty space,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of ſubſtance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that juſt begins to riſe,
On Tiber's banks, in time ſhall mate the ſkies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now ſhe meditates imperial ſway:
Yet this is change, but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle ſtrives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour ſhall come
When the round world ſhall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old ſaws foretel, and Helenus
Anchiſes' drooping ſon enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in the ſinking ſtate,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddeſs-born, with thy hard fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and thou alive.
Thy paſſage thou ſhalt free through fire and ſword,
And Troy in foreign lands ſhall be reſtor'd.
In happier fields a riſing town I ſee,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er ſhall be:
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city ſhall extend, extended ſhall adorn:
But from Iulus he muſt draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome ſhall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er ſince in o her mold
My ſoul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to view
My country's walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loſs to gain;
Enſlav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd courſers to control,
Apt to run riot, and tranſgreſs the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the ſkies,
All ſuffer change; and we, that are of ſoul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our fires, or grandfires ſhall forſake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, ſecurely let their ſpirits reſt,
Nor violate thy father in the beaſt,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of theſe, yet there's a man within:
O ſpare to make a Thyeſtean meal,
T' incloſe his body, and his ſoul expel
Ill cuſtoms by degrees to habits riſe,
Ill habits ſoon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life;
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he ſtop, who feeds with houſhold bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy ſteers; that when they loſe their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded uddevs lend,
And ſheep from winter-cold thy ſides defend;
But neither ſpringes, nets, nor ſnares employ,
And be no more ingenious to deſtroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let inſidious glue their wings conſtrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling ſtag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fiſh prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.
Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis ſin to ſave;
This only juſt prerogative we have:
But nouriſh life with vegetable food,
And ſhun the ſacrilegious taſte of blood.
Theſe precepts by the Samian ſage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, ſent by heaven to bleſs
A ſavage nation with ſoft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to reſtrain,
Give laws to luſt, and ſacrifice ordain:
Himſelf a ſaint, a Goddeſs was his bride,
And all the Muſes o'er his acts preſide.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, ſon and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other inceſtuouſly: Canace was delivered of a ſon, and committed him to her nurſe, to be ſecretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was diſcovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedneſs of his children, commanded the babe to be expoſed to wild beaſts on the mountains: and withal, ſent a ſword to Canace, with this meſſage, That her crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew herſelf: but before ſhe died, ſhe writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken ſanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF ſtreaming blood my fatal letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer ſlain;
One hand the ſword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he preſent, that his eyes and hands
Might ſee, and urge, the death which he commands;
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would ſee.
Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy throne,
His people's temper is ſo like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blaſt,
Are underneath his wide dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule: but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?

What help will all my heavenly friends afford,
When to my breaſt I lift the pointed ſword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time;
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than ſiſter's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A ſecret pleaſure in thy kiſſes found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boaſt,
My food grew loathſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
Still ere I ſpoke, a ſigh would ſtop my tongue;
Short were my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love theſe griefs did grow,
Yet, was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurſe by long experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my ſoul its wound.
"Tis love, ſaid ſhe; and then my down-caſt eyes,
And guilty dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurprize.
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
"When, half-denying, more than half conſent,
"Embraces warm'd me to a full conſent.
"Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
"And guilt that made them anxious made them
"great."
But now my ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
And riſing weight my ſinking limbs oppreſt.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurſe produce,
To make abortion by their powerful juice?
What medicines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong child, ſecure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-faced empreſs of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of ſudden ſhootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conſcious nurſe ſuppreſs'd.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward ſtruggling I reſtrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in ſight, Lucina gave no aid;
And ev'n my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt, and in thy countenance fate deſpair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet, feigning comfort, which thou couldſt not give,
Preſt in thy arms, and whiſpering me to live):
For both our ſakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy life;
Live, my dear ſiſter, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name with my laſt pangs I ſtrove:
Such power have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we
love.
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one ſtorm?
Fear of our father does another form
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of ſtate,
The king with his tempeſtuous council ſate.
Through this large room our only paſſage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurſe bore him out,
With olive-branches cover'd round about;
And muttering prayers, as holy rites ſhe meant,
Through the divided crowd unqueſtion'd went.
Juſt at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurſe he flies,
And deaſs his ſtormy ſubjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd infant lay.
The noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ſhips at ſea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor ſeas themſelves, when angry tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears;
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own:)
To ſee my bowels, and, what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a curſe!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breaſts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the meſſenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and ſcarce he drew his breath,
To ſay, "Your father ſends you"—(with that word
His trembling hands preſented me a ſword):
"Your father ſends you this; and lets you know,
"That your own crimes the uſe of it will ſhow."
Too well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart:
His preſent ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.
Are theſe the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dower a father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, ſhun thy own diſgrace,
And take thy torch from this deteſted place:
Inſtead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my ſiſters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pre-
tend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a ſin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy un-offending life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my ſhorn hair:
Nor ſhew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my arms be loſt;
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy infant ghoſt.
But thou, my love, and now my love's deſpair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His ſcatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou dropp'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did
bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen having received an epiſtle from Paris, returns the following anſwer: wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing as he has done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herſelf to be ſenſible of the paſſion, which he had expreſſed for her, though ſhe much ſuſpected his conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter ſhewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies.
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights prophane?
Was it for this, your fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame.
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear,
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape.
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that comes herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race:
Which I would ſhew I valued, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs;
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field,
As would move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (though I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardor preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs:
When oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft I have read within this pleaſing grove,
Under my name, thoſe charming words, *I love.*
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms?
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been found,
My virgin-love when thouſand rivals fought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my vows;
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice
For both our hopes; alas! you come too late,
Another now is maſter of my fate.
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey.

ome right you claim, since naked to your eyes
hree Goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
ne offer'd valour; t' other crowns; but she
btain'd her cause, who smiling promis'd me.
ut first I am not of belief so light,
o think such nymphs would shew you such a sight:
et granting this, the other part is feign'd;
bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
ith partial eyes I should myself regard:
o think that Venus made me her reward:
humbly am content with human praise;
Goddess's applause would envy raise.
ut be it as you say; for, 'tis confest,
he men, who flatter highest, please us best.
hat I suspect it, ought not to displease;
or miracles are not believ'd with ease.
ne joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
hat proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
uno and Pallas had contemn'd for me.
m I your empire then, and your renown?
hat heart of rock, but must by this be won?
nd yet bear witness, O you Powers above,
ow rude I am in all the arts of love!
y hand is yet untaught to write to men:
his is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen.
appy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!
hink all crime, and tremble at a shade.
'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
ook often back, misdoubting a surprize.
or now the rumour spreads among the croud,
t court in whispers, but in town aloud:
ssemble you, whate'er you hear them say:
o leave off loving were your better way;
et if you will dissemble it, you may.
ove secretly: the absence of my lord
lore freedom gives, but does not all afford:
ong is his journey, long will be his stay;
all'd by affairs of consequence away.
o go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
bid him make what swift return he could:
Then, kissing me, he said, I recommend
ll to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, you shall be obey'd.
ropitious winds have born him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence.
bsent he is, yet absent he commands:
ou know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
ly fame's my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
Great beauty through great danger is possest.
o leave me here his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.

You court with words, when you should force employ:
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said? for both of us 'twere best,
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passions range.
Hypsipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port:
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find?
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect:
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jason's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land.
To second this, old prophecies conspire
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.

But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference;
Theſe are your words, but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the ſon of Venus and Anchiſes, having, at the deſtruction of Troy, ſaved his Gods, his father, and ſon Aſcanius, from the fire, put to ſea with twenty ſail of ſhips: and having been long toſt with tempeſts, was at laſt thrown upon the ſhore of Lybia, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her huſband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt favours. But Mercury admoniſhing Æneas to go in ſearch of Italy (a kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido ſoon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful ſwan ſings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your loſt affection to regain:
But, having loſt whate'er was worth my care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying prayer?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor Dido muſt be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd ſails and vows, prepare
To ſeek a land that flies the ſearcher's care.
Nor can my riſing towers your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To vote ſucceſſion from a native prince?
Yet there new ſceptres and new loves you ſeek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?
If ſuch a town and ſubjects you could ſee,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn like fires with incenſe bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
Myſelf I cannot to myſelf reſtore:
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more,
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canſt thou Venus' offſpring be,
Love's mother could not bear a ſon like thee
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce tigreſs come;
Or on rough ſeas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling ſailors fear;
Like that whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To winter weather and a ſtormy ſea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deſerv'ſt from heaven's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.
To ſhun my love, if thou wilt ſeek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe, and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be power in love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers ſhips ſuſtain
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the main?
Which were it ſmooth, were every wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
There winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow;
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live to be the cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But heaven forbid my words ſhould omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threatening looks think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, ſhould fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What could'ſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in ſeas, who were from fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didſt thou bear;
Smooth ſtories all to pleaſe a woman's ear,
Falſe as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy firſt-deluded wife:
Leſt to purſuing foes Creüſa ſtay'd,
By thee baſe man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender heart,
That ſuch requital follow'd ſuch deſert,
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like thine,
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the ſeas.
Thy ſtarv'd companions, caſt aſhore, I fed,
Thyſelf admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour ſtrangers, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the cave which firſt my ruin brought,
Where, from the ſtorm, we common ſhelter ſought!
A dreadful howling echo'd through the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.

I thought so then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
His Goddess mother, and his aged sire
Born on his back, did to my fall conspire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendless, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives hands
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
Ev'n to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
Then rais'd these walls which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My scarce-establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
An helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend!
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away.)
Or to my husband's murderer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not those Gods, by whom thou art forsworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou say'st, thy voyage does command:
Would the same God had barr'd thee from my land!
The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many years;
While thy long labours were a price so great,
As thou to purchase Troy would'st not repeat.
But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest.
Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
And, without conquering, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy:
Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, stay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive;
So may thy youthful son old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love.
To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Lybian coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go:
But now with northern blasts the billows roar,
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
Leave to my care the time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'st my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my sorrows that must drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is chiefly made by thee.
To no new wounds my bosom I display:
The sword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,
I lost that title when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear:
"Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
"The cause of death, and sword by which she dy'd,
"Æneas gave: the rest her arm supply'd."

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

OVID's ART OF LOVE.

IN Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot: art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.

Cupid indeed is obſtinate and wild,
A ſtubborn God, but yet the God's a child:
Eaſy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conqueſt, trembling ſtood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod..
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair Goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire,
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſooth the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddeſs-born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws;
And ſtubborn Love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Though ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts:
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpite.
I boaſt no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio nor her ſiſters have I ſeen:
As Heſiod ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth ſo try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye veſtals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame;
Then ſtrive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And laſt, provide your love may long remain.
On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humour beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky;
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.
The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fiſh, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntſman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So muſt the lover beat the likelieſt grounds:
Th' aſſembly where his quarry moſt abounds,
Nor ſhall my novice wander far aſtray;
Theſe rules ſhall put him in the ready way,
Thou ſhalt not ſail around the continent,
As far as Perſeus or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee ſuch a ſtore,
As all the world can hardly ſhew thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer ſtars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman ſphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning ſweetneſs in unartful truth:
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here may'ſt thou find thy full deſires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties pleaſe thy ſight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight);
Millions of matrons of the graver ſort,
In common prudence will not balk the ſport.
In ſummer heats thou need'ſt but only go
To Pompey's cool and ſhady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whoſe turrets near the baudy ſuburb riſe:
Or to that other portico, where ſtands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of reſt,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms breaſt.
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Aſſyrian rites.
Nor ſhun the Jewiſh walk, where the ſoul drove,
On ſabbaths, reſt from every thing but love.
Nor Iſis' temple; for that ſacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove ſhe was before.
And if the hall itſelf be not bely'd,
Ev'n there the cauſe of love is often try'd;
Near it at leaſt, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noiſy combatants are heard.
The crafty counſellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cauſe, but loſe their own.
There eloquence is nonpluſt in the ſuit:
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave ſenators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But above all, the play-houſe is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy ſtand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a miſtreſs in the rout,
For length of time, or for a ſingle bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, ſo numerouſly they throng;
It may be ſaid they to that place belong.
Thither they ſwarm, who have the public voice:
There chooſe, if plenty not diſtracts thy choice:
To ſee, and to be ſeen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.
From Romulus the riſe of plays began,
To his new ſubjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried ſoldiers to ſupply,
Took care the common-wealth ſhould multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of ſlaves.
His play-houſe not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it ſpread with purple ſails for ſhade.
The ſtage with ruſhes or with leaves they ſtrow'd;
No ſcenes in proſpect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they ſat in ruſtic majeſty,
Each lover had his miſtreſs in his eye;
And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape deſign'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their hand;
But, ere the dances and the ſong were paſt,
The monarch gave the ſignal from his throne;
And, riſing, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like ſoldiers ready prim'd,
Juſt at the word (the word too was, The time!)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some chooſe, and ſome at hazard ſeize their fate:
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lamb,
So from their lawleſs lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear:
Some rend the lovely treſſes of their hair;
Some ſhriek, and ſome are ſtruck with ſilent
ſpair.

Her abſent mother one invokes in vain;
One ſtands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler truſt their feet, the ſlow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and bluſhing, to the genial bed.
She who too long reſiſted, or deny'd,
The luſty lover made by force a bride;
And with ſuperior ſtrength, compell'd her to his ſide.
Then ſooth'd her thus:—My ſoul's far better part,
Ceaſe weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that ſolemn vow I paſs.
Thus Romulus became ſo popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and freſh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for ſuch a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did firſt improve;
And theatres are ſtill the ſcenes of love:
Nor ſhun the chariot's and the courſer's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand.
But boldly next the fair your ſeat provide;
Cloſe as you can to hers, and ſide by ſide.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding fit:
For ſo the laws of public ſhows permit.
Then find occaſion to begin diſcourſe;
Enquire whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſe?
To whatſoever ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what ſhe likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom ſhe favours, wiſh that he may win.
But when the ſtatues of the Deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion riſe.
If duſt be on her lap, or grains of ſand,
Bruſh both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet bruſh that nothing thence;
And ſtill to touch her lap make ſome pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not ſweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with obſerving eyes,
Who knows but you may ſee her naked thighs!
Obſerve, who ſits behind her; and beware,
Leſt his incroaching knee ſhould preſs the fair.
Light ſervice takes light minds: for ſome can tell
Of favours won, by laying cuſhions well:
By fanning faces ſome their fortune meet;
And ſome by laying footſtools for their feet.
Theſe overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the ſword-play leſs the lover thrives:
For there the ſon of Venus fights his prize;
And deepeſt wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes;
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to ſtake,
Is ſtruck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the ſpectacle is made a part.
Cæſar would repreſent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either ſea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vaſt concourſe, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?

Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining eaſt to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman ſoldiers, in your urn;
Your enſigns from the Parthians ſhall return;
And the ſlain Craſſi ſhall no longer mourn.
A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen;
In Childhood all of Cæſar's race are men.
Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the ſnakes did preſs,
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early ſpoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight,
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe rudiments to you your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your titles, as you grow,
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent and your own,
Redeem your country, and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæſar join,
To give a proſperous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I propheſy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſe, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I ſing the Parthians overthrow;
Their ſhot averſe, ſent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heaven deſign'd,
When thou the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
O glorious object, O ſurpriſing ſight,
O day of public joy: too good to end in night!
On ſuch a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee:
If ſhe enquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caſpian ſhore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.
In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound;
More pleaſure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian Goddeſs there her ambuſh lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays;
Deſires increaſe at every ſwelling draught;
Briſk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He ſhakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.

Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor truſt thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.
The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.
Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Barian baths, where ſhips at anchor ride,
And wholſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the ſuburb lies,
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize
That maiden Goddeſs is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.
Thus far the ſportful Muſe with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.
Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my ſchool attend.
First then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The graſshopper ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In ſummer ſeaſon, or the birds in ſpring;
Than women can reſiſt your flattering ſkill:
Ev'n ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.
To ſecret pleaſure both the ſexes move;
But women moſt, who moſt diſſemble love.
'Twere beſt for us, if they would firſt declare,
Avow their paſſion, and ſubmit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ſtallion to the game.
Man is more temperate in his luſt than they,
And, more than women, can his paſſion ſway.
Biblis, we know, did her firſt love declare,
And had recourſe to death in her deſpair.
Her brother ſhe, her father Myrrha fought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree ſhe ſtills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who ſhed them bears.
In Ida's ſhady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the ſnow, the faireſt of the herd;
A beauty-ſpot of black there only roſe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wiſh of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd every leap he gave the herd.
A ſecret fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her breaſt,
And hated every heifer he careſs'd.
A ſtory known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him graſs (ſo much can Love command);
She ſtok'd, ſhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Ceaſe, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truſt thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldſt thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If Minos pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forſakes:
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curſes every beauteous cow ſhe ſees;
And, why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe!
And think'ſt, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friſking awkwardly, to gain his heart!
She ſaid, and ſtraight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke;
Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
And ſees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody prieſt has done his part,
Pleas'd in her hand ſhe holds the beating heart;
Nor from a ſcornful taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go, fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my love again.
Now ſhe would be Europa, lo now
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow).
Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal bliſs obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull ſuſtain'd:
Fill'd with his ſeed, accompliſh'd her deſire;
Till by his form the ſon betray'd the ſire.
If Atreus' wife to inceſt had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courſers Phœbus had not driven away,
To ſhun that ſight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Niſus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking ſea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At ſea and land Atrides ſav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea fought,
When the ſlain offſpring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
Theſe crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their luſt, and ſharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an eaſy victory:
Scarce of a thouſand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men ſhould woo:
She who complains, and ſhe who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure, whate'er thy luck may prove
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canſt thou miſs, ſince womankind
Is frail and vain, and ſtill to change inclin'd?
Old huſbands and ſtale gallants they deſpiſe;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from ſwelling udders yield.
First gain the maid: by her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free acceſs, and eaſy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the ſecret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promiſes, and prayers:
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy ſuit prefer.

The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wish and pleasure mov :
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
Troy flood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
Instruct the damsel while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer;
And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.
Then let her lose no time, but push at all:
For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance!
'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bauds the better for't;
Another for herself would keep the sport.
Thy business may be further'd or delay'd:
Bet by my counsel, let alone the maid:
As though she should consent to do the feat;
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.
Yet, if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will advise, and mark my words;
For 'tis the best advice my skill affords:
If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win:
For then the secret letter will be kept;
And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's interest to beware,
The bird intangled should not 'scape the snare.
The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And spoils the sport of all the neighbouring brook.
But, if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.
Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
So shalt thou learn where'er she treads awry.
All things the stations of their seasons keep;
And certain times there are to sow and reap.
Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea:
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design:
But think, another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home,
Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
Believe, all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Idle take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin:
To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin:
Nor ev'n on superstitious days abstain;
Like when the Romans were at Allia slain.
All omens in her frowns are understood;
When she's in humour, every day is good.
But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse;
When bribes and presents must be sent of course;
And that's a bloody day that costs thy purse.
Be stanch; yet parsimony will be vain:
The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again to bargain for the price:
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you must send the chear;
And she'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies she dribs thee into cost;
That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.
By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And scrawl the dangerous paffare with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch:
For ev'n the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.
Ev'n barren lands fair promises afford;
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and she'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid
She read herself into a marriage-vow
(And every cheat in love the Gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to simple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar stile your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would say:
Such words as from the heart may seem to move
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read
Yet hope in time the business may succeed.

In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough-ſhare uſe will wear away;
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft, and marble hard; and yet
We ſee ſoft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe, who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain,
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhould accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if ſhe be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not ſeem to know ſhe's there.
Speak ſoftly to delude the ſtanders by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If fauntering in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the play-houſe let her ſit alone:
For ſhe's the play-houſe, and the play in one.
There thou may'ſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe
But dreſs not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To eunuchs, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theſeus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care:
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-faſhion'd cloaths, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide ſhoes your feet too looſely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a ſkilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and ev'n par'd:
Nor let your naſty noſtrils bud with beard.
Cure your unſavory breath, gargle your throat;
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inſpires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the ſhore,
Forſaken now; and Theſeus lov'd no more:
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair;
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink ſhe ſtood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her face,
No poſture could that heavenly form diſgrace.
She beat her breaſt: The traitor's gone, ſaid ſhe;
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become—ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled on the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding ſatires ran before their God.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear,
And held upon the mane (the God was clear);
The drunken ſire purſues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken ſire.
At laſt he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him riſe again.
And now the God of Wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by ſwift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice, and ſenſe, forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like ſheaves of corn when tempeſts blow,
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.
To whom the God: Compoſe thy fearful mind;
In me a truer huſband thou ſhalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy ſtar
Shall with propitious light be ſeen afar,
And guide on ſeas the doubtful mariner.
He ſaid, and, from his chariot leaping light,
Leſt the grim tygers ſhould the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waiſt he threw
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do):
And ſwiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the ſight, and ſing the nuptial ſong.
Now in full bowls her ſorrow ſhe may ſteep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride aſleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is ſeated by thy ſide;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Powers,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy ſuit prefer,
Which ſhe may know were all addreſt to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which ſhe may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confeſs your mutual fires
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell deſires).
Where'er ſhe drinks, be firſt to take the cup;
And where ſhe laid her lips, the bleſſing ſup.
When ſhe to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own; and touch it as by chance.
Thy ſervice ev'n her huſband muſt attend
(A huſband is a moſt convenient friend),
Seat the fool cuckold in the higheſt place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendſhip's name:
But common though it be, 'tis ſtill to blame.
Thus factors frequently their truſt betray,
And to themſelves their maſters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot-valour only ſerves to fright the fair.
Eurytion juſtly fell, by wine oppreſt,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feaſt.
Sing, if you have a voice; and ſhew your skill
In dancing, if indued with dancing art.
Do any thing within your power to pleaſe;
Nay, ev'n affect a ſeeming drunkenneſs;

lip every word; and if by chance you ſpeak
oo home, or if too broad a jeſt you break,
n your excuſe the company will join,
nd lay the fault upon the force of wine.
rue drunkenneſs is ſubject to offend;
ut when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
hen ſafely may you praiſe her beauteous face,
nd call him happy, who is in her grace.
er huſband thinks himſelf the man deſign'd;
ut curſe the cuckold in your ſecret mind.
When all are riſen, and prepare to go,
ix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
his is the proper time to make thy court;
or now ſhe's in the vein, and fit for ſport.
ay baſhfulneſs, that ruſtic virtue, by;
o manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
n fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
ow ſpeak and ſpeed, for Venus loves the bold.
o rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
nly begin, and truſt the following word;
t will be witty of its own accord.
Act well the lover; let thy ſpeech abound
n dying words that repreſent thy wound:
iſtruſt not her belief; ſhe will be mov'd;
ll women think they merit to be lov'd.
Sometimes a man begins to love in jeſt,
nd, after, feels the torment he profeſt.
or your own ſakes be pitiful, ye fair;
or a feign'd paſſion may a true prepare.
y flatteries we prevail on womankind;
s hollow banks by ſtreams are undermin'd.
ell her her face is fair, her eyes are ſweet:
er taper fingers praiſe, and little feet.
uch praiſes ev'n the chaſte are pleas'd to hear;
oth maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
nd ſtill they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
raiſe the proud peacock, and he ſpreads his train:
s ſilent, and he pulls it in again.
leas'd is the courſer in his rapid race;
pplaud his running, and he mends his pace.
ut largely promiſe, and devoutly ſwear;
nd, if need be, call every God to hear.
ove ſits above, forgiving with a ſmile
he perjuries that eaſy maids beguile.
He ſwore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
orſworn, he dares not an example make,
r puniſh falſehood for his own dear ſake.
'Tis for our intereſt that the Gods ſhould be;
et us believe them: I believe, they ſee,
nd both reward and puniſh equally.
ot that they live above, like lazy drones,
r kings below, ſupine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as preſent in their ſight;
e juſt in dealings, and defend the right;
y fraud betray not, nor oppreſs by might.
ut 'tis a venial ſin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conſcience there.
n cheating nymphs a cheat is well deſign'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.
'Tis ſaid, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
or Nile did floods, nor heaven did rain ſupply.
A ſoreigner at length inform'd the king,
That daughter'd gueſts would kindly moiſture bring.
The king reply'd. On thee the lot ſhall fall,
Be thou, my gueſt, the ſacrifice for all.

Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the brazen cow.
A rightful doom the laws of nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death ſhould die.
Thus juſtly women ſuffer by deceit;
Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears thy warm deſires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.
Kiſs, if you can: reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you kiſſes, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man! are words of courſe;
She ſtruggles but to be ſubdu'd by force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard briſtles not to bruſh the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her meaning is expreſt;
There wants but little puſhing for the reſt:
Which if thou doſt not gain, by ſtrength or art,
The name of clown then ſuits with thy deſert;
'Tis downright dulneſs, and a ſhameful part.
Perhaps, ſhe calls it force; but, if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
The ſex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd ev'n to their own deſires.
They ſeem to accuſe you with a downcaſt ſight;
But in their ſouls confeſs you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curſe you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her ſiſter did preſer
To their dull mates the noble raviſher.
What Deidamia did in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the juſt judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When ſhe with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cauſe:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Diſguis'd his ſex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What! means Æacides to ſpin and few?
With ſpear and ſword in field thy valour ſhew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why doſt thou in that hand the diſtaff wield,
Which is more worthy to ſuſtain the ſhield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The ſame the Fates for Hector's thread aſſign?
Brandiſh thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone the ponderous lance command.
In the ſame room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his ſeeming ſex betray'd,
Cloſe to her ſide the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtſhip he began;
But, to her coſt ſhe found it was a man.
'Tis thought ſhe ſtruggled; but withal 'tis thought
Her wiſh was to be conquer'd when ſhe fought.
For when, diſclos'd, and haſtening to the field,
He laid his diſtaff down, and took the ſhield,
With tears her humble ſuit ſhe did preſer,
And thought to ſtay the grateful raviſher.
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She ſtrives by force her lover to detain,
And wiſhes to be raviſh'd once again.

This is the ſex; they will not firſt begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to ſuffer ſin.
Is there, who thinks that women firſt ſhould woo?
Lay by thy ſelf-conceit, thou fooliſh beau.
Begin, and ſave their modeſty the ſhame;
'Tis well for thee if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou may'ſt enjoy? ſhe waits for this;
And on thy firſt advance depends thy bliſs.
Ev'n Jove himſelf was forc'd to ſue for love;
None of the nymphs did firſt ſolicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And, when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend.
How many ſkittiſh girls have thus been caught!
He prov'd a lover who her friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complexion beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace for ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale:
Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.
Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth, and friendſhip, in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt.
Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou may'ſt a rival raiſe.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed:
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous ſtill was chaſte.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Thoſe rare examples of a faithful mind.
The ſea ſhall ſooner with ſweet honey flow;
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We ſin with guſt, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleaſure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your boſom-friend your cares begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That ſundry women are of ſundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe:
They therefore muſt be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any ſoil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in woman-kind:
Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wiſe men ſhift their ſails with every wind:
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his ſhape,
And did in ſundry forms and figures 'ſcape;
A running ſtream a ſtanding tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fiſh with harpoons, ſome with darts are ſtruck,
Some drawn with nets, ſome hang upon the hook:
So turn thyſelf; and imitating them,
Try ſeveral tricks, and change thy ſtratagem,
One rule will not for different ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the baſhful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning ſpeak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the ſimple ſtrain
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my taſk is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HOMER's ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryſes, prieſt of Apollo, brings preſents to the Grecian princes, to ranſom his daughter Chryſeis, who was priſoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whoſe captive and miſtreſs the young lady was, refuſes to deliver her, threatens the venerable old man, and diſmiſſes him with contumely. The prieſt craves vengeance of his God; who ſends a plague among the Greeks: which occaſions Achilles, their great champion, to ſummon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high prieſt and prophet, to tell the reaſon why the Gods were ſo much incenſed againſt them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuſes the general as the cauſe of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refuſing the preſents offered for her ranſom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, againſt his will, to reſtore Chryſeis with gifts, that he might appeaſe the wrath of Phœbus; but, at the ſame time, to revenge himſelf on Achilles, ſends to ſeize his ſlave Briſeis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became ſenſible of his injuſtice. At the ſame time, he retires from the camp into his ſhips, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her ſon's petition to Jupiter, who grants her ſuit. Juno ſuſpects her viſit, and quarrels with her huſband for his gratifying the Trojans. Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and ſends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' ſon, O Muſe, reveal!
Whoſe dire effects the Grecian army felt,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were ſent, in early youth, to ſhades of night.

Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made.
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like son.
What Power provok'd, and for what cause relate,
Sow'd, in their breasts, and seeds of stern debate:
Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the king of men; who, swoln with pride,
Refus'd his presents, and his prayers deny'd.
For this the God a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryses came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of command.
His suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the brother-princes thus address'd:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
So may the Gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native home;
As you receive the ransom which I bring
Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king),
And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire;
And glad with her return her grieving sire.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest not that idle sceptre in thy hand,
Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge withstand.
Hence, on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or prayers I will resign:
Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely household-task, shall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet native home.
He said: the helpless priest reply'd no more.
But sped his steps along the hoarse resounding shore:
Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God:
O source of sacred light, attend my prayer,
And with the silver bow and golden hair;
Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad eye their happy soil surveys;
Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid.
Force the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
How much thy power is injur'd in thy priest.
He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent:
Th' essay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The God nine days the Greeks at :overs kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heavens awful sceptre in her hand,
A council summon'd: for the Goddess griev'd
Her favour'd host should perish unreliev'd.
The kings assembled, soon their chief inclose;
Then from his seat the Goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
And, wandering homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompass us about,
The plague within the camp, the sword without.
Consult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence these ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are sent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incense,
To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our spoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero spoke.
Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took:
Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and things to come foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
The reverend priest in graceful act arose:
And thus bespoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Powers above;
Wouldst thou the seeds deep-sown of mischief know,
And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills, that may ensue.
For I shall tell ungrateful truths, to those
Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose.
And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n though th' offence they seemingly divert,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted power
Will seize th' unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreseen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent.
To this the stern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,

To ſpeak what Phœbus has inſpir'd thy ſoul
For common good; and ſpeak without control.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I ſwear,
That while my noſtrils draw this vital air,
None ſhall preſume to violate thoſe bands;
Or touch thy perſon with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.
At this, reſuming heart, the prophet ſaid:
Nor hetacomb unſlain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares reſiſt,
Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd prieſt:
He keeps the damſel captive in his chain,
And prefents are refus'd, and prayers preferr'd in vain.
For this th' avenging Power employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will perſiſt, relentleſs in his ire,
Till the fair ſlave be render'd to her ſire:
And ranſom-free reſtor'd to his abode,
With ſacrifice to reconcile the God:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may ceaſe
His vengeance juſtly vow'd, and give the peace.
Thus having ſaid, he ſate: thus anſwer'd then,
Upſtarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breaſt with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which rolling round, he ſhot in ſparkles on the fire:
Augur of ill, whoſe tongue was never found
Without a prieſtly curſe, or boding ſound;
For not one bleſs'd event foretold to me
Paſs'd through that mouth, or paſs'd unwillingly.
And now thou doſt with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy ſlandering trade.
Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befal;
And ſputtering under ſpecious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his prieſt profan'd, and I the cauſe:
Since I detain a ſlave, my ſovereign prize;
And ſacred gold, your idol-god, deſpiſe.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To ſtand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemneſtra's ſelf in beauty's bloom
More charm'd or better ply'd the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every houſhold-grace adorn'd, to bleſs my nuptial bower.
Yet ſhall ſhe be reſtor'd; ſince public good
For private intereſt ought not be withſtood,
To ſave th' effuſion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I reſign my own,
I ſhould not ſuffer for your ſakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common ſuffrage have obtain'd.
The ſlave without a ranſom ſhall be ſent:
It reſts for you to make th' equivalent.
To this the fierce Theſſalian prince reply'd:
O firſt in power, but paſſing all in pride,
Griping, and ſtill tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldſt thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely-ſoul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loſs thy ſacrilege reſtore?
Whate'er by force of arms the ſoldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
Which to refume, were both unjuſt and baſe;
Not to be borne but by a ſervile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's ſon beſtows
The ſack of Troy, which he by promiſe owes;
Then ſhall the conquering Greeks thy loſs reſtore,
And with large intereſt make th' advantage more.
To this Atrides anſwer'd: Though thy boaſt
Aſſumes the foremoſt name of all our hoſt,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Controul'd by thee, I tamely ſhould reſign.
Shall I releaſe the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'ſt Briſeis in thy bands,
By prieſtly gloſſing on the God's commands?
Reſolve on this, (a ſhort alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Elſe I, aſſure thy ſoul, by ſovereign right
Will ſeize thy captive in thy own deſpight.
Or from ſtout Ajax, or Ulyſſes, bear
What other prize my fancy ſhall prefer:
Then ſoftly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you pleaſe, you ſhall reſiſt in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us paſs.
A ſhip to ſail the ſacred ſeas prepare;
Proud in her trim: and put on board the fair,
With ſacrifice and gifts, and all the pompof peace.
The crew well choſen, the command ſhall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I pleaſe in thee,
Moſt fit thyſelf to ſee perform'd th' intent
For which my priſoner from my ſight is ſent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may be lent.
At this Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king aſkant; and thus replies:
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whoſe thoughts are center'd on thyſelf alone,
Advanc'd to ſovereign ſway, for better ends
Than thus like abject ſlaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Againſt the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor ſuch inforc'd reſpect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote could I ſuſtain,
To leave my fruitful ſoil and happy reign,
And plough the ſurges of the ſtormy main?
Thee, frontleſs man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy inſtruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee to the throne.
For thee we fall in fight: for thee redreſs
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'ſt with unjuſt decree
To puniſh thy affronting heaven, on me.
To ſeize the prize which I ſo dearly bought,
By common ſuffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for ſtill above the reſt
Thy hook'd rapacious hands uſurp the beſt.
Though mine are firſt in fight, to ſerve at eaſe
And laſt ſuſtain the labours of the days.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Greeks allow,
Nor murmuring take the little I can plough.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who would'ſt engroſs
The whole, inſatiate, envy'ſt as thy loſs.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return,
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here ſuſtain the ſcorn.

The king, whose brows with shining gold were bound,
Who saw his throne with sceptr'd slaves encompass'd round,
Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.
Debates, dissensions, uproars, are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;
At least 'tis lent from heaven; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
But mark this menace; since I must resign
My black-ey'd maid, to please the Powers divine:
A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting God.
This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man in thy despight,
This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,
What odds of awful power I have on thee:
That others at thy cost may learn the difference of degree.
At this th' impatient hero sourly smil'd:
His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd.
And, justled by two tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
Betwixt his reason, and his rage untam'd;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counsel'd to the safer side;
This to the sword, his ready hand apply'd.
Unpunish'd to support th' affront was hard:
Not easy was th' attempt to force the guard.
But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half shone his faulchion, and half sheath'd it stood.
In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
The fight should follow; for she favour'd both):
Just as in act he stood, in clouds inshrin'd,
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew;
To him, and him alone, confess'd in view.
Turn'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprize:
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke:
Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus rejoin'd:
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reason will resume her sovereign sway,
And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian Gods their due respect;
And cease contention; be thy words severe,
Sharp as the merits: but the sword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay:
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword.
The youth thus answer'd mild: Auspicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are just, and when, subduing sense,
We serve their Powers, provide the recompence.
He said; with surly faith believ'd her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.
Her message done, she mounts the blest abodes,
And mix'd among the senate of the Gods.
At her departure his disdain return'd
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled preast,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hart,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall bear,
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms with corps to strow the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.
He said: and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw;
Then sate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.
But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reasoning mild, their madness to compose:
Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.
What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than these distemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private interest disunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,
Their virtuous toil subdu'd: yet those I sway'd,
With powerful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.

If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name,
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey:
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whose throne, ev'n kings their lower'd sceptres bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchless thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;
Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers be lost.
Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial sway.
Controling kings, and trampling on our state,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The Gods have given him strength: but whence the stile
Of lawless power assum'd, or licence to revile?
Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
(Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
But she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beside, by lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
This sauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.
He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:
And next, to reconcile the shooter God,
Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:
Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
They plow the liquid seas, and leave the lessening land.
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sin-polluted host.
With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of savory stench involve the sky.
These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For shew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way:
And from the Goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in person come,
To vindicate his power, and justify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thessalians lay.
Their sovereign seated on his chair, they find;
His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he saw them entering in
Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of speech allow.
Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontrol'd,
Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you, authentic witnesses I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifest: that never more
This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
Unpity'd perish in their tyrant's sight.
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend.
He said; and soon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
Then to th' intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind:
Forc'd from the man she lov'd: they led her down
Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.
Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke:
Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suffering his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Greeks gave.
Set by old Ocean's side the Goddess heard:
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus began
To sooth the sorrows of her plaintive son:
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his pain?
Let thy afflicted parent share her part.
Then, sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born dress'd:
Thou know'st my pain, which telling but renews:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls,
The ransack'd city, taken by our arms:
We left, and hither brought the golden spoils:
Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest
The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the best.
Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryseis rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes:

ter fire, Apollo's prieſt, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
uppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood,
wful and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
are was his hoary head, one holy hand
eld forth his laurel-crown, and one, his ſceptre of command.
is ſuit was common, but above the reſt
o both the brother-princes was addreſs'd.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
o take the gifts, to ſet the priſoner free.
ot ſo the tyrant, who with ſcorn the prieſt
eceiv'd, and with opprobrious words diſmiſs'd.
he good old man, forlorn of human aid,
or vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
he Godhead gave a favourable ear,
nd granted all to him he held ſo dear;
n an ill hour his piercing ſhafts he ſped;
nd heaps on heaps of ſlaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
hile round the camp he rang'd: at length aroſe
ſeer who well divin'd; and durſt diſcloſe
he ſource of all our ills: I took the word;
nd urg'd the ſacred ſlave to be reſtor'd,
he God appeas'd: the ſwelling monarch ſtorm'd:
nd then the vengeance vow'd, he ſince perform'd:
he Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
ave to the royal prieſt his daughter ſent;
ut from their haughty king his heralds came,
nd ſeiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
y common ſuffrage given; but, thou, be won,
n thy power, t' avenge thy injur'd ſon:
aſcend the ſkies; and ſupplicating move
hy juſt complaints, to cloud-compelling Jove,
f thou by either word or deed haſt wrought
kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
rge him by that: for often haſt thou ſaid
hy power was once not uſeleſs in his aid,
When he, who high above the higheſt reigns,
urpriz'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains:
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
nd his blue brother of the ſeas conſpir'd,
Thou freed'ſt the ſovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'ſt Briareus with his hundred hands,
o call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
y his terreſtrial name Ægeon know:
wice ſtronger than his ſire, who ſat above
aſſeſſor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
he gods, diſmay'd at his approach, withdrew,
or durſt their unaccompliſh'd crime purſue.
hat action to his grateful mind recal;
mbrace his knees, and at his footſtool fall:
hat now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
et Troy's triumphant troops the camp incloſe:
ours beaten to the ſhore, the ſiege forſake;
nd what their king deſerves, with him partake.
hat the proud tyrant, at his proper coſt,
ay learn the value of the man he loſt.
To whom the Mother-goddeſs thus reply'd,
igh'd as ſhe ſpoke, and while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:
h, wretched me! by Fates averſe, decreed,
o bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwiſe ordain,
afe in thy hollow ſhips thou ſhouldſt remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet ſheds his poiſonous rays
nd ſhort, and full of ſorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will aſcend,
nd at the Thunderer's throne thy ſuit commend.
Till then, ſecure in ſhips, abſtain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy ſpight.
For yeſterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their ſolemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameleſs Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen-gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and ſuppliant to the ſire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy deſire.
She ſaid: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with diſdain, reſenting his diſgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Meantime with proſperous gales Ulyſſes brought
The ſlave, and ſhip with ſacrifices fraught,
To Chryſa's port: where entering with the tide
He dropp'd his anchors; and his oars he ply'd,
Furl'd every ſail, and drawing down the maſt,
His veſſel moor'd; and made with haulſers faſt.
Deſcending on the plain, aſhore they bring
The hecatomb to pleaſe the ſhooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulyſſes led; and thus beſpoke her ſire:
Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has reſtor'd;
And ſent by me with preſents and with prayer;
He recommends him to thy pious care.
That Phœbus at thy ſuit his wrath may ceaſe,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He ſaid, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from ſervile bands.
This done, in order they, with ſober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then waſh'd, and took the cakes; while Chryſes ſtood
With hands uphield, and thus invok'd his God:
God of the ſilver bow, whoſe eyes ſurvey
The ſacred Cilla, thou whoſe awful ſway
Chryſa the bleſs'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer haſt heard,
Againſt the Grecians and their prince preferr'd:
Once thou haſt honour'd, honour once again
Thy prieſt; nor let his ſecond vows be vain.
But from the afflicted hoſt and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and ceaſe thy peſtilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his diſdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece reſpir'd again.
Now when the ſolemn rites of prayer were paſt,
Their ſalted cakes on crackling flames they caſt.
Then, turning back, the ſacrifice they ſped:
The fatted oxen ſlew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with ſkewers prick'd
About the ſides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The prieſt with holy hands were ſeen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
On five ſharp broachers rank'd, the roaſt they turn'd
Theſe morſels ſtay'd their ſtomachs; then the reſt
They cut in legs and fillets for the feaſt;
Which drawn and ſerv'd, their hunger they appeas
With ſavory meat, and ſet their minds at eaſe.
Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'
The firſt libations to the gods they pour:
And then with ſongs indulge the genial hour.

Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring.
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer King.
At sun-set to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn.
The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the shore:
The power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail,
The bellying canvas strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
And press against the sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then hauling on the strand their galley moor,
And pitch their tent along the crooked shore.
Meantime the Goddess-born in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying sounds.
Now, when twelve days compleat had run their race,
The gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny Powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursued their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood a morning guest.
Him in the circle, but apart, she found:
The rest at awful distance stood around,
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one propp'd his chin.
Then thus: If I, celestial sire, in aught
Have serv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.
She ceas'd, but the considering God was mute:
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face,
That I, of all the Gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And, sighing first, this answer he return'd:
Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign,
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When, nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall com
The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
The Goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound: and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the Powers resort,
Each from his house to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent sate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke.
Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
The consort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much;
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is such.
Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know?
Ev'n Goddesses are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the throne.
To whom the Goddess with the charming eyes,
What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies?
When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'st, to hide from common sight
Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed name,
Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
And for one peevish man destroy an host.
To whom the Thunderer made this stern reply;
My houshold curse, my lawful plague, the spy
Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye!
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.
Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight,
For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late,
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand against Omnipotence.
This heard, th' imperious Queen sate mute with fear:
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke;
Nor could the Gods, abash'd, sustain their sovereign's look.
The limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
And hopping here and there, (himself a jest)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?

Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
One grain of bad, embitters all the best.
Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh:
'Tis much unsafe my sire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your cost,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good chear is lost.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong, from his heavenly tower,
But one submissive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all.
He said no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus pursu'd;
This cursed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
Though griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will.
I would not see you beaten; yet, afraid
Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
When I and all the Gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell: my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting sun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd my wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude kinker still restor'd.
And fits of laughter seiz'd the guests, to see
The limping God so deft at his new ministry.
The feast continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his house; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the same architect: the thundering God
When he withdrew to rest, and had his load.
His swimming head to needful sleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his side.

THE LAST PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand in hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane?
The servants answer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But, more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tower was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurse went lagging after with the child.
This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He pass'd through every street, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.
His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And, in herself, a greater dower alone:
Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
The nurse came lagging after with her child.
The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Astyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a silent smile:
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke:
Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might:
Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father slew;
He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;

Arm'd as he was he ſent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his ſoe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Incloſ'd with planted elms the holy ground.
My ſeven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark manſions took the mournful way;
Slain by the ſame Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating ſheep.
My mother, who the royal ſceptre ſway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for ſoon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyſelf alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the duſty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and ſon are in thy ruin loſt:
This is a huſband's and a father's poſt.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marſhal all thy ſoldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief aſcent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often ſeen,
And the wrong'd huſband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with theſe
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this eaſy riſe they all advance;
Guard well that paſs, ſecure of all beſide.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.
That and the reſt are in my daily care;
But ſhould I ſhun the dangers of the war,
With ſcorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their ſweeping trains.
The Grecian ſwords and lances I can bear:
But loſs of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forſake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And ſtill have been the foremoſt in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with ſure preſage,
That Troy ſhall periſh by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I muſt fall;
And univerſal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itſelf, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whoſe valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Nor theſe, nor all their fates which I foreſee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I ſee, I ſee thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a ſlave to ſome inſulting ſword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A ſpectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living ſtream to take,
And on thy weary ſhoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They inſolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy huſband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy ſhame.
This when they ſay, thy ſorrows will increaſe
With anxious thoughts of former happineſs;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redreſs.
But I, oppreſs'd with iron ſleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He ſaid—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurſe's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father ſhunning with affright,
And looking back on ſo uncouth a ſight;
Daunted to ſee a face with ſteel o'erſpread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His fire and mother ſmil'd with ſilent joy;
And Hector haſten'd to relieve his boy;
Diſmiſs'd his burniſh'd helm, that ſhone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illuſtrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiſs'd, and thus he ſpoke:
Parent of Gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright ſynod of the Powers above;
On this my ſon your gracious gifts beſtow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To ſhield the people, and aſſert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war ſhall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to ſee,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May ſay, the ſon in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at theſe words his mother may rejoice,
And add her ſuffrage to the public voice.
Thus having ſaid,
He firſt with ſuppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child reſtor'd:
With tears and ſmiles ſhe took her ſon, and preſs'd
Th' illuſtrious infant to her fragrant breaſt.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her ſorrows with this laſt relief.
My wife and miſtreſs, drive thy fears away,
Nor give ſo bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of deſtiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There taſk thy maids, and exerciſe the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and moſt of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not ſtay,
But lac'd his creſted helm, and ſtrode away.
His lovely conſort to her houſe return'd,
And looking often back in ſilence mourn'd:
Home when ſhe came, her ſecret woe ſhe vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Thoſe loud laments her echoing maids repeat,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

AMARYLLIS:

OR, THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF

THEOCRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

TO Amaryllis Love compels my way,
My browzing goats upon the mountains ſtray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conſcious grottos, and the ſhady grove;
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With kiſſes ſuch as ſet my ſoul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn:
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I die, and death will finiſh all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy, like your lips, their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me kindly, and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me by his heavenly power
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fair forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human-kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſte of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah, nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the ſufferings of your ſlaves your ſport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not aſk to live another day,
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my ſoul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kiſſes are but empty when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
Of parſly, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a roſy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
Since I muſt die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I ſtrip my body of my ſhepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fiſher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhore,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The withering leaf foreſhew'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to ſieve and ſheers;
And told the witch Agreo my diſeaſe:
Agreo, that in harveſt us'd to leaſe:
But harveſt done, to chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire.
To work ſhe went, her charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty ſieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty beldame ſwore,
And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids ran friſking by her ſide,
For which the nut-brown laſs, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury kiſs.
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madman would o'erſtand his market twice!
My right eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll ſet up ſuch a note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move?
She muſt be flint, if ſhe refuſe my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtrife
To win his lady, or to loſe his life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haſte ſhe could not chooſe but ſtay:
Renown ſaid, Run; the glittering bride cry'd, Hold;
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas Love (ſome few indeed)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble feet refuſe
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe.
A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lye)
From ſteepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If ſuch another wager ſhould be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in cœleſtial minds;
Venus the ſhepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How bleſt was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jaſon from Medea's love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.

My aking head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed Love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt breath,
The wolves will get a breakfaſt by my death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For Love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE

EPITHALAMIUM

OF

HELEN AND MENELAUS.

FROM THE 18TH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did reſort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To ſing a bleſſing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers beſpread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride muſt be,
And Jove himſelf was leſs a God than he:
For this their artful hands inſtruct the lute to ſound,
Their feet aſſiſt their hands, and juſtly beat the ground.
This was their ſong: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the ſtars are kindled in the ſky,
Ere twilight ſhades, or evening dews are ſhed,
Why doſt thou ſteal ſo ſoon away to bed?
Has Somnus bruſh'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuſe to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle ſlumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou doſt not mean to ſleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyſelf, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play,
At ſports more harmleſs till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou haſt morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd,
Of rival princes, Cupid ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan ſhore:
Of all our heroes thou canſt boaſt alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee ſon:
Betwixt two ſheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy, and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve ſcore viragoes of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
And there in manly exerciſe contend,
When ſhe appears, are all eclips'd and loſt,
And hide the beauties that we made our boaſt.
So, when the night and winter diſappear,
The purple morning, riſing with the year,
Salutes the ſpring, as her celeſtial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the ſkies:
So beauteous Helen ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the graces bleſt.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Theſſalian ſteeds the race adorn;
So roſy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beſide.
Like her no nymph can willing oſiers bend
In baſket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom ſhe may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with vocal ſounds inſpire;
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaſte Diana bathing in the ſtream:
None can record their heavenly praiſe ſo well
As Helen, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand Cupids dwell.
O fair, O Graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's ſun a matron ſhall behold.
Yet ere to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſhew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our nobleſt maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauty's due,
High on a plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy name engrav'd, and worſhip Helen's tree.
Balm, from a ſilver-box diſtill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and ſcent the holy ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, ſon-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bleſs your love;
Let Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires.
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his grandſons more.
From generous loins a generous race will ſpring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now ſleep, if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt.
Riſe in the morn; but oh! before you riſe,
Forget not to perform your morning ſacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cocks
Salutes the light, and ſtruts before his feather'd flocks.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in battle won.

THE

DESPAIRING LOVER.

FROM THE 23D IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauſpicious love, a wretched ſwain
Purſued the faireſt nymph of all the plain;

fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his gifts despis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeless lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to chear the drooping boy;
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted panther casts about
Her glaring eyes and pricks her listening ears to scout,
So she, to shun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown:
Her sallow cheeks her envious mind did shew,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of a shrew.
Yet could not he his obvious fate escape;
His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears so tender as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke:
Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigress heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou shew'dst thy pedigree from stone:
Thy granddame's was the first by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd;
But so my love, and so my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This friendly cord shall soon decide the strife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathsome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
I go th' extremest remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to lose my long desires:
But ah! what draught so deep to quench my fires?
Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye stones,
And threshold guilty of my midnight moans.
What I have suffer'd here, ye know too well;
What I shall do, the Gods and I can tell.
The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering so:
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at least
My dying prayers, and grant my last request.
When first you ope your doors, and passing by
The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey:
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wish (but oh! my wish is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss:
O envy not the dead; they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;
Ev'n you are not more pitiless than death.
Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public scorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest:
Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear:
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O passengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
Thus having said, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty stone (the labour of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose:
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful fair,
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by:
And, as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the God of Love;
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedestal on high;
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crush'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her gushing blood the pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring voice was heard;
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my scorn;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and love for love return.

THE BEGINNING OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human-kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,

Whose vital power, air, earth, and sea supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling skies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear:
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dress;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy breast;
And Heaven itself with more serene and purer light is blest.
For when the rising spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of nature stands display'd,
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess,
Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea;
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundless reign.
Through all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou go'st, the kindly seeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear;
By thou my aid, my tuneful song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power display:
To Memmius, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
The rather then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing verses worthy him and thee.
Meantime on land and sea let barbarous discord cease,
And lull the listening world in universal peace.
To thee mankind their soft repose must owe;
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful servant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd eyes;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world restore.

THE BEGINNING OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore,
The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more sweet thy labouring steps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human-kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For wit and power; their last endeavours bend
T' outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than nature needs!
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural desires,
That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is dress.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state;
But the poor patient will as soon be found
On the hard mattress, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind:
Unless we could suppose the dreadful fight
Of marshal'd legions moving to the fight,
Could, with their sound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But, since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of pomp pursue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to purple, or to gold;

Why ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe,
Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
For life is all in wandering errors led;
And juſt as children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years
Ev'n in broad day-light are poſſeſs'd with fears;
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
As thoſe which in the breaſts of children reign.
Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
But nature and right reaſon muſt diſplay
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul to day.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

"Tum porrò puer, &c."

THUS, like a ſailor by a tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true preſages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every ſavage beaſt,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurſe to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their ſafety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked inſtruments of war:
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
And nature's laviſh hand ſupplies their common wants.

THE THIRD ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Inſcribed to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auſpicious queen of love,
And the twin ſtars the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred ſhip, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails,
Supplying ſoft Eteſian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore;
And land him ſafely on the ſhore;
And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at ſea!
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below!
In vain did nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip, can reſtrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from Heaven the ſeeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue:
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground:
And limping death, laſh'd on by fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey
Nay ſcarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the labouring woods below:
And ſtreams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toſs and turn the world below;
At his command the ſtorms invade;
The winds by his commiſſion blow;
Till with a nod he bids them ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works deſy,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of fortune's power:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou gett'ſt to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys,
That youth unſour'd with ſorrows bears,
Ere withering time the taſte deſtroys,
With ſickneſs and unwieldy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

THE

TWENTY-NINTH ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric Verſe, and inſcribed to the Right Hon. Laurence Earl of Rocheſter.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuſcan ſcepter ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy wreath is ready made:
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries Come away;
Make haſte, and leave thy buſineſs and thy care;
No mortal intereſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for awhile thy coſtly country ſeat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the great:
Make haſte and come:
Come, and forſake thy claying ſtore;
Thy turret, that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, the wealth, and noiſe of Rome;
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich, to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of poverty:
A ſavory diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy forcheads of the great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar,
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above us fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and ſtreams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has wiſely, hid from human ſight
The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate;
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of buſineſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with [illegible]
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown;
Both houſe and homeſted into ſeas are borne,
And rocks are from their own foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their [illegible] honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of fate are mine.
Not Heaven itſelf upon the paſt has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her ſlave oppreſs,
Proud of her office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs:
Still various and unconſtant ſtill,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,
And ſhakes the wings and will not ſtay,
I puff the proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd:
Content with poverty, my ſoul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black;
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, ſecure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,
In my ſmall pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding creek:
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Diſcharg'd of buſineſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcrivener free!
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of corn,
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war,
Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows the merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court, and ſtate, he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor, brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To ſervile ſalutations runs;
But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook diſjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And graſts more happy in their ſtead:
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers the overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now-declining year,
When bounteous autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſtering grapes with purple ſpread,
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs, he lies;
No God of ſleep he need invoke;
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumbers crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the concert of the ſong;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But, when the blaſt of winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the truſty boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear:
Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy though ſhe be,
Will fire for winter-nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh
That rolling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,
More pleaſing morſels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keeps the looſen'd body ſound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.

Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flocks returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
That ſit around his chearful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf,
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked town:
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

EXCELLENT TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

WHENE'ER great Virgil's lofty verſe I ſee,
The pompous ſcene charms my admiring eye:
There different beauties in perfection meet;
The thoughts as proper, as the numbers ſweet:
And when wild Fancy mounts a daring height,
Judgment ſteps in, and moderates her flight.
Wiſely he manages his wealthy ſtore,
Still ſays enough, and yet implies ſtill more:
For though the weighty ſenſe be cloſely wrought,
The reader's left t'improve the pleaſing thought.
Hence we deſpair to ſee an Engliſh dreſs
Should e'er his nervous energy expreſs;
For who could that in fetter'd rhyme incloſe,
Which without loſs can ſcarce be told in proſe!
But you, great Sir, his manly genius raiſe;
And make your copy ſhare an equal praiſe.
Oh how I ſee thee in ſoft ſcenes of love,
Renew thoſe paſſions he alone could move!
Here Cupid's charms are with new art expreſt,
And pale Eliza leaves her peaceful reſt:
Leaves her Elyſium, as if glad to live,
To love, and wiſh, to ſigh, deſpair, and grieve,
And die again for him that would again deceive.
Nor does the mighty Trojan leſs appear
Than Mars himſelf amidſt the ſtorms of war,
Now his fierce eyes with double fury glow,
And a new dread attends th' impending blow:
The Daunian chiefs their eager rage abate,
And, though unwounded, ſeem to feel their fate.
Long the rude fury of an ignorant age,
With barbarous ſpite, prophan'd his ſacred page.
The heavy Dutchmen, with laborious toil,
Wreſted his ſenſe, and cramp'd his vigorous ſtyle;
No time, no pains, the drudging pedants ſpare;
But ſtill his ſhoulders muſt the burden bear.
While through the mazes of their comments led,
We learn not what he writes, but what they read.
Yet, through theſe ſhades of undiſtinguiſh'd night
Appear'd ſome glimmering intervals of light;
Till mangled by a vile tranſlating ſect,
Like babes by witches in effigy rackt;
Till Ogleby, mature in dulneſs, roſe,
And Holborn doggrel, and low chiming proſe,
His ſtrength and beauty did at once depoſe.
But now the magic ſpell is at an end,
Since ev'n the dead in you hath found a friend;
You free the Bard from rude oppreſſors' power,
And grace his verſe with charms unknown before
He, doubly thus oblig'd, muſt doubting ſtand,
Which chiefly ſhould his gratitude command;
Whether ſhould claim the tribute of his heart,
The Patron's bounty, or the Poet's art.
Alike with wonder and delight we view'd
The Roman genius in thy verſe renew'd:
We ſaw thee raiſe ſoft Ovid's amorous fire,
And fit the tuneful Horace to thy lyre:
We ſaw new gall imbitter Juvenal's pen,
And crabbed Perſeus made politely plain:
Virgil alone was thought too great a taſk;
What you could ſcarce perform, or we durſt aſk;
A taſk! which Waller's Muſe could ne'er engage;
A taſk! too hard for Denham's ſtronger rage:
Sure of ſucceſs they ſome ſlight ſallies try'd,
But the fenc'd coaſt their bold attempts defy'd.
With fear their o'er-match'd forces back they drew,
Quitted the province Fate reſerv'd for you.
In vain thus Philip did the Perſians ſtorm;
A work his ſon was deſtin'd to perform.
"O had Roſcommon liv'd to hail the day,
"And ſing loud Pæans through the crowded way;
"When you in Roman majeſty appear,
"Which none know better, and none come ſo near:"
The happy author would with wonder ſee,
His rules were only prophecies of thee:
And were he now to give tranſlators light,
He'd bid them only read thy work, and write.
For this great taſk our loud applauſe is due;
We own old favours, but muſt preſs for new:
Th' expecting world demands one labour more;
And thy lov'd Homer does thy aid implore,
To right his injur'd works, and ſet them free
From the lewd rhymes of groveling Ogleby.
Then ſhall his verſe in grateful pomp appear,
Nor will his birth renew the ancient jar;
On thoſe Greek cities we ſhall look with ſcorn,
And in our Britain think the Poet born.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

I.

WE read, how dreams and viſions heretofore
The Prophet and the Poet could inſpire;
And make them in unuſual rapture ſoar,
With rage divine, and with poetic fire.

II.

O could I find it now;—Would Virgil's ſhade
But for a while vouchſafe to bear the light;
To grace my numbers, and that Muſe to aid,
Who ſings the Poet that has done him right.

III.

It long has been this ſacred Author's fate,
To lie at every dull Tranſlator's will;
Long, long his Muſe has groan'd beneath the weight
Of mangling Ogleby's preſumptuous quill.

IV.

Dryden, at laſt, in his defence aroſe;
The father now is righted by the ſon:
And while his Muſe endeavours to diſcloſe
That Poet's beauties, ſhe declares her own.

V.

In your ſmooth, pompous numbers dreſt, each line,
Each thought, betrays ſuch a majeſtic touch;
He could not, had he finiſh'd his deſign,
Have wiſh'd it better, or have done ſo much.

VI.

You, like his Hero, though yourſelf were free;
And diſentangled from the war of wit;
You, who ſecure might other dangers ſee,
And ſafe from all malicious cenſures ſit.

VII.

Yet becauſe ſacred Virgil's noble Muſe,
O'erlay'd by fools, was ready to expire:
To riſk your fame again, you boldly chuſe,
Or to redeem, or periſh with your fire.

VIII.

Ev'n firſt and laſt, we owe him half to you,
For that his Æneids miſs'd their threaten'd fate,
Was—that his friends by ſome prediction knew,
Hereafter, who correcting ſhould tranſlate.

IX.

But hold, my Muſe, thy needleſs flight reſtrain,
Unleſs, like him, thou couldſt a verſe indite:
To think his fancy to deſcribe is vain,
Since nothing can diſcover light, but light.

X.

'Tis want of genius that does more deny:
'Tis fear my praiſe ſhould make your glory leſs.
And therefore, like the modeſt Painter, I
Muſt draw the veil, where I cannot expreſs.

HENRY GRAHME.

TO

MR. DRYDEN.

NO undiſputed Monarch govern'd yet
With univerſal ſway the realms of wit;
Nature could never ſuch expence afford;
Each ſeveral province own'd a ſeveral lord.
A Poet then had his poetic wife,
One Muſe embrac'd, and married for his life.
By the ſtale thing his appetite was cloy'd,
His fancy leſſen'd, and his fire deſtroy'd.
But nature grown extravagantly kind,
With all her treaſures did adorn your mind.
The different powers were then united found,
And you Wit's univerſal monarch crown'd.
Your mighty ſway your great deſert ſecures,
And every Muſe and every Grace is yours,
To none confin'd, by turns you all enjoy,
Sated with this, you to another fly.
So Sultan-like in your ſeraglio ſtand,
While wiſhing Muſes wait for your command.
Thus no decay, no want of vigour find,
Sublime your fancy, boundleſs is your mind.
Not all the blaſts of time can do you wrong;
Young, ſpite of age; in ſpite of weakneſs ſtrong.
Time, like Alcides, ſtrikes you to the ground:
You, like Antæus, from each fall rebound.

H. St. JOHN.

TO

MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

VIRGIL.

'TIS ſaid that Phidias gave ſuch living grace
To the carv'd image of a beauteous face,
That the cold marble might even ſeem to be
The life; and the true life, the imagery.

You paſs'd that artiſt, Sir, and all his powers,
Making the beſt of Roman Poets ours;
With ſuch effect, we know not which to call
The imitation, which th' original.

What Virgil lent, you pay in equal weight,
The charming beauty of the coin no leſs;
And ſuch the majeſty of your impreſs,
You ſeem the very author you tranſlate.

'Tis certain, were he now alive with us,
And did revolving deſtiny conſtrain,
To dreſs his thoughts in Engliſh o'er again,
Himſelf could write no otherwiſe than thus.

His old encomium never did appear
So true as now; Romans and Greeks, ſubmit.
Something of late is in our language writ,
More nobly great than the fam'd Iliads were.

A. WRIGHT.

THE

FIRST PASTORAL:

OR,

TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The occasion of the first Pastoral was this. When Augustus had settled himself in the Roman empire, that he might reward his veteran troops for their past service, he distributed among them all the lands that lay about Cremona and Mantua: turning out the right owners for having sided with his enemies. Virgil was a sufferer among the rest; who afterwards recovered his estate by Mæcenas's intercession, and as an instance of his gratitude composed the following Pastoral; where he sets out his own good fortune in the person of Tityrus, and the calamities of his Mantuan neighbours in the character of Melibœus.

MELIBŒUS.

BENEATH the shade which beechen boughs diffuse,
You, Tityrus, entertain your sylvan Muse:
Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forc'd from our pleasing fields and native home:
While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves;
And Amarillis fills the shady groves.

TIT. These blessings, friend, a Deity bestow'd;
For never can I deem him less than God.
The tender firstlings of my woolly breed
Shall on his holy altar often bleed.
He gave my kine to graze the flowery plain;
And to my pipe renew'd the rural strain.

MEL. I envy not your fortune, but admire,
That while the raging sword and wasteful fire
Destroy the wretched neighbourhood around,
No hostile arms approach your happy ground.
Far different is my fate: my feeble goats
With pains I drive from their forsaken cotes:
And this you see I scarcely drag along,
Who yeaning on the rocks has left her young;
(The hope and promise of my failing fold.)
My loss by dire portents the gods foretold:
For had I not been blind, I might have seen
Yon riven oak, the fairest of the green,
And the hoarse raven, on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left presag'd the coming blow.
But tell me, Tityrus, what heavenly power
Preserv'd your fortunes in that fatal hour?

TIT. Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like Mantua, where on market-days we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home.
So kids and whelps their fires and dams express:
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But country towns, compar'd with her, appear
Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near.

MEL. What great occasion call'd you hence to Rome!

TIT. Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come:
Nor did my search of liberty begin,
Till my black hairs were chang'd upon my chin.
Nor Amarillis would vouchsafe a look,
Till Galatea's meaner bonds I broke.
Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely swain,
I sought not freedom, nor aspir'd to gain:
Though many a victim from my folds was bought,
And many a cheese to country markets brought,
Yet all the little that I got, I spent,
And still return'd as empty as I went.

MEL. We stood amaz'd to see your mistress mourn;
Unknowing that she pin'd for your return:
We wonder'd why she kept her fruit so long,
For whom so late th' ungather'd apples hung;
But now the wonder ceases, since I see
She kept them only, Tityrus, for thee.
For thee the bubbling springs appear'd to mourn,
And whispering pines made vows for thy return.

TIT. What should I do, while here I was the chain'd,
No glimpse of god-like liberty remain'd;
Nor could I hope in any place but there,
To find a god so present to my prayer.
There first the youth of heav'nly birth I view'd,
For whom our monthly victims are renew'd.
He heard my vows, and graciously decreed
My grounds to be restor'd, my former flocks to feed.

MEL. O fortunate old man! whose farm remains
For you sufficient, and requites your pains:
Though rushes overspread the neighbouring plains,
Though here the marshy grounds approach your fields,
And there the soil a stony harvest yields,
Your teeming ewes shall no strange meadows try,
Nor feat a rott from tainted company.
Behold you bordering fence of fallow trees
Is fraught with flowers, the flowers are fraught with bees:
The busy bees with a soft murmuring strain
Invite to gentle sleep the labouring swain.
While from the neighbouring rock, with rural song
The pruner's voice the pleasing dream prolongs;
Stock-doves and turtles tell their amorous pain,
And, from the lofty elms, of love complain.

TIT. Th' inhabitants of seas and skies shall change,
And fish on shore, and stags in air shall range,
The banish'd Parthian dwell on Arar's brink,
And the blue German shall the Tigris drink:
Ere I forsaking gratitude and truth,
Forget the figure of that godlike youth.

MEL. But we must beg our bread in climates unknown,
Beneath the scorching or the freezing zone.
And some to far Oaxis shall be sold;
Or try the Libyan heat, or Scythian cold.
The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.
O must the wretched exiles ever mourn,
Nor after length of rolling years return?
Are we condemn'd by fate's unjust decree,
No more our houses and our homes to see?

Or shall we mount again the rural throne,
And rule the country kingdoms, once our own!
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow,
On these, on these, our happy fields bestow?
Good heaven, what dire effects from civil discord flow:
Now let me graff my pears, and prune the vine;
The fruit is theirs, the labour only mine.
Farewel my pastures, my paternal stock,
My fruitful fields, and my more fruitful flock!
No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb,
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery thyme!
No more extended in the grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the mountain's brow
The prickly shrubs; and after on the bare,
Lean down the deep abyss, and hang in air,
No more my sheep shall sip the morning dew;
No more my song shall please the rural crew:
Adieu, my tuneful pipe! and all the world adieu!
TIT. This night, at least, with me forget your care;
Chesnuts and curds and cream shall be your fare:
The carpet-ground shall be with leaves o'erspread;
And boughs shall weave a covering for your head.
For see yon sunny hill the shade extends:
And curling smoke from cottages ascends.

THE

SECOND PASTORAL.

OR,

ALEXIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The commentators can by no means agree on the person of Alexis, but are all of opinion that some beautiful youth is meant by him, to whom Virgil here makes love in Corydon's language and simplicity. His way of courtship is wholly pastoral: he complains of the boy's coyness; recommends himself for his beauty and skill in piping; invites the youth into the country, where he promises him the diversions of the place, with a suitable present of nuts and apples: but when he finds nothing will prevail, he resolves to quit his troublesome amour, and betake himself again to his former business.

YOUNG Corydon, th' unhappy shepherd swain,
The fair Alexis lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
And underneath the beechen shade, alone,
Thus to the woods and mountains made his moan.
Is this, unkind Alexis, my reward,
And must I die unpity'd, and unheard?
Now the green lizard in the grove is laid,
The sheep enjoy the coolness of the shade;
And Thestylis wild thyme and garlic beats
For harvest hinds, o'erspent with toil and heats:
While in the scorching sun I trace in vain
Thy flying footsteps o'er the burning plain,
The creaking locusts with my voice conspire,
They fry with heat, and I with fierce desire.
How much more easy was it to sustain
Proud Amarillis and her haughty reign,
The scorns of young Menalcas, once my care,
Though he was black, and thou art heavenly fair.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but soon the charm will pass:
White lilies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.
My passion is thy scorn: nor wilt thou know
What wealth I have, what gifts I can bestow:
What stores my dairies and my folds contain;
A thousand lambs that wander on the plain:
New milk that all the winter never fails,
And all the summer overflows the pails:
Amphion sung not sweeter to his herd,
When summon'd stones the Theban turrets rear'd.
Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were still, and if the glass be true,
With Daphnis I may vie, though judg'd by you.
O leave the noisy town, O come and see
Our country cots, and live content with me!
To wound the flying deer, and from their cotes
With me to drive a-field the browsing goats:
To pipe and sing, and in our country strain
To copy, or perhaps contend with Pan.
Pan taught to join with wax, unequal reeds,
Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds:
Nor scorn the pipe; Amyntas, to be taught,
With all his kisses would my skill have bought.
Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave:
And said, This, Corydon, I leave to thee;
For only thou deserv'st it after me.
His eyes Amyntas durst not upward list,
For much he grudg'd the praise, but more the gift.
Besides two kids that in the valley stray'd,
I found by chance, and to my fold convey'd.
They drain two bagging udders every day;
And these shall be companions of thy play.
Both fleck'd with white, the true Arcadian strain,
Which Thestylis had often begg'd in vain:
And she shall have them, if again she sues,
Since you the giver and the gift refuse.
Come to my longing arms, my lovely care,
And take the presents which the nymphs prepare.
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the glories of the purple spring.
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead.
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppies head;
The short narcissus, and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell;
And set soft hyacinths with iron-blue,
To shade marsh marigolds of shining hue.
Some bound in order, others loosely strow'd,
To dress thy bower, and trim thy new abode.
Myself will search our planted grounds at home.
For downy peaches and the glossy plumb:
And thrash the chesnuts in the neighbouring grove,
Such as my Amarillis used to love.
The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree;
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee.
Ah, Corydon, ah poor unhappy swain,
Alexis will thy homely gifts disdain:
Nor, should'st thou offer all thy little store,
Will rich Iolus yield, but offer more.

What have I done to name that wealthy swain,
So powerful are his presents, mine so mean!
The boar amidst my crystal streams I bring;
And southern winds to blast my flowery spring.
Ah cruel creature, whom dost thou despise?
The gods to live in woods have left the skies.
And godlike Paris in th' Idean grove,
To Prium's wealth preferr'd Oenone's love.
In cities which she built, let Pallas reign;
Towers are for Gods, but forests for the swain.
The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse:
Alexis, thou art chas'd by Corydon;
All follow several games, and each his own.
See from afar the fields no longer smoke,
The sweating steers unharness'd from the yoke,
Bring, as in triumph, back the crooked plough;
The shadows lengthen as the sun goes low.
Cool breezes now the raging heats remove;
Ah, cruel heaven! that made no cure for love!
I wish for balmy sleep, but wish in vain:
Love has no bounds in pleasure, or in pain.
What frenzy, shepherd, has thy soul possess'd,
Thy vineyard lies half-prun'd, and half undress'd.
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswer'd fire:
Mind what the common wants of life require:
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an easier love, though not so fair.

THE

THIRD PASTORAL.

OR,

PALÆMON.

THE ARGUMENT.

Damætas and Menalcas, after some smart strokes of country raillery, resolve to try who has the most skill at a song; and accordingly make their neighbour Palæmon judge of their performances: who, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself unfit for the decision of so weighty a controversy, and leaves the victory undetermined.

MENALCAS, DAMÆTAS, PALEMON.

MENALCAS.

HO, swain, what shepherd owns those ragged sheep?

DAM. Ægon's they are, he gave them me to keep.

MEN. Unhappy sheep of an unhappy swain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damsel shall obtain.
Thou, varlet, dost thy master's gains devour:
Thou milk'st his ewes, and often twice an hour;
Of grass and fodder thou defraud'st the dams;
And of their mother's dugs, the starving lambs.

DAM. Good words, young Catamite, at least to men:
We know who did your business, how, and when.
And in what chapel too you plaid your prize;
And what the goats observ'd with leering eyes:
The nymphs were kind, and laugh'd, and there your safety lies.

MEN. Yes, when I cropt the hedges of the Lea;
Cut Micon's tender vines, and stole the stays.

DAM. Or rather, when beneath yon ancient oak,
The bow of Daphnis, and the shafts you broke:
When the fair boy receiv'd the gift of right;
And, but for mischief, you had dy'd for spite.

MEN. What nonsense would the fool thy master prate,
When thou, his knave, canst talk at such a rate!
Did I not see you, rascal, did I not?
When you lay snug to snap young Damon's goat?
His mungrel bark'd, I ran to his relief,
And cry'd, There, there he goes; stop, stop the thief:
Discover'd, and defeated of your prey,
You skulk'd behind the fence, and sneak'd away.

DAM. An honest man may freely take his own;
The goat was mine, by singing fairly won.
A solemn match was made; he lost the prize.
Ask Damon, ask if he the debt denies;
I think he dares not; if he does, he lyes.

MEN. Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was so prophan'd to touch that blubber'd lip:
Dunce at the best; in streets but scarce allow'd
To tickle, on thy straw, the stupid crowd.

DAM. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
Our pipes, our skill, our voices, to compare?
My brinded heifer to the stake I lay;
Two thriving calves she suckles twice a day:
And twice besides her beestings never fail
To store the dairy with a brimming pail.
Now back your singing with an equal stake.

MEN. That should be seen, if I had one to make.
You know too well I feed my father's flock:
What can I wager from the common stock:
A stepdame too I have, a cursed she,
Who rules my hen-peck'd sire, and orders me.
Both number twice a day the milky dams;
At once she takes the tale of all the lambs.
But since you will be mad, and since you may
Suspect my courage, if I should not lay,
The pawn I proffer shall be full as good:
Two bowls I have, well turn'd of beechen wood;
Both by divine Alcimedon were made:
To neither of them yet the lip is laid;
The ivy's stem, its fruit, its foliage, lurk
In various shapes around the curious work.
Two figures on the sides emboss'd appear;
Conon, and, what's his name who made the sphere,
And shew'd the seasons of the sliding year,
Instructed in his trade the labouring swain,
And when to reap, and when to sow the grain.

DAM. And I have two to match your pair at home:
The wood the same, from the same hand they came;
The kimbo handles seem with bears-feet carv'd;
And never yet to table have been serv'd:
Where Orpheus on his lyre laments his love,
With beasts encompass'd, and a dancing grove.

But theſe, nor all the proffers you can make,
Are worth the heifer which I ſet to ſtake.
MEN. No more delays, vain boaſter, but begin:
I propheſy before-hand I ſhall win.
Palæmon ſhall be judge how ill you rhyme:
Ill teach you how to brag another time.
DAM. Rhymer, come on, and do the worſt you can:
I fear not you, nor yet a better man.
With ſilence, neighbour, and attention wait:
For 'tis a buſineſs of a high debate.
PAL. Sing then; the ſhade affords a proper place;
The trees are cloath'd with leaves, the fields with graſs;
The bloſſoms blow; the birds on buſhes ſing;
And nature has accompliſh'd all the ſpring.
The challenge to Damætas ſhall belong,
Mænalcas ſhall ſuſtain his under-ſong:
Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
By turns the tuneful Muſes love to ſing.
DAM. From the great Father of the gods above
My Muſe begins; for all is full of Jove;
To Jove the care of heaven and earth belongs;
My flocks he bleſſes, and he loves my ſongs.
MEN. Me Phœbus loves; for he my Muſe inſpires;
And in her ſongs, the warmth he gave, requires.
For him the god of ſhepherds and their ſheep,
My bluſhing hyacinths and my bays I keep.
DAM. My Phyllis me with pelted apples plies,
Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies:
And wiſhes to be ſeen, before ſhe flies.
MEN. But fair Amyntas comes unaſk'd to me,
And offers love; and ſits upon my knee:
Not Delia to my dogs is known ſo well as he.
DAM. To the dear miſtreſs of my love-ſick mind,
Her ſwain a pretty preſent has deſign'd:
I ſaw two ſtock-doves billing, and ere long
Will take the neſt, and hers ſhall be the young.
MEN. Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found,
And ſtood on tip-toes, reaching from the ground;
I ſent Amyntas all my preſent ſtore;
And will, to-morrow, ſend as many more.
DAM. The lovely maid lay panting in my arms;
And all ſhe ſaid and did was full of charms.
Winds, on your wings to heaven her accents bear!
Such words as heaven alone is fit to hear.
MEN. Ah! what avails it me, my love's delight,
To call you mine, when abſent from my ſight!
I hold the nets, while you purſue the prey;
And muſt not ſhare the dangers of the day.
DAM. I keep my birth-day: ſend my Phillis home;
At ſhearing-time, Iolas, you may come.
MEN. With Phyllis I am more in grace than you:
Her ſorrow did my parting ſteps purſue:
Adieu, my dear, ſhe ſaid, a long adieu!
DAM. The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Storms to the wheat, to buds the bitter cold;
But from my frowning fair, more ills I find
Than from the wolves, and ſtorms, and winter-wind.
MEN. The kids with pleaſure browſe the buſhy plain,
The ſhowers are grateful to the ſwelling grain:
To teeming ewes the fallow's tender tree;
But more than all the world my love to me.
DAM. Pollio my rural verſe vouchſafes to read:
A heifer, Muſes, for your patron breed.
MEN. My Pollio writes himſelf; a bull he bred
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.
DAM. Who Pollio loves, and who his Muſe admires,
Let Pollio's fortune crown his full deſires.
Let myrrh inſtead of thorn his fences fill;
And ſhowers of honey from his oaks diſtil.
MEN. Who hates not living Bavius, let him be
(Dead Mævius) damn'd to love thy works and thee:
The ſame ill taſte of ſenſe would ſerve to join
Dog-foxes in the yoke, and ſhear the ſwine.
DAM. Ye boys who pluck the flowers, and ſpoil the ſpring,
Beware the ſecret ſnake that ſhoots a ſting.
MEN. Graze not too near the banks, my jolly ſheep,
The ground is falſe, the running ſtreams are deep:
See, they have caught the father of the flock,
Who dries his fleece upon the neighbouring rock.
DAM. From rivers drive the kids, and ſling your hook;
Anon I'll waſh them in the ſhallow brook.
MEN. To fold, my flock; when milk is dry'd with heat,
In vain the milk-maid tugs an empty teat.
DAM. How lank my bulls from plenteous paſture come!
But love, that drains the herd, deſtroys the groom.
MEN. My flocks are free from love; yet look ſo thin,
Their bones are barely cover'd with their ſkin.
What magic has bewitch'd the wooly dams,
And what ill eye beheld the tender lambs?
DAM. Say, where the round of heaven which all contains,
To three ſhort ells on earth our ſight reſtrains,
Tell that, and riſe a Phœbus for thy pains
MEN. Nay, tell me firſt, in what new region ſprings
A flower that bears inſcrib'd the names of kings:
And thou ſhalt gain a preſent as divine
As Phœbus' ſelf; for Phyllis ſhall be thine.
PAL. So nice a difference in your ſinging lies,
That both have won, or both deſerv'd, the prize.
Reſt equal happy both; and all who prove
The bitter ſweets and pleaſing pains of love.
Now dam the ditches, and the floods reſtrain:
Their moiſture has already drench'd the plain.

THE

FOURTH PASTORAL.

OR,

POLLIO.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet celebrates the birth-day of Salonius, the ſon of Pollio, born in the conſulſhip of his father, after the taking of Solonæ, a city in Dalmatia. Many of the verſes are tranſlated from one of the Sibyls, who propheſied of our Saviour's birth.

SICILIAN Muſe, begin a loftier ſtrain!
Though lowly ſhrubs and trees that ſhade the plain,
Delight not all; Sicilian Muſe, prepare
To make the vocal woods deſerve a conſul's care.
The laſt great age, foretold by ſacred rhymes,
Renews its finiſhed courſe; Saturnian times
Roll round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt orb, in radiant circles run.
The baſe degenerate iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven deſcends:
O chaſte Lucina, ſpeed the mother's pains;
And haſte the glorious birth; thy own Apollo reigns!
The lovely boy, with his auſpicious face!
Shall Pollio's conſulſhip and triumph grace;
Majeſtic months ſet out with him to their appointed race.
The father baniſh'd virtue ſhall reſtore,
And crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The ſon ſhall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes ſeen, and gods and heroes ſee.
The jarring nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden earth ſhall wreathen ivy bring
And fragrant herbs (the promiſes of ſpring),
As her firſt offerings to her infant king.
The goats, with ſtrutting dugs, ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing herds ſecure from lions feed.
His cradle ſhall with riſing flowers be crown'd;
The ſerpent's brood ſhall die: the ſacred ground
Shall weeds and poiſonous plants refuſe to bear,
Each common buſh ſhall Syrian roſes wear.
But when heroic verſe his youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to hereditary praiſe,
Unlabour'd harveſts ſhall the fields adorn,
And cluſter'd grapes ſhall bluſh on every thorn.
The knotted oaks ſhall ſhowers of honey weep,
And through the matted graſs the liquid gold ſhall creep.
Yet, of old fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great cities ſhall with walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd ſhares ſhall vex the fruitful ground,
Another Typhis ſhall new ſeas explore,
Another Argos land the chiefs upon th' Iberian ſhore.
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
But when to ripen'd manhood he ſhall grow,
The greedy ſailor ſhall the ſeas forego;
No keel ſhall cut the waves for foreign wares;
For every ſoil ſhall every product bear.
The labouring hind his oxen ſhall disjoin,
No plough ſhall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine,
Nor wool ſhall in diſſembled colours ſtaine;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrow'd gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece ſhall proudly ſweat;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb ſhall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honours move,
O of celeſtial ſeed! O ſofter ſon of Jove!
See, labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding frame of heaven, and earth, and main;
See, to their baſe reſtor'd, earth, ſeas, and air,
And joyful ages from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To ſing thy praiſe, would heaven my breath prolong,
Infuſing ſpirits worthy ſuch a ſong;
Not Thracian Orpheus ſhould tranſcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crown'd with never-fading bays;
Though each his heavenly parent ſhould inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
Should Pan contend in verſe, and thou my theme,
Arcadian judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious boy, to caſt about
Thy infant eyes, and, with a ſmile, thy mother ſingle out;
Thy mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous qualms of ten long months and travel to requite.
Then ſmile; the frowning infant's doom is read,
No god ſhall crown the board, nor goddeſs bleſs the bed.

THE

FIFTH PASTORAL.

OR,

DAPHNIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin by one conſent to the memory of Daphnis; who is ſuppoſed, by the beſt critics, to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopſus laments his death, Menalcas proclaims his divinity: the whole Eclogue conſiſting of an elegy and an apotheoſis.

MENALCAS

SINCE on the downs our flocks together feed,
And ſince my voice can match your tuneful reed.
Why ſit we not beneath the grateful ſhade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPS. Whether you please that sylvan scene to take,
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make:
Or will you to the cooler shades succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?
MEN. Your merit and your years command the choice:
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.
MOPS. What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?
MEN. Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phyllis, have inspir'd your lays:
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend,
Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.
MOPS. Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ:
I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.
MEN. Such as the shrub to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale sallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine, in sweetness and in height.
MOPS. No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay,
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day.
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent, with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd.
She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and, furious with despair,
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair:
Accusing all the gods, and every star.
The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.
The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore,
They cast the sound to Lybia's desert shore;
The Libyan lyons hear, and hearing roar.
Fierce tigers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear;
And first with curling ivy dress'd the spear;
Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain;
And holy revels for his reeling train.
As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn:
So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
When envious Fate the godlike Daphnis took,
Our guardian Gods the fields and plains forsook:
Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain;
No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
But oats and darnel choke the rising corn.
And where the vales with violets once were crown'd,
Now knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground.
Come, shepherds, come, and strow with leaves the plain;
Such funeral rites your Daphnis did ordain.
With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
And softly let the running waters glide,
A lasting monument to Daphnis raise,
With this inscription to record his praise:
Daphnis, the field's delight, the shepherd's love,
Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above,
Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.
MEN. O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
As to the weary swain with cares oppress,
Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest:
As to the sev'rish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst.
In singing, as in piping, you excel;
And scarce your master could perform so well.
O fortunate young man! at least your lays
Are next to his, and claim the second praise.
Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the powers divine;
For Daphnis was so good to love whate'er was mine.
MOPS. How is my soul with such a promise rais'd!
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear like him, so soft, so sweet a song.
MEN. Daphnis, the guest of heaven, with wondering eyes
Views in the milky way the starry skies.
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds, and rolling year.
For this, with chearful cries the woods resound;
The purple spring arrays the various ground;
The nymphs and shepherds dance; and Pan himself is crown'd.
The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
Nor birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils:
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams and peaceful influence.
The mountain-tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting nature with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted God.
Be still propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold four hallow'd altars we design;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise;
On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.
The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear;
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will cheer.
Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The generous vintage of the Chian vine;
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine.
In winter shall the genial feast be made
Before the fire; by summer in the shade.
Damætas shall perform the rites divine:
And Lictian Ægon in the song shall join.
Alphesibeus, tripping, shall advance;
And mimic satyrs in his antic dance.
When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
And when our fields with victims we survey:
While savage boars delight in shady woods,
And finny fish inhabit in the floods;
While bees on Thyme, and locusts feed on dew,
Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
Such honours as we pay to powers divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, shall be thine.
Such annual honours shall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear and shall condemn thy suppliants to their vow.

MOPS. What preſent worth thy verſe can Mopſus find!
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the ſouthern wind,
That play through trembling trees delight me more;
Nor murmuring billows on the ſounding ſhore;
Nor winding ſtreams that through the valley glide;
And the ſcarce-cover'd pebbles gently chide.
Receive you firſt this tuneful pipe; the ſame
That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
The ſame that ſung Neæra's conquering eyes;
And, had the judge been juſt, had won the prize.
MOPS. Accept from me this ſheephook, in exchange,
The handle braſs, the knobs in equal range.
Antigenes, with kiſſes, often try'd
To beg this preſent in his beauty's pride;
When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.
But what I could refuſe to his requeſt,
Is yours unaſk'd, for you deſerve it beſt.

THE

SIXTH PASTORAL,

OR,

SILENUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this paſtoral; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing tranſformations which have happened in nature ſince her birth. This Paſtoral was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

I FIRST tranſferr'd to Rome Sicilian ſtrains;
Nor bluſh'd the Doric Muſe to dwell on Mantuan plains.
But when I try'd her tender voice, too young,
And fighting kings, and bloody battles ſung;
Apollo check'd my pride: and bade me feed
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.
Admoniſh'd thus, while every pen prepares
To write thy praiſes, Varus, and thy wars,
My paſtoral Muſe her humble tribute brings;
And yet not wholly uninſpir'd ſhe ſings.
For all who read, and, reading, not diſdain
Theſe rural poems, and their lowly ſtrain,
The name of Varus, oft inſcrib'd ſhall ſee,
In every grove, and every vocal tree;
And all the ſylvan reign ſhall ſing of thee.
Thy name, to Phœbus and the Muſes known,
Shall in the front of every page be ſhown;
For he who ſings thy praiſe, ſecures his own.
Proceed my Muſe: Two Satyrs, on the ground,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, their ſire Silenus found.
Dos'd with his fumes, and heavy with his load,
They found him ſnoring in his dark abode;
And ſeiz'd with youthful arms the drunken god.
His roſy wreath was drope not long before,
Borne by the tide of wine, and floating on the floor.
His empty cann, with ears half worn away,
Was hung on high, to boaſt the triumph of the day.
Invaded thus, for want of better bands,
His garland they unſtring, and bind his hands:
For, by the fraudful god deluded long,
They now reſolve to have their promis'd ſong.
Ægle came in, to make their party good;
The faireſt Naïs of the neighbouring flood,
And, while he ſtares around, with ſtupid eyes,
His brows with berries, and his temples dyes.
He finds the fraud, and, with a ſmile, demands
On what deſign the boys had bound his hands.
"Looſe me," he cry'd, "'twas impudence to find
"A ſleeping god, 'tis ſacrilege to bind,
"To you the promis'd poem I will pay;
"The nymph ſhall be rewarded in her way."
He rais'd his voice; and ſoon a numerous throng
Of tripping Satyrs crowded to the ſong;
And ſylvan Fauns, and ſavage beaſts advanced,
And nodding foreſts to the numbers danced.
Not by Hæmonian hills the Thracian bard,
Nor awful Phœbus was on Pindus heard,
With deeper ſilence, or with more regard.
He ſung the ſecret ſeeds of Nature's frame;
How ſeas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender ſoil then, ſtiffening by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding ſeas.
Then earth and ocean various forms diſcloſe;
And a new ſun to the new world aroſe.
And miſts condens'd to clouds obſcure the ſky;
And clouds diſſolv'd, the thirſty ground ſupply.
The riſing trees the lofty mountains grace:
The lofty mountains feed the ſavage race,
Yet few, and ſtrangers, in th' unpeopled place.
From thence the birth of man the ſong purſued,
And how the world was loſt, and how renew'd.
The reign of Saturn, and the golden age;
Prometheus' theft, and Jove's avenging rage.
The cries of Argonaut for Hylas drown'd;
With whoſe repeated name the ſhores reſound.
Then mourns the madneſs of the Cretan queen:
Happy for her if herds had never been.
What fury, wretched woman, ſeiz'd thy breaſt?
The maids of Argos (though, with rage poſſeſs'd,
Their imitated lowings fill'd the grove)
Yet ſhunn'd the guilt of thy prepoſterous love.
Nor fought the youthful huſband of the herd,
Though labouring yokes on their own necks they fear'd;
And felt for budding horns on their ſmooth foreheads rear'd.

Ah, wretched queen! you range the pathleſs wood;
While on a flowery bank he chews the cud:
Or ſleeps in ſhades, or through the foreſt roves;
And roars with anguiſh for his abſent loves.
Ye nymphs, with toils his foreſt-walk ſurround,
And trace his wandering footſteps on the ground.
But ah! perhaps my paſſion he diſdains,
And courts the milky mothers of the plains.
We ſearch th' ungrateful fugitive abroad;
While they at home ſuſtain his happy load.
He ſung the lover's fraud; the longing maid,
With golden fruit, like all the ſex, betray'd;
The ſiſters mourning for the brother's loſs;
Their bodies hid in barks, and furr'd with moſs.
How each a riſing alder now appears:
And o'er the Po diſtils her gummy tears.
Then ſung, how Gallus by a Muſe's hand
Was led and welcom'd to the ſacred ſtrand.
The ſenate, riſing to ſalute their gueſt;
And Linus thus their gratitude expreſs'd,
Receive this preſent, by the Muſes made;
The pipe on which th' Aſcræan paſtor play'd;
With which of old he charm'd the ſavage train,
And call'd the mountain aſhes to the plain.
Sing thou on this, thy Phœbus; and the wood
Where once his fane of Parian marble ſtood.
On this his ancient oracles rehearſe,
And with new numbers grace the God of verſe.
Why ſhould I ſing the double Scylla's fate,
The firſt by love transform'd, the laſt by hate.
A beauteous maid above, but magic arts
With barking dogs deform'd her nether parts:
What vengeance on the paſſing fleet ſhe pour'd,
The maſter frighted, and the mates devour'd.
Then raviſh'd Philomel the ſong expreſt;
The crime reveal'd; the ſiſters cruel feaſt:
And how in fields the lapwing Tereus reigns;
The warbling nightingale in woods complains.
While Progne makes on chimney-tops her moan;
And hovers o'er the palace once her own.
Whatever ſongs beſides, the Delphian God
Had taught the laurels, and the Spartan flood,
Silenus ſung; the vales his voice rebound,
And carry to the ſkies the ſacred ſound.
And now the ſetting ſun had warn'd the ſwain
To call his counted cattle from the plain:
Yet ſtill th' unweary'd fire purſues the tuneful ſtrain.
Till unperceiv'd the heavens with ſtars were hung:
And ſudden night ſurpriz'd the yet unfiniſh'd ſong.

THE

SEVENTH PASTORAL.

OR,

MELIBŒUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Melibœus here gives us the relation of a ſharp poetical conteſt between Thyrſis and Corydon; at which he himſelf and Daphnis were preſent; who both declared for Corydon.

BENEATH a holm, repair'd two jolly ſwains;
Their ſheep and goats together graz'd the plains;
Both young Arcadians, both alike inſpir'd
To ſing and anſwer as the ſong requir'd.
Daphnis, as umpire, took the middle ſeat;
And fortune thither led my weary feet.
For while I fenc'd my myrtles from the cold,
The father of my flock had wander'd from the fold.
Of Daphnis I enquir'd; he, ſmiling, ſaid,
Diſmiſs your fear, and pointed where he fed.
And, if no greater cares diſturb your mind,
Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.
Your lowing heifers, of their own accord,
At watering time will ſeek the neighbouring ford.
Here wanton Mincius winds along the meads,
And ſhades his happy banks with bending reeds:
And ſee from yon old oak, that mates the ſkies,
How black the clouds of ſwarming bees ariſe.
What ſhould I do! nor was Alcippe nigh,
Nor abſent Phyllis could my care ſupply,
To houſe, and feed by hand my weaning lambs,
And drain the ſtrutting udders of their dams?
Great was the ſtriſe betwixt the ſinging ſwains:
And I preferr'd my pleaſure to my gains.
Alternate rhyme the ready champions choſe:
Theſe Corydon rehears'd, and Thyrſis thoſe.

COR. Ye muſes, ever fair and ever young,
Aſſiſt my numbers, and inſpire my ſong.
With all my Codrus O inſpire my breaſt,
For Codrus, after Phœbus, ſings the beſt.
Or if my wiſhes have preſum'd too high,
And ſtretch'd their bounds beyond mortality,
The praiſe of artful numbers I reſign:
And hang my pipe upon the ſacred pine.

THYR. Arcadian ſwains, your youthful poet crown
With ivy wreaths; though ſurly Codrus frown.
Or if he blaſt my Muſe with envious praiſe,
Then fence my brows with amulets of bays;
Leſt his ill arts or his malicious tongue
Should poiſon or bewitch my growing ſong.

COR. Theſe branches of a ſtag, this tuſky boar
(The firſt eſſay of arms untry'd before)
Young Mycon offers, Delia, to thy ſhrine;
But ſpeed his hunting with thy power divine.
Thy ſtatue then of Parian ſtone ſhall ſtand;
Thy legs in buſkins with a purple band.

THYR. This bowl of milk, theſe cakes, (our country fare,)
For thee, Priapus, yearly we prepare,
Becauſe a little garden is thy care.
But if the falling lambs increaſe my fold,
Thy marble ſtatue ſhall be turn'd to gold.

COR. Fair Galatea, with thy ſilver feet,
O, whiter than the ſwan, and more than Hybla ſweet;
Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,
Come, charm thy ſhepherd, and reſtore my ſoul.
Come when my lated ſheep at night return;
And crown the ſilent hours, and ſtop the roſy morn.

THYR. May I become as abject in thy ſight,
As ſea-weed on the ſhore, and black as night:
Rough as a bur, deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws;
Such and ſo monſtrous let thy ſwain appear,
If one day's abſence looks not like a year.
Hence from the field for ſhame: the flock deſerves
No better feeding, while the ſhepherd ſtarves.

COR. Ye moſſy ſprings, inviting eaſy ſleep,
Ye trees, whoſe leafy ſhades thoſe moſſy fountains keep,

Defend my flock; the summer heats are near,
And blossoms on the swelling vines appear.
THYR. With heapy fires our chearful hearth is crown'd;
And fir for torches in the woods abound:
We fear not more the winds, and wintry cold,
Than streams the banks, or wolves the bleating fold.
COR. Our woods with juniper and chesnuts crown'd;
With falling fruits and berries paint the ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her stores around.
But if Alexis from our mountains fly,
Ev'n running rivers leave their channels dry.
THYR. Parch'd are the plains, and frying is the field,
Nor withering vines their juicy vintage yield.
But if returning Phyllis bless the plain,
The grass revives; the woods are green again;
And Jove descends in showers of kindly rain.
COR. The poplar is by great Alcides worn;
The brows of Phœbus his own bays adorn;
The branching vine the jolly Bacchus loves;
The Cyprian queen delights in myrtle groves.
With hazle Phyllis crowns her flowing hair;
And while she loves that common wreath to wear,
Nor bays, nor myrtle boughs, with hazle shall compare.
THYR. The towering ash is fairest in the woods;
In garden pines, and poplars by the floods;
But if my Lycidas will ev'nemy pains,
And often visit our forsaken plains,
To him the towering ash shall yield in woods;
In gardens pines, and poplars by the floods.
MEL. These rhymes I did to memory commend,
When vanquish'd Thyrsis did in vain contend;
Since when 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns.

THE

EIGHTH PASTORAL.

OR,

PHARMACEUTRIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral contains the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus. The first of them bewails the loss of his mistress, and repines at the success of his rival Mopsus. The other repeats the charms of some Enchantress, who endeavoured, by her spells and magic, to make Daphnis in love with her.

THE mournful Muse of two despairing swains,
The dove rejected, and the lover's pains,
To which the savage lynxes listening stood,
The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood:
The hungry herd their needful food refuse;
Of two despairing swains I sing the mournful Muse.
Great Pollio, thou for whom thy Rome prepares
The ready triumph of thy finish'd wars,
Whether Timavus or th' Illyrian coast,
Whatever land or sea thy presence boast;
Is there an hour in fate reserv'd for me,
To sing thy deeds in numbers worthy thee?
In numbers like to thine, could I rehearse
Thy lofty tragic scenes, thy labour'd verse;
The world another Sophocles in thee,
Another Homer should behold in me:
Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine,
Thine was my earliest Muse; my latest shall be thine.
Scarce from the world the shades of night withdrew;
Scarce were the flocks refresh'd with morning dew,
When Damon, stretch'd beneath an olive shade,
And wildly starting upwards, thus inveigh'd
Against the conscious gods, and curs'd the cruel maid:
Star of the morning, why dost thou delay?
Come Lucifer, drive on the lagging day?
While I my Nisa's perjur'd faith deplore;
Witness, ye Powers, by whom she falsely swore!
The gods, alas! are witnesses in vain;
Yet shall my dying breath to heaven complain.
Begin with me my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
The pines of Maenalus, the vocal grove,
Are ever full of verse, and full of love:
They hear the hinds, they hear their God complain;
Who suffer'd not the reeds to rise in vain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
Mopsus triumphs; he weds the willing fair:
When such is Nisa's choice, what lover can despair!
Now griffons joins with mares; another age
Shall see the hound and hind their thirst assuage
Promiscuous at the spring: prepare the lights,
O Mopsus! and perform the bridal rites.
Scatter thy nuts among the scrambling boys:
Thine is the night, and thine the nuptial joys.
For thee the sun declines: O happy swain!
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
O, Nisa! justly to thy choice condemn'd!
Whom hast thou taken, whom hast thou contemn'd!
For him, thou hast refus'd my browsing herd,
Scorn'd my thick eye-brows, and my shaggy beard.
Unhappy Damon sighs, and sings in vain:
While Nisa thinks no God regards a lover's pain.
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
I view'd thee first, how fatal was the view!
And led thee where the ruddy wildings grew
High on the planted hedge, and wet with morning dew.
Then scarce the bending branches I could win,
The callow down began to cloath my chin;
I saw, I perish'd; yet indulg'd my pain:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strain.
I know thee, love; in desarts thou wert bred;
And at the dugs of savage tigers fed:
Alien of birth, usurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Maenalian strains.

Relentleſs love the cruel mother led,
The blood of her unhappy babes to ſhed:
Love lent the ſword; the mother ſtruck the blow;
Inhuman ſhe; but more unhappy thou.
Alien of birth, uſurper of the plains:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrains.
Old doting Nature, change thy courſe anew:
And let the trembling lamb the wolf purſue:
Let oaks now glitter with Heſperian fruit,
And purple daffodils from alder ſhoot.
Fat amber let the tamariſk diſtil:
And hooting owls contend with ſwans in ſkill.
Hoarſe Tityrus ſtrive with Orpheus in the woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the floods.
Or, oh! let nature ceaſe, and chaos reign:
Begin with me, my flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Let earth be ſea; and let the whelming tide
The lifeleſs limbs of luckleſs Damon hide:
Farewell, ye ſecret woods and ſhady groves,
Haunts of my youth, and conſcious of my loves!
From yon high cliff I plunge into the main;
Take the laſt preſent of thy dying ſwain:
And ceaſe, my ſilent flute, the ſweet Mænalian ſtrain.
Now take your turns, ye Muſes, to rehearſe
His friend's complaints; and mighty magic verſe.
Bring running water, bind thoſe altars round
With fillets; and with vervain ſtrow the ground:
Make fat with frankincenſe the ſacred fires,
To re-inflame my Daphnis with deſires.
'Tis done, we want but verſe. Reſtore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Pale Phœbe, drawn by verſe from heaven deſcends;
And Circe chang'd with charms Ulyſſes' friends.
Verſe breaks the ground, and penetrates the brake,
And in the winding cavern ſplits the ſnake.
Verſe fires the frozen veins: reſtore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Around his waxen image firſt I wind
Three woollen fillets, of three colours join'd:
Thrice bind about his thrice-devoted head,
Which round the ſacred altar thrice is led.
Unequal numbers pleaſe the gods: my charms,
Reſtore my Daphnis to my longing arms.
Knit with three knots the fillets, knit them ſtraight;
Then ſay, Theſe knots to love I conſecrate.
Haſte, Amaryllis, haſte; reſtore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As fire this figure hardens, made of clay;
And this of wax with fire conſumes away;
Such let the ſoul of cruel Daphnis be;
Hard to the reſt of women; ſoft to me.
Crumble the ſacred mole of ſalt and corn,
Next in the fire the bays with brimſtone burn.
And while it crackles in the ſulphur, ſay,
This, I for Daphnis burn; thus Daphnis burn away.
This laurel is his fate: reſtore, my charms,
My lovely Daphnis to my longing arms.
As when the raging heifer, through the grove,
Stung with deſire, purſues her wandering love;
Faint at the laſt, ſhe ſeeks the weedy pools
To quench her thirſt, and on the ruſhes rolls:
Careleſs of night, unmindful to return;
Such fruitleſs fires perfidious Daphnis burn.
While I ſo ſcorn his love; reſtore my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.

Theſe garments once were his; and left to me;
The pledges of his promis'd loyalty:
Which underneath my threſhold I beſtow;
Theſe pawns, O ſacred earth! to me my Daphnis owe.
As theſe were his, ſo mine is he: my charms,
Reſtore their lingering lord to my deluded arms.
Theſe poiſonous plants, for magic uſe deſign'd,
(The nobleſt and the beſt of all the baneful kind,)
Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic ſtrand,
And cull'd the miſchief of a bounteous land.
Smear'd with theſe powerful juices, on the plain
He howls a wolf among the hungry train:
And oft the mighty necromancer boaſts,
With theſe, to call from tombs the ſtalking ghoſts;
And from the roots to tear the ſtanding corn,
Which, whirl'd aloft, to diſtant fields is borne.
Such is the ſtrength of ſpells: reſtore, my charms,
My lingering Daphnis to my longing arms.
Bear out theſe aſhes; caſt them in the brook;
Caſt backwards o'er your head, nor turn your look:
Since neither gods, nor godlike verſe can move,
Break out, ye ſmother'd fires, and kindle ſmother'd love.
Exert your utmoſt power, my lingering charms,
And force my Daphnis to my longing arms.
See, while my laſt endeavours I delay,
The waking aſhes riſe, and round our altars play!
Run to the threſhold, Amaryllis; hark,
Our Hylas opens, and begins to bark.
Good heaven! may lovers what they wiſh believe;
Or dream their wiſhes, and thoſe dreams deceive!
No more, my Daphnis comes; no more, my charms;
He comes, he runs, he leaps, to my deſiring arms.

THE NINTH PASTORAL, OR, LYCIDAS AND MŒRIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Virgil, by the favour of Auguſtus, had recovered his patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by Arius the Centurion, to whom thoſe lands were aſſigned by the Emperor, in reward of his ſervice againſt Brutus and Caſſius. This Paſtoral therefore is filled with complaints of his hard uſage; and the perſons introduced, are the Bailiff of Virgil, Mœris, and his friend Lycidas.

LYCIDAS.

HO, Mœris! whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to town.
MOER. O Lycidas, at laſt
The time is come I never thought to ſee,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me)

When the grim captain, in a ſurly tone,
Cries out, Pack up, ye raſcals! and be gone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd,
And theſe two kids t' appeaſe his angry mood
I bear, of which the furies give him good!
Lyc. Your country friends were told another tale;
That from the ſloping mountain to the vale,
And dodder'd oak, and all the banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his fortune with a ſong.
Moer. Such was the news, indeed; but ſongs and rhymes
Prevail as much in theſe hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling fowl, that riſe
Againſt an eagle ſouſing from the ſkies.
And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the croak,
Of an old raven, from a hollow oak,
To ſhun debate, Menalcas had been ſlain,
And Mœris not ſurviv'd him, to complain.
Lyc. Now heaven defend! could barbarous rage induce
The brutal ſon of Mars t' inſult the ſacred Muſe!
Who then ſhould ſing the nymphs, or who rehearſe
The waters gliding in a ſmoother verſe!
Or Amaryllis praiſe, that heavenly lay,
That ſhorten'd, as we went, our tedious way.
O Tityrus, tend my herd, and ſee them fed;
To morning paſtures, evening waters, led:
And 'ware the Lybian ridgel's butting head.
Moer. Or what unfiniſh'd he to Varus read;
Thy name, O Varus (if the kinder Powers
Preſerve our plains, and ſhield the Mantuan towers,
Obnoxious by Cremona's neighbouring crime,)
The wings of ſwans, and ſtronger pinion'd rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal gift of gratitude to Jove.
Lyc. Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy ſwarms the baleful eugh avoid:
So may thy cows their burden'd bags diſtend,
And trees to goats their willing branches bend.
Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a member of the tuneful trade:
At leaſt, the ſhepherds ſeem to like my lays,
But I diſcern their flattery from their praiſe:
I nor to Cinna's ears, nor Varus' dare aſpire;
But gabble like a gooſe, amidſt the ſwan-like quire.
Moer. 'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are the verſes of a vulgar kind.
Come, Galatea, come, the ſeas forſake;
What pleaſures can the tides with their hoarſe murmurs make?
See, on the ſhore inhabits purple ſpring,
Where nightingales their love-ſick ditty ſing;
See, meads with purling ſtreams, with flowers the ground,
The grottoes cool, with ſhady poplars crown'd,
And creeping vines on arbours weav'd around.
Come then, and leave the wave's tumultuous roar.
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the ſhore.
Lyc. Or that ſweet ſong I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry night;
The tune I ſtill remain, but not the words.
Moer. Why, Daphnis, doſt thou ſearch in old records,
To know the ſeaſons when the ſtars ariſe?
See Cæſar's lamp is lighted in the ſkies:
The ſtar, whoſe rays the bluſhing grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening ears of corn.
Under this influence graft the tender ſhoot;
Thy childrens children ſhall enjoy the fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for cares and time
Change all things, and untune my ſoul to rhyme:
I could have once ſung down a ſummer's ſun,
But now the chime of poetry is done.
My voice grows hoarſe; I feel the notes decay,
As if the wolves had ſeen me firſt to day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.
Lyc. Thy ſaint excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the waves roll ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſht winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend,
As if thy tuneful ſong they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern Bianor's tomb;
Here, where the labourer's hands have form'd a bow'r
Of wreathing trees, in finging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary limbs, thy kids lay down,
We've day before us yet, to reach the town:
Or if, ere night, the gathering clouds we fear,
A ſong will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Singing, I'll eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy load.
Moer. Ceaſe to requeſt me; let us mind our way;
Another ſong requires another day.
When good Menalcas comes, if he rejoice,
And find a friend at court, I'll find a voice.

THE TENTH PASTORAL OR, GALLUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gallus, a great Patron of Virgil, and an excellent Poet, was very deeply in love with one Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris; and who had forſaken him for the company of a ſoldier. The poet therefore ſuppoſes his friend Gallus retired in his height of melancholy into the ſolitudes of Arcadia (the celebrated ſcene of Paſtorals); where he repreſents him in a very languiſhing condition, with all the rural Deities about him, pitying his hard uſage, and condoling his misfortune.

THY ſacred ſuccour, Arethuſa, bring,
To crown my labour: 'tis the laſt I ſing.
Which proud Lycoris may with pity view;
The Muſe is mournful, though the numbers few.
Refuſe me not a verſe, to grief and Gallus due.
So may thy ſilver ſtreams beneath the tide,
Unmix'd with briny ſeas, ſecurely glide.

Sing then, my Gallus, and his hopeleſs vows:
Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browſe.
The vocal grove ſhall anſwer to the ſound,
And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
What lawns or woods withheld you from his aid,
Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
Nor ſteepy Pindus cou'd retard your courſe,
Nor cleft Parnaſſus, nor th' Aonian ſource:
Nothing that owns the Muſes cou'd ſuſpend
Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend.
For him the lofty laurels ſtand in tears,
And ſtrung with humid pearls the lowly ſhrub appears.
Maenalian pines the godlike ſwain bemoan;
When ſpread beneath a rock he ſigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping ſtone.
The ſheep ſurround the ſhepherd, as he lies:
Bluſh not, ſweet poet, nor the name deſpiſe:
Along the ſtreams his flock Adonis fed;
And yet the queen of beauty bleſt his bed.
The ſwains and tardy neat-herds came, and laſt
Menalcas, wet with beating winter maſt.
Wondering they aſk'd from whence aroſe thy flame;
Yet more amaz'd, thy own Apollo came.
Fluſh'd were his cheeks, and glowing were his eyes:
Is ſhe thy care? is ſhe thy care? he cries.
Thy falſe Lycoris flies thy love and thee:
And for thy rival tempts the raging ſea,
The forms of horrid war, and heaven's inclemency.
Sylvanus came; his brows a country crown
Of fennel, and of nodding lilies, drown.
Great Pan arriv'd; and we beheld him too.
His cheeks and temples of vermillion hue.
Why, Gallus, this immoderate grief, he cry'd:
Think'ſt thou that love with tears is ſatisfy'd?
The meads are ſooner drunk with morning dews;
The bees with flowery ſhrubs, the goats with browſe.
Unmov'd, and with dejected eyes he mourn'd:
He paus'd, and then theſe broken words return'd.
'Tis paſt; and pity gives me no relief:
But you, Arcadian ſwains, ſhall ſing my grief:
And on your hills my laſt complaints renew;
So ſad a ſong is only worthy you.
How light would lie the turf upon my breaſt,
If you my ſufferings in your ſongs expreſt?
Ah! that your birth and buſineſs had been mine;
To penn the ſheep, and preſs the ſwelling vine!
Had Phyllis or Amyntas caus'd my pain.
Or any nymph, or ſhepherd on the plain,
Though Phyllis brown, though black Amyntas were,
Are violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?
Beneath the fallows, and the ſhady vine,
My loves had mix'd their pliant limbs with mine;
Phyllis with myrtle wreaths had crown'd my hair,
And ſoft Amyntas ſung away my care.
Come, ſee what pleaſures in our plains abound;
The woods, the fountains, and the flowery ground.
As you are beauteous, were you half ſo true,
Here could I live, and love, and die with only you.
Now I to fighting fields am ſent afar,
And ſtrive in winter camps with toils of war;
While you, (alas, that I ſhould find it ſo!)
To ſhun my ſight, your native ſoil forego,
And climb the frozen Alps, and tread th' eternal ſnow.
Ye froſts and ſnows, her tender body ſpare;
Thoſe are not limbs for iſicles to tear.
For me, the wilds and deſerts are my choice;
The Muſes, once my care; my once harmonious voice.
There will I ſing, forſaken and alone,
The rocks and hollow caves ſhall echo to my moan.
The rind of every plant her name ſhall know;
And as the rind extends, the love ſhall grow.
Then on Arcadian mountains will I chace
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the ſavage race.
Nor cold ſhall hinder me, with horns and hounds
To thrid the thickets, or to leap the mounds.
And now methinks o'er ſteepy rocks I go,
And ruſh through ſounding woods, and bend the Parthian bow:
As if with ſports my ſufferings I could eaſe,
Or by my pains the God of love appeaſe.
My frenzy changes, I delight no more
On mountain tops to chace the tuſky boar;
No game but hopeleſs love my thoughts purſue:
Once more, ye nymphs and ſongs, and ſounding woods, adieu.
Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze;
Or Italy's indulgent heaven forego;
And in mid-winter tread Sithonian ſnow.
Or when the barks of elms are ſcorch'd, we keep
On Meroe's burning plains the Libyan ſheep.
In hell, and earth, and ſeas, and heav'n above,
Love conquers all; and we muſt yield to love.
My Muſes, here your ſacred raptures end:
The verſe was what I ow'd my ſuffering friend.
This while I ſung, my ſorrows I deceiv'd,
And bending oſiers into baſkets weav'd.
The ſong, becauſe inſpir'd by you, ſhall ſhine;
And Gallus will approve, becauſe 'tis mine.
Gallus, for whom my holy flames renew
Each hour, and every moment riſe in view:
As alders, in the ſpring, their boles extend;
And heave ſo fiercely, that the bark they rend.
Now let us riſe, for hoarſeneſs oft invades
The ſinger's voice who ſings beneath the ſhades.
From juniper unwholeſome dews diſtil,
That blaſt the ſooty corn: the withering herbage kill:
Away, my goats, away; for you have brows'd your fill.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in the beginning of this Book, propounds the general deſign of each Georgic: and, after a ſolemn invocation of all the Gods, who are any way related to his ſubject, he addreſſes himſelf in particular to Auguſtus, whom he compliments with divinity; and after ſtrikes into his buſineſs. He ſhews the different kinds of tillage proper to different ſoils, traces out the original of Agriculture, gives a catalogue of the huſbandman's tools, ſpecifies the employments peculiar to each ſeaſon, deſcribes the changes of the weather, with the ſigns in heaven and earth that forebode them. Inſtances many of the prodigies that happened near the time of Julius Cæſar's death. And ſhuts up all with a ſupplication to the gods for the ſafety of Auguſtus, and the preſervation of Rome.

WHAT makes a plenteous harveſt, when to turn
The fruitful ſoil, and when to ſow the corn;
The care of ſheep, of oxen, and of kine;
And how to raiſe on elms the teeming vine;
The birth and genius of the frugal bee,
I ſing, Mæcenas, and I ſing to thee.
Ye Deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the ſeaſons, and the year direct;
Bacchus and foſtering Ceres, Powers divine.
Who gave us corn for maſt, for water wine:
Ye Fawns, propitious to the rural ſwains,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains,
Join in my work, and to my numbers bring
Your needful ſuccour, for your gifts I ſing.
And thou, whoſe trident ſtruck the teeming earth,
And made a paſſage for the courſer's birth;
And thou, for whom the Cæan ſhore ſuſtains
The milky herds that graze the flowery plains;
And thou, the ſhepherds tutelary god,
Leave for a while, O Pan! thy lov'd abode:
And, if Arcadian fleeces be thy care,
From fields and mountains to my ſong repair.
Inventor, Pallas, of the fattening oil,
Thou founder of the plough and plough-man's toil;
And thou, whoſe hands the ſhroud like cypreſs rear;
Come all ye gods and goddeſſes that wear
The rural honours, and increaſe the year.
You, who ſupply the ground with ſeeds of grain;
And you, who ſwell thoſe ſeeds with kindly rain:
And chiefly thou, whoſe undetermin'd ſtate
Is yet the buſineſs of the gods debate;
Whether in after-times to be declar'd
The patron of the world, and Rome's peculiar guard,
Or o'er the fruits and ſeaſons to preſide,
And the round circuit of the year to guide:
Powerful of bleſſings, which thou ſhew'ſt around,
And with thy goddeſs mother's myrtle crown'd.
Or wilt thou, Cæſar, chooſe the watery reign,
To ſmooth the ſurges, and correct the main?
Then mariners, in ſtorms, to thee ſhall pray,
Ev'n utmoſt Thulè ſhall thy power obey;
And Neptune ſhall reſign the faſces of the ſea.
The watery virgins for thy bed ſhall ſtrive,
And Tethys all her waves in dowry give.
Or wilt thou bleſs our ſummers with thy rays,
And, ſeated near the Balance, poiſe the days:
Where in the void of heaven a ſpace is free,
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee.
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region, and contracts his claws.
Whatever part of heaven thou ſhalt obtain,
For let not hell preſume of ſuch a reign;
Nor let ſo dire a thirſt of empire move
Thy mind, to leave thy kindred gods above.
Though Greece admires Elyſium's bleſt retreat,
Though Proſerpine affects her ſiknt ſeat,
And, importun'd by Ceres to remove,
Prefers the fields below to thoſe above.
But thou, propitious Cæſar! guide my courſe,
And, to my bold endeavours, add thy force.
Pity the Poet's and the Ploughman's cares,
Intereſt thy greatneſs in our mean affairs,
And uſe thyſelf betimes to hear and grant our prayers.
While yet the ſpring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen boſom to the weſtern winds;
While mountain ſnows diſſolve againſt the ſun,
And ſtreams, yet new, from precipices run;
Ev'n in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the ſturdy deer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright ſhare is bury'd in the ſoil.
That crop rewards the greedy peaſant's pains,
Which twice the ſun and twice the cold ſuſtains,
And burſts the crowded barns with more than promis'd gains.
But ere we ſtir the yet unbroken ground,
The various courſe of ſeaſons muſt be found;
The weather, and the ſetting of the winds,
The culture ſuiting to the ſeveral kinds
Of ſeeds and plants, and what will thrive and rise,
And what the genius of the ſoil denies.
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres ſuits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with graſs, unbidden, decks the ground.
Thus Tmolus is with yellow ſaffron crown'd;
India, black ebon and white ivory bears;
And ſoft Idume weeps her odorous tears.
Thus Pontus ſends her beaver ſtones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper ſteel for war.
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running ſteeds.
This is th' original contract; theſe the laws
Impoſ'd by Nature, and by Nature's cauſe,
On ſundry places, when Deucalion hurl'd
His mother's entrails on the deſert world:
Whence men, a hard laborious kind, were born.
Then borrow part of winter for thy corn:
And early with thy team the glebe in furrows turn,
That, while the turf lies open and unbound,
Succeeding ſuns may bake the mellow ground.

But if the ſoil be barren, only ſcar
The ſurface, and but lightly print the ſhare,
When cold Arcturus riſes with the ſun:
Leſt wicked weeds the corn ſhould over-run
In watery ſoils; or leſt the barren ſand
Should ſuck the moiſture from the thirſty land.
Both theſe unhappy ſoils the ſwain forbears,
And keeps a ſabbath of alternate years:
That the ſpent earth may gather heat again;
And, better'd by ceſſation, bear the grain.
At leaſt, where vetches, pulſe, and tares have ſtood,
And ſtalks of lupines grew (a ſtubborn wood),
Th' enſuing ſeaſon, in return, may bear
The bearded product of the golden year.
For flax and oats will burn the tender field,
And ſleepy poppies harmful harveſts yield.
But ſweet viciſſitudes of reſt and toil
Make eaſy labour, and renew the ſoil.
Yet ſprinkle ſordid aſhes all around,
And load with fattening dung thy fallow ground.
Thus change of ſeeds for meagre ſoils is beſt;
And earth manur'd, not idle, though at reſt.
Long practice has a ſure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground;
When the light ſtubble, to the flames reſign'd,
Is driven along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warm'd with ſecret ſtrength for better birth;
Or, when the latent vice is cur'd by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire;
Or that the warmth diſtends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nouriſhment ſhe takes;
Or that the heat the gaping ground conſtrains,
New knits the ſurface, and new ſtrings the veins,
Leſt ſoaking ſhowers ſhould pierce her ſecret ſeat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat;
Or ſcorching ſuns too violently beat.
Nor is the profit ſmall, the peaſant makes,
Who ſmooths with harrows, or who pounds with rakes
The crumbling clods: nor Ceres from on high
Regards his labours with a grudging eye;
Nor he, who plows across the furrow'd grounds,
And on the back of earth inflicts new wounds;
For he with frequent exerciſe commands
Th' unwilling ſoil, and tames the ſtubborn lands.
Ye ſwains, invoke the Powers who rule the ſky,
For a moiſt ſummer, and a winter dry:
For winter drought rewards the peaſant's pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd grain.
Hence Myſia boaſts her harveſts, and the tops
Of Gargarus admire their happy crops.
When firſt the ſoil receives the fruitful ſeed,
Make no delay, but cover it with ſpeed:
So ſene'd from cold; the pliant furrows break,
Before the ſurly clod reſiſt the rake.
And call the floods from high, to ruſh amain
With pregnant ſtreams, to ſwell the teeming grain.
Then when the fiery ſuns too fiercely play,
And ſhrivel'd herbs on withering ſtems decay,
The wary ploughman on the mountain's brow,
Undams his watery ſtores, huge torrents flow;
And, rattling down the rocks, large moiſture yield,
Tempering the thirſty fever of the field.
And leſt the ſtem, too feeble for the freight,
Should ſcarce ſuſtain the head's unwieldy weight,
Sends in his feeding flocks betimes t' invade
The riſing bulk of the luxuriant blade;
Ere yet th' aſpiring offſpring of the grain
O'ertops the ridges of the furrow'd plain:
And drains the ſtanding waters, when they yield
Too large a beverage to the drunken field.
But moſt in autumn, and the ſhowery ſpring,
When dubious months uncertain weather bring,
When fountains open, when impetuous rain
Swells haſty brooks, and pours upon the plain;
When earth with ſlime and mud is cover'd o'er,
Or hollow places ſpue their watery ſtore.
Nor yet the ploughman, nor the labouring ſteer,
Suſtain alone the hazards of the year;
But glutton geeſe, and the Strymonian crane,
With foreign troops, invade the tender grain:
And towering weeds malignant ſhadows yield;
And ſpreading ſuccory chokes the riſing field.
The fire of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with eaſe:
And wills that mortal men, inur'd to toil,
Should exerciſe, with pains, the grudging ſoil.
Himſelf invented firſt the ſhining ſhare,
And whetted human induſtry by care:
Himſelf did handy-crafts and arts ordain,
Nor ſuffer'd ſloth to ruſt his active reign.
Ere this no peaſant vex'd the peaceful ground,
Which only turfs and greens for altars found:
No fences parted fields, nor marks nor bounds
Diſtinguiſh'd acres of litigious grounds:
But all was common, and the fruitful earth
Was free to give her unexacted birth.
Jove added venom to the viper's brood,
And ſwell'd, with raging ſtorms, the peaceful flood:
Commiſſion'd hungry wolves t' infeſt the fold,
And ſhook from oaken leaves the liquid gold.
Remov'd from human reach the chearful fire,
And from the rivers bade the wine retire:
That ſtudious need might uſeful arts explore;
From furrow'd fields to reap the fruitful ſtore:
And force the veins of claſhing flints t' expire
The lurking ſeeds of their celeſtial fire.
Then firſt on ſeas the hollow'd alder ſwam;
Then ſailors quarter'd heaven, and found a name
For every fix'd and every wandering ſtar:
The Pleiads, Hyads, and the Northern Car.
Then toils for beaſts, and lime for birds were found,
And deep-mouth'd dogs did foreſt-walks ſurround:
And caſting-nets were ſpread in ſhallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks.
Then ſaws were tooth'd, and ſounding axes made
(For wedges firſt did yielding wood invade);
And various arts in order did ſucceed.
(What cannot endleſs labour urg'd by need?)
First Ceres taught, the ground with grain to ſow,
And arm'd with iron ſhares the crooked plough,
When now Dodonian oaks no more ſupply'd
Their maſt, and trees their foreſt-fruit deny'd.
Soon was his labour doubled to the ſwain,
And blaſting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thiſtles choak'd the fields and kill'd the corn.
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was borne.
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceleſs gueſts, th' unhappy fields ſubdue:
And oats unbleſt, and darnel domineers,
And ſhoots its head above the ſhining ears.
So that unleſs the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frighted from the field;

Unleſs the boughs are lopp'd that ſhade the plain,
And heaven invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And ſhake for food the long-abandoned oak.
Nor muſt we paſs untold what arms they wield,
Who labour tillage and the furrow'd field:
Without whoſe aid the ground her corn denies,
And nothing can be ſown, and nothing riſe.
The crooked plough, the ſhare, the towering height
Of waggons, and the cart's unwieldy weight:
The ſled, the tumbril, hurdles, and the flail,
The fan of Bacchus, with the flying ſail.
Theſe all muſt be prepar'd, if ploughmen hope
The promis'd bleſſing of a bounteous crop.
Young elms with eaſy force in copſes bow,
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough.
Of eight foot long a faſten'd beam prepare,
On either ſide the head produce an ear,
And ſink a ſocket for the ſhining ſhare.
Of beech the plough-tail, and the bending yoke;
Or ſofter linden harden'd in the ſmoke.
I could be long in precepts, but I fear
So mean a ſubject might offend your ear.
Delve of convenient depth your thraſhing-floor:
With temper'd clay then fill and face it o'er:
And let the weighty roller run the round,
To ſmooth the ſurface of th' unequal ground;
Leſt crack'd with ſummer heats the flooring flies,
Or ſinks, and through the crannies weeds ariſe.
For ſundry foes the rural realms ſurround:
The field-mouſe builds her garner under ground,
For gather'd grain the blind laborious mole
In winding mazes works her hidden hole.
In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
The hiſſing ſerpent, and the ſwelling toad:
The corn-devouring weazel here abides,
And the wiſe ant her wintry ſtore provides.
Mark well the flowering almonds in the wood;
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will anſwer to the ſylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'erſhade the tree,
Such and ſo barren will thy harveſt be:
In vain the hind ſhall vex the thraſhing-floor,
For empty chaff and ſtraw will be thy ſtore.
Some ſteep their ſeed, and ſome in cauldrons boil
With vigorous nitre, and with lees of oil,
O'er gentle fires th' exuberant juice to drain,
And ſwell the flattering huſks with fruitful grain.
Yet is not the ſucceſs for years aſſur'd,
Though choſen is the ſeed, and fully cur'd;
Unleſs the peaſant, with his annual pain,
Renews his choice, and culls the largeſt grain.
Thus all below, whether by Nature's curſe,
Or Fate's decree, degenerate ſtill to worſe.
So the boat's brawny crew the current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the ſtream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive.
Nor muſt the ploughman leſs obſerve the ſkies,
When the Kids, Dragon, and Arcturus riſe,
Than ſailors homeward bent, who cut their way
Through Helle's ſtormy ſtralts, and oyſter-breeding ſea.
But when Aſtrea's balance, hung on high,
Betwixt the nights and days divides the ſky,
Then yoke your oxen, ſow your winter grain
Till cold December comes with thriving rain.
Linſeed and fruitful poppy bury warm,
In a dry ſeaſon, and prevent the ſtorm.
Sow beans and clover in a rotten ſoil,
And millet, riſing from your annual toil:
When with his golden horns, in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year;
And Argos and the Dog forſake the northern ſphere
But if your care to wheat alone extend,
Let Maia with her ſiſters firſt deſcend,
And the bright Gnoſian diadem downward bend;
Before you truſt in earth your future hope:
Or elſe expect a liſtleſs lazy crop.
Some ſwains have ſown before, but moſt have found
A huſky harveſt, from the grudging ground.
Vile vetches would you ſow, or lentils lean,
The growth of Egypt, or the kidney-bean!
Begin when the ſlow waggoner deſcends;
Nor ceaſe your ſowing till mid-winter ends:
For this, through twelve bright ſigns Apollo guides
The year, and earth in ſeveral climes divides.
Five girdles bind the ſkies, the torrid zone
Glows with the paſſing and repaſſing ſun.
Far on the right and left, th' extremes of heaven,
To froſts and ſnows and bitter blaſts are given.
Betwixt the midſt and theſe, the gods aſſign'd
Two habitable ſeats for human kind,
And croſs their limits cut a ſloping way,
Which the twelve ſigns in beauteous order ſway.
Two poles turn round the globe; one ſeen to rise
O'er Scythian hills, and one in Libyan ſkies.
The firſt ſublime in heaven, the laſt is whirl'd
Below the regions of the nether world.
Around our pole the ſpiry dragon glides,
And like a winding ſtream the Bears divides;
The Leſs and Greater, who by Fate's decree
Abhor to dive beneath the ſouthern ſea;
There, as they ſay, perpetual night is found
In ſilence brooding on th' unhappy ground:
Or when Aurora leaves our northern ſphere,
She lights the downward heaven, and riſes there.
And when on us ſhe breathes the living light,
Red veſper kindles there the tapers of the night.
From hence uncertain ſeaſons we may know;
And when to reap the grain, and when to ſow;
Or when to fell the furzes; when 'tis meet
To ſpread the flying canvaſs for the fleet.
Obſerve what ſtars ariſe or diſappear;
And the four quarters of the rolling year.
But when cold weather, and continued rain,
The labouring huſband in his houſe reſtrain,
Let him forecaſt his work with timely care,
Which elſe is huddled when the ſkies are fair:
Then let him mark the ſheep, or whet the ſhining ſhare,
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His ſacks, or meaſure his increaſing ſtore;
Or ſharpen ſtakes, or head the forks, or twigs
The ſallow twigs to tye the ſtraggling vines;
Or wicker baſkets weave, or air the corn,
Or grinded grain betwixt two marbles turn.
No laws, divine or human, can reſtrain
From neceſſary works the labouring ſwain,
Ev'n holy-days and feaſts permiſſion yield:
To float the meadows, or to fence the field;
To fire the brambles, ſnare the birds, and fright
In wholeſome water-falls the woolly ſheep.

And oft the drudging aſs is driven, with toil,
To neighbouring towns with apples and with oil:
Returning late, and loaden home with gain
Of barter'd pitch, and hand-mills for the grain.
The lucky days, in each revolving moon,
For labour chooſe: the fifth be ſure to ſhun:
That gave the Furies and pale Pluto birth,
And arm'd, againſt the ſkies, the ſons of earth.
With mountains piled on mountains, thrice they ſtrove
To ſcale the ſteepy battlements of Jove:
And thrice his lightning and red thunder play'd,
And their demoliſh'd works in ruin laid.
The ſeventh is, next the tenth, the beſt to join
Young oxen to the yoke, and plant the vine.
Then, weavers, ſtretch your ſtays upon the weſt:
The ninth is good for travel, bad for theft.
Some works in dead of night are better done;
Or when the morning dew prevents the ſun.
Parch'd meads and ſtubble mow by Phœbe's light,
Which both require the coolneſs of the night;
For moiſture then abounds, and pearly rains
Deſcend in ſilence to refreſh the plains.
The wife and huſband equally conſpire
To work by night, and rake the winter fire:
He ſharpens torches in the glimmering room;
She ſhoots the flying ſhuttle through the loom:
Or boils in kettles muſt of wine, and ſkims
With leaves, the dregs that overflow the brims.
And till the watchful cock awakes the day,
She ſings to drive the tedious hours away.
But in warm weather, when the ſkies are clear,
By day-light reap the product of the year:
And in the ſun your golden grain diſplay,
And thraſh it out, and winnow it by day.
Plough naked, ſwain, and naked ſow the land,
For lazy winter numbs the labouring hand.
In genial winter, ſwains enjoy their ſtore,
Forget their hardſhips, and recruit for more.
The farmer to full bowls invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleaſure ſpends.
So ſailors, when eſcap'd from ſtormy ſeas,
Firſt crown their veſſels, then indulge their eaſe.
Yet that's the proper time to thraſh the wood
For maſt of oak, your fathers' homely food.
To gather laurel-berries and the ſpoil
Of bloody myrtles, and to preſs your oil.
For ſtalking cranes to ſet the guileful ſnare,
To incloſe the ſtags in toils, and hunt the hare.
With Balearic ſlings, or Gnoſian bow,
To perſecute from far the flying doe.
Then, when the fleecy ſkies new clothe the wood,
And cakes of ruſtling ice came rolling down the flood.
Now ſing we ſtormy ſtars, when autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and ſhortens days;
And ſuns declining ſhine with feeble rays:
What cares muſt then attend the toiling ſwain;
Or when the lowering ſpring with laviſh rain,
Beats down the ſlender ſtem and bearded grain,
While yet the head is green, or, lightly ſwell'd
With milky moiſture, overlooks the field!
Or when the farmer, now ſecure of fear,
Sends in the ſwains to ſpoil the finiſh'd year:
Or while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden ſheaves in brittle bands:
Oft have I ſeen a ſudden ſtorm ariſe,
From all the warring winds that ſweep the ſkies:
The heavy harveſt from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter ſtubble borne;
With ſuch a force the flying rack is driven,
And ſuch a winter wears the face of heaven:
And oft whole ſheets deſcend of fluicy rain,
Suck'd by the ſpongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty ſkies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown,
The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring ſound
The riſing rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling ſeas rebound.
The Father of the Gods his glory ſhrouds;
Involv'd in tempeſts, and a night of clouds.
And from the middle darkneſs flaſhing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beaſts in foreſts ſeek abode:
Deep horror ſeizes every human breaſt,
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confeſs'd:
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.
In fear of this, obſerve the ſtarry ſigns,
Where Saturn houſes, and where Hermes joins.
But firſt to heaven thy due devotions pay,
And annual gifts on Ceres' altars lay.
When winter's rage abates, when chearful hours
Awake the ſpring, the ſpring awakes the flowers.
On the green turf thy careleſs limbs diſplay,
And celebrate the mighty mother's day.
For then the hills with pleaſing ſhades are crown'd,
And ſleeps are ſweeter on the ſilken ground:
With milder beams the ſun ſecurely ſhines;
Fat are the lambs, and luſcious are the wines.
Let every ſwain adore her power divine,
And milk and honey mix with ſparkling wine:
Let all the choir of clowns attend the ſhow,
In long proceſſions, ſhouting as they go;
Invoking her to bleſs their yearly ſtores,
Inviting plenty to their crowded floors.
Thus in the ſpring, and thus in ſummer's heat,
Before the ſickles touch the ripening wheat,
On Ceres call; and let the labouring hind
With oaken wreaths his hollow temples bind:
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praiſe,
With uncouth dances, and with country lays.
And that by certain ſigns we may preſage
Of heats and rains, and wind's impetuous rage,
The Sovereign of the heavens has ſet on high
The moon, to mark the changes of the ſky:
When ſouthern blaſts ſhall ceaſe, and when the ſwain
Should near their ſolds his feeding flocks reſtrain.
For, ere the riſing winds begin to roar,
The working ſeas advance to waſh the ſhore:
Soft whiſpers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whiſtle to the murmuring floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful billows ſcarce abſtain
From the toſs'd veſſel on the troubled main;
When crying cormorants forſake the ſea,
And, ſtretching to the covert, wing their way;

When ſportful coots run ſkimming o'er the ſtrand;
When watchful herons leave their watery ſtand;
And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the ſkies, and ſoar above the ſight.
And oft before tempeſtuous winds ariſe,
The ſeeming ſtars fall headlong from the ſkies;
And, ſhooting through the darkneſs, gild the night
With ſweeping glories, and long trails of light:
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and eaſt and weſt engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are cruſh'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And ſailors furl their dropping ſheets amain.
Wet weather ſeldom hurts the moſt unwiſe,
So plain the ſigns, ſuch prophets are the ſkies:
The wary crane foreſees it firſt, and ſails
Above the ſtorm, and leaves the lowly vales:
The cow looks up, and from afar can find
The change of heaven, and ſnuffs it in the wind.
The ſwallow ſkims the river's watery face,
The frogs renew the croaks of their loquacious race.
The careful ant her ſecret cell forſakes,
And drags her eggs along the narrow tracks.
At either horn the rainbow drinks the flood,
Huge flocks of riſing rooks forſake their food,
And, crying, ſeek the ſhelter of the wood.
Beſides, the ſeve al ſorts of watery fowls,
That ſwim the ſeas, or haunt the ſtanding pools:
The ſwans that ſail along the ſilver flood,
And dive with ſtretching necks to ſearch their food,
Then lave their backs with ſprinkling dews in vain,
And ſtem the ſtream to meet the promis'd rain.
The crow, with clamorous cries, the ſhower demands,
And ſingle ſtalks along the deſart ſands.
The nightly virgin, while her wheel ſhe plies,
Foreſees the ſtorms impending in the ſkies,
When ſparkling lamps their ſputtering light advance,
And in the ſockets oily bubbles dance.
Then after ſhowers, 'tis eaſy to deſcry
Returning ſuns, and a ſerener ſky:
The ſtars ſhine ſmarter, and the moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd beams, her ſharpen'd horns.
The filmy goſſamer now flits no more,
Nor halcyons baſk on the ſhort ſunny ſhore:
Their litter is not tofs'd by ſows unclean,
But a blue droughty miſt deſcends upon the plain.
And owls, that mark the ſetting-ſun, declare
A ſtar-light evening, and a morning fair.
Towering aloft, avenging Niſus flies,
While dar'd below the guilty Scylla lies.
Wherever frighted Scylla flies away,
Swift Niſus follows, and purſues his prey.
Where injur'd Niſus takes his airy courſe,
Thence trembling Scylla flies, and ſhuns his force.
This puniſhment purſues th' unhappy maid,
And thus the purple hair is dearly paid.
Then thrice the ravens rend the liquid air,
And croaking notes proclaim the ſettled fair.
Then, round their airy palaces they fly,
To greet the ſun: and ſeiz'd with ſecret joy,

When ſtorms are over-blown, with food repair
To their forſaken neſts, and callow care.
Not that I think their breaſts with heavenly ſouls
Inſpir'd, as man, who deſtiny controls:
But with the changeful temper of the ſkies,
As rains condenſe, and ſun-ſhine rarifies;
So turn the ſpecies in their alter'd minds,
Compos'd by calms, and diſcompos'd by winds.
From hence proceeds the birds harmonious voice;
From hence the cows exult, and friſking lambs rejoice.
Obſerve the daily circle of the ſun,
And the ſhort year of each revolving moon:
By them thou ſhalt foreſee the following day;
Nor ſhall a ſtarry night thy hopes betray.
When firſt the moon appears, if then ſhe throws
Her ſilver creſcent, tipp'd with ſable clouds;
Conclude ſhe bodes a tempeſt on the main,
And brews for fields impetuous floods of rain.
Or if her face with fiery flaſhing glow,
Expect the rattling winds aloft to blow.
But four nights old, (for that's the ſureſt ſign,)
With ſharpen'd horns if glorious then ſhe ſhines,
Next day, not only that, but all the moon,
Till her revolving race be wholly run,
Are void of tempeſts both by land and ſea,
And ſailors in the port their promis'd vows diſcharge.
Above the reſt, the ſun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the ſkies;
For, if he riſe, unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow, and ſpots upon his face;
Or if through miſts he ſhoots his ſullen beams,
Frugal of light, in looſe and ſtraggling ſtreams:
Suſpect a driſling day, with ſouthern rain,
Fatal to fruits and flocks, and promis'd grain.
Or if Aurora with half-open'd eyes,
And a pale ſickly cheek, ſalute the ſkies,
How ſhall the vine, with tender leaves defend
Her teeming cluſters, when the ſtorms deſcend;
When ridgy roofs and tiles can ſcarce avail
To bar the ruin of the rattling hail?
But, more than all, the ſetting-ſun ſurvey,
When down the ſteep of heaven he drives the day.
For oft we find him finiſhing his race
With various colours erring on his face:
If fiery red his glowing globe deſcends,
High winds and furious tempeſts he portends:
But if his cheeks are ſwoln with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his watery hue;
If duſky ſpots are vary'd on his brow,
And ſtreak'd with red a troubled colour ſhows,
That ſullen mixture ſhall at once declare
Winds, rain, and ſtorms, and elemental war.
What deſperate madman then would venture
The friſh, or haul his cables from the ſhore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heaven reſigns to quiet night.
No riſing winds, or falling ſtorms, are
But northern breezes through the foreſt
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled
Th' unerring ſun by certain ſigns
What the late ev'n or early morn
And when the ſouth projects a
And when the clearing north will
away.
The ſun reveals the ſecrets of the
And who dares give the ſource of

The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretel,
And pity'd Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell.
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
Of arms and armies, rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below,
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In silent groves, dumb sheep and oxen spoke,
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook:
The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell:
The weeping statues did the wars foretel;
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.
Then rising in his might, the king of floods
Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods;
And rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and labouring hinds away.
Blood sprang from wells, wolves howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests affright.
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor forky lightnings flash'd from such a sullen sky.
Red meteors ran across th' ethereal space;
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.
For this, th' Emathian plains once more were strow'd
With Roman bodies, and just heaven thought good
To fatten twice those fields with Roman blood.
Then, after length of time, the labouring swains,
Who turn the turfs of those unhappy plains,
Shall rusty piles from the plough'd furrows take,
And over empty helmets pass the rake.
Amaz'd at antique titles on the stones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones.
Ye home-born deities, of mortal birth!
Thou, father Romulus, and mother Earth,
Goddess unmov'd! whose guardian arms extend
O'er Tuscan Tiber's course, and Roman towers defend;
With youthful Cæsar your joint powers engage,
Nor hinder him to save the sinking age.
O! let the blood, already spilt, atone
For the past crimes of curst Laomedon!
Heaven wants thee there; and long the gods, we know,
Have grudg'd thee, Cæsar, to the world below:
Where fraud and rapine, right and wrong confound;
Where impious arms from every part resound,
And monstrous crimes in every shape are crown'd.
The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest;
The fields lie fallow in inglorious rest:
The plain no pasture to the flock affords,
The crooked scythes are straighten'd into swords:
And there Euphrates her soft offspring arms,
And here the Rhine re-bellows with alarms;
The neighbouring cities range on several sides,
Perfidious Mars long-plighted leagues divides,
And o'er the wasted world in triumph rides.
So four fierce coursers starting to the race,
Scour through the plain, and lengthen every pace:
Nor reins, nor curbs, nor threatening cries they fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of the following Book is Planting. In handling of which argument the Poet shews all the different methods of raising trees: describes their variety; and gives rules for the management of each in particular. He then points out the soils in which the several plants thrive best: and thence takes occasion to run out into the praises of Italy. After which he gives some directions for discovering the nature of every soil; prescribes rules for dressing of vines, olives, &c. And concludes the Georgic with a panegyric on a country life.

THUS far of tillage, and of heavenly signs;
Now sing, my Muse, the growth of generous vines:
The shady groves, the woodland progeny,
And the slow product of Minerva's tree.
Great father Bacchus! to my song repair;
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care:
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the last blessings of the year are thine:
To thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
Come strip with me, my god, come drench all o'er
Thy limbs in must of wine, and drink at every pore.
Some trees their births to bounteous Nature owe;
For some without the pains of planting grow.
With osiers thus the banks of brooks abound,
Sprung from the watery genius of the ground:
From the same principle gray willows come;
Herculean poplar, and the tender broom.
But some from seeds inclos'd in earth arise;
For thus the masteful chesnut mates the skies.
Hence rise the branching beech and vocal oak,
Where Jove of old oraculously spoke.
Some from the root a rising wood disclose;
Thus elms, and thus the savage cherry grows:
Thus the green bay, that binds the poet's brows,
Shoots, and is shelter'd by the mother's boughs.
These ways of planting, Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.

Others there are, by late experience found:
Some cut the ſhoot, and plant in furrow'd ground;
Some cover rooted ſtalks in deeper mold:
Some cloven ſtakes, and (wondrous to behold),
Their ſharpen'd ends in earth their footing place,
And the dry poles produce a living race,
Some bow their vines, which, bury'd in the plain,
Their tops in diſtant arches riſe again.
Others no root require, the labourer cuts
Young ſlips, and in the ſoil ſecurely puts.
Ev'n ſtumps of olives, bar'd of leaves, and dead,
Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd head.
'Tis uſual now, an inmate graff to ſee
With inſolence invade a foreign tree:
Thus pears and quinces from the crab-tree come;
And thus the ruddy cornel bears the plum.
  Then let the learned gardener mark with care
The kinds of ſtocks, and what thoſe kinds will bear,
Explore the nature of each ſeveral tree;
And known, improve with artful induſtry;
And let no ſpot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground.
For open Iſmarus will Bacchus pleaſe;
Taburnus loves the ſhade of olive-trees.
  The virtues of the ſeveral ſoils I ſing.
Mæcenas, now thy needful ſuccour bring!
O thou! the better part of my renown,
Inſpire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown;
Embark with me, while I new tracks explore,
With flying ſails and breezes from the ſhore:
Not that my ſong, in ſuch a ſcanty ſpace,
So large a ſubject fully can embrace:
Not though I were ſupply'd with iron lungs,
A hundred mouths, fill'd with as many tongues:
But ſteer my veſſel with a ſteady hand,
And coaſt along the ſhore in ſight of land.
Nor will I tire thy patience with a train
Of preface, or what ancient poets feign.
The trees, which of themſelves advance in air,
Are barren kinds, but ſtrongly built and fair:
Becauſe the vigour of the native earth
Maintains the plant, and makes a manly birth.
Yet theſe, receiving graffs of other kind,
Or thence tranſplanted, change their ſavage mind;
Their wildneſs loſe, and, quitting Nature's part,
Obey the rules and diſcipline of art.
The ſame do trees, that, ſprung from barren roots
In open fields, tranſplanted bear their fruits.
For where they grow, the native energy
Turns all into the ſubſtance of the tree,
Starves and deſtroys the fruit, is only made
For brawny bulk, and for a barren ſhade.
The plant that ſhoots from ſeed, a ſullen tree
At leiſure grows for late poſterity;
The generous flavour loſt, the fruits decay,
And ſavage grapes are made the birds ignoble prey.
Much labour is requir'd in trees, to tame
Their wild diſorder, and in ranks reclaim.
Well muſt the ground be digg'd, and better dreſs'd,
New ſoil to make, and meliorate the reſt.
Old ſtakes of olive-trees in plants revive;
By the ſame methods Paphian myrtles live:
But nobler vines by propagation thrive.
From roots hard hazles, and from cyons riſe
Tall aſh, and taller oak that mates the ſkies:
Palm, poplar, fir, deſcending from the ſteep
Of hills, to try the dangers of the deep.
The thin-leav'd arbute, hazle-graffs receives,
And planes huge apples bear, that bore but leaves.
Thus maſtful beech the briſtly cheſnut bears,
And the wild aſh is white with blooming pears,
And greedy ſwine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred.
  But various are the ways to change the ſtate
Of plants, to bud, to graff, t' inoculate.
For where the tender rinds of trees diſcloſe
Their ſhooting gems, a ſwelling knot there grows;
Juſt in that ſpace a narrow ſlit we make,
Then other buds from bearing trees we take:
Inſerted thus, the wounded rind we cloſe,
In whoſe moiſt womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the ſmoother bole from knots is free,
We make a deep inciſion in the tree;
And in the ſolid wood the ſlip incloſe,
The battening baſtard ſhoots again and grows;
And in ſhort ſpace the laden boughs ariſe,
With happy fruit advancing to the ſkies.
The mother-plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.
  Of vegetable woods are various kinds,
And the ſame ſpecies are of ſeveral minds.
Lotes, willows, elms, have different forms allow'd,
So funeral cypreſs riſing like a ſhrowd.
Fat olive-trees of ſundry ſorts appear,
Of ſundry ſhapes their unctuous berries bear.
Radii long olives, Orchites round, produce,
And bitter Pauſia pounded for the juice.
Alcinoüs' orchard various apples bears:
Unlike are bergamotes and pounder pears.
Nor our Italian vines produce the ſhape,
Or taſte, or flavour of the Leſbian grape.
The Thaſian vines in richer ſoils abound,
The Meriotique grow in barren ground.
The Pſythian grape we dry: Lagæan juice
Will ſtammering tongues and ſtaggering feet produce.
Rathe ripe are ſome, and ſome of later kind,
Of golden ſome, and ſome of purple rind.
How ſhall I praiſe the Rætheian grape divine,
Which yet contends not with Falernian wine?
Th' Aminean many a conſulſhip ſurvives,
And longer than the Lydian vintage lives,
Or high Phanæus king of Chian growth:
But for large quantities and laſting both,
The leſs Argitis bears the prize away.
The Rhodian, ſacred to the ſolemn day,
In ſecond ſervices is pour'd to Jove;
And beſt accepted by the gods above.
Nor muſt Bumaſtus his old honours loſe,
In length and largeneſs like the dugs of cows.
I paſs the reſt, whoſe every race and name,
And kinds, are leſs material to my theme.
Which who would learn, as ſoon may tell the ſands,
Driven by the weſtern wind on Lybian lands;
Or number, when the bluſtering Eurus roars,
The billows beating on Ionian ſhores.
  Nor every plant on every ſoil will grow:
The fallow loves the watery ground, and low;
The marſhes, alders; Nature ſeems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild aſh's reign;
The baleful yeugh to northern blaſts aſſigns;
To ſhores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines.
  Regard th' extremeſt cultivated coaſt,
From hot Arabian to the Scythian froſt:
All ſorts of trees their ſeveral countries know;
Black ebon only will in India grow:
And odorous frankincenſe on the Sabæan tough

alm ſlowly trickles through the bleeding veins
f happy ſhrubs, in Idumæan plains.
he green Egyptian thorn, for medicine good;
Vith Ethiops hoary trees and wooly wood,
et others tell: and how the Seres ſpin
heir fleecy foreſts in a ſlender twine.
Vith mighty trunks of trees on Indian ſhores,
Vhoſe height above the feather'd arrow ſoars,
hot from the tougheſt bow; and by the brawn
f expert archers with vaſt vigour drawn,
harp-taſted citrons Median climes produce:
itter the rind, but generous is the juice:
cordial fruit, a preſent antidote
gainſt the direful ſtepdame's deadly draught:
Vho, mixing wicked deeds with words impure,
he fate of envy'd orphans would procure.
arge is the plant, and like a laurel grows,
nd did it not a different ſcent diſcloſe,
laurel were: the fragrant flowers contemn
he ſtormy winds, tenacious of their ſtem.
Vith this the Medes to labouring age bequeath
ew lungs, and cure the fourneſs of the breath.
But neither Median woods (a plenteous land),
or Ganges, Hermus rolling golden ſand,
or Bactria, nor the richer Indian fields,
or all the gummy ſtores Arabia yields;
or any foreign earth of greater name,
n with ſweet Italy contend in fame.
o bulls, whoſe noſtrils breathe a living flame,
ave turn'd our turf, no teeth of ſerpents here
ere ſown, an armed hoſt, an iron crop to bear.
t fruitful vines, and the fat olives freight,
nd harveſts heavy with their fruitful weight,
dorn our fields; and on the chearful green,
he grazing flocks and lowing herds are ſeen.
he warrior-horſe, here bred, is taught to train:
here flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
hoſe waves for triumphs after proſperous war,
he victim ox and ſnowy ſheep prepare.
epetual ſpring our happy climate ſees;
wice breed the cattle, and twice bear the trees;
nd ſummer ſuns recede by ſlow degrees.
Our land is from the rage of tigers freed,
or nouriſhes the lion's angry feed;
or poiſonous aconite is here produc'd,
grows unknown, or is, when known, refus'd.
or in ſo vaſt a length our ſerpents glide,
r rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry volume ride.
Next add our cities of illuſtrious name,
heir coſtly labour, and ſtupendous frame:
ur forts on ſteepy hills, that far below
s wanton ſtreams in winding valleys flow.
ur two-fold ſeas, that, waſhing either ſide,
rich recruit of foreign ſtores provide.
e ſpacious lakes; thee, Larius, firſt; and next
acus, with tempeſtuous billows vext.
ſhall I praiſe thy ports, or mention make
f the vaſt mound that binds the Lucrine lake;
r the diſdainful ſea, that, ſhut from thence,
ours round the ſtructure, and invades the fence;
here, where ſecure the Julian waters glide,
r where Avernus' jaws admit the Tyrrhene tide?
ur quarries deep in earth, were fam'd of old
or veins of ſilver, and for ore of gold.
he' inhabitants themſelves their country grace;
ence roſe the Marſian and Sabellian race:
trong-limb'd and ſtout, and to the wars inclin'd,
nd hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.
And Volſcians, arm'd with iron-headed darts,
Beſides an offspring of undaunted hearts,
The Decii, Marii, great Camillus came
From hence, and greater Scipio's double name:
And mighty Cæſar, whoſe victorious arms
To fartheſt Aſia carry fierce alarms:
Avert unwarlike Indians from his Rome;
Triumph abroad, ſecure our peace at home.
Hail, ſweet Saturnian ſoil! of fruitful grain
Great Parent, greater of illuſtrious men.
For thee my tuneful accents will I raiſe,
And treat of arts diſcloſ'd in ancient days:
Once more unlock for thee the ſacred ſpring,
And old Aſcræan verſe in Roman cities ſing.
The nature of their ſeveral ſoils now ſee,
Their ſtrength, their colour, their fertility:
And firſt for heath, and barren hilly ground,
Where meagre clay and flinty ſtones abound;
Where the poor ſoil all ſuccour ſeems to want,
Yet this ſuffices the Palladian plant.
Undoubted ſigns of ſuch a ſoil are found,
For here wild olive ſhoots o'erſpread the ground,
And heaps of berries ſtrew the fields around.
But where the ſoil, with fattening moiſture fill'd,
Is cloath'd with graſs, and fruitful to be till'd;
Such as in chearful vales we view from high;
Which dripping rocks with rolling ſtreams ſupply,
And feed with ooze, where riſing hillocks run
In length, and open to the ſouthern ſun;
Where fern ſucceeds, ungrateful to the plough,
That gentle ground to generous grapes allow;
Strong ſtocks of vines it will in time produce,
And overflow the vats with friendly juice;
Such as our prieſts in golden goblets pour
To gods, the givers of the chearful hour;
Then when the bloated Thuſcan blows his horn,
And reeking entrails are in chargers borne.
If herds or fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that graze the field, and burn it bare,
Then ſeek Tarentum's lawns and fartheſt coaſt,
Or ſuch a field as hapleſs Mantua loſt:
Where ſilver ſwans ſail down the watery road,
And graze the floating herbage of the flood,
There cryſtal ſtreams perpetual tenour keep,
Nor food, nor ſprings are wanting to thy ſheep.
For what the day devours, the nightly dew
Shall to the morn in pearly drops renew.
Fat crumbling earth is fitter for the plough,
Putrid and looſe above, and black below;
For ploughing is an imitative toil,
Reſembling nature in an eaſy ſoil.
No land for ſeed like this, no fields afford
So large an income to the village-lord!
No toiling teams from harveſt-labour come
So late at night, ſo heavy laden home.
The like of foreſt land is underſtood,
From whence the ſurly ploughman grubs the wood,
Which had for length of ages idle ſtood.
Then birds forſake the ruins of their ſeat,
And flying from their neſts their callow young forget.
The coarſe lean gravel on the mountain ſides,
Scarce dewy beverage for the bees provides:
Nor chalk nor crumbling ſtones, the food of ſnakes,
That work in hollow earth their winding tracks.
The ſoil exhaling clouds of ſubtle dews,
Imbibing moiſture which with eaſe ſhe ſpews:

Which ruſts not iron, and whoſe mould is clean,
Well cloath'd with chearful graſs, and ever green,
Is good for olives and aſpiring vines,
Embracing huſband elms, in amorous twines!
Is fit for feeding cattle, fit to ſow,
And equal to the paſture and the plough.
  Such is the ſoil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increaſe the land that joins Veſuvius yields;
And ſuch a country could Acerra boaſt,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coaſt,
I teach thee next the differing ſoils to know;
The light for vines, the heavier for the plough.
Chooſe firſt a place for ſuch a purpoſe fit,
There dig the ſolid earth, and ſink a pit.
Next fill the hole with its own earth again,
And trample with thy feet, and tread it in;
Then if it riſe not to the former height
Of ſuperfice, conclude that ſoil is light:
A proper ground for paſturage and vines.
But if the ſullen earth, ſo preſs'd, repines,
Within its native manſion to retire,
And ſtays without, a heap of heavy mire;
'Tis good for arable, a glebe that aſks
Tough teams of oxen, and laborious taſks.
  Salt earth and bitter are not fit to ſow,
Nor will be tam'd and mended by the plough.
Sweet grapes degenerate there, and fruits declin'd
From their firſt flavourous taſte, renounce their kind.
This truth by ſure experiment is try'd:
For firſt an oſier colander provide
Of twigs thick wrought (ſuch toiling peaſants twine,
When through ſtrait paſſages they ſtrain their wine);
In this cloſe veſſel place that earth accurs'd,
But fill'd brimful with wholeſome water firſt:
Then run it through, the drops will rope around,
And by the bitter taſte diſcloſe the ground.
The ſatter earth by handling we may find,
With eaſe diſtinguiſh'd from the meagre kind:
Poor ſoil will crumble into duſt, the rich
Will to the fingers cleave like clammy pitch:
Moiſt earth produces corn and graſs, but both
Too rank and too luxuriant in their growth.
Let not my land ſo large a promiſe boaſt,
Leſt the lank ears in length of ſtem be loſt.
The heavier earth is by her weight betray'd,
The lighter in the poiſing hand is weigh'd:
'Tis eaſy to diſtinguiſh by the ſight,
The colour of the ſoil, and black from white.
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants, that proſper there will ſhow,
Black ivy, pitch trees, and the baleful yeugh.
Theſe rules conſider'd well, with early care
The vineyard deſtin'd for thy vines prepare:
But, long before the planting, dig the ground,
With furrows deep that caſt a riſing mound:
The clods, expos'd to winter winds, will bake;
For putrid earth will beſt in vineyards take,
And hoary froſts, after the painful toil
Of delving hinds, will rot the mellow ſoil.
  Some peaſants, not t' omit the niceſt care,
Of the ſame ſoil their nurſery prepare,
With that of their plantation; leſt the tree
Tranſlated, ſhould not with the ſoil agree.
Beſide, to plant it as it was, they mark
The heav'n's four quarters on the tender bark;
And to the north or ſouth reſtore the ſide,
Which at their birth did heat or cold abide.
So ſtrong is cuſtom, ſuch effects can uſe
In tender ſouls of pliant plants produce.
  Chooſe next a province for thy vineyard's reign
On hills above, or on the lowly plain:
If fertile fields or vallies be thy choice,
Plant thick, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In cloſe plantations there. But if the vine
On riſing grounds be plac'd, or hills ſupine,
Extend thy looſe battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either ſide:
But marſhall'd all in order as they ſtand,
And let no ſoldier ſtraggle from his band.
As legions in the field their front diſplay,
To try the fortune of ſome doubtful day,
And move to meet their foes with ſober pace,
Strict to their figure, though in wider ſpace;
Before the battle joins; while from afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war,
And equal Mars, like an impartial lord,
Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of ſword;
So let thy vines in intervals be ſet,
But not their rural diſcipline forget:
Indulge their width, and add a roomy ſpace,
That their extremeſt lines may ſcarce embrace:
Not this alone t' indulge a vain delight,
And make a pleaſing proſpect for the ſight:
But for the ground itſelf, this only way
Can equal vigour to the plants convey;
Which, crowded, want the room their branches
to diſplay.
  How deep they muſt be planted, would'ſt thou
know?
In ſhallow furrows vines ſecurely grow.
Not ſo the reſt of plants; for Jove's own tree,
That holds the woods in awful ſovereignty,
Requires a depth of lodging in the ground;
And, next the lower ſkies, a bed profound:
High as his topmaſt boughs to heaven aſcend,
So low his roots to hell's dominion tend.
Therefore, nor winds, nor winter's rage o'erthrow
His bulky body, but unmov'd he grows.
For length of ages laſts his happy reign,
And lives of mortal man contend in vain.
Full in the midſt of his own ſtrength he ſtands,
Stretching his brawny arms and leafy hands;
His ſhade protects the plains, his head the hills
commands.
  The hurtful hazle in thy vineyard ſhun:
Nor plant it to receive the ſetting ſun:
Nor break the topmoſt branches from the tree;
Nor prune, with blunted knife, the progeny.
Root up wild olives from thy labour'd lands:
For ſparkling fire, from hinds unwary hands,
Is often ſcatter'd o'er their unctuous rinds,
And after ſpread abroad by raging winds.
For firſt the ſmouldering flame the trunk receives,
Aſcending thence, it crackles in the leaves;
At length victorious to the top aſpires,
Involving all the wood in ſmoky fires,
But moſt, when driven by winds, the ſtorm
Of the long files, deſtroys the beauteous ſcene,
In aſhes then th' unhappy vineyard lies,
Nor will the blaſted plants from ruin riſe:
Nor will the wither'd ſtock be green again.
But the wild olive ſhoots, and ſhades the
plain.
Be not ſeduc'd with wiſdom's empty ſhows,
To ſtir the peaceful ground where Ceres

When winter frosts constrain the field with cold,
The fainty root can take no steady hold.
But when the golden spring reveals the year,
And the white bird returns, whom serpents fear;
That season deem the best to plant thy vines,
Next that, is when autumnal warmth declines;
Ere heat is quite decay'd, or cold begun,
Or Capricorn admits the winter sun.
The spring adorns the woods, renews the leaves,
The womb of earth the genial seed receives.
For then Almighty Jove descends, and pours
Into his buxom bride his fruitful showers;
And, mixing his large limbs with hers, he feeds
Her birth with kindly juice, and fosters teeming seeds.
Then joyous birds frequent the lonely grove,
And beasts, by nature stung, renew their love.
Then fields the blades of bury'd corn disclose,
And, while the balmy western spirit blows,
Earth to the breath her bosom dares expose.
With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground;
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail,
Unhurt by southern showers or northern hail.
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share,
And boldly trust the buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by heaven's imperial king:
In prime of all the year, and holy-days of spring.
Then did the new creation first appear;
Nor other was the tenour of the year:
When laughing heaven did the great birth attend,
And eastern winds their wintery breath suspend:
Then sheep first saw the sun in open fields;
And savage beasts were sent to stock the wilds:
And golden stars flew up to light the skies,
And man's relentless race from stony quarries rise.
Nor could the tender, new creation, bear
Th' excessive heats or coldness of the year;
But, chill'd by winter, or by summer fir'd,
The middle temper of the spring requir'd.
When warmth and moisture did at once abound,
And heaven's indulgence brooded on the ground.
For what remains, in depth of earth secure
Thy cover'd plants, and dung with hot manure;
And shells and gravel in the ground inclose;
For through their hollow chinks the water flows:
Which, thus imbib'd, returns in misty dews,
And, steaming up, the rising plant renews.
Some husbandmen, of late, have found the way,
A hilly heap of stones above to lay,
And press the plants with shreds of potters clay.
This fence against immoderate rain they found:
Or when the Dog-star cleaves the thirsty ground.
Be mindful, when thou hast entomb'd the shoot,
With store of earth around to feed the root;
With iron teeth of rakes and prongs to move
The crusted earth, and loosen it above.
Then exercise thy sturdy steers to plough
Between thy vines, and teach the feeble row
To mount on reeds and wands, and, upward led
On stakes and poles to raise their sorky head.
On these new crutches let them learn to walk,
Till, swerving upwards, with a stronger stalk,
They leave the winds, and, clinging to their guide,
On tops of elms at length triumphant ride.

But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their verdant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nurseling spare.
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant straggliers, nor be loth
To strip the branches of their leafy growth:
But when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandmen, be bold
To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops, which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.
Next, fenc'd with hedges and deep ditches round,
Exclude th' encroaching cattle from thy ground,
While yet the tender germs but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain year:
Whose leaves are not alone soul winter's prey,
But oft by summer suns are scorched away;
And, worse than both, become th' unworthy browse,
Of buffalos, salt goats, and hungry cows.
For not December's frost that burns the boughs,
Nor Dog-days parching heat that splits the rocks,
Are half so harmful as the greedy flocks;
Their venom'd bite, and scars indented on the stocks.
For this the malefactor goat was laid
On Bacchus' altar, and his forfeit paid.
At Athens thus old comedy began,
When round the streets the reeling actors ran;
In country villages, and crossing ways,
Contending for the prizes of their plays:
And glad, with Bacchus, on the grassy soil,
Leapt o'er the skins of goats besmear'd with oil.
Thus Roman youth, deriv'd from ruin'd Troy,
In rude Saturnian rhymes express their joy:
With taunts and laughter loud, their audience please,
Deform'd with vizards, cut from barks of trees:
In jolly hymns they praise the God of wine,
Whose earthen images adorn the pine;
And there are hung on high, in honour of the vine:
A madness so devout the vineyard fills,
In hollow vallies and on rising hills;
On whate'er side he turns his honest face,
And dances in the wind, those fields are in his grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our lays,
And in our mother tongue resound his praise.
Thin cakes in chargers, and a guilty goat,
Dragg'd by the horns, be to his altars brought;
Whose offer'd entrails shall his crime reproach,
And drip their fatness from the hazle broach.
To dress thy vines new labour is requir'd,
Nor must the painful husbandman be tir'd:
For thrice, at least, in compass of a year,
Thy vineyard must employ the sturdy steer,
To turn the glebe; besides thy daily pain
To break the clods, and make the surface plain:
T' unload the branches, or the leaves to thin,
That suck the vital moisture of the vine.
Thus in a circle runs the peasant's pain,
And the year rolls within itself again.
Ev'n in the lowest months, when storms have shed
From vines the hairy honours of their head,
Not then the drudging hind his labour ends,
But to the coming year his care extends:

Ev'n then the naked vine he perſecutes;
His pruning-kniſe at once reforms and cuts.
Be firſt to dig the ground, be firſt to burn
The branches lopt, and firſt the props return
Into thy houſe, that bore the burden'd vines;
But laſt to reap the vintage of thy wines.
Twice in the year luxuriant leaves o'erſhade
Th' incumber'd vine; rough brambles twice invade;
Hard labour both! commend the large exceſs
Of ſpacious vineyards; cultivate the leſs.
Beſides, in woods the ſhrubs of prickly thorn
Sallows and reeds, on banks of rivers born,
Remain to cut; for vineyards uſeful found,
To ſtay thy vines, and fence thy fruitful ground.
Nor when thy tender trees at length are bound;
When peaceful vines from pruning-hooks are free,
When huſbands have ſurvey'd the laſt degree,
And utmoſt files of plants, and order'd every tree;
Ev'n when they ſing at eaſe in full content,
Inſulting o'er the toils they underwent;
Yet ſtill they find a future taſk remain;
To turn the ſoil, and break the clods again:
And after all, their joys are unſincere,
While falling rains on ripening grapes they fear.
Quite oppoſite to theſe are olives found,
No dreſſing they require, and dread no wound;
No rakes nor harrows need, but fix'd below,
Rejoice in open air, and unconcern'dly grow.
The ſoil itſelf due nouriſhment ſupplies:
Plough but the furrows, and the fruits ariſe:
Content with ſmall endeavours till they ſpring,
Soft peace they figure, and ſweet plenty bring:
Then olives plant, and hymns to Pallas ſing.
Thus apple-trees, whoſe trunks are ſtrong to bear
Their ſpreading boughs, exert themſelves in air;
Want no ſupply, but ſtand ſecure alone,
Not truſting foreign forces, but their own;
Till with the ruddy freight the bending branches groan.
Thus trees of nature, and each common buſh,
Uncultivated thrive, and with red berries bluſh;
Vile ſhrubs are ſhorn for browſe: the towering height
Of unctuous trees are torches for the night.
And ſhall we doubt (indulging eaſy ſloth)
To ſow, to ſet, and to reform their growth?
To leave the lofty plants; the lowly kind
Are for the ſhepherd or the ſheep deſign'd.
Ev'n humble broom and oſiers have their uſe,
And ſhade for ſheep, and food for flocks, produce;
Hedges for corn, and honey for the bees:
Beſides the pleaſing proſpect of the trees.
How goodly looks Cytorus, ever green
With boxen groves! with what delight are ſeen
Narycian woods of pitch, whoſe gloomy ſhade
Seems for retreat of heavenly Muſes made!
But much more pleaſing are thoſe fields to ſee,
That need not ploughs, nor human induſtry.
Ev'n old Caucaſean rocks with trees are ſpread,
And wear green foreſts on their hilly head.
Though bending from the blaſt of eaſtern ſtorms,
Though ſhent their leaves, and ſhatter'd are their arms;
Yet heaven their various plants for uſe deſigns:
For houſes cedars, and for ſhipping pines.
Cypreſs provides for ſpokes, and wheels of wains:
And all for keels of ſhips that ſcour the watery plains.
Willows in twigs are fruitful, elms in leaves;
The war from ſtubborn myrtle ſhafts receives:
From cornels javelins; and the tougher yeugh
Receives the bending figure of a bow.
Nor box, nor limes, without their uſe are made,
Smooth grain'd, and proper for the turner's trade;
Which curious hands may carve, and ſteel with eaſe invade.
Light alder ſtems the Po's impetuous tide,
And bees in hollow oaks their honey hide.
Now balance, with theſe gifts the ſumy joys
Of wine, attended with eternal noiſe.
Wine urg'd to lawleſs luſt the Centaur's train,
Through wine they quarrel'd, and through wine were ſlain.
O happy, if he knew his happy ſtate!
The ſwain, who, free from buſineſs and debate,
Receives his eaſy food from Nature's hand,
And juſt returns of cultivated land!
No palace, with a lofty gate, he wants,
T' admit the tides of early viſitants,
With eager eyes devouring, as they paſs,
The breathing figures of Corinthian braſs.
No ſtatues threaten from high pedeſtals;
No Perſian arras hides his homely walls,
With antic veſts; which, through their ſhady fold,
Betray the ſtreaks of ill-diſſembled gold.
He boaſts no wool, whoſe native white is dy'd
With purple poiſon of Aſſyrian pride.
No coſtly drugs of Araby defile,
With foreign ſcents, the ſweetneſs of his oil.
But eaſy quiet, a ſecure retreat,
A harmleſs life that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleſs,
And rural pleaſures crown his happineſs.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undiſturb'd with noiſe,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads, and ſtreams that through the valley glide,
And ſhady groves that eaſy ſleep invite,
And after toilſome days a ſoft repoſe at night.
Wild beaſts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardſhip, and to homely fare,
Nor venerable age is wanting there,
In great examples to the youthful train:
Nor are the gods ador'd with rites profane.
From hence Aſtrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing ſteps appear.
Ye ſacred Muſes, with whoſe beauty fir'd,
My ſoul is raviſh'd, and my brain inſpir'd,
Whoſe prieſt I am, whoſe holy fillets wear,
Would you your Poet's firſt petition hear?
Give me the ways of wandering ſtars to know,
The depths of heaven above, and earth below,
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark receſs they ſhrink again.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
But if my heavy blood reſtrain the flight
Of my free ſoul, aſpiring to the height
Of nature and unclouded fields of light;

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life.
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood.
Some God conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids,
Or lift me high to Hemus' hilly crown;
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down:
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.
Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause.
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.
And happy too is he, who decks the bowers
Of sylvans, and adores the rural powers:
Whose mind, unmov'd, the bribes of courts can see;
Their glittering baits and purple slavery.
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown,
Nor when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one, or pull another down.
Without concern he hears, but hears from far,
Of tumults and descents, and distant war:
Nor with a superstitious fear is aw'd,
For what befals at home, or what abroad.
Nor envies he the rich their happy store,
Nor his own peace disturbs, with pity for the poor.
He feeds on fruits, which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford.
From his lov'd home no lucre him can draw;
The Senate's mad decrees he never saw;
Nor heard, at bawling bars, corrupted law.
Some to the seas and some to camps resort,
And some with impudence invade the court.
In foreign countries others seek renown;
With wars and taxes others waste their own,
And houses burn, and houshold gods deface,
To drink in bowls which glittering gems enchase:
To loll on couches, rich with Cytron steds,
And lay their guilty limbs on Tyrian beds,
This wretch in earth intombs his golden ore,
Hovering and brooding on his bury'd store.
Some patriot fools to popular praise aspire,
Of public speeches, which worse fools admire.
While from both benches, with redoubled sounds,
Th' applause of lords and commoners abounds.
Some through ambition, or through thirst of gold,
Have slain their brothers, or their country sold;
And leaving their sweet homes, in exile run
To lands that lie beneath another sun.
The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills;
And the round year with daily labour fills.
And hence the country-markets are supply'd:
Enough remains for houshold charge beside;
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving train.
Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield;
A crop so plenteous as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks abroad.
Thus every several season is employ'd:
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
The yeaning ewes prevent the springing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear:
'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields.
The winter comes, and then the falling mast
For greedy swine provides a full repast.
Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss;
His little children climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night;
His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
His kine with swelling udders, ready stand,
And, lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.
His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
Fight harmless battles in his homely yard:
Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
To rural Powers a just oblation pays;
And on the green his careless limbs displays.
The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen, round
The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
The groom his fellow-groom at buts defies;
And bends his bows, and levels with his eyes.
Or, stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
So Remus and his brother god were bred:
From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose,
And this rude life our homely fathers chose.
Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
(The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth;)
Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
And in that compass all the world contains.
Ere Saturn's rebel son usurp'd the skies,
When beasts were only slain for sacrifice;
While peaceful Crete enjoy'd her ancient lord,
Ere sounding hammers forg'd th' inhuman sword:
Ere hollow drums were beat, before the breath
Of brazen trumpets rung the peals of death;
The good old God his hunger did asswage
With roots and herbs, and gave the golden age
But, over-labour'd with so long a course,
'Tis time to set at ease the smoking horse.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book begins with the invocation of some rural Deities, and a compliment to Augustus: after which Virgil directs himself to Mæcenas, and enters on his subject. He lays down rules for the breeding and management of horses, oxen, sheep, goats, and dogs; and interweaves several pleasant descriptions of a chariot-race, of the battle of the bulls, of the force of love, and of the Scythian winter. In the latter part of the Book he relates the diseases incident to cattle; and ends with the description of a fatal murrain that formerly raged among the Alps.

THY fields, propitious Pales, I rehearse:
And sing thy pastures in no vulgar verse.

Amphryſian ſhepherd; the Lycæan woods;
Arcadia's flowery plains, and pleaſing floods.
All other themes that careleſs minds invite,
Are worn with uſe, unworthy me to write.
Buſiris' altars, and the dire decrees
Of hard Euryſtheus, every reader ſees:
Hylas the boy, Latona's erring iſle,
And Pelops' ivory ſhoulder, and his toil
For fair Hippodame, with all the reſt
Of Grecian tales, by poets are expreſt;
New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.
I, firſt of Romans, ſhall in triumph come
From conquer'd Greece, and bring her trophies home:
With foreign ſpoils adorn my native place;
And with Idume's palms my Mantua grace.
Of Parian ſtone a temple will I raiſe,
Where the ſlow Mincius through the valley ſtrays;
Where cooling ſtreams invite the flocks to drink:
And reeds defend the winding water's brink.
Full in the midſt ſhall mighty Cæſar ſtand;
Mold the chief honours; and the dome command.
Then I, conſpicuous in my Tyrian gown,
(Submitting to his godhead my renown)
A hundred courſers from the goal will drive;
The rival chariots in the race ſhall ſtrive.
All Greece ſhall flock from far my games to ſee;
The whorlbat and the rapid race ſhall be
Reſerv'd for Cæſar, and ordain'd by me.
Myſelf with olive crown'd, the gifts will bear;
Ev'n now methinks the public ſhouts I hear;
The paſſing pageants and the pomps appear.
I, to the temple will conduct the crew;
The ſacrifice and ſacrificers view;
From thence return, attended with my train,
Where the proud theatres diſcloſe the ſcene:
Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the triumph which their ſhame diſplays.
High o'er the gate, in elephant and gold,
The crowd ſhall Cæſar's Indian war behold;
The Nile ſhall flow beneath; and on the ſide
His ſhatter'd ſhips on brazen pillars ride,
Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn,
And dropping ſedge, ſhall his Armenia mourn;
And Aſian cities in our triumph borne.
With backward bows the Parthian ſhall be there;
And, ſpurring from the fight, confeſs their fear.
A double wreath ſhall crown our Cæſar's brows,
Two differing trophies, from two different foes.
Europe with Afric in his fame ſhall join;
But neither ſhore his conqueſt ſhall confine.
The Parian marble, there, ſhall ſeem to move,
In breathing ſtatues, not unworthy Jove;
Reſembling heroes, whoſe ethereal root
Is Jove himſelf, and Cæſar is the fruit.
Tros and his race the ſculptor ſhall employ;
And he the god, who built the walls of Troy.
Envy herſelf, at laſt grown pale and dumb,
(By Cæſar combated and overcome)
Shall give her hands; and fear the curling ſnakes
Of laſhing furies, and the burning lakes:
The pains of famiſh'd Tantalus ſhall feel;
And Siſyphus that labours up the hill
The rolling rock in vain; and curſt Ixion's wheel.

Mean time we muſt purſue the Sylvan lands;
(Th' abode of nymphs, untouch'd by former hands;
For ſuch, Mæcenas, are thy hard commands.
Without thee nothing lofty can I ſing;
Come then, and with thyſelf thy genius bring;
With which inſpir'd, I brook no dull delay,
Cytheron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open and purſue their prey.
High Epidaurus urges on my ſpeed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horſes breed:
From hills and dale the chearful cries rebound:
For echo hunts along, and propagates the ſound.
A time will come, when my maturer Muſe
In Cæſar's wars a nobler theme ſhall chuſe.
And through more ages bear my ſovereign's praiſe,
Than have from Tithon paſt to Cæſar's days.
The generous youth, who, ſtudious of the prize,
The race of running courſers multiplies;
Or to the plough the ſturdy bullock breeds,
May know that from the dam the worth of each proceeds.
The mother cow muſt wear a lowering look,
Sour-headed, ſtrongly neck'd to bear the yoke.
Her double dew-lap from her chin deſcends;
And at her thighs the ponderous burden ends.
Long are her ſides and large, her limbs are great;
Rough are her ears, and broad her horny feet.
Her colour ſhining black, but fleck'd with white;
She toſſes from the yoke: provokes the fight:
She riſes in her gait, is free from fears,
And in her face a bull's reſemblance bears:
Her ample forehead with a ſtar is crown'd;
And with her length of tail ſhe ſweeps the ground.
The bull's inſult at four the may ſuſtain;
But, after ten, from nuptial rites refrain.
Six ſeaſons uſe; but then releaſe the cow,
Unfit for love, and for the labouring plough.
Now while their youth is fill'd with kindly fire,
Submit thy females to the luſty ſire:
Watch the quick motions of the friſking tail,
Then ſerve their fury with the ruſhing male,
Indulging pleaſure left the breed ſhould fail.
In youth alone, unhappy mortals live;
But, ah! the mighty bliſs is fugitive!
Diſcolour'd ſickneſs, anxious labour come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom.
Yearly thy herds in vigour will impair;
Recruit and mend them with thy yearly care:
Still propagate, for ſtill they fall away,
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.
Like diligence require the courſer's race;
In early choice, and for a longer ſpace.
The colt, that for a ſtallion is deſign'd,
By ſure preſages ſhows his generous kind,
Of able body, ſound of limb and wind.
Upright he walks on paſterns firm and ſtraight,
His motions eaſy; prancing in his gait.
The firſt to lead the way, to tempt the flood;
To paſs the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood.
Dauntleſs at empty noiſes; lofty-neck'd;
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly-back'd,
Brawny his cheſt, and deep: his colour grey;
For beauty dappled, or the brighteſt bay:
Faint white and dun will ſcarce the rearing pay.

The fiery courſer, when he hears from far
The ſprightly trumpets, and the ſhouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right ſhoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Waves in the wind, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double; ſtarting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow:
Or bears his rider headlong on the foe.
Such was the ſteed in Grecian poets fam'd,
Proud Cyllarus, by Spartan Pollux tam'd;
Such courſers bore to fight the god of Thrace;
And ſuch, Achilles, was thy warlike race.
On ſuch a ſhape, grim Saturn did reſtrain
His heavenly limbs, and flow'd with ſuch a mane;
When, half-ſurpriz'd, and fearing to be ſeen,
The ketcher gallop'd from his jealous queen;
And up the ridges of the rocks amain,
Filled with ſhrill neighings till'd the neighbouring plain.

But worn with years when dire diſeaſes come,
Then hide his not ignoble age at home:
In peace t' enjoy his former palms and plains:
And gratefully be kind to his remains.
Or when his blood no youthful ſpirits move,
Languiſhes and labours in his love.
And when the ſprightly ſeed ſhould ſwiftly come,
Dribbling he drudges, and defrauds the womb.
Such as he burns like haſty ſtubble fires;
And in himſelf his former ſelf requires.
His age and courage weigh: nor thoſe alone,
But note his father's virtues and his own;
Observe, if he diſdains to yield the prize;
If loſs impatient, proud of victories.
Haſt thou beheld, when from the goal they ſtart,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Lafh to the race; and panting, ſcarcely bear
In' extremes of fev'riſh hope, and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and laſh with all their force;
The flying chariot kindles in the courſe:
And now a-low, and now aloft they fly,
Seem borne through air, and ſeem to touch the ſky.
No ſtop, no ſtay, but clouds of ſand ariſe,
Turn'd and caſt backward on the follower's eyes.
The hindmoſt blows the foam upon the firſt;
Such is the love of praiſe, an honourable thirſt.
Bold Erichthonius was the firſt, who join'd
Four horſes for the rapid race deſign'd;
And o'er the duſty wheels preſiding ſate;
The Lapithae to chariots, add the ſtate
Of bits and bridles; taught the ſteed to bound;
To run the ring, and trace the mazy round.
To ſtop, to fly, the rules of war to know:
To obey the rider, and to dare the foe.
To chuſe a youthful ſteed, with courage fir'd:
To feed him, break him, back him, are requir'd
Experienc'd maſters, and in ſundry ways:
Their labours equal, and alike their praiſe.
But once again the batter'd horſe beware,
The weak old ſtallion will deceive thy care.
Though famous in his youth for force and ſpeed,
Or was of Argos or Epirian breed,
Or did from Neptune's race, or from himſelf proceed.

These things premis'd, when now the nuptial time
Approaches for the ſtately ſteed to climb;
With food to enable him to make his court;
Diſtend his chine, and pamper him for ſport.
Feed him with herbs, whatever thou canſt find,
Of generous warmth, and of ſalacious kind.
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)
Encourage him to thirſt again, with bran.
Inſtructed thus, produce him to the fair:
And join in wedlock to the longing mare.
For, if the ſire be faint, or out of caſe,
He will be copied in his famiſh'd race:
And ſink beneath the pleaſing taſk aſſign'd:
(For all's too little for the craving kind.)
As for the females, with induſtrious care
Take down their mettle, keep them lean and bare;
When conſcious of their paſt delight, and keen
To take the leap, and prove the ſport again;
With ſcanty meaſure then ſupply their food;
And, when athirſt, reſtrain them from the flood;
Their bodies harraſs, ſink them when they run;
And fry their melting marrow in the ſun.
Starve them, when barns beneath their burden groan;
And winnow'd chaff by weſtern winds is blown;
For fear the rankneſs of the ſwelling womb
Should ſcant the paſſage, and confine the room.
Leſt the fat furrows ſhould the ſenſe deſtroy
Of genial luſt, and dull the ſeat of joy.
But let them ſuck the ſeed with greedy force,
And cloſe involve the vigour of the horſe.
The male has done; thy care muſt now proceed
To teeming females, and the promis'd breed.
Firſt let them run at large, and never know
The taming yoke, or draw the crooked plough.
Let them not leap the ditch, or ſwim the flood,
Or lumber o'er the meads or croſs the wood:
But range the foreſt, by the ſilver ſide
Of ſome cool ſtream, where nature ſhall provide
Green graſs, and fattening clover for their fare,
And moſſy caverns for their noon-tide lare:
With rocks above to ſhield the ſharp nocturnal air.
About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged inſects mighty ſwarms are ſeen:
This flying plague (to mark its quality)
Oeſtros the Grecians call: Aſylus, we:
A fierce loud buzzing breeze; their ſtings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seiz'd with unuſual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagrus haſtens thence, and leaves his channel dry.
This curſe the jealous Juno did invent,
And firſt employ'd for Io's puniſhment.
To ſhun this ill, the cunning leach ordains
In ſummer's ſultry heats (for then it reigns)
To feed the females, ere the ſun ariſe,
Or late at night, when ſtars adorn the ſkies.
When ſhe has calv'd, then ſet the dam aſide;
And for the tender progeny provide.
Diſtinguiſh all betimes, with branding fire;
To note the tribe, the lineage, and the ſire.
Whom to reſerve for huſband of the herd,
Or who ſhall be to ſacrifice preferr'd;
Or whom thou ſhalt to turn thy glebe allow;
To ſmooth the furrows, and ſuſtain the plough:
The reſt, for whom no lot is yet decreed,
May run in paſtures, and at pleaſure feed.
The calf, by nature and by genius made
To turn the glebe, breed to the rural trade;

Set him betimes to school, and let him be
Instructed there in rules of husbandry:
While yet his youth is flexible and green,
Nor bad examples of the world has seen.
Early begin the stubborn child to break;
For his soft neck a supple collar make
Of bending osiers; and (with time and care
Inur'd that easy servitude to bear)
Thy flattering method on the youth pursue:
Join'd with his school-fellows by two and two,
Persuade them first to lead an empty wheel,
That scarce the dust can raise, or they can feel:
In length of time produce the labouring yoke
And shining shares, that make the furrow smoke.
Ere the licentious youth be thus restrain'd,
Or moral precepts on their minds have gain'd;
Their wanton appetites not only feed
With delicates of leaves, and marshy weed,
But with thy sickle reap the rankest land:
And minister the blade with bounteous hand.
Nor be with harmful parsimony won
To follow what our homely sires have done;
Who fill'd the pail with beestings of the cow:
But all her udder to the calf allow.
If to the warlike steed thy studies bend,
Or for the prize in chariots to contend;
Near Pisa's flood the rapid wheels to guide,
Or in Olympian groves aloft to ride,
The generous labours of the courser, first
Must be with sight of arms and sound of trumpets nurs'd:
Inur'd the groaning axle-tree to bear;
And let him clashing whips in stables hear.
Sooth him with praise, and make him understand
The loud applauses of his master's hand:
This from his weaning let him well be taught;
And then betimes in a soft snaffle wrought:
Before his tender joints with nerves are knit;
Untry'd in arms, and trembling at the bit,
But when to four full springs his years advance,
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance;
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat;
To turn, to bound in measure, and curvet.
Let him, to this, with easy pains be brought:
And seem to labour, when he labours not.
Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the wind;
And leaves the Scythian arrow far behind:
He scours along the field, with loosen'd reins;
And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains.
Like Boreas in his race, when rushing forth,
He sweeps the skies, and clears the cloudy north:
The waving harvest bends beneath his blast;
The forest shakes, the groves their honours cast;
He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar
Pursues the foaming surges to the shore.
Thus o'er th' Elean plains, thy well-breath'd horse
Impels the flying car, and wins the course.
Or, bred to Belgian waggons, leads the way;
Untir'd at night, and chearful all the day.
When once he's broken, feed him full and high:
Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.
Before his training, keep him poor and low;
For his stout stomach with his food will grow;
The pamper'd colt will discipline disdain,
Impatient of the lash, and restiff to the rein.
Wouldst thou their courage and their strength improve,
Too soon they must not feel the stings of love.
Whether the bull or courser be thy care,
Let him not leap the cow, or mount the mare.
The youthful bull must wander in the wood;
Behind the mountain, or beyond the flood:
Or, in the stall at home his fodder find;
Far from the charms of that alluring kind.
With two fair eyes his mistress burns his breast;
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;
Forsakes his food, and, pining for the lass,
Is joyless of the grove, and spurns the growing grass,
The soft seducer, with enticing looks,
The bellowing rivals to the fight provokes.
A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred,
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release:
But, feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driven from his native land, to foreign grounds,
He with a generous rage resents his wounds;
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he lost.
Often he turns his eyes, and with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms, once his own.
And therefore to repair his strength he tries:
Hardening his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree:
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite,
But, when he stands collected in his might,
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.
Then, to redeem his honour at a blow,
He moves his camp, to meet his careless foe.
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,
The spumy waves proclaim the watery war,
And, mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,
March onwards, and insult the rocky shore.
They mate the middle region with their height;
And fall no less than with a mountain's weight:
The waters boil, and belching from below
Black sands, as from a forceful engine, throw.
Thus every creature, and of every kind,
The secret joys of sweet coition find:
Not only man's imperial race, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.
'Tis with this rage, the mother lion stung,
Scours o'er the plain, regardless of her young;
Demanding rites of love; she sternly stalks;
And hunts her lover in his lonely walks.
'Tis then the shapeless bear his den forsakes,
In woods and fields a wild destruction makes.
Boars whet their tusks, to battle tigers move;
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.
Then woe to him, that in the desert land
Of Libya travels, o'er the burning sand.
The stallion snuffs the well-known scent afar,
And snorts and trembles for the distant mare:

Nor bits nor bridles can his rage restrain;
And rugged rocks are interpos'd in vain:
He makes his way o'er mountains, and contemns
The lawless torrents and unfording streams.
The bristled boar, who feels the pleasing wound,
New grinds his arming tusks, and digs the ground.
The sleepy leacher shuts his little eyes;
About his churning chaps the frothy bubbles rise:
He rubs his sides against a tree; prepares
And hardens both his shoulders for the wars.
What did the Youth, when love's unerring dart
Transfix'd his liver, and inflam'd his heart?
Alone, by night, his watery way he took;
About him, and above, the billows broke;
The sluices of the sky were open spread,
And rolling thunder rattled o'er his head.
The raging tempest call'd him back in vain,
And every boding omen of the main.
Nor could his kindred, nor the kindly force
Of weeping parents, change his fatal course.
Nor, not the dying maid, who must deplore
The floating carcase on the Sestian shore.
I pass the wars that spotted linxes make
With their fierce rivals, for the females' sake:
The howling wolves, the mastiffs amorous rage;
Then ev'n the fearful stag dares for his hind engage
Or, far above the rest, the furious mare,
Fir'd from the male, is frantic with despair.
Or when her pouting vent declares her pain,
She tears the harness, and she rends the rein;
Then this (when Venus gave them rage and power),
Their masters' mangled members they devour;
The love defrauded in their longing hour.
For love they force through thickets of the wood,
They climb the steepy hills, and stem the flood.
When at the spring's approach their marrow burns
Or with the spring their genial warmth returns),
The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repair,
And with wide nostrils snuff the western air:
Then (wondrous to relate) the parent wind,
Without the stallion, propagates the kind.
Then, fir'd with amorous rage, they take their flight
Through plains, and mount the hills unequal height;
Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
But southward to the rainy regions run;
Or loiring to the west, and hovering there,
With gaping mouths, they draw prolific air:
Hence which impregnate, from their groins they shed
A slimy juice, by false conception bred.
The shepherd knows it well; and calls by name
Hippomanes, to note the mother's flame.
Soon gather'd in the planetary hour,
With noxious weeds, and spell'd with words of power,
The stepdames in the magic bowl infuse;
And mix for deadly draughts, the poisonous juice.
But time is lost, which never will renew,
While we too far the pleasing path pursue;
Surveying nature with too nice a view.
Enough this suffice for herds: our following care
Shall woolly flocks and shaggy goats declare.
Nor can I doubt what oil I must bestow,
To raise my subject from a ground so low:
And the mean matter which my theme affords,
Embellish with magnificence of words.
But the commanding Muse my chariot guides:
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides;
And pleas'd I am, no beaten road to take:
But first the way to new discoveries make.
Now, sacred Pales, in a lofty strain
I sing the rural honours of thy reign.
First, with assiduous care, from winter keep
Well fodder'd in the stalls, thy tender sheep:
Then spread with straw, the bedding of thy fold;
With fern beneath, to fend the bitter cold.
That free from gouts thou may'st preserve thy care,
And clear from scabs, produc'd by freezing air.
Next let thy goats officiously be nurs'd:
And led to living streams, to quench their thirst.
Feed them with winter-browse, and for their fare
A core that opens to the south prepare:
Where, basking in the sun-shine, they may lie,
And the short remnants of his heat enjoy.
This during winter's drisly reign be done:
Till the new ram receives th' exalted sun:
For hairy goats of equal profit are
With woolly sheep, and ask an equal care.
'Tis true, the fleece, when drunk with Tyrian juice,
Is dearly sold: but not for needful use:
For the salacious goat increases more;
And twice as largely yields her milky store.
The still-distended udders never fail;
But, when they seem exhausted, swell the pail.
Mean time the pastor shears their hoary beards;
And eases of their hair, the loaden herds.
Their camelots, warm in tents, the soldier hold;
And shield the shivering mariner from cold.
On shrubs they browse, and on the bleaky top
Of rugged hills, the thorny bramble crop.
Attended with their bleating kids they come
At night unask'd, and mindful of their home;
And scarce their swelling bags the threshold overcome.
So much the more thy diligence bestow
In depth of winter, to defend the snow:
By how much less the tender helpless kind,
For their own ills, can fit provision find.
Then minister the browse, with bounteous hand;
And open let thy stacks all winter stand.
But when the western winds with vital power
Call forth the tender grass, and budding flower;
Then, at the last, produce in open air
Both flocks, and send them to their summer fare.
Before the sun, while Hesperus appears;
First let them sip from herbs the pearly tears
Of morning dews; and after break their fast
On green-sward ground (a cool and grateful taste):
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the dews,
And the sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;
When creaking grashoppers on shrubs complain,
Then lead them to their watering-troughs again.
In summer's heat some bending valley find,
Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind:
Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
In ample breadth thy cattle to defend:
Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To shield them with its venerable shade.
Once more to watering lead; and feed again
When the low sun is sinking to the main.
When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews,
And the cool evening-breeze the meads renews:
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.
Why should my Muse enlarge on Libyan swains;
Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains?

Where oft the flocks without a leader ſtray;
Or through continued deſarts take their way;
And, feeding, add the length of night to day.
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds, nor hoſpitable harbour know;
Such an extent of plains, ſo vaſt a ſpace
Of wilds unknown, and of untaſted graſs,
Allures their eyes: the ſhepherd laſt appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears:
His houſe and houſhold gods! his trade of war,
His bow and quiver; and his truſty cur.
Thus, under heavy arms, the youth of Rome
Their long, laborious marches overcome:
Chearly their tedious travels undergo;
And pitch their ſudden camp before the foe.
Not ſo the Scythian ſhepherd tends his fold;
Nor he who bears in Thrace the bitter cold:
Nor he who treads the bleak Meotian ſtrand;
Or where proud Iſter rolls his yellow ſand.
Early they ſtall their flocks and herds; for there
No graſs the fields, no leaves the foreſts wear:
The frozen earth lies buried there below
A hilly heap, ſeven cubits deep in ſnow:
And all the weſt allies of ſtormy Boreas blow.
The ſun from far peeps with a fickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace;
When up the ſkies he ſhoots his roſy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean ſeeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with ſudden ice conſtrain'd;
And ſtudded wheels are on its back ſuſtain'd.
An hoſtry now for waggons, which before
Tall ſhips of burden on its boſom bore.
The brazen cauldrons with the froſt are flaw'd;
The garment, ſtiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
With axes firſt they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight, the ſolid portions they diſpenſe.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long iſicles depend, and crackling ſounds are heard.
Mean time perpetual ſleet, and driving ſnow,
Obſcure the ſkies, and hang on herds below.
The ſtarving cattle periſh in their ſtalls,
Huge oxen ſtand incloſ'd in wintery walls
Of ſnow congeal'd; whole herds are bury'd there
Of mighty ſtags, and ſcarce their horns appear.
The dextrous huntſman wounds not theſe afar,
With ſhafts or darts, or makes a diſtant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to ſtop their flight:
But cloſe engages in unequal fight.
And while they ſtrive in vain to make their way
Through hills of ſnow, and pitifully bray;
Aſſaults with dint of ſword, or pointed ſpears:
And homeward, on his back, the joyful burden bears.
The men to ſubterranean caves retire;
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire:
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heaven abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolics and in play
They paſs, to drive the tedious hours away.
And their cold ſtomachs with crown'd goblets chear
Of windy cider, and of barmy beer.
Such are the cold Riphean race: and ſuch
The ſavage Scythian, and unwarlike Dutch.
Where ſkins of beaſts the rude barbarians wear,
The ſpoils of foxes, and the furry bear.
Is wool thy care? Let not thy cattle go
Where buſhes are, where burrs and thiſtles grow;
Nor in too rank a paſture let them feed:
Then of the pureſt white ſelect thy breed.
Ev'n though a ſnowy ram thou ſhalt behold,
Prefer him not in haſte for huſband to thy fold.
But ſearch his mouth; and if a ſwarthy tongue
Is underneath his humid palate hung,
Reject him, leſt he darken all the flock;
And ſubſtitute another from thy ſtock.
'Twas thus with fleeces milky white (if we
May truſt report), Pan god of Arcady
Did bribe thee, Cynthia; nor didſt thou diſdain,
When call'd in woody ſhades, to cure a lover's pain.
If milk be thy deſign; with plenteous hand
Bring clover-graſs; and from the marſhy land
Salt herbage for the foddering-rack provide
To fill their bags, and ſwell the milky tide:
Theſe raiſe their thirſt, and to the taſte reſtore
The ſavour of the ſalt on which they fed before.
Some, when the kids their dams too deeply ſuck,
With gags and muzzles their ſoft mouths reſtrain.
Their morning milk, the peaſants preſs at night:
Their evening meal before the riſing light
To market bear; or ſparingly they ſteep
With ſeaſoning ſalt, and ſtor'd, for winter keep.
Nor laſt, forget thy faithful dogs; but feed
With fattening whey the maſtiff's generous breed;
And Spartan race; who, for the fold's relief,
Will proſecute with cries the nightly thief:
Repulſe the prowling wolf, and hold at bay
The mountain robbers, ruſhing to the prey.
With cries of hounds, thou may'ſt purſue the flying hares, and chaſe the fallow deer;
Of flying hares, and chaſe the fallow deer;
Rouſe from their deſart dens the briſtled rage
Of boars, and beamy ſtags in toils engage.
With ſmoak of burning cedar ſcent thy walls,
And fume with ſtinking galbanum thy ſtalls:
With that rank odour from thy dwelling-place
To drive the viper's brood, and all the venomous race.
For often under ſtalls unmov'd they lie,
Obſcure in ſhades, and ſhunning heaven's broad eye:
And ſnakes, familiar to the hearth ſucceed,
Diſcloſe their eggs, and near the chimney breed.
Whether to roofy houſes they repair,
Or ſun themſelves abroad in open air,
In all abodes of peſtilential kind
To ſheep and oxen, and the painful hind.
Take, ſhepherd, take, a plant of ſtubborn oak;
And labour him with many a ſturdy ſtroke:
Or with hard ſtones, demoliſh from afar
His haughty creſt, the ſeat of all the war;
Invade his hiſſing throat, and winding ſpires;
'Till, ſtretch'd in length, th' unfolded foe retires.
He drags his tail, and for his head provides:
And in ſome ſecret cranny ſlowly glides;
But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and hinder'd ſides.
In fair Calabria's woods a ſnake is bred,
With curling creſt, and with advancing head
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding train;
His belly ſpotted, burniſh'd is his back:
While ſprings are broken, while the fountains flow,
And dropping heavens the moiſten'd earth bedew,
He lives on ſtanding lakes and trembling bogs;
He fills his maw with fiſh, or with loquacious frogs;
But when, in muddy pools, the water ſinks;
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;

He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground;
And hilling, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirſt inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide deſtruction threats.
Oh let not ſleep my cloſing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the ſecret ſhade,
When he, renew'd in all the ſpeckled pride
Of pompous youth, has caſt his ſlough aſide,
And in his ſummer livery rolls along,
Erect, and brandiſhing his forky tongue,
Leaving his neſt and his imperfect young;
And, thoughtleſs of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poiſon, for the following year.
The cauſes and the ſigns ſhall next be told,
Of every ſickneſs that infects the fold.
A ſcabby tetter on their pelts will ſtick,
When the raw rain has pierc'd them to the quick:
Or ſearching froſts have eaten through the ſkin:
Or burning iſicles are lodg'd within:
Or when the fleece is ſhorn, if ſweat remains
Unwaſh'd, and ſoaks into their empty veins:
When their defenceleſs limbs the brambles tear;
Short of their wool, and naked from the ſheer.
Good ſhepherds, after ſheering, drench their ſheep,
And their flock's father (forc'd from high to leap)
Swims down the ſtream, and plunges in the deep.
They oint their naked limbs with mother'd oil;
Or from the founts where living ſulphurs boil,
They mix a medicine to foment their limbs;
With ſcum that on the molten ſilver ſwims.
Fat pitch, and black bitumen, add to theſe,
Beſides the waxen labour of the bees:
And hellebore, and ſquills deep-rooted in the ſeas,
Receipts abound, but ſearching all thy ſtore,
The beſt is ſtill at hand—to lance the ſore,
And cut the head, for till the core be ſound,
The ſecret vice is fed, and gathers ground:
While, making fruitleſs moan, the ſhepherd ſtands,
And, when the lancing knife requires his hands,
Vain help, with idle prayers, from heaven demands.
Deep in their bones when fevers fix their ſeat,
And rack their limbs, and lick the vital heat;
The ready cure to cool the raging pain,
Is underneath the foot to breathe a vein.
This remedy the Scythian ſhepherds found:
Th' inhabitants of Thracia's hilly ground,
The Gelons uſe it, when for drink and food
They mix their cruddled milk with horſes blood.
But, when thou ſee'ſt a ſingle ſheep remain
In ſhades aloof, or crouch'd upon the plain;
Or lifelefsly to crop the tender graſs;
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultleſs flock the dire contagion ſpread.
On winter ſeas we fewer ſtorms behold,
Than foul diſeaſes that infect the fold.
Nor do thoſe ills on ſingle bodies prey;
But oftener bring the nation to decay;
And ſweep the preſent ſtock and future hope away.
A dire example of this truth appears:
When, after ſuch a length of rolling years,
We ſee the naked Alps, and thin remains
Of ſcatter'd cots, and yet unpeopled plains:
Once fill'd with grazing flocks, the ſhepherd's happy reigns.
Here from the vicious air, and ſickly ſkies,
A plague did on the dumb creation riſe:
During th' autumnal heats th' infection grew,
Tame cattle, and the beaſts of nature ſlew.
Poiſoning the ſtanding lakes, and pools impure:
Nor was the foodful graſs in fields ſecure.
Strange death! for when the thirſty fire had drunk
Their vital blood, and the dry nerves were ſhrunk;
When the contracted limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then,
A wateriſh humour ſwell'd and ooz'd again;
Converting into bane the kindly juice,
Ordain'd by nature for a better uſe.
The victim ox, that was for altars preſt,
Trim'd with white ribbons, and with garlands dreſt,
Sunk of himſelf, without the gods command:
Preventing the ſlow ſacrificer's hand.
Or, by the holy butcher if he fell,
Th' inſpected entrails could no fates foretel:
Nor, laid on altars, did pure flames ariſe;
But clouds of ſmouldering ſmoke forbade the ſacrifice.
Scarcely the knife was reddened with his gore,
Or the black poiſon ſtain'd the ſandy floor.
The thriven calves in meads their food forſake,
And render their ſweet ſouls before the plenteous rack.
The fawning dog runs mad, the wheaſing ſwine
With coughs is choak'd, and labours from the chine:
The victor horſe, forgetful of his food,
The palm renounces, and abhors the flood.
He paws the ground, and, on his hanging ears,
A doubtful ſweat in clammy drops appears:
Parch'd is his hide, and rugged are his hairs.
Such are the ſymptoms of the young diſeaſe;
But in time's proceſs, when his pains increaſe,
He rolls his mournful eyes, he deeply groans
With patient ſobbing, and with manly moans.
He heaves for breath; which from his lungs ſupply'd,
And fetch'd from far, diſtends his labouring ſides.
To his rough palate, his dry tongue ſucceeds;
And ropy gore he from his noſtrils bleeds.
A drench of wine has with ſucceſs been us'd;
And through a horn the generous juice infus'd:
Which timely taken op'd his cloſing jaws;
But, if too late, the patient's death did cauſe.
For the too vigorous doſe too fiercely wrought;
And added fury to the ſtrength it brought.
Recruited into rage he grinds his teeth
In his own fleſh, and feeds approaching death.
Ye gods, to better fate good men diſpoſe,
And turn that impious error on our foes!
The ſteer, who to the yoke was bred to bow,
(Studious of tillage, and the crooked plough)
Falls down and dies; and dying ſpews a flood
Of foamy madneſs, mix'd with clotted blood.
The clown, who, curſing Providence, repines,
His mournful fellow from the team diſjoins:
With many a groan forſakes his fruitleſs care,
And in th' unfiniſh'd furrow leaves the ſhare.
The pining ſteer no ſhades of lofty woods,
Nor flowery meads, can eaſe; nor cryſtal floods
Roll'd from the rock: his flabby flanks decreaſe;
His eyes are ſettled in a ſtupid peace.

His bulk too weighty for his thighs is grown;
And his unwieldy neck hangs drooping down.
Now what avails his well-deserving toil,
To turn the glebe, or smooth the rugged soil!
And yet he never supp'd in solemn state,
Nor undigested feasts did urge his fate;
Nor day to night luxuriously did join;
Nor surfeited on rich Campanian wine.
Simple his beverage, homely was his food;
The wholesome herbage, and the running flood.
No dreadful dreams awak'd him with affright;
His pains by day secur'd his rest by night.
'Twas then that buffaloes, ill-pair'd, were seen
To draw the car of Jove's imperial queen,
For want of oxen; and the labouring swain
Scratch'd with a rake a furrow for his grain:
And cover'd with his hand the shallow seed again.
He yokes himself, and up the hilly height,
With his own shoulders draws the waggon's weight.
The nightly wolf that round th' inclosure proul'd
To leap the fence, now plots not on the fold:
Tam'd with a sharper pain, the fearful doe
And flying stag, amidst the greyhounds go:
And round the dwellings roam of man, their fiercer foe.
The scaly nations of the sea profound,
Like shipwreck'd carcases are driven aground;
And mighty Phocæ, never seen before
In shallow streams, are stranded on the shore.
The viper dead within her hole is found;
Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.
The water-snake, whom fish and paddocks fed,
With staring scales lies poison'd in his bed:
To birds their native heavens contagious prove,
From clouds they fall, and leave their souls above.
Besides, to change their pasture 'tis in vain;
Or trust to physic; physic is their bane.
The learned leaches in despair depart:
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.
Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round;
Before her drives diseases and affright;
And every moment rises to the sight:
Aspiring to the skies, incroaching on the light.
The rivers and their banks, and hills around,
With lowings, and with dying bleats resound,
At length she strikes an universal blow;
To death at once whole herds of cattle go:
Sheep, oxen, horses fall; and, heap'd on high,
The differing species in confusion lie.
Till, warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,
To lodge their loathsome carrion under ground,
For, useless to the currier were their hides:
Nor could their tainted flesh with ocean tides
Be freed from filth: nor could Vulcanian flame
The stench abolish, or the savour tame.
Nor safely could they shave their fleecy store
(Made drunk with poisonous juice, and stiff with gore);
Or touch the web: but if the vest they wear,
Red blisters rising on their paps appear,
And flaming carbuncles and noisome sweat,
And clammy dews, that loathsome lice beget:
Till the slow creeping evil eats his way,
Consumes the parching limbs, and makes the life his prey.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

GEORGICS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil has taken care to raise the subject of the Georgics: In the first he has only dead matter on which to work. In the second he just steps on the world of life, and describes that degree of it which is to be found in vegetables. In the third he advances to animals: and in the last singles out the bee, which may be reckoned the most sagacious of them, for his subject.

In this Georgic he shews us what station is most proper for the bees, and when they begin to gather honey: how to call them home when they swarm; and how to part them when they are engaged in battle. From hence he takes occasion to discover their different kind; and, after an excursion, relates their prudent and politic administration of affairs, and the several diseases that often rage in their hives, with the proper symptoms and remedies of each disease. In the last place he lays down a method of restoring their kind, supposing their whole breed lost, and gives at large the history of its invention.

THE gifts of heaven my following song pursues,
Aerial honey, and ambrosial dews.
Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings
Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings;
A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose:
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,
if heaven assist, and Phœbus hear my call.

First, for thy bees a quiet station find,
And lodge them under covert of the wind:
For winds, when homeward they return, will drive
The loaded carriers from their evening hive.
Far from the cows and goats insulting crew,
That trample down the flowers, and brush the dew:
The painted lizard, and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind, be far away.
The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Progne, with her bosom stain'd in blood:
These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air;
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare.
But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass;
And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to stop),
Wild olive-trees, or palms, before the busy shop,
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the venturous colony to swarm;

When first their way through yielding air they wing,
New to the pleasures of their native spring;
The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat:
And neighbouring trees, with friendly shade, invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.
Then o'er the running stream, or standing lake,
A passage for thy weary people make;
With osier floats the standing water strow;
Of massy stones make bridges, if it flow:
That basking in the sun thy bees may lie,
And resting there, their flaggy pinions dry:
When, late returning home, the laden host
By raging winds is wreck'd upon the coast.
Wild thyme and savory set around their cell;
Sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell;
Let rows of rosemary with flowering stem,
And let the purple violets drink the stream.
Whether thou build the palace of thy bees
With twisted osiers, or with barks of trees;
Take but a narrow mouth: for as the cold
Congeals into a lump the liquid gold;
So 'tis again dissolv'd by summer's heat,
And the sweet labours both extremes defeat.
And therefore, not in vain, th' industrious kind
With dawby wax and flowers the chinks have lin'd.
And with their stores of gather'd glue, contrive
To stop the vents and crannies of their hive.
Not birdlime, or Idean pitch, produce
More tenacious mass of clammy juice.
Nor bees are lodg'd in hives alone, but found
Chambers of their own, beneath the ground:
Their vaulted roofs are hung in pumices,
And in the rotten trunks of hollow trees.
But plaister thou the chinky hives with clay,
And leafy branches o'er their lodging lay,
Or place them where too deep a water flows,
Or where the yeugh their poisonous neighbour grows:
Or roast red crabs t' offend the niceness of their nose.
Or near the steeming stench of muddy ground:
Or hollow rocks that render back the sound,
And doubled images of voice rebound.
For what remains, when golden suns appear,
And under earth have driven the winter year:
The winged nation wanders through the skies,
And o'er the plains and shady forest flies:
Then, stooping on the meads and leafy bowers,
They skim the floods, and sip the purple flowers.
Exalted hence, and drunk with secret joy,
The young succession all their cares employ:
They breed, they brood, instruct, and educate,
And make provision for the future state:
They work their waxen lodgings in their hives,
And labour honey to sustain their lives.
But when thou seest a swarming cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the skies,
The motions of their hasty flight attend;
And know to floods, or woods, their airy march they bend.
Then melfoil beat, and honey-suckles pound,
With these alluring savours strew the ground,
And mix with tinkling brass, the cymbal's droning sound.
Straight to their ancient cells, recall'd from air,
The reconcil'd deserters will repair.

But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire strive)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murmuring sounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain,
With shouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangors call them out to fight:
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds:
Then to their common standard they repair;
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
And every knight is proud to prove his worth.
Press'd for their country's honour, and their king's,
On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings;
And exercise their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride,
The trusty guards come up, and close the side;
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defy'd.
Thus in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light.
The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain,
Nor shaken oaks such showers of acorn rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of sovereign sway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midst of danger go;
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty souls in narrow bodies prest,
They challenge, and encounter breast to breast;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or die;
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails (for one can only reign).
Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A cast of scarter'd dust will soon allay;
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.
When both the chiefs are sundered from the fight,
Then to the lawful king restore his right.
And let the wasteful prodigal be slain,
That he, who best deserves, alone may reign.
With ease distinguish'd is the regal race:
One monarch wears an honest open face:
Shap'd to his size, and godlike to behold,
His royal body shines with specks of gold,
And ruddy scales; for empire he design'd,
Is better born, and of a nobler kind.
That other looks like nature in disgrace,
Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face:
And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy race:
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
That long have travel'd through a desart plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust again.
The better brood, unlike the bastard crew,
Are mark'd with royal streaks of shining hue;
Glittering and ardent, though in body less:
From these, at pointed seasons, hope to press

Huge heavy honeycombs, of golden juice,
Not only ſweet, but pure, and fit for uſe;
T' allay the ſtrength and hardneſs of the wine,
And with old Bacchus, new metheglin join.
But when the ſwarms are eager of their play,
And loathe their empty hives, and idly ſtray,
Reſtrain the wanton fugitives, and take
A timely care to bring the truants back.
The taſk is eaſy, but to clip the wings
Of their high-flying arbitrary kings:
At their command, the people ſwarm away;
Confine the tyrant, and the ſlaves will ſtay.
Sweet gardens, full of ſaffron flowers, invite
The wandering gluttons, and retard their flight.
Beſides the god obſcene, who frights away,
With his lath ſword, the thieves and birds of prey.
With his own hand, the guardian of the bees,
For ſlips of pines, may ſearch the mountain trees:
And with wild thyme and ſavory plant the plain,
Till his hard horny fingers ache with pain:
And deck with fruitful trees the fields around,
And with refreſhing waters drench the ground.
Now, did I not ſo near my labours end,
Strike ſail, and haſtening to the harbour tend,
My ſong to flowery gardens might extend.
To teach the vegetable arts, to ſing
The Pæſtan roſes, and their double ſpring:
How ſuccory drinks the running ſtream, and how
Green beds of parſley near the river grow;
How cucumbers along the ſurface creep,
With crooked bodies, and with bellies deep.
The late Narciſſus, and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtles green, and ivy pale.
For where with ſtately towers Tarentum ſtands,
And deep Galeſus ſoaks the yellow ſands,
I chanc'd an old Corycian ſwain to know,
Lord of few acres, and thoſe barren too;
Unfit for ſheep or vines, and more unfit to ſow:
Yet, labouring well his little ſpot of ground,
Some ſcattering pot-herbs here and there he found:
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruis'd with vervain, were his frugal fare.
Sometimes white lilies did their leaves afford,
With wholſome poppy-flowers to mend his homely hoard:
For late returning home he ſupp'd at eaſe,
And wiſely deem'd the wealth of monarchs leſs:
The little of his own, becauſe his own did pleaſe.
To quit his care, he gather'd firſt of all
In ſpring the roſes, apples in the fall:
And when cold winter ſplit the rocks in twain,
And ice the running rivers did reſtrain,
He ſtripp'd the bears-foot of its leafy growth,
And, calling Weſtern winds, accus'd the ſpring of ſloth;
He therefore firſt among the ſwains was found
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And ſqueeze the combs with golden liquor crown'd.
His limes were firſt in flowers; his lofty pines,
With friendly ſhade, ſecur'd his tender vines.
For every bloom his trees in ſpring afford,
An autumn apple was by tale reſtor'd.
He knew to rank his elms in even rows:
For fruit the grafted pear-tree to diſpoſe:
And tame to plumbs, the ſourneſs of the ſloes.
With ſpreading planes he made a cool retreat,
To ſhade good fellows from the ſummer's heat.
But, ſtraiten'd in my ſpace, I muſt forſake
This taſk; for others afterwards to take.
Deſcribe we next the nature of the bees,
Beſtow'd by Jove for ſecret ſervices:
When, by the tinkling ſound of timbrels led,
The king of heaven in Cretan caves they fed.
Of all the race of animals, alone
The bees have common cities of their own,
And common ſons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common ſtock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a ſeveral ſtall:
All is the ſtate's, the ſtate provides for all.
Mindful of coming cold, they ſhare the pain:
And hoard, for winter's uſe, the ſummer's gain.
Some o'er the public magazines preſide,
And ſome are ſent new forage to provide:
Theſe drudge in fields abroad, and thoſe at home
Lay deep foundations for the labour'd comb,
With dew, Narciſſus' leaves, and clammy gum.
To pitch the waxen flooring ſome contrive;
Some nurſe the future nation of the hive:
Sweet honey ſome condenſe, ſome purge the grout;
The reſt, in cells apart, the liquid nectar ſhut.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive.
With envy ſtung, they view each other's deeds:
With diligence the fragrant work proceeds.
As when the Cyclops, at th' Almighty nod,
New thunder haſten for their angry god:
Subdued in fire the ſtubborn metal lies,
One brawny ſmith the puffing bellows plies;
And draws and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hiſſing maſs prepare:
With lifted arms they order every blow,
And chime their ſounding hammers in a row:
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they ſtrike, huge flakes of flames expire,
With tongs they turn the ſteel, and vex it in the fire.
If little things with great we may compare,
Such are the bees, and ſuch their buſy care:
Studious of honey, each in his degree,
The youthful ſwain, the grave experienc'd bee:
That in the field; this in affairs of ſtate,
Employ'd at home, abides within the gate:
To fortify the combs, to build the wall,
To prop the ruins, leſt the fabric fall:
But late at night, with weary pinions come
The labouring youth, and heavy laden, home
Plains, meads, and orchards, all the day he plies,
The gleans of yellow thyme diſtend his thighs:
He ſpoils the ſaffron flowers, he ſips the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews.
Their toil is common, common is their ſleep;
They ſhake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Ruſh through the city-gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day:
Then having ſpent the laſt remains of light,
They give their bodies due repoſe at night:
When hollow murmurs of their evening bells
Diſmiſs the ſleepy ſwains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they ſteep,
No buzzing ſounds diſturb their golden ſleep,
'Tis ſacred ſilence all. Nor dare they ſtray,
When rain is promis'd, or a ſtormy day:
But near the city walls their watering take,
Nor forage far, but ſhort excurſions make.

And as when empty barks on billows float,
With ſandy ballaſt ſailors trim the boat,
So bees bear gravel-ſtones, whoſe poiſing weight
Steers through the whiſtling winds their ſteady flight.
But, what's more ſtrange, their modeſt appetites,
Averſe from Venus, fly the nuptial rites.
No luſt enervates their heroic mind,
Nor waſtes their ſtrength on wanton woman-kind,
But in their mouths reſide their genial powers,
They gather children from the leaves and flowers.
Thus make they kings to fill the regal ſeat:
And thus their little citizens create:
And waxen cities build, the palaces of ſtate.
And oft on rocks their tender wings they tear,
And ſink beneath the burdens which they bear.
Such rage of honey in their boſom beats:
And ſuch a zeal they have for flowery ſweets.
Thus through the race of life they quickly run;
Which in the ſpace of ſeven ſhort years is done;
Th' immortal line in ſure ſucceſſion reigns,
The fortune of the family remains:
And grandſires grandſons the long liſt contains.
Beſides, not Ægypt, India, Media, more
With ſervile awe, their idol king adore:
While he ſurvives, in concord and content
The commons live, by no diviſions rent;
But the great monarch's death diſſolves the government.
All goes to ruin, they themſelves contrive
To rob the honey, and ſubvert the hive.
The king preſides, his ſubjects' toil ſurveys;
The ſervile rout their careful Cæſar praiſe:
Him they extol, they worſhip him alone:
They crowd his levees, and ſupport his throne:
They raiſe him on their ſhoulders with a ſhout:
And when their ſovereign's quarrel calls them out,
His foes to mortal combat they defy,
And think it honour at his feet to die.
Induc'd by ſuch examples, ſome have taught
That bees have portions of etherial thought:
Endu'd with particles of heavenly fires:
For God the whole created maſs inſpires;
Through heaven, and earth, and ocean's depth he throws
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence flocks, and herds, and men, and beaſts, and fowls,
With breath are quicken'd, and attract their ſouls.
Hence take the forms his preſcience did ordain,
And into him at length reſolve again.
No room is left for death, they mount the ſky,
And to their own congenial planets fly.
Now when thou haſt decreed to ſeize their ſtores,
And by prerogative to break their doors:
With ſprinkled water firſt the city choke,
And then purſue the citizens with ſmoke.
Two honey-harveſts fall in every year:
Firſt, when the pleaſing Pleiades appear,
And ſpringing upward ſpurn the briny ſeas:
Again, when their affrighted quire ſurveys
The watery Scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of ſtorms and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and ſafe protection find.
Prone to revenge, the bees, a wrathful race,
When once provok'd, aſſault th' aggreſſor's face:
And through the purple veins a paſſage find;
There fix their ſtings, and leave their ſouls behind.

But if a pinching winter thou foreſee,
And wouldſt preſerve thy famiſh'd family;
With fragrant thyme the city fumigate,
And break the waxen walls to ſave the ſtate.
For lurking lizards often lodge, by ſtealth,
Within the ſuburbs, and purloin their wealth.
And lizards, ſhunning light, a dark retreat
Have found in combs, and undermin'd the ſeat.
Or lazy drones, without their ſhare of pain,
In winter-quarters free, devour the gain:
Or waſps infeſt the camp with loud alarms,
And mix in battle with unequal arms:
Or ſecret moths are there in ſilence fed;
Or ſpiders in the vault their ſnary webs have ſpread.
The more oppreſs'd by foes, or famine pin'd,
The more increaſe thy care to ſave the ſinking kind,
With greens and flowers recruit their empty hives,
And ſeek freſh forage to ſuſtain their lives.
But ſince they ſhare with man one common fate,
In health and ſickneſs, and in turns of ſtate;
Obſerve the ſymptoms when they fall away,
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.
They change their hue, with haggard eyes they ſtare,
Lean are their looks, and ſhagged is their hair:
And crowds of dead, that never muſt return
To their lov'd hives, in decent pomp are borne:
Their friends attend the hearſe, the next relations mourn.
The ſick, for air, before the portal gaſp,
Their feeble legs within each other claſp,
Or idle in their empty hives remain,
Benumb'd with cold, or liſtleſs of their gain.
Soft whiſpers then and broken ſounds are heard,
As when the woods by gentle winds are ſtirr'd,
Such ſtifled noiſe as the cloſe furnace hides,
Or dying murmurs of departing tides.
This, when thou feeſt, Galbanean odours uſe,
And honey in the ſickly hive infuſe.
Through reeden pipes convey the golden flood,
T' invite the people to their wonted food:
Mix it with thicken'd juice of ſodden wines,
And raiſins from the grapes of Pſythian vines:
To theſe add pounded galls, and roſes dry,
And with Cecropian thyme, ſtrong-ſcented centaury.
A flower there is that grows in meadow ground,
Amellus call'd, and eaſy to be found:
For from one root the riſing ſtem beſtows
A wood of leaves, and violet-purple boughs.
The flower itſelf is glorious to behold,
And ſhines on altars like refulgent gold:
Sharp to the taſte, by ſhepherds near the ſtream
Of Mella found, and thence they gave the name.
Boil this reſtoring root in generous wine,
And ſet beſide the door the ſickly ſtock to dine.
But if the labouring kind be wholly loſt,
And not to be retriev'd with care or coſt,
'Tis time to touch the precepts of an art,
Th' Arcadian maſter did of old impart:
And how he ſtock'd his empty hives again;
Renew'd with putrid gore of oxen ſlain.
An ancient legend I prepare to ſing,
And upward follow Fame's immortal ſpring:
For where, with ſeven-fold horns, myſterious Nile
Surrounds the ſkirts of Ægypt's fruitful iſle,
And where in pomp the ſun-burnt people ride,
On painted barges o'er the teeming tide,

Which, pouring down from Ethiopian lands,
Makes green the soil with slime, and black prolific sands;
That length of region, and large tract of ground,
In this one art a sure relief have found.
First, in a place, by nature close, they build
A narrow flooring, gutter'd, wall'd, and til'd.
In this, four windows are contriv'd, that strike
To the four winds oppos'd, their beams oblique.
A steer of two years old they take, whose head
Now first with burnish'd horns begins to spread:
They stop his nostrils, while he strives in vain
To breathe free air, and struggles with his pain.
Knock'd down, he dies: his bowels bruis'd within,
Betray no wound on his unbroken skin.
Extended thus, in his obscene abode,
They leave the beast; but first sweet flowers are strow'd
Beneath his body, broken boughs and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renew'd in prime.
This must be done, ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.
The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment.
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;
Till shooting out with legs, and imp'd with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings:
And more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly.
At length, like summer storms from spreading clouds,
That burst at once, and pour impetuous floods,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When from afar they gall embattled foes,
With such a tempest through the skies they steer,
And such a form the winged squadrons bear.
What God, O Muse! this useful science taught?
Or by what man's experience was it brought?
Sad Aristæus from fair Tempe fled,
His bees with famine, or diseases, dead;
On Peneus' banks he stood, and near his holy head.
And while his falling tears the streams supply'd,
Thus mourning, to his mother-goddess, cry'd:
Mother Cyrene, mother, whose abode
Is in the depth of this immortal flood:
What boots it, that from Phœbus' loins I spring,
The third, by him and thee, from heaven's high King?
O! where is all thy boasted pity gone,
And promise of the skies to thy deluded son?
Why didst thou me, unhappy me, create?
Odious to gods, and born to bitter fate.
Whom, scarce my sheep, and scarce my painful plough
The needful aids of human life allow:
So wretched is thy son, so hard a mother thou.
Proceed, inhuman parent; in thy scorn;
Root up my trees, with blights destroy my corn;
My vineyards ruin, and my sheepfolds burn.
Let loose thy rage, let all thy spite be shown,
Since thus thy hate pursues the praises of thy son.
But from her mossy bower below the ground,
His careful mother heard the plaintive sound,
Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round.

One common work they ply'd: their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool.
Spio with Drymo brown, and Xanthe fair,
And sweet Phyllodoce with long dishevel'd hair:
Cydippe with Licorias, one a maid,
And one that once had called Lucina's aid.
Clio and Beroe, from one father both,
Both girt with gold, and clad in party-colour'd cloth.
Opis the meek, and Deiopeia proud;
Nisæa lofty with Ligæa loud;
Thalia joyous, Ephyré the sad,
And Arethusa once Diana's maid,
But now, her quiver left, to love betray'd.
To these, Clymene the sweet theft declares
Of Mars, and Vulcan's unavailing cares:
And all the rapes of gods, and every love,
From ancient Chaos down to youthful Jove.
Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel.
A mournful sound again the mother hears;
Again the mournful sound invades the sister's ears.
Starting at once from their green seats, they rise;
Fear in their heart, amazement in their eyes,
But Arethusa, leaping from her bed,
First lifts above the waves her beauteous head;
And, crying from afar, thus to Cyrene said:
O sister! not with causeless fear possest,
No stranger voice disturbs thy tender breast.
'Tis Aristæus, 'tis thy darling son,
Who to his careless mother makes his moan.
Near his paternal stream he sadly stands,
With down-cast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands;
Upbraiding heaven, from whence his lineage came,
And cruel calls the gods, and cruel thee, by name.
Cyrene, mov'd with love, and seiz'd with fear,
Cries out, Conduct my son, conduct him here:
'Tis lawful for the youth, deriv'd from gods,
To view the secrets of our deep abodes.
At once she wav'd her hand on either side,
At once the ranks of swelling streams divide.
Two rising heaps of liquid crystal stand,
And leave a space betwixt, of empty sand.
Thus safe receiv'd, the downward track he treads,
Which to his mother's watery palace leads.
With wondering eyes he views the secret store
Of lakes, that pent in hollow caverns roar.
He hears the crackling sound of coral woods,
And sees the secret source of subterranean floods.
And where, distinguish'd in their several cells,
The fount of Phasis and of Lycus dwells;
Where swift Enipeus in his bed appears,
And Tiber his majestic forehead rears.
Whence Anio flows, and Hypanis, profound,
Breaks through th' opposing rocks with raging sound.
Where Po first issues from his dark abodes,
And, awful in his cradle, rules the floods,
Two golden horns on his large front he wears,
And his grim face a bull's resemblance bears.
With rapid course he seeks the sacred main,
And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful plain.
Now to the court arriv'd, th' admiring son
Beholds the vaulted roofs of pory stone,
Now to his mother goddess tells his grief,
Which she with pity hears, and promises relief.
Th' officious nymphs, attending in a ring,
With water drawn from their perpetual springs

om earthly dregs his body purify,
nd rub his temples, with fine towels, dry:
hen load the tables with a liberal feaſt,
nd honour with full bowls their friendly gueſt.
he ſacred altars are involv'd in ſmoke,
nd the bright quire their kindred gods invoke.
wo bowls the mother fills with Lydian wine;
hen thus, let theſe be pour'd, with rites divine,
o the great author of our watery line.
o father Ocean, this; and this, ſhe ſaid,
e to the nymphs his ſacred ſiſters paid,
ho rule the watery plains, and hold the wood-land ſhade.
e ſprinkled thrice, with wine, the veſtal fire,
hrice to the vaulted roof the flames aſpire.
as'd with ſo bleſt an omen, ſhe begun,
ith words like theſe to chear her drooping ſon.
the Carpathian bottom makes abode
he ſhepherd of the ſeas, a prophet and a god;
igh o'er the main in watery pomp he rides,
is azure car and finny courſers guides:
roteus his name: to his Pallenian port
ee from far the weary god reſort.
im, not alone, we river-gods adore,
e aged Nereus hearkens to his lore.
ith ſure foreſight, and with unerring doom,
e ſees what is, and was, and is to come.
is Neptune gave him, when he gave to keep
is ſcaly flocks, that graze the watery deep.
plore his aid, for Proteus only knows
he ſecret cauſe, and cure of all thy woes.
ut firſt the wily wizard muſt be caught,
or unconſtrain'd he nothing tells for naught;
or is with prayers, or bribes, or flattery bought.
rprize him firſt, and with hard fetters bind;
hen all his frauds will vaniſh into wind.
will myſelf conduct thee on thy way,
When next the ſouthing ſun inflames the day:
When the dry herbage thirſts for dews in vain,
nd ſheep, in ſhades, avoid the parching plain;
Then will I lead thee to his ſecret ſeat;
When, weary with his toil, and ſcorch'd with heat,
The wayward ſire frequents his cool retreat.
Ith eyes with heavy ſlumber overcaſt;
With force invade his limbs, and bind him faſt:
Thus ſurely bound, yet be not over-bold.
The ſlippery god will try to looſe his hold:
And various forms aſſume to cheat thy ſight;
And with vain images of beaſts affright.
With foamy tuſks will ſeem a briſtly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Break out in crackling flames to ſhun thy ſnare,
Or hiſs a dragon, or a tiger ſtare:
Or with a wile thy caution to betray,
In fleeting ſtreams attempt to ſlide away.
But thou, the more he varies forms, beware
To ſtrain his fetters with a ſtricter care:
Till, tiring all his arts, he turns again
To his true ſhape, in which he firſt was ſeen.
This ſaid, with nectar ſhe her ſon anoints:
Infuſing vigour through his mortal joints:
Down from his head the liquid odours ran:
His breath'd of heaven, and look'd above a man.
Within a mountain's hollow womb there lies
A large receſs, conceal'd from human eyes;
Where heaps of billows, driven by wind and tide,
In form of war, their watery ranks divide;
And there, like ſentries ſet, without the mouth abide;
A ſtation ſafe for ſhips, when tempeſts roar,
A ſilent harbour, and a cover'd ſhore.
Secure within reſides the various god,
And draws a rock upon his dark abode.
Hither with ſilent ſteps, ſecure from ſight,
The goddeſs guides her ſon, and turns him from the light:
Herſelf, involv'd in clouds, precipitates her flight.
'Twas noon; the ſultry dog ſtar from the ſky
Scorch'd Indian ſwains, the rivel'd graſs was dry;
The ſun, with flaming arrows, pierc'd the flood,
And, darting to the bottom, bak'd the mud:
When weary Proteus, from the briny waves,
Retir'd from ſhelter to his wonted caves:
His finny flocks about their ſhepherd play,
And, rolling round him, ſpirt the bitter ſea.
Unwieldily they wallow firſt in ooze,
Then in the ſpady covert ſeek repoſe.
Himſelf their herdſman, on the middle mount,
Takes of his muſter'd flocks a juſt account.
So, ſeated on a rock, a ſhepherd's groom
Surveys his evening flocks returning home:
When lowing calves, and bleating lambs, from far,
Provoke the prowling wolf to nightly war.
Th' occaſion offers, and the youth complies:
For ſcarce the weary god had cloſ'd his eyes,
When ruſhing on, with ſhouts, he binds in chains
The drowſy prophet, and his limbs conſtrains.
He, not unmindful of his uſual art,
Firſt in diſſembled fire attempts to part:
Then roaring beaſts and running ſtreams he tries,
And wearies all his miracles of lies:
But, having ſhifted every form to 'ſcape,
Convinc'd of conqueſt, he reſum'd his ſhape;
And thus, at length, in human accent ſpoke:
Audacious youth, what madneſs could provoke
A mortal man t' invade a ſleeping god?
What buſineſs brought thee to my dark abode?
To this th' audacious youth: Thou know'ſt full well
My name, and buſineſs, god, nor need I tell:
No man can Proteus cheat; but, Proteus, leave
Thy fraudful arts, and do not thou deceive.
Following the gods' command, I come t' implore
Thy help, my periſh'd people to reſtore.
The ſeer, who could not yet his wrath aſſuage,
Roll'd his green eyes, that ſparkled with his rage;
And gnaſh'd his teeth, and cry'd, No vulgar god
Purſues thy crimes, nor with a common rod.
Thy great miſdeeds have met a due reward,
And Orpheus' dying prayers at length are heard;
For crimes, not his, the lover loſt his life,
And at thy hands requires his murder'd wife;
Nor (if the Fates aſſiſt not) canſt thou 'ſcape
The juſt revenge of that intended rape.
To ſhun thy lawleſs luſt, the dying bride,
Unwary, took along the river's ſide:
Nor at her heels perceiv'd the deadly ſnake,
That keeps the bank, in covert of the brake.
But all her fellow-nymphs the mountains tear
With loud laments, and break the yielding air:
The realms of Mars remurmur'd all around,
And echoes to th' Athenian ſhores rebound.
Th' unhappy huſband, huſband now no more,
Did on his tuneful harp his loſs deplore,
And ſought his mournful mind with muſic to reſtore.
On thee, dear wife, in deſarts all alone,
He call'd, ſigh'd, ſung, his griefs with day begun,
Nor were they finiſh'd with the ſetting ſun.

Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night
He took his way, through foreſts void of light:
And dar'd amidſt the trembling ghoſts to ſing,
And ſtood before th' inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops like paſſing ſhadows glide,
And, liſtening, crowd the ſweet muſician's ſide.
Nor flocks of birds when driven by ſtorms or night,
Stretch to the foreſt with ſo thick a flight,
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarry'd maid,
* The mighty heroes more majeſtic ſhade;
And youths on funeral piles before their parents laid.
All theſe Cocytus bounds with ſqualid reeds,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds:
And baleful Styx encompaſſes around,
With nine ſlow circling ſtreams th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance,
Th' infernal manſions nodding ſeem to dance:
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to ſnarl,
The Furies hearken, and their ſnakes uncurl:
Ixion ſeems no more his pain to feel,
But leans attentive on his ſtanding-wheel.
All dangers paſt, at length the lovely bride
In ſafety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to ſhare,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:
He firſt, and cloſe behind him follow'd ſhe,
For ſuch was Proſerpine's ſevere decree.
When ſtrong deſires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd;
A fault which eaſy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive.
For near the confines of ethereal light,
And longing for the glimmering of a ſight,
Th' unwary lover caſt his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor maſter of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty ſmoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
Three flaſhes of blue lightning gave the ſign
Of covenants broke, three peals of thunder join.
Then thus the bride: What fury ſeiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man! to loſe thyſelf and me?
Dragg'd back again by cruel deſtinies,
An iron ſlumber ſhut my ſwimming eyes.
And now farewel, involv'd in ſhades of night,
For ever I am raviſh'd from thy ſight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In ſweet embraces, ah! no longer thine!
She ſaid, and from his eyes the fleeting fair
Retir'd like ſubtle ſmoke diſſolv'd in air;
And left her hopeleſs lover in deſpair.
In vain, with folding arms, the youth eſſay'd
To ſtop her flight, and ſtrain the flying ſhade:
He prays, he raves, all means in vain he tries,
With rage inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd with ſurprize:
But ſhe return'd no more, to bleſs his longing eyes.
Nor would th' infernal Ferry-man once more
Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther ſhore.
What ſhould he do, who twice had loſt his love?
What notes invent, what new petitions move?
Her ſoul already was conſign'd to fate,
And ſhivering in the leaky ſculler ſate.
For ſeven continued months, if fame ſay true,
The wretched ſwain his ſorrows did renew;
By Strymon's freezing ſtreams he ſate alone,
The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
Trees bent their heads to hear him ſing his wrongs:
Fierce tigers couch'd around, and loll'd their foaming tongues.
So, cloſe in poplar ſhades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whoſe neſt ſome prying churl had found, and thence,
By ſtealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocents.
But ſhe ſupplies the night with mournful ſtrains,
And melancholy muſic fills the plains.
Sad Orpheus thus his tedious hours employs,
Averſe from Venus, and from nuptial joys,
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where ſpring was never known;
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain reſtor'd,
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.
The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
Of love diſdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd,
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length, againſt his ſacred life conſpir'd.
Whom ev'n the ſavage beaſts had ſpar'd, they kill'd,
And ſtrew'd his mangled limbs about the field.
Then, when his head from his fair ſhoulders torn,
Waſh'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne;
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invok'd his bride;
With his laſt voice, Eurydice, he cry'd,
Eurydice, the rocks and river-banks reply'd.
This anſwer Proteus gave, nor more he ſaid,
But in the billows plung'd his hoary head;
And where he leap'd, the waves in circles widely ſpread.
The nymph return'd, her drooping ſon to chear,
And bade him baniſh his ſuperfluous fear;
For now, ſaid ſhe, the cauſe is known, from whence
Thy woe ſucceeded, and for what offence:
The nymphs, companions of th' unhappy maid,
This puniſhment upon thy crimes have laid;
And ſent a plague among thy thriving bees
With vows and ſuppliant prayers their powers appeaſe;
The ſoft Napæan race will ſoon repent
Their anger, and remit the puniſhment:
The ſecret in an eaſy method lies;
Select four brawny bulls for ſacrifice,
Which, on Lycæus graze, without a guide;
Add four fair heifers yet in yoke untry'd:
For theſe, four altars in their temple rear,
And then adore the woodland powers with prayer.
From the ſlain victims pour the ſtreaming blood,
And leave their bodies in the ſhady wood:
Nine mornings thence, Lethean poppy bring,
T' appeaſe the manes of the Poets' king:
And, to propitiate his offended pride,
A fatted calf, and a black ewe provide:
This finiſh'd, to the former woods repair,
His mother's precepts he performs with care.
The temple viſits, and adores with prayer.
Four altars raiſes, from his herd he culls,
For ſlaughter, four the faireſt of his bulls;
Four heifers from his female ſtore he ſeals,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke.
Nine mornings thence, with ſacrifice and prayer,
The powers aton'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for, from within
The broken bowels, and the bloated ſides,
A buzzing noiſe of bees his ears alarms,
Straight iſſue through the ſides aſſembling ſwarms,

* This whole line is taken from the Marquis of Normanby's tranſlation. DRYDEN.

Dark as a cloud they make a wheeling flight,
Then on a neighbouring tree, descending light:
Like a large cluster of black grapes they show,
And make a large dependence from the bough.
Thus have I sung of fields, and flocks, and trees,
And of the waxen work of labouring bees:
While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war;
With conquering arts asserts his country's cause,
With arts of peace the willing people draws:
On the glad earth the golden age renews,
And his great father's path to heaven pursues.
While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise:
And bold, through youth, beneath the beechen shade,
The lays of shepherds, and their loves, have play'd.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans, after a seven years voyage, set sail for Italy; but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks two, and scatters the rest. Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship, and six more, arrives safe at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas, going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of an huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage; where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

ARMS and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate;
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore;
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town:
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.
O, Muse! the causes and the crimes relate,
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offence the queen of heaven began
To persecute so brave, so just a man!
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurry'd into wars!
Can heavenly minds such high resentment show;
Or exercise their spite in human woe?
Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea:
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade.
Carthage the name, belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot, here, if heaven were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly
(Long cited by the people of the sky);
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her towers deface;
Nor, thus confin'd, the yoke of sovereign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
For conquering Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd:
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host:
And seven long years th' unhappy wandering train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the main.
Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.
Now scarce the Trojan fleet with sails and oars
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores;
Entering with chearful shouts the watery reign,
And ploughing frothy furrows in the main;
When, labouring still with endless discontent,
The queen of heaven did thus her fury vent.
Then am I vanquish'd, must I yield, said she,
And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my power divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep:
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch yet hissing with her father's flame
She strongly seiz'd, and, with a burning wound,
Transfix'd and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heaven, the sister-wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy.
What nations now to Juno's power will pray,
Or offerings on my slighted altars lay?
Thus rag'd the goddess, and, with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought;
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With power imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds,

This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, preſſing for releaſe, the mountains rend:
High in his hall, th' undaunted monarch ſtands,
And ſhakes his ſceptre, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unreſiſted ſway
Would ſweep the world before them in their way:
Earth, air, and ſeas, through empty ſpace would roll,
And heaven would fly before the driving ſoul!
In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to thoſe dark abodes,
And lock'd them ſafe within, oppreſs'd with mountain loads:
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary ſway,
To looſe their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the ſuppliant queen her prayers addreſt,
And thus the tenour of her ſuit expreſs'd.
O Æolus! for to thee the king of heaven
The power of tempeſts and of winds has given:
Thy force alone their fury can reſtrain,
And ſmooth the waves, or ſwell the troubled main:
A race of wandering ſlaves abhorr'd by me,
With proſperous paſſage cut the Thuſcan ſea:
To fruitful Italy their courſe they ſteer,
And for their vanquiſh'd gods deſign new temples there.
Raiſe all thy winds, with night involve the ſkies;
Sink or diſperſe my fatal enemies.
Twice ſeven, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my perſon wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wiſh, and ſecond my deſign,
The faireſt, Deiopeia, ſhall be thine;
And make thee father of a happy line.
To this the God—'Tis yours, O queen! to will
The work, which duty binds me to fulfil.
Theſe airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the preſents of your bounteous hand;
Yours is my ſovereign's grace, and as your gueſt,
I ſit with gods at their celeſtial feaſt,
Raiſe tempeſts at your pleaſure, or ſubdue;
Diſpoſe of empire, which I hold from you!
He ſaid, and hurl'd againſt the mountain ſide
His quivering ſpear, and all the god apply'd.
The raging winds ruſh through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and ſkim along the ground:
Then, ſettling on the ſea, the ſurges ſweep;
Raiſe liquid mountains, and diſcloſe the deep!
South, eaſt, and weſt, with mix'd confuſion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the ſhore.
The cables crack, the ſailors' fearful cries
Aſcend; and ſable night involves the ſkies;
And heaven itſelf is raviſh'd from their eyes!
Loud peals of thunder from the poles enſue,
Then flaſhing fires the tranſient light renew:
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And preſent death in various forms appears!
Struck with unuſual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief!
And thrice, and four times happy thoſe, he cry'd,
That under Ilian walls before their parents dy'd!
Tydides, braveſt of the Grecian train,
Why could not I by that ſtrong arm be ſlain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain!
O great Sarpedon, in thoſe bloody fields,
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the ſhields
Of heroes, whoſe diſmember'd hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed ſpear!
Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove againſt his flying ſails,
And rent the ſheets: the raging billows riſe,
And mount the toſſing veſſel to the ſkies:
Nor can the ſhivering oars ſuſtain the blow;
The galley gives her ſide, and turns her prow:
While thoſe aſtern deſcending down the ſteep,
Through gaping waves behold the boiling deep!
Three ſhips were hurry'd by the ſouthern blaſt,
And on the ſecret ſhelves with fury caſt!
Thoſe hidden rocks, th' Auſonian ſailors knew,
They call'd them altars, when they roſe in view,
And ſhow'd their ſpacious backs above the flood!
Three more fierce Eurus in his angry mood
Daſh'd on the ſhallows of the moving ſand,
And in mid ocean left them moor'd a-land!
Orontes' bark that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid ſight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From ſtem to ſtern, by waves was overborn:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd: thrice round, the ſhip was toſt,
Then bulg'd at once, and in the deep was loſt!
And here and there above the waves were ſeen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men!
The ſtouteſt veſſel to the ſtorm gave way,
And ſuck'd through looſen'd planks the ruſhing ſea!
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,
Endur'd not leſs: their ſhips, with gaping ſeams,
Admit the deluge of the briny ſtreams!
Mean time imperial Neptune heard the ſound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
Diſpleas'd, and fearing for his watery reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main:
Serene in majeſty, then roll'd his eyes
Around this ſpace of earth, and ſeas, and ſkies.
He ſaw the Trojan fleet diſpers'd, diſtreſs'd,
By ſtormy winds and wintery heaven oppreſs'd.
Full well the god his ſiſter's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts purſue;
He ſummon'd Eurus and the weſtern blaſt,
And firſt an angry glance on both he caſt:
Then thus rebuk'd; Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel inſolence?
Is it for you to ravage ſeas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my ſupreme command?
To raiſe ſuch mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I—But firſt 'tis fit the billows to reſtrain,
And then you ſhall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence, to your Lord my royal mandate bear,
The realms of ocean, and the fields of air
Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the ſea.
His power to hollow caverns is confin'd;
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind:
With hoarſe commands his breathing ſubjects call
And boaſt and bluſter in his empty hall!
He ſpoke; and while he ſpoke, he ſmooth'd the deep,
Diſpell'd the darkneſs, and reſtor'd the day:
Cymothoë, Triton, and the ſea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, and daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the veſſels with their hands;
The god himſelf with ready trident ſtands,
And opes the deep, and ſpreads the moving ſands:

hen heaves them off the ſhoals; where'er he guides
is finny courſers, and in triumph rides,
he waves unruffle, and the ſea ſubſides.
s when in tumults riſe the ignoble crowd,
fad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
nd ſtones and brands in rattling vollies fly,
rd all the ruſtic arms that fury can ſupply;
then ſome grave and pious man appear,
hey huſh their noiſe, and lend a liſtening ear;
e ſoothes with ſober words their angry mood,
nd quenches their innate deſire of blood:
o when the father of the flood appears,
nd o'er the ſeas his ſovereign trident rears,
heir fury fails: he ſkims the liquid plains,
igh on his chariot, and with looſen'd reins
ajeſtic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
he weary Trojans ply their ſhatter'd oars
o neareſt land, and make the Libyan ſhores.
Within a long receſs there lies a bay,
n iſland ſhades it from the rolling ſea,
nd forms a port ſecure for ſhips to ride,
oke by the jutting land on either ſide:
double ſtreams the briny waters glide.
etwixt two rows of rocks, a ſylvan ſcene
ppears above, and groves for ever green:
grot is form'd beneath, with moſſy ſeats,
o reſt the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
own through the crannies of the living walls
he cryſtal ſtreams deſcend in murmuring falls.
o hawſers need to bind the veſſels here,
or hearded anchors, for no ſtorms they fear.
even ſhips within this happy harbour meet,
he thin remainders of the ſcatter'd fleet.
he Trojans, worn with toils, and ſpent with woes,
eap on the welcome land, and ſeek their wiſh'd repoſe.
irſt, good Achates, with repeated ſtrokes
f ſmiting flints, their hidden fire provokes;
hort flame ſucceeds, a bed of wither'd leaves
he dying ſparkles in their fall receives:
aught into life, in fiery fumes they riſe,
nd, fed with ſtronger food, invade the ſkies.
he Trojans, dropping wet, or ſtand around
he chearful blaze, or lie along the ground;
ome dry their corn infected with the brine,
hen grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Æneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
nd takes a proſpect of the ſeas below:
f Capys thence, or Antheus he could ſpy;
or ſee the ſtreamers of Caicus fly.
o veſſels there in view: but, on the plain,
hree beamy ſtags command a lordly train
f branching heads; the more ignoble throng
ttend their ſtately ſteps, and ſlowly graze along.
He ſtood; and while ſecure they fed below,
He took the quiver, and the truſty bow
Achates uſed to bear; the leaders firſt
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the ſhady plain
Seven mighty bodies with their blood diſtain.
For the ſeven ſhips he made an equal ſhare,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
The jars of generous wine (Aceſtes' gift,
When his Trinacrian ſhores the navy left)
He ſet abroach, and for the feaſt prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'ſon ſhar'd.

Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief,
With chearful words, allay'd the common grief:
Endure, and conquer; Jove will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good, our paſt and preſent woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have try'd;
Th' inhuman Cyclops, and his den defy'd.
What greater ills he ceaſter can you bear?
Reſume your courage, and diſmiſs your care.
An hour will come, with pleaſure to relate
Your ſorrows paſt, as benefits of fate.
Through various hazards and events we move
To Latium, and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the ſeat (the promiſe of the ſkies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may riſe.
Endure the hardſhips of your preſent ſtate,
Live, and reſerve yourſelves for better fate.
These words he ſpoke: but ſpoke not from his heart:
His outward ſmiles conceal'd his inward ſmart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the paſt,
The quarry ſhare, their plenteous dinner haſte:
Some ſtrip the ſkin, ſome portion out the ſpoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the cauldrons boil:
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the graſſy turf, at eaſe they dine;
Reſtore their ſtrength with meat, and chear their ſouls with wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their abſent friends;
Alternate hopes and fears their minds poſſeſs,
Whether to deem them dead, or in diſtreſs.
Above the reſt, Æneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain ſtate
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus:
The day, but not their ſorrows, ended thus.
When, from aloft, almighty Jove ſurveys
Earth, air, and ſhores, and navigable ſeas,
At length on Lybian realms he fixt his eyes:
Whom, pondering thus on human miſeries,
When Venus ſaw, ſhe with a lively look,
Not free from tears, her heavenly ſire beſpoke:
O king of gods and men, whoſe awful hand
Diſperſes thunder on the ſeas and land;
Diſpoſes all with abſolute command:
How could my pious ſon thy power incenſe?
Or what, alas! is vaniſh'd Troy's offence?
Our hope of Italy not only loſt,
On various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſt,
But ſhut from every ſhore, and barr'd from every coaſt.
You promis'd once, a progeny divine,
Of Romans, riſing from the Trojan line,
In after-times ſhould hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war!
Then fates to fates I could oppoſe; but now,
When fortune ſtill purſues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worſe can ſtill ſucceed?
What end of labours has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midſt of Grecian hoſts,
Could paſs ſecure, and pierce th' Illyrian coaſts:
Where, rolling down the ſteep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels diſembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy ſeat,
And gave his Trojans a ſecure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame:

But we, deſcended from your ſacred line,
Entitled to your heaven and rites divine,
Are baniſh'd earth, and for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium, and the promis'd throne.
Are theſe our ſceptres? theſe our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?
To whom, the father of immortal race,
Smiling with that ſerene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the ſkies,
Firſt gave a holy kiſs; then thus replies:
Daughter, diſmiſs thy fears: to thy deſire
The fates of thine are fix'd, and ſtand entire.
Thou ſhalt behold thy wiſh'd Lavinian walls,
And, ripe for heaven, when fate Æneas calls,
Then ſhalt thou bear him up, ſublime, to me;
No councils have revers'd my firm decree.
And, leſt new fears diſturb thy happy ſtate,
Know, I have ſearch'd the myſtic rolls of fate:
Thy ſon (nor is th' appointed ſeaſon far)
In Italy ſhall wage ſucceſsful war;
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And ſovereign laws impoſe, and cities build.
Till, after every foe ſubdued, the ſun
Thrice through the ſigns his annual race ſhall run:
This is his time prefix'd. Aſcanius then,
Now call'd Iülus, ſhall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown ſhall wear:
Then from Lavinium ſhall the ſeat transfer:
And, with hard labour, Alba-longa build;
The throne with his ſucceſſion ſhall be fill'd,
Three hundred circuits more: then ſhall be ſeen,
Ilia the fair, a prieſteſs and a queen.
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throws
Shall, at a birth, two goodly boys diſcloſe.
The royal babes a tawny wolf ſhall drain,
Then Romulus his grandfire's throne ſhall gain,
Of martial towers the founder ſhall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them, no bounds of empire I aſſign;
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev'n haughty Juno, who, with endleſs broils,
Earth, ſeas, and heaven, and Jove himſelf turmoils;
At length aton'd, her friendly power ſhall join,
To cheriſh and advance the Trojan line.
The ſubject world ſhall Rome's dominion own,
And, proſtrate, ſhall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate,
When Troy ſhall overturn the Grecian ſtate:
And ſweet revenge her conquering ſons ſhall call,
To cruſh the people that conſpir'd her fall.
Then Cæſar from the Julian ſtock ſhall riſe,
Whoſe empire ocean, and whoſe fame the ſkies,
Alone ſhall bound; whom, fraught with Eaſtern ſpoils,
Our heaven, the juſt reward of human toils,
Securely ſhall repay with rites divine;
And incenſe ſhall aſcend before his ſacred ſhrine.
Then dire debate, and impious war ſhall ceaſe,
And the ſtern age be ſoften'd into peace:
Then baniſh'd faith ſhall once again return,
And veſtal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus ſhall ſuſtain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force reſtrain.
Janus himſelf before his fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Impriſon'd fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy rais'd, of uſeleſs arms,
He ſits, and threats the world with vain alarms.
He ſaid, and ſent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan gueſts; leſt, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and ſtate;
Down from the ſteep of heaven Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves, with all his wings, the yielding ſkies.
Soon on the Libyan ſhore deſcends the god,
Performs his meſſage, and diſplays his rod;
The ſurly murmurs of the people ceaſe,
And as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herſelf ſuſpends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cauſe.
Mean time, in ſhades of night Æneas lies;
Care ſeiz'd his ſoul, and ſleep forſook his eyes:
But when the ſun reſtor'd the chearful day,
He roſe, the coaſt and country to ſurvey,
Anxious and eager to diſcover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated ſhore:
But whether human kind, or beaſts alone
Poſſeſs'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
Tall trees ſurround the mountains' ſhady ſides:
The bending brow above a ſafe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his ſhip,
And true Achates on his ſteps attends.
Lo, in the deep receſſes of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddeſs mother ſtood:
A huntreſs in her habit and her mien;
Her dreſs a maid, her air conſeſs'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garment bind;
Looſe was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand ſuſtain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind.
She ſeem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With ſuch array Harpalice beſtrode
Her Thracian courſer, and out-ſtripp'd the rapid flood.
Ho! ſtrangers! have you lately ſeen, ſhe ſaid,
One of my ſiſters like myſelf array'd;
Who croſs'd the lawn, or in the foreſt ſtray'd?
A painted quiver at her back ſhe bore,
Vary'd with ſpots, a lynx's hide ſhe wore:
And at full cry purſu'd the tuſky boar?
Thus Venus: Thus her ſon reply'd again,
None of your ſiſters have we heard or ſeen,
O Virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that ſtyle; O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celeſtial birth betray!
If, as you ſeem, the ſiſter of the day;
Or one, at leaſt, of chaſte Diana's train,
Let not an humble ſuppliant ſue in vain:
But tell a ſtranger, long in tempeſts toſs'd,
What earth we tread, and who commands the coast.
Then on your name ſhall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall.
I dare not, ſhe reply'd, aſſume the name
Of goddeſs, or celeſtial honours claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buſkins o'er their ancles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are,
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The riſing city, which from far you ſee,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.

Phœnician Dido rules the growing ſtate,
Who fled from Tyre, to ſhun her brother's hate:
Great were her wrongs, her ſtory full of fate,
Which I will ſum in ſhort. Sichæus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Poſſeſs'd fair Dido's bed: and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a ſpotleſs maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian ſceptre ſway'd:
One who contemn'd divine and human laws.
Then ſtrife enſu'd, and curſed gold the cauſe.
The monarch, blinded with deſire of wealth,
With ſteel invades his brother's life by ſtealth;
Before the ſacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed:
Some tale, ſome new pretence, he daily coin'd,
To ſoothe his ſiſter, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghoſt appears
Of her unhappy lord: the ſpectre ſtares,
And with erected eyes his bloody boſom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire ſecret of his houſe reveals:
Then warns the widow and her houſhold gods
To ſeek a refuge in remote abodes.
Laſt, to ſupport her in ſo long a way,
He ſhews her where his hidden treaſure lay.
Admoniſh'd thus, and ſeiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the ſtate,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They ſeize a fleet, which ready rig'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treaſure left behind.
The veſſels, heavy laden, put to ſea
With proſperous winds, a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by ſtreſs of weather driven,
Or was their fatal courſe diſpos'd by heaven!
At laſt they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage riſe:
There bought a ſpace of ground, which, Byrſa call'd
From the bull's hide, they firſt incloſ'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What ſeek you, ſtrangers, on our Lybian earth?
To whom, with ſorrow ſtreaming from his eyes,
And deeply ſighing, thus her ſon replies:
Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph! the tedious annals of our fate!
Through ſuch a train of woes if I ſhould run,
The day would ſooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy by force expell'd, we came,
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name:
Toſs'd various ſeas, by various tempeſts toſs'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coaſt:
The good Æneas am I call'd, a name,
While fortune favour'd, not unknown to fame:
My houſhold gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I reſcued from our foes;
To fruitful Italy my courſe was bent,
And from the king of heaven is my deſcent.
With twice ten ſail I croſs'd the Phrygian ſea;
Fate and my mother goddeſs led my way.
Scarce ſeven, the thin remainder of my fleet,
From ſtorms preſerv'd, within your harbour meet:
Myſelf diſtreſs'd, an exile, and unknown,
Scarr'd from Europe, and from Aſia thrown,
A Libyan deſerts wander thus alone.
His tender parent could no longer bear;
But, interpoſing, ſought to ſoothe his care.

Whoe'er you are, not unbelov'd by heaven,
Since on our friendly ſhore your ſhips are driven,
Have courage: to the gods permit the reſt,
And to the queen expoſe your juſt requeſt.
Now take this earneſt of ſucceſs, for more:
Your ſcatter'd fleet is join'd upon the ſhore:
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free,
Or I renounce my ſkill in augury.
Twelve ſwans behold, in beauteous order move,
And ſtoop, with cloſing pinions, from above:
Whom late the bird of Jove had driven along,
And, through the clouds, purſu'd the ſcattering throng:
Now all united in a goodly team,
They ſkim the ground, and ſeek the quiet ſtream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuits of the ſkies in rings:
Not otherwiſe your ſhips, and every friend,
Already hold the port, or with ſwift ſails deſcend.
No more advice is needful, but purſue
The path before you, and the town in view.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and diſhevel'd hair;
Which, flowing from her ſhoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely ſpread ambroſial ſcents around:
In length of train deſcends her ſweeping gown,
And, by her graceful walk, the queen of love is known.
The prince purſu'd the parting deity,
With words like theſe: Ah, whither doſt thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your ſon
In borrow'd ſhapes, and his embrace to ſhun;
Never to bleſs my ſight, but thus unknown;
And ſtill to ſpeak in accents not your own!
Againſt the goddeſs theſe complaints he made;
But took the path, and her commands obey'd.
They march obſcure, for Venus kindly ſhrouds,
With miſts, their perſons, and involves in clouds:
That thus unſeen, their paſſage none might ſtay,
Or force to tell the cauſes of their way.
This part perform'd, the goddeſs flies ſublime,
To viſit Paphos, and her native clime:
Where garlands ever green, and ever fair,
With vows are offer'd, and with ſolemn prayer,
A hundred altars in her temple ſmoke,
A thouſand bleeding hearts her power invoke.
They climb the next aſcent, and, looking down,
Now, at a nearer diſtance, view the town:
The prince, with wonder, ſees the ſtately towers
Which late were huts, and ſhepherds' homely bowers;
The gates and ſtreets; and hears from every part
The noiſe and buſy concourſe of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call,
To ply their labour: ſome extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or puſh unwieldy ſtones along.
Some for their dwellings chooſe a ſpot of ground,
Which firſt deſign'd, with ditches they ſurround.
Some laws ordain, and ſome attend the choice
Of holy ſenates, and elect by voice.
Here ſome deſign a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theatre:
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of ſcenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and ſuch their buſy pains,
As exerciſe the bees in flowery plains;
When winter paſt, and ſummer ſcarce begun,
Invites them forth to labour in the ſun:

Some lead their youth abroad, while ſome condenſe
Their liquid ſtore, and ſome in cells diſpenſe.
Some at the gate ſtand ready to receive
The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
All, with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive;
With envy ſtung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
Thrice happy you, whoſe walls already riſe;
Æneas ſaid; and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty towers: then entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate),
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the buſy throng,
Borne by the tide, and paſs'd unſeen along.
Full in the centre of the town there ſtood,
Thick ſet with trees, a venerable wood:
The Tyrians landed near this holy ground,
And digging here, a proſperous omen found:
From under earth a courſer's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreſhew:
This fated ſign their foundreſs Juno gave,
Of a ſoil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with ſolemn ſtate
Did Juno's temple build and conſecrate:
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden ſhrine;
But more the goddeſs made the place divine.
On brazen ſteps the marble threſhold roſe,
And brazen plates the cedar beams incloſe:
The rafters are with brazen coverings crown'd,
The lofty doors on brazen hinges ſound.
What firſt Æneas in this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wandering eyes, and round the temple gaz'd;
Admir'd the fortune of the riſing town,
The ſtriving artiſts and their arts renown:
He ſaw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here he ſpies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He ſtopp'd, and weeping ſaid, O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known diſaſters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam ſtands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim.
He ſaid: his tears a ready paſſage find,
Devouring what he ſaw ſo well deſign'd;
And with an empty picture fed his mind.
For there he ſaw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Purſu'd by fierce Achilles through the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the ſlain.
The tents of Rheſus next his grief renew,
By their white ſails betray'd to nightly view:
And wakeful Diomede, whoſe cruel ſword
The centries ſlew, nor ſpar'd their ſlumbering lord.
Then took the fiery ſteeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taſte, or drink the Zanthian flood.
Elſe where he ſaw where Troïlus defy'd
Achilles, and unequal combat try'd.
Then, where the boy diſarm'd, with looſen'd reins,
Was by his horſes hurry'd o'er the plains:
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around,
The hoſtile ſpear yet ſticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inſcrib'd the duſty ground.

Mean time the Trojan dames, oppreſs'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long proceſſion go,
In hopes to reconcile their heavenly foe:
They weep, they beat their breaſts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd veſts for preſents bear:
But the ſtern goddeſs ſtands unmov'd with prayer.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpſe of Hector, whom in fight he flew.
Here Priam ſues; and there, for ſums of gold,
The lifeleſs body of his ſon is ſold.
So ſad an object, and ſo well expreſs'd,
Drew ſighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breaſt.
To ſee the figure of his lifeleſs friend,
And his old ſire, his helpleſs hand extend.
Himſelf he ſaw amidſt the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain:
And ſwarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous enſigns, and his Indian crew.
Pentheſilea, there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race;
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, ſuſtains the lunar ſhield.
Athwart her breaſt a golden belt ſhe throws,
Amidſt the preſs alone provokes a thouſand foes:
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppoſe.
Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and ſurprize,
The beauteous Dido with a numerous train,
And pomp of guards, aſcends the ſacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana ſeems; and ſo ſhe charms the ſight,
When in the dance the graceful goddeſs leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver and her lofty mien,
She walks majeſtic, and ſhe looks their queen:
Latona ſees her ſhine above the reſt,
And feeds with ſecret joy her ſilent breaſt.
Such Dido was; with ſuch becoming ſtate,
Amidſt the crowd, ſhe walks ſerenely great.
Their labour to her future ſway ſhe ſpeeds,
And, paſſing with a gracious glance, proceeds:
Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the ſhrine;
In crowds around the ſwarming people join.
She takes petitions, and diſpenſes laws,
Hears and determines every private cauſe.
Their taſks, in equal portions, ſhe divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way, by chance, Æneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected ſees his friends:
Antheus, Sergeſtus' grave, Cleanthus ſtrong,
And, at their backs, a mighty Trojan throng:
Whom late the tempeſt on the billows toſs'd,
And widely ſcatter'd on another coaſt.
The prince, unſeen, ſurpriz'd with wonder ſtands,
And longs, with joyful haſte, to join their hands:
But, doubtful of the wiſh'd event, he ſtays,
And from the hollow cloud, his friends ſurveys:
Impatient till they told their preſent ſtate,
And where they left their ſhips, and what their fate:
And why they came, and what was their requeſt:
For theſe were ſent, commiſſion'd by the reſt,
To ſue for leave to land their ſickly men,
And gain admiſſion to the gracious queen.
Entering, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:

) queen! indulg'd by favour of the gods,
To found an empire in these new abodes;
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign:
Ye wretched Trojans, toss'd on every shore
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore:
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface,
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race.
Ye come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away:
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire,
The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperian nam'd of old,
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold:
Th' Oenotrians held it once, by common-fame,
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and every warring element
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the south with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here;
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barbarous customs of the place,
Shut up a desart shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again!
Your hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rites, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Æneas was our prince; a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword:
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we his friends of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where king Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars;
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men! the fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main;
And if our young Iülus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore;
That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn.
Thus spoke Ilioneus; the Trojan crew
With cries and clamours his request renew.
The modest queen awhile, with down-cast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
Trojans, dismiss your fears: my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes:
Who has not heard the story of your woes?
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valour of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phœbus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or driven by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government;
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly powers,
To raise and to defend the Tyrian towers,
My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
And would to heaven the storm, you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wandering king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of every winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest.
Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud;
Achates found it; and thus urg'd his way:
From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you devise, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants: and him we saw in vain
Oppose the storm, and swallow'd in the main!
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid,
The rest agrees with what your mother said.
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine;
And given his rolling eyes a sparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold,
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:
He whom you seek am I: by tempests tost,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast:
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress.
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy,
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore:
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wandering train,
And strangers in your palace entertain.
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who scatter'd through the world in exile mourn?
The gods, (if gods to goodness are inclin'd),
If acts of mercy touch their heavenly mind;
And more than all the gods, your generous heart,
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth:
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heaven the radiant sun:
While trees the mountain-tops with shades supply,
Your honour, name, and praise shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind.
Thus having said; he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Serestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd,
And so by turns descended to the rest.
The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace:
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected stood; and thus began:

What fate, O goddeſs-born, what angry powers
Have caſt you ſhipwreck'd on our barren ſhores?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celeſtial ſeed your lineage claim?
The ſame Æneas, whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchiſes on th' Idean ſhore?
It calls into my mind, though then a child,
When Teucer came from Salamis exil'd;
And ſought my father's aid, to be reſtor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and ſword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And conquering, finiſh'd the ſucceſsful war.
From him the Trojan ſiege I underſtood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illuſtrious blood.
Your foe himſelf the Dardan valour prais'd,
And his own anceſtry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble gueſt, and you ſhall find,
If not a coſtly welcome, yet a kind.
For I myſelf, like you, have been diſtreſs'd;
Till heaven afforded me this place of reſt.
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
Learn to pity woes, ſo like my own.
She ſaid, and to the palace led her gueſt,
Then offer'd incenſe, and proclaim'd a feaſt.
Nor yet leſs careful for her abſent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ſhips ſhe ſends:
Beſides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams.
And jars of generous wine, and ſpacious bowls,
She gives to chear the ſailors drooping ſouls.
Now purple hangings cloath the palace-walls,
And ſumptuous feaſts are made in ſplendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of maſſy plate the ſide-boards ſhine.
And antic vaſes all of gold emboſs'd
(The gold itſelf inferior to the coſt):
Of curious work, where on the ſides were ſeen
The fights and figures of illuſtrious men;
From their firſt founder to the preſent queen.
The good Æneas, whoſe paternal care
Iulus' abſence could no longer bear,
Diſpatch'd Achates to the ſhips in haſte,
To give a glad relation of the paſt;
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tiſſue, ſtiff with golden wire;
An upper veſt, once Helen's rich attire;
From Argos by the fam'd adultreſs brought:
With golden flowers and winding foliage wrought;
Her mother Leda's preſent, when ſhe came
To ruin Troy, and ſet the world on flame.
The ſceptre Priam's eldeſt daughter bore.
Her orient necklace, and the crown ſhe wore;
Of double texture, glorious to behold;
One order ſet with gems, and one with gold.
Inſtructed thus, the wiſe Achates goes:
And in his diligence his duty ſhows.
But Venus, anxious for her ſon's affairs,
New counſels tries; and new deſigns prepares:
That Cupid ſhould aſſume the ſhape and face
Of ſweet Aſcanius, and the ſprightly grace:
Should bring her preſents, in her nephew's ſtead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poiſon ſhed.
For much ſhe fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
Theſe thoughts by night her golden ſlumbers broke;
And thus alarm'd to winged love ſhe ſpoke:
My ſon, my ſtrength, whoſe mighty power alone
Controls the thunderer on his awful throne;
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy ſuccour, and thy faith relies.
Thou know'ſt my ſon, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud attempts thy brother's life.
And often haſt thou mourn'd with me his pains;
Him Dido now with blandiſhment detains;
But I ſuſpect the town where Juno reigns.
For this, 'tis needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phœnician's heart.
A love ſo violent, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind.
Aſcanius, by his father, is deſign'd
To come, with preſents, laden from the part,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleaſing ſleep,
And, raviſh'd, in Idalian bowers to keep;
Or high Cythera: that the ſweet deceit
May paſs unſeen, and none prevent the cheat,
Take thou his form and ſhape. I beg the grant
But only for a night's revolving ſpace;
Thyſelf a boy, aſſume a boy's diſſembled face,
That when, amidſt the fervour of the feaſt
The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her breaſt,
And with ſweet kiſſes in her arms conſtrains,
Thou may'ſt infuſe thy venom in her veins.
The god of love obeys, and ſets aſide
His bow and quiver, and his plumy pride:
He walks Iülus in his mother's ſight;
And in the ſweet reſemblance takes delight.
The goddeſs then to young Aſcanius flies,
And, in a pleaſing ſlumber, ſeals his eyes;
Lull'd in her lap, amidſt a train of loves,
She gently bears him to her bliſsful groves:
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And ſoftly lays him on a flowery bed.
Cupid, mean time, aſſum'd his form and ſtate,
Following Achates with a ſhorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already ſate,
Amidſt the Trojan lords, in ſhining ſtate,
High on a golden bed: her princely gueſt
Was next her ſide, in order ſate the reſt.
Then cariſters with bread are heap'd on high,
Th' attendants water for their hands ſupply;
And, having waſh'd, with ſilken towels dry.
Next, fifty handmaids in long order bore
The cenſers, and with fumes the gods adore.
Then youths, and virgins, twice as many, join
To place the diſhes, and to ſerve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feaſt,
Approach, and on the painted couches reſt.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze;
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze;
His roſy-colour'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and ſhape, and all diſguiſe.
Nor paſs unprais'd the veſt and veil divine,
Which wandering foliage and rich flowers entwine.
But, far above the reſt, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's diſaſtrous flame)
With eyes inſatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the preſents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god, about the hero long,
With childrens' play, and falſe embraces hung;
Then ſought the queen; ſhe took him to her breaſt,
With greedy pleaſure, and devour'd his gueſt.

Unhappy Dido little thought what gueſt,
How dire a god ſhe drew ſo near her breaſt.
But he, not mindleſs of his mother's prayer,
Works in the pliant boſom of the fair;
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love reſign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.
Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and every gueſt was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with ſparkling wine are crown'd,
And through the palace chearful cries reſound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps diſplay
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that ſhone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, ſilence through the hall proclaim'd, ſhe ſpoke:
O hoſpitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With ſolemn rites, thy ſacred name and power!
Bleſs to both nations this auſpicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In laſting concord, from this day combine.
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be preſent here:
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows addreſs
To heaven with mine, to ratify the peace.
The goblet then ſhe took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the firſt libations on the ground),
And rais'd it to her mouth with ſober grace,
Then, ſipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias, whom ſhe call'd a thirſty ſoul,
He took the challenge, and embrac'd the bowl:
With pleaſure ſwill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer ſaw.
The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
His golden lyre, and ſung what ancient Atlas taught.
The various labours of the wandering moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipſes of the ſun.
Th' original of men and beaſts; and whence
The rains ariſe, and fires their warmth diſpenſe;
And fix'd and erring ſtars diſpoſe their influence.
What ſhakes the ſolid earth, what cauſe delays
The ſummer nights, and ſhortens winter days.
With peals of ſhouts the Tyrians praiſe the ſong;
Thoſe peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vaſt delight.
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
Then aſk'd what arms the ſwarthy Memnon wore;
What troops he landed on the Trojan ſhore.
The ſteeds of Diomede vary'd the diſcourſe,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchleſs force.
At length, as fate and her ill ſtars requir'd,
To hear the ſeries of the war deſir'd:
Relate at large, my god-like gueſt, ſhe ſaid,
The Grecian ſtratagems, the town betray'd;
The fatal iſſue of ſo long a war,
Your flight, your wanderings, and your woes, declare.
For, ſince on every ſea, on every coaſt,
Your men have been diſtreſs'd, your navy toſs'd,
Seven times the ſun has either tropic view'd,
The winter baniſh'd, and the ſpring renew'd.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years ſiege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the ſtratagem of a wooden horſe. He declares the fixed reſolution he had taken, not to ſurvive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at laſt, having been before adviſed by Hector's ghoſt, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and ſettle his houſhold gods in another country. In order to this he carries off his father on his ſhoulders, and leads his little ſon by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but miſſes his wife, whoſe ghoſt afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was deſigned for him.

All were attentive to the god-like man,
When, from his lofty couch, he thus began:
Great queen! what you command me to relate,
Renews the ſad remembrance of our fate,
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And every woe the Trojans underwent:
A peopled city made a deſert place;
All that I ſaw, and part of which I was:
Not ev'n the hardeſt of our foes could hear,
Nor ſtern Ulyſſes tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of waſting night,
And ſetting ſtars, to kindly reſt invite.
But, ſince you take ſuch intereſt in our woe,
And Troy's diſaſtrous end deſire to know,
I will reſtrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our laſt and fatal night befel.
By deſtiny compell'd, and in deſpair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
Which, like a ſteed of monſtrous height, appear'd;
The ſides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend; but in the hollow ſide
Selected numbers of their ſoldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels ſtuff the dark abode.
In ſight of Troy lies Tenedos, an iſle
(While fortune did on Priam's empire ſmile)
Renown'd for wealth; but ſince a faithleſs bay,
Where ſhips expos'd to winds and weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for Greece
The ſails were hoiſted, and our fears releaſe.

The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and, with delight, survey
The camp deserted where the Thracians lay:
The quarters of the several chiefs they show'd,
Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode,
Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ
(The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy).
Thymœtes first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames design'd;
Or to the watery deep: at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore:
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, followed by a numerous crowd,
Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
O wretched countrymen: what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone,
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd; by fraud or force;
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides transpierc'd return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing through the wound.
And had not heaven the fall of Troy design'd,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind:
Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers and Priam's empire stood.
Mean time, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands, before the king:
Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray.
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd,
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around;
Then said, Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends!
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We chear the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare, my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name:
Though plung'd by fortune's power in misery,
'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times;
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes:
Because the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament;
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care:
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the peoples' hearts;
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell; then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state:
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd; if indulgent heaven once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate, and soon ensu'd
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
And fought, by treason, my devoted head:
New crimes invented, left untum'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own,
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know,
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts:
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:
Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And weary'd with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintery seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene:
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus, t' enquire their fate, was sent;
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought;
O Grecians: when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought:

o muſt your ſafe return be bought again,
nd Grecian blood once more atone the main!
e ſpreading rumour round the people ran;
l fear'd, and each believ'd himſelf the man.
lyſſes took th' advantage of their fright;
all'd Calchas, and produc'd in open ſight:
hen bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
he public victim, to redeem the ſtate.
ready ſome preſag'd the dire event,
nd ſaw what ſacrifice Ulyſſes meant.
r twice five days the good old ſeer withſtood
h' intended treaſon, and was dumb to blood.
ll, tir'd with endleſs clamours, and purſuit
f Ithacus, he ſtood no longer mute:
ir, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
as deſtin'd by the wrathful gods to die!
l prais'd the ſentence, pleas'd the ſtorm ſhould fall
n one alone, whoſe fury threaten'd all.
he diſmal day was come, the prieſts prepare
heir leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
ollow'd nature's laws, and muſt avow
roke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
id in a weedy lake all night I lay,
cure of ſafety when they ſail'd away.
t now what further hopes for me remain,
o ſee my friends or native ſoil again?
y tender infants, or my careful fire,
om they returning will to death require?
ll perpetrate on them their firſt deſign,
nd take the forfeit of their heads for mine!
hich, O, if pity mortal minds can move,
there be faith below, or gods above,
nnocence and truth can claim deſert,
Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.
lſe tears true pity move: the king commands
o looſe his fetters, and unbind his hands:
en adds theſe friendly words; diſmiſs thy fears,
get the Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs:
r truly tell, was it for force or guile,
ſome religious end, you rais'd this pile?
as ſaid the king. He, full of fraudful arts,
is well-invented tale for truth imparts:
lamps of heaven! he ſaid, and lifted high
s hands now free, thou venerable ſky,
iolable powers, ador'd with dread,
fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
ſacred altars, from whoſe flames I fled,
all of you abjur'd; and grant I may,
thout a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
eveal the ſecrets of the guilty ſtate,
nd juſtly puniſh whom I juſtly hate!
t you, O king! preſerve the faith you gave.
, to ſave myſelf, your empire ſave.
he Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
re only founded on Minerva's aid.
ſt from the time when impious Diomede,
nd falſe Ulyſſes, that inventive head,
ir fatal image from the temple drew,
he ſleeping guardians of the caſtle ſlew,
ir virgin ſtatue with their bloody hands
olated and prophan'd her holy bands:
nce thence the tide of fortune left their ſhore,
nd ebb'd much faſter than it flow'd before:
heir courage languiſh'd, as their hopes decay'd,
d Pallas, now averſe, refus'd her aid.
w did the goddeſs ſubtilly declare
er alter'd mind, and alienated care:
When firſt her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She ſternly caſt her glaring eyes around;
That ſparkled as they roll'd, and ſeem'd to threat:
Her heavenly limbs diſtill'd a briny ſweat.
Thrice from the ground ſhe leap'd, was ſeen to wield
Her brandiſh'd lance, and ſhake her horrid ſhield!
Then Calchas bade our hoſt for flight prepare,
And hope no conqueſt from the tedious war:
Till firſt they ſail'd for Greece; with prayers beſought
Her injur'd power, and better omens brought.
And now their navy ploughs the watery main,
Yet, ſoon expect it on your ſhores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But firſt, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
For her ſtolen ſtatue, and her tower betray'd;
Warn'd by the ſeer, to her offended name
We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:
So lofty, leſt through your forbidden gates
It paſs, and intercept our better fates.
For, once admitted there, our hopes are loſt;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boaſt.
For ſo religion and the gods ordain;
That if you violate with hands profane
(Minerva's gift, your town in flames ſhall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!
But if it climb, with your aſſiſting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city ſtands,
Then Troy ſhall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
And the reverſe of fate on us return.
With ſuch deceits he gain'd their eaſy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts,
What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater ſon,
A thouſand ſhips, nor ten years ſiege had done:
Falſe tears and fawning words the city won.
A greater omen, and of worſe portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt by lot that year,
With ſolemn pomp then ſacrificed a ſteer.
When, dreadful to behold, from ſea we ſpy'd
Two ſerpents rank'd abreaſt, the ſeas divide,
And ſmoothly ſweep along the ſwelling tide.
Their flaming creſts above the waves they ſhow,
Their bellies ſeem to burn the ſeas below:
Their ſpeckled tails advance to ſteer their courſe,
And, on the ſounding ſhore, the flying billows force.
And now the ſtrand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody ſtreaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandiſh'd as they came,
And lick'd their hiſſing jaws that ſputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their deſtin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And firſt around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their ſharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haſte, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waiſt their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gaſping throat they fold.
The prieſt, thus doubly chok'd, their creſts divide,
And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots,
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,

He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
By her large buckler, and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all; the general cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare,
And fasten to the horses feet: the rest
With cables hall along th' unwieldy beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls:
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads and threats the town.
O sacred city! built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he stuck; as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We hawl along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tower.
Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;
Foretold our fate; but, by the gods decree
All heard, and none believ'd, the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
Our men secure, nor guards nor centries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores:
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light.
When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
Nor was the Podalyrian hero last:
Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the sam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake, first meet their fate,
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears.
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian courses dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils:
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard flood stiffen'd with his gore
And all the wounds he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man:
And, while my trance continu'd, thus began
O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from what
Art thou so late return'd for our defence?
Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
With length of labours and with toils of war!
After so many funerals of thy own,
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?
To this the spectre no reply did frame;
But answer'd to the cause for which he came.
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning, in these mournful words, expressed:
O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes, already, have possess'd the wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.
He said, and brought me from their bleest abodes
The venerable statues of the gods:
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
Now peals of shouts come thundering from the gate,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war!
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms!
Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,
But mount the terrass, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey!
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is born,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn:
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of labouring oxen, and the peasant's gains:
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey.
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees, from far,
The wasteful ravage of the watery war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoaky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
With splendor not their own; and shine with Trojan light.
New clamours and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarm,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms!
But first, to gather friends, with them t' oppose,
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.

'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
ſenſe of honour, and revenge inſpir'd!
ntheus, Apollo's prieſt, a ſacred name,
'ſnap'd the Grecian ſwords, and paſs'd the
flame;
relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
by the hand, his tender grandſon led.
hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
or make a ſtand? and what may yet be done?
e had I ſaid, when Pantheus, with a groan,
is no more, and Ilium was a town!
fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
n wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
ſers the Trojan ſtate to Grecian hands.
are conſumes the town, the foe commands!
armed hoſts, an unexpected force,
from the bowels of the fatal horſe!
in the gates proud Sinon throws about
flames, and foes for entrance preſs without.
thouſand others, whom I fear to name,
than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
veral poſts their parties they divide;
block the narrow ſtreets, ſome ſcour the wide.
old they kill, th' unwary they ſurprize;
fights finds death, and death finds him who
flies.
warders of the gate but ſcarce maintain
unequal combat, and reſiſt in vain.
d; and heaven, that well-born ſouls inſpires,
ipts me, through lifted ſwords and riſing fires
n, where claſhing arms and clamour calls,
ruth undaunted to defend the walls!
eus and Iphitus by my ſide engage,
alour one renown'd, and one for age.
s and Hypanis by moonlight knew
motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
young Chorœbus, who by love was led
in renown and fair Caſſandra's bed;
lately brought his troops to Priam's aid:
arm'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
n, when I ſaw, reſolv'd in arms to fall,
that one ſpirit animated all;
e ſouls, ſaid I, but brave, alas! in vain:
e, finiſh what our cruel fates ordain.
ſee the deſperate ſtate of our affairs;
heaven's protecting powers are deaf to prayers.
paſſive gods behold the Greeks defile
temples, and abandon to the ſpoil
r own abodes: we, feeble few, conſpire
ve a ſinking town involv'd in fire.
let us fall, but fall amidſt our foes:
ſs of life, the means of living ſhows.
did a ſpeech encourag'd their deſire
ath, and added fuel to their fire!
hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
r through the fields, nor fear the ſtormy night,
r whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
long to temper their dry chaps in blood,
ſh'd we forth at once, reſolv'd to die,
de'd in death the laſt extremes to try!
leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
unequal combat in the public ſquare:
t was our friend, our leader was Deſpair.
t tongue can tell the ſlaughter of that night!
t eyes can weep the ſorrows and affright!
ancient and imperial city falls,
ſtreets are fill'd with frequent funerals:

Houſes and holy temples float in blood,
And hoſtile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall, but, in their turn,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from deſpair and night;
Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.
All parts reſound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And griſly death in ſundry ſhapes appears!
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land:
From whence, ſaid he, my friends, this long delay?
You loiter, while the ſpoils are borne away.
Our ſhips are laden with the Trojan ſtore,
And you, like truants, come too late a ſhore.
He ſaid, but ſoon corrected his miſtake,
Found by the doubtful anſwers which we make:
Amaz'd he would have ſhunn'd th' unequal fight,
But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
As when ſome peaſant, in a buſhy brake,
Has, with unwary footing, preſs'd a ſnake,
He ſtarts aſide, aſtoniſh'd, when he ſpies
His riſing creſt, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms ſurpriz'd Androgeos flies!
In vain; for him and his we compaſs round,
Poſſeſs'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
And of their lives an eaſy conqueſt found.
Thus fortune on our firſt endeavour ſmil'd;
Chorœbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with ſucceſs, and of a daring mind,
This new invention fatally deſign'd.
My friends, ſaid he, ſince fortune ſhows the way,
'Tis fit we ſhould th' auſpicious guide obey.
For what has ſhe theſe Grecian arms beſtow'd,
But their deſtruction, and the Trojans good?
Then change we ſhields, and their devices bear,
Let fraud ſupply the want of force in war.
They find us arms. This ſaid, himſelf he dreſs'd
In dead Androgeos' ſpoils, his upper veſt,
His painted buckler, and his plumy creſt.
Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and ſtrip the ſlain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill preſage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
Unknown, aſſaulting whom we blindly meet,
And ſtrew, with Grecian carcaſes, the ſtreet.
Thus while their ſtraggling parties we deſeat,
Some to the ſhore and ſafer ſhips retreat:
And ſome, oppreſs'd with more ignoble fear,
Remount the hollow horſe, and pant in ſecret there.
But ah! what uſe of valour can be made,
When heaven's propitious powers refuſe their aid!
Behold the royal prophetefs, the fair
Caſſandra, dragg'd by her diſhevel'd hair;
Whom not Minerva's ſhrine, nor ſacred bands,
In ſafety could protect from ſacrilegious hands:
On heaven ſhe caſt her eyes, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe cry'd,
('Twas all ſhe could), her tender arms were ty'd.
So ſad a ſight Chorœbus could not bear;
But, fir'd with rage, diſtracted with deſpair,
Amid the barbarous raviſhers he flew;
Our leader's raſh example we purſue;
But ſtorms of ſtones, from the proud temple's height,
Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we ſeem'd in ſhow.
They aim at the miſtaken creſts, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.

Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free:
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.
Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, east, and west, on airy courses borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep, the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
The troops we squander'd first, again appear
From several quarters, and inclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our different speech; our borrow'd arms survey.
Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Chorœbus first,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heaven thought not so: Dymas their fate attends,
With Hipanis, mistaken by their friends.
Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there:
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.
Witness, ye heavens; I live not by my fault;
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
New clamours from th' invested palace ring;
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space:
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter only there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling-ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold:
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
While with the right they seize the battlement.
From the demolish'd towers the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe:
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
(Such arms their last necessity provides):
And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death:
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.
A postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's closet led, a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne:
Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.
Through this we pass, and mount the tower from whence,
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defence.
From this the trembling king had oft descry'd
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from his lofty height with swords we hew
Then wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew.
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below:
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake:
And, casting off his slough, when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun, and, rais'd on spires, he rides;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,
And brandishes, by fits, his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate: The Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crouds, and the barr'd passage fire.
Entering the court, with shouts the skies they
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows;
And, with his ax, repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors: then all their shoulders
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace, the double bars at length
Yield to his ax, and unresisted strength.
A mighty breach is made; the roofs
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are
With not a door, and scarce a space between.
The house is fill'd with loud laments and
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies;
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force
The bars are broken, and the guards are
In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartment
Those few defendants whom they find they
Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming
Roars when he finds his rapid course
Bears down the dams with unresisted
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
These eyes beheld him, when he march'd
The brother-kings: I saw th' unhappy
The hundred wives, and where old Priam
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise of a progeny).
The posts of plated gold, and hung with
Fell the reward of the proud victor's
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter, and possess the place.

erhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire:
e, when he saw his regal town on fire,
a ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
n every side inevitable woes;
arms disus'd, invests his limbs decay'd,
ke them, with age; a late and useless aid.
s feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
aded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
espairing of success: ambitious to be slain!
scover'd but by heaven, there stood in view
n altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
adder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
he houshold gods, and shade the holy ground.
ere Hecuba, with all her helpless train
f dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
riven like a flock of doves along the sky,
heir images they hug, and to their altars fly.
he queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
nd hanging by his side a heavy sword,
hat rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my husband's mind;
hat arms are these, and to what use design'd?
hese times want other aids: were Hector here,
'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
ith us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
r in one common fate with us be join'd.
he said, and with a last salute embrac'd
he poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
hold Polites, one of Priam's sons,
ursu'd by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs,
hrough swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he flies
hrough empty courts, and open galleries:
im, Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
nd often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
he youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
xpires, before his wretched parents' eyes.
Whom, gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
nd, shaking more with anger than with age,
The gods, said he, requite thy brutal rage:
s sure they will, Barbarian! sure they must,
f there be gods in heaven, and gods be just:
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight,
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his: not he thy vaunted sire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He shear'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold.
Pity'd the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent.
This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinckled on the brazen shield.
Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from me to fate;
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die: with that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
Sliddering through clotter'd blood and holy mire
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made),
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody fauchion bare;
His left he twisted in his hoary hair:
Then, with a speeding thrust his heart he found:
The lukewarm blood came rushing through the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs, like domestic slaves, obey'd,
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
* A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.
Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Left equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone,
Deserted at my need, my friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.
Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames, that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan's sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard;
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew;
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood!
'Tis true, a soldier can small honour gain,
And boast no conquest from a woman slain;
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease:
And murmuring manes of my friends appease.
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasant light
Spread o'er the place, and, shining heavenly bright,
My Mother stood reveal'd before my sight.
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Nor her own star confess'd a light so clear.
Great in her charms, as when the gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break:
Then, from her rosy lips, began to speak:
My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Look if your hapleſs father yet ſurvive;
Or if Aſcanius, or Creüſa, live.
Around your houſe the greedy Grecians err;
And theſe had periſh'd in the nightly war,
But for my preſence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
But by the gods was this deſtruction brought.
Now caſt your eyes around; while I diſſolve
The miſts and films that mortal eyes involve:
Purge from your ſight the droſs, and make you ſee
The ſhape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my juſt commands fulfil:
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon diſorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from ſtones, where clouds of duſt ariſe,
Amid that ſmother, Neptune holds his place:
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,
And heaves the building from the ſolid baſe.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno ſtands,
Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,
Urging on ſhore the tardy Grecian bands.
See Pallas, of her ſnaky buckler proud,
Beſtrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
See Jove new courage to the foe ſupplies,
And arms againſt the town the partial deities.
Haſte hence, my ſon; this fruitleſs labour end:
Haſte where your trembling ſpouſe and ſire attend:
Haſte, and a mother's care your paſſage ſhall befriend.
She ſaid: and ſwiftly vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Obſcure in clouds, and gloomy ſhades of night.
I look'd, I liſtened; dreadful ſounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hoſtile gods appear.
Troy ſunk in flames I ſaw, nor could prevent;
And Ilium from its old foundations rent.
Rent like a mountain aſh, which dar'd the winds;
And ſtood the ſturdy ſtrokes of labouring hinds:
About the roots the cruel axe reſounds,
The ſtumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds.
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.
To their united force it yields, though late;
And mourns, with mortal groans, th'approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load ſuſtain;
But down ſhe falls, and ſpreads a ruin through the plain.
Deſcending thence, I 'ſcape through foes, and fire:
Before the goddeſs, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he for whoſe only ſake,
Or moſt for his, ſuch toils I undertake,
The good Anchiſes, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to ſecure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey; reſolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy.
Rather than exile and old age ſuſtain.
Go you, whoſe blood runs warm in every vein:
Had heaven decreed that I ſhould life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to ſave unhappy Troy.
'Tis ſure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have ſeen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haſte to ſave the poor remaining crew;
And give this uſeleſs corpſe a long adieu.
Theſe weak old hands ſuffice to ſtop my breath:
At leaſt the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my ſpoils: and leave my body bare:
As for my ſepulchre let heaven take care.
'Tis long ſince I, for my celeſtial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life.
Since every hour and moment I expire,
Blaſted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.
This oft repeated, he ſtood fix'd to die:
Myſelf, my wife, my ſon, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raiſe a doleful cry.
What, will he ſtill perſiſt, on death reſolve,
And in his ruin all his houſe involve?
He ſtill perſiſts his reaſons to maintain;
Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.
Urg'd by deſpair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, reſolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death muſt give?
Can I without ſo dear a father live?
You term it prudence, what I baſeneſs call:
Could ſuch a word from ſuch a parent fall?
If fortune pleaſe, and ſo the gods ordain,
That nothing ſhould of ruin'd Troy remain;
And you conſpire with fortune, to be ſlain;
The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:
For ſoon relentleſs Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who ſlew
The ſon (inhuman) in the father's view,
And then the ſire himſelf to the dire altar drew.
O goddeſs mother, give me back to fate;
Your gift was undeſir'd, and came too late.
Did you for this, unhappy me convey
Through foes and fires to ſee my houſe a prey?
Shall I, my father, wife, and ſon behold
Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haſte! gird my ſword, though ſpent and overcome;
'Tis the laſt ſummons to receive your doom.
I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
Not unreveng'd the foe ſhall ſee my fall.
Reſtore me yet to the unfiniſh'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.
Arm'd once again, my glittering ſword I wield!
While th' other hand ſuſtains my weighty ſhield:
And forth I ruſh to ſeek th' abandon'd field.
I went; but fair Creüſa ſtopp'd my way,
And, croſs the threſhold, in my paſſage lay:
Embrac'd my knees; and when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble ſire, and tender ſon.
If death be your deſign, at leaſt, ſaid ſhe,
Take us along to ſhare your deſtiny.
If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, theſe pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expoſe your father's life,
Your ſon's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife!
While thus ſhe fills the houſe with clamorous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;
For while I held my ſon, in the ſhort ſpace,
Betwixt our kiſſes and our laſt embrace,
Strange to relate, from young Iülus' head
A lambent flame aroſe, which gently ſpread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the ſacred fire, and ſlake his hair;
But old Anchiſes, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hand to heaven, and this request preferr'd:
If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,
Confirm the glad preſage which thou doſt ſend.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on our left, with thunder
A peal of rattling thunder roll'd in air:

here ſhot a ſtreaming lamp, along the ſky,
Which on the winged lightning ſeem'd to fly;
om o'er the roof the blaze began to move;
nd trailing vaniſh'd in th' Idean grove.
ſwept a path in heaven and ſhone a guide;
hen in a ſteaming ſtench of ſulphur dy'd.
The good old man with ſuppliant hands implor'd
he gods protection, and their ſtar ador'd.
ow, now, ſaid he, my ſon, no more delay,
yield, I follow where heaven ſhews the way.
ep (O my country gods) our dwelling-place,
nd guard this relick of the Trojan race:
his tender child; theſe omens are your own;
nd you can yet reſtore the ruin'd town.
t leaſt accompliſh what your ſigns foreſhow:
ſtand reſign'd, and am prepar'd to go.
He ſaid; the crackling flames appear on high,
nd driving ſparkles dance along the ſky.
ith vulcan's rage the riſing winds conſpire;
nd near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
aſte, my dear father ('tis no time to wait,)
nd load my ſhoulders with a willing freight.
hate'er befals, your life ſhall be my care,
e death, or one deliverance, we will ſhare.
y hand ſhall lead our little ſon; and you,
y faithful conſort, ſhall our ſteps purſue.
ext, you, my ſervants, heed my ſtrict commands:
ithout the walls a ruin'd temple ſtands,
o Ceres hallow'd once; a cypreſs nigh
hoots up her venerable head on high;
y long religion kept; there bend your feet;
nd, in divided parties, let us meet.
ur country gods, the relicks, and the bands,
old you, my father, in your guiltleſs hands:
me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
ed as I am with ſlaughter, new from war:
ill, in ſome living ſtream, I cleanſe the guilt
f dire debate, and blood in battle ſpilt.
hus, ordering all that prudence could provide,
clothe my ſhoulders with a lion's hide
nd yellow ſpoils: then, on my bending back,
he welcome load of my dear father take.
While, on my better hand, Aſcanius hung,
ted, with unequal paces, tript along.
reüſa kept behind: by choice we ſtray
hrough every dark and every devious way.
who ſo bold and dauntleſs, juſt before,
he Grecian darts and ſhocks of lances bore,
t every ſhadow now am ſeiz'd with fear:
ot for myſelf, but for the charge I bear.
ill near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at laſt,
ecure, and deeming all the danger paſt,
frightful noiſe of trampling feet we hear;
My father, looking through the ſhades with fear
ry'd out, Haſte, haſte, my ſon, the foes are nigh;
heir ſwords and ſhining armour I deſcry.
ome hoſtile god, for ſome unknown offence,
had ſure bereft my mind of better ſenſe:
or while, through winding ways, I took my flight,
nd fought the ſhelter of the gloomy night,
Alas! I loſt Creüſa: hard to tell
If by her fatal deſtiny ſhe fell,
Or weary fate, or wander'd with affright;
But ſhe was loſt for ever to my ſight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now deſerted ſeat:
We met: not one was wanting, only ſhe
Deceiv'd her friends, her ſon, and wretched me.
What mad expreſſions did my tongue refuſe!
Whom did I not of gods or men accuſe!
This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
Stung with my loſs, and raving with deſpair,
Abandoning my now-forgotten care,
Of counſel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My fire, my ſon, my country gods, I left.
In ſhining armour once again I ſheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And ſeek the danger I was forc'd to ſhun.
I tread my former tracks: through night explore
Each paſſage, every ſtreet I croſs'd before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night.
Then to my father's houſe I make repair,
With ſome ſmall glimpſe of hope to find her there:
Inſtead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
The houſe was fill'd with foes, with flames beſet.
Driven on the wings of winds, whole ſheets of fire,
Through air tranſported, to the roofs aſpire.
From thence to Priam's palace I reſort,
And ſearch the citadel, and deſert court.
Then, unobſerv'd, I paſs'd by Juno's church;
A guard of Grecians had poſſeſs'd the porch:
There Phœnix and Ulyſſes watch the prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.
The ſpoils which they from ranſack'd houſes brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
The tables of the gods, the purple veſts,
The people's treaſure, and the pomp of prieſts.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
And captive matrons in long order ſtands.
Then, with ungovern'd madneſs, I proclaim,
Through all the ſilent ſtreets, Creüſa's name.
Creüſa ſtill I call: at length ſhe hears:
And, ſudden, through the ſhades of night appears.
Appears no more Creüſa, nor my wife,
But a pale ſpectre, larger than the life.
Aghaſt, aſtoniſh'd, and ſtruck dumb with fear,
I ſtood; like briſtles roſe my ſtiffen'd hair,
Then thus the ghoſt began to ſoothe my grief:
Nor tears, nor cries can give the dead relief;
Deſiſt, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great comptroller of the ſky.
Long wandering ways for you the powers decree:
On land hard labours, and a length of ſea.
Then, after many painful years are paſt,
On Latium's happy ſhore you ſhall be caſt:
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils: and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune ſhall the Trojan line reſtore;
And you for loſt Creüſa weep no more.
Fear not that I ſhall watch, with ſervile ſhame,
Th' imperious looks of ſome proud Grecian dame:
Or, ſtooping to the victor's luſt, diſgrace
My goddeſs mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewel: the parent of the gods
Reſtrains my fleeting ſoul in her abodes:
I truſt our common iſſue to your care.
She ſaid: and gliding paſs'd unſeen in air.
I ſtrove to ſpeak, but horror ty'd my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung;
And thrice, deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.

Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blaſt of wind, the ruſh'd away.
Thus, having paſs'd the night in fruitleſs pain,
I to my longing friends return again.
Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treaſure fraught.
Reſolv'd, and willing under my command,
To run all hazards both of ſea and land.
The morn began, from Ida, to diſplay
Her roſy cheeks, and Phoſphor led the day:
Before the gates the Grecians took their poſt:
And all pretence of late relief were loſt.
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my fire.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he ſailed, and the ſucceſs of his firſt voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his courſe to Delos, and aſks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a miſtake of the oracle's anſwer, he ſettles in Crete: his houſehold Gods give him the true ſenſe of the oracle in a dream: he follows their advice, and makes the beſt of his way for Italy: he is caſt on ſeveral ſhores, and meets with many ſurpriſing adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchiſes dies. This is the place he was ſailing from, when the tempeſt roſe, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coaſt.

WHEN heaven had overturn'd the Trojan ſtate,
And Priam's throne, by too ſevere a fate:
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in aſhes lay:
Warned by celeſtial omens, we retreat,
To ſeek in foreign lands a happier ſeat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the ſacred groves we cut;
And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repoſe aſſign'd.
Friends daily flock, and ſcarce the kindly ſpring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to ſing:
When old Anchiſes ſummon'd all to ſea:
The crew, my father and the fates obey.
With ſighs and tears I leave my native ſhore,
And empty fields, where Ilium ſtood before.
My ſire, my ſon, our leſs, and greater gods,
All hail at once; and cleave the briny floods.

Againſt our coaſt appears a ſpacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command:
Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
Vaſt are their fields, and tillage is their care.
A hoſpitable realm, while fate was kind;
With Troy in friendſhip and religion join'd.
I land, with luckleſs omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the ſhore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the powers that riſing labours aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
Not far, a riſing hillock ſtood in view;
Sharp myrtles, on the ſides, and cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the ſylvan ſcenes,
And ſhade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull'd a plant (with horror I relate
A prodigy ſo ſtrange, and full of fate);
The rooted fibres roſe; and from the wound,
Black bloody drops diſtill'd upon the ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terror ſtood;
Fear ſhrunk my ſinews, and congeal'd my blood:
Man'd once again, another plant I try,
That other guſh'd with the ſame ſanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for ſome offence unknown,
With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone;
With all the ſiſters of the woods, and moſt
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coaſt:
That they, or he, theſe omens would avert;
Releaſe our fears, and better ſigns impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cauſe, I tugg'd with all my ſtrength:
I bent my knees againſt the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the ſequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan as of a troubled ghoſt renew'd
My fright, and then theſe dreadful words enſued:
Why doſt thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O ſpare the corpſe of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears diſtil not from the wounded wood;
But every drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:
O fly from this unhoſpitable ſhore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again ſhoot upward, by my blood renew'd.
My faltering tongue and ſhivering limbs declare
My horror, and in briſtles roſe my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was cloſely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapleſs Polydore to Thracia ſent.
Loaded with gold, he ſent his darling far
From noiſe and tumults, and deſtructive war:
Committed to the faithleſs tyrant's care:
Who, when he ſaw the power of Troy decline,
Forſook the weaker, with the ſtrong to join:
Broke every bond of nature, and of truth:
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O ſacred hunger of pernicious gold,
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!
Now, when my ſoul had ſhaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers:
Relate the prodigies of heaven, require
What he commands, and their advice deſire.

ll vote to leave that execrable ſhore,
olluted with the blood of Polydore.
ut ere we ſail, his funeral rites prepare;
hen, to his ghoſt, a tomb and altars rear.
n mournful pomp the matrons walk the round:
Vith baleful cypreſs and blue fillets crown'd;
Vith eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
hen bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
nd thrice invoke the ſoul of Polydore.
Now when the raging ſtorms no longer reign;
ut ſouthern gales invite us to the main;
Ve launch our veſſels, with a proſperous wind;
nd leave the cities and the ſhores behind.
An iſland in th' Ægean main appears;
eptune and watery Doris claim it theirs.
floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the ſides
o rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
here, borne by friendly winds, we come aſhore,
Vith needful eaſe our weary limbs reſtore:
nd the ſun's temple and his town adore.
Anius the prieſt, and king, with laurel crown'd,
is hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who ſaw my fire the Delian ſhore aſcend,
ame forth with eager haſte to meet his friend:
nvites him to his palace: and in ſign
f ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
hen to the temple of the god I went;
nd thus before the ſhrine my vows preſent:
ive, O Thymbræus, give a reſting place
o the ſad relicks of the Trojan race:
Grat ſecure, a region of their own,
aſting empire, and a happier town.
Where ſhall we fix, where ſhall our labours end,
Whom ſhall we follow, and what fate attend?
er not my prayers a doubtful anſwer find,
ut in clear auguries unveil thy mind.
carce had I ſaid; he ſhook the holy ground,
he laurels, and the lofty hills around:
nd from the tripos ruſh'd a bellowing ſound.
roſtrate we fell, confeſs'd the preſent god;
Who give this anſwer from his dark abode:
ndaunted youths, go ſeek that mother earth
rom which your Anceſtors derive their birth,
he ſoil that ſent you forth, her ancient race,
n her old boſom, ſhall a fain embrace.
hrough the wide world th' Æneian houſe ſhall reign,
nd childrens children ſhall the crown ſuſtain.
hus Phœbus did our future fates diſcloſe:
mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, aroſe.
All are concerned to know what place the god
eign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
y father, long revolving in his mind
he race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
hus anſwer'd their demands: ye princes, hear
our pleaſing fortune; and diſpel your fear.
he fruitful iſle of Crete, well known to fame,
acred of old to Jove's imperial name,
n the mid ocean lies with large command;
hid on its plains a hundred cities ſtand.
nother Ida riſes there; and we
rom thence derive our Trojan anceſtry.
rom thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
o the Rhætean ſhores old Teucer came:
here fix'd, and there the ſeat of empire choſe,
re Ilium and the Trojan towers aroſe.
n humble vales they built their ſoft abodes:
ill Cybele, the mother of the gods,
Vith tinkling cymbals, charm'd th' Idean woods.
She ſecret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the ſavage lions brought.
Let us the land, which heaven appoints, explore;
Appeaſe the winds, and ſeek the Gnoſſian ſhore.
If Jove aſſiſt the paſſage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn diſcovers Crete.
Thus having ſaid, the ſacrifices laid
On ſmoaking altars, to the gods he paid.
A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo flew:
A milk-white ewe the weſtern winds to pleaſe:
And one coal black to calm the ſtormy ſeas.
Ere this, a flying rumour had been ſpread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coaſt was free
From foreign or domeſtic enemy:
We leave the Delian ports, and put to ſea.
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way:
Then green Donyſa paſs; and fail in ſight
Of Paros iſle, with marble quarries white.
We paſs the ſcatter'd iſles of Cyclades,
Thar, ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd ſeem to ſtud the ſeas,
The ſhouts of ſailors double near the ſhores;
They ſtretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete they cry,
And ſwiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy deſcending on the Cretan ſhore.
With eager haſte a riſing town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itſelf was grateful; I exhort
To ſound their houſes, and erect a fort.
Our ſhips are haul'd upon the yellow ſtrand.
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myſelf new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
When riſing vapours choke the wholeſom air,
And blaſts of noiſom winds corrupt the year:
The trees, devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the graſs, and blighted was the corn.
Nor ſcape the beaſts: for Sirius from on high
With peſtilential heat infects the ſky:
My men, ſome fall, the reſt in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me ſeek the ſhore
Of ſacred Delos and the god implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary courſe direct.
'Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy ſlumber ſhares:
The ſtatues of my gods (for ſuch they ſeem'd)
Thoſe gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me ſtood; majeſtically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.
Then thus they ſpoke; and eas'd my troubled mind:
What from the Delian God thou go'ſt to find,
He tells thee here; and ſends us to relate:
Thoſe powers are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy ſafety wrought.
Through ſeas and lands as we thy ſteps attend,
So ſhall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain;
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world ſhall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy ſeat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Heſperia call'd of old,
The ſoil is fruitful, and the natives bold.

Th' Oenotrians held it once; by later fame,
Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
Jasius there, and Dardanus were born:
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.
Astonish'd at their voices, and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night;
I saw, I knew their faces, and descry'd
In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd);
I started from my couch, and clammy sweat
On all my limbs and shivering body sate.
To heaven I lift my hands with pious haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More chearful to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news: in little space
He found his error of the double race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful seat.
Then said, O son! turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
Such things as these Cassandra did relate;
This day revives within my mind, what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought?
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way,
He said, and we with glad consent obey:
Forsake the seat; and, leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our gallies move,
With only seas around, and skies above.
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night, with sable clouds, involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise;
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways;
The face of heaven is ravish'd from our eyes,
And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found
Betwixt the night and day, such darkness reign'd around.
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays
Without distinction, and three sunless days.
The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,
We view a rising land like distant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight,
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvass falls, their oars the sailors ply,
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas:
Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main,
The dire abode where the foul harpies reign:
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
Monsters more fierce, offended heaven ne'er sent
From hell's abyss, for human punishment.
With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean:
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
We landed at the port, and soon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feast:
And Jove himself the chief invited guest.
We spread the tables on the greensward ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly:
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit;
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn,
And once again the ravenous birds return:
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the grass their glittering weapons hide:
Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
Their clattering wings, and saw the foes appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm;
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmost force the monsters to destroy.
In vain; the fated skin is proof to wounds:
And, from their plumes, the shining sword rebounds.
At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
Yet one remain'd the messenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celæno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:
What, not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the harpies from their native reign?
Heed, therefore, what I say, and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd,
And I, the Fury's queen, from both relate:
You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate:
Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot, for this misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
She said, and to the neighbouring forest flew:
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to prayers we fall,
And on th' offended harpies humbly call.
And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchises, offering sacrifice,
And lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: Avert, said he,
These omens; render vain this prophecy;
And, from th' impending curse, a pious people free.
Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our haulers and obey,
And soon, with swelling sails, pursue our watery way.
Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear,
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.

At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,
And the ſun's temple, which the ſailor fears.
Reſolv'd to breathe a while from labour paſt,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we caſt,
And joyful to the little city haſte.
Here ſafe, beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The cuſtoms of our country we purſue,
And Trojan games on Actian ſhores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs beſmear with oil,
And exerciſe the wreſtlers noble toil.
Pleas'd to have ſail'd ſo long before the wind,
And left ſo many Grecian towns behind.
The ſun had now fulfill'd his annual courſe,
And Boreas on the ſeas diſplay'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen ſhield which vanquiſh'd Abas bore:
The verſe beneath my name and action ſpeaks,
Thoſe arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks.
Then I command to weigh; the ſeamen ply
Their ſweeping oars, the ſmoking billows fly.
The ſight of high Phæacia ſoon we loſt,
And ſkim'd along Epirus' rocky coaſt.
Then to Chaonia's port our courſe we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights aſcend.
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by fame,
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece: That Priam's captive ſon
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne.
And fair Andromache, reſtor'd by fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my gallies riding in the port,
And long to ſee the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then ſolemniz'd her former huſband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts ſhe crown'd
And ſacred prieſts in order ſtand around,
And thrice the name of hapleſs Hector ſound.
The grove itſelf reſembles Ida's wood,
And Simois ſeem'd the well diſſembled flood.
But when, at nearer diſtance, ſhe beheld
My ſhining armour, and my Trojan ſhield,
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſight, the vital heat
Forſakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
She faints, ſhe falls; and, ſcarce recovering ſtrength,
Thus, with a faultering tongue, ſhe ſpeaks at length:
Are you alive, O goddeſs-born! ſhe ſaid,
Or if a ghoſt, then where is Hector's ſhade?
At this ſhe caſt a loud and frightful cry:
With broken words I made this brief reply:
All of me that remains appears in ſight.
I live; if living be to loath the light.
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
My fate reſembling that of Hector's wife.
What have you ſuffer'd ſince you loſt your lord?
By what ſtrange bleſſings are you now reſtor'd?
Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance loſt in Pyrrhus bed?
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modeſt pauſe, ſhe thus begun:
Oh only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foes embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity;
Or in a haughty maſter's arms to lie.
In Grecian ſhips unhappy we were borne:
Under'd the victor's luſt; ſuſtain'd the ſcorn:
Thus I ſubmitted to the lawleſs pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with poſſeſſion, he forſook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter ſought to wed.
Then me to Trojan Helenus reſign'd:
And his two ſlaves in equal marriage join'd.
Till young Oreſtes, pierc'd with deep deſpair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar ſlew the raviſher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
At leaſt one half with Helenus remain'd;
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls:
And names, from Pergamus, his riſing walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our coaſt,
What gods have ſent you, or what ſtorms have toſs'd?
Does young Aſcanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O tell me how his mother's loſs he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears?
She ſpoke: and mix'd her ſpeech with mournful cries:
And fruitleſs tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord deſcends upon the plain,
In pomp attended with a numerous train:
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidſt his welcome ſheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I ſee;
Or, in leſs compaſs, Troy's epitome.
A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran:
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertained,
And feaſts and pleaſures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the ſpacious hall around,
And golden bowls with ſparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we paſs'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the ſouth, ſupply'd our ſwelling ſails.
Then to the royal ſeer I thus began:
O thou who knoweſt, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heaven, and what the ſtars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auſpices their notes and flights declare:
O ſay; for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a proſperous end;
And every power and omen of the ſky
Direct my courſe for deſtin'd Italy.
But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A diſmal famine fatally forebodes:
O ſay what dangers I am firſt to ſhun,
What toils to vanquiſh, and what courſe to run.
The prophet firſt with ſacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores:
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phœbus next my trembling ſteps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god poſſeſs'd, before the ſhrine,
Theſe words proceeded from his mouth divine:
O goddeſs born (for heaven's appointed will,
With greater auſpices of good than ill,
Fore-ſhows thy voyage, and thy courſe directs;
Thy fates conſpire, and Jove himſelf protects):
Of many things, ſome few I ſhall explain,
Teach thee to ſhun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd ſhore to gain.

The reſt the Fates from Helenus conceal;
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
Firſt then, that happy ſhore, that ſeems ſo nigh,
Will far from your deluded wiſhes fly:
Long tracts of ſeas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you muſt cruiſe along Sicilian ſhores,
And ſtem the currents with your ſtruggling oars:
Then round th' Italian coaſt your navy ſteer,
And, after this, to Circe's iſland veer.
And laſt, before your new foundations riſe,
Muſt paſs the Stygian lake, and view the nether ſkies.
Now mark the ſigns of future eaſe and reſt,
And bear them ſafely treaſur'd in thy breaſt.
When in the ſhady ſhelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou ſhalt behold a ſow upon the ground,
With thirty ſucking young encompaſs'd round;
The dam and offspring white as falling ſnow:
Theſe on thy city ſhall their name beſtow,
And there ſhall end thy labour and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,
For Phœbus will aſſiſt, and fate the way will find.
Let not thy courſe to that ill coaſt be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent;
Thoſe parts are all by Grecian foes poſſeſs'd:
The ſavage Locrians here the ſhores infeſt.
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields.
And on the mountain's brow Petilia ſtands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the ſhore,
And prieſts with holy vows the gods adore;
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes;
Let hoſtile faces blaſt the ſacrifice.
Theſe rites and cuſtoms to the reſt commend,
That to your pious race they may deſcend.
When parted hence, the wind, that ready waits
For Sicily, ſhall bear you to the ſtraits:
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and ſtand off to ſea:
Veer ſtarboard ſea and land. Th' Italian ſhore,
And fair Sicilia's coaſt were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaring tides
The paſſage broke, that land from land divides,
And where the lands retir'd, the ruſhing ocean rides.
Diſtinguiſh'd by the ſtraits on either hand,
Now riſing cities in long order ſtand,
And fruitful fields (ſo much can time invade
The mouldering work that beauteous nature made).
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left preſides;
And in her greedy whirlpool ſucks the tides;
Then ſpouts them from below; with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and waſh the face of heaven.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The ſinking veſſel in her eddy draws;
Then daſhes on the rocks: a human face,
And virgin-boſom, hides her tail's diſgrace.
Her parts obſcene below the waves deſcend,
With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
'Tis ſafer, then, to bear aloof to ſea,
And coaſt Pachynus, though with more delay;
Than once to view miſhapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.
Beſides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget:
Which therefore more than once I muſt repeat.
Above the reſt, great Juno's name adore:
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen deſign'd;
And mollify with prayers her haughty mind.
Thus, at the length, your paſſage ſhall be free,
And you ſhall ſafe deſcend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the ſounding wood,
The mad prophetic ſibyl you ſhall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She ſings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
The notes and names inſcribed, to leaves commits.
What ſhe commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are diſplay'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but if a blaſt of wind
Without, or vapours iſſue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
And ſhe reſumes no more her muſeful care:
Nor gathers from the rocks her ſcatter'd verſe:
Nor ſets in order what the winds diſperſe.
Thus, many not ſucceeding, moſt upbraid
The madneſs of the viſionary maid;
And, with loud curſes, leave the myſtic ſhade.
Think it not loſs of time a while to ſtay;
Though thy companions chide thy long delay:
Though ſummon'd to the ſeas, though pleaſing gales
Invite thy courſe, and ſtretch thy ſwelling ſails,
But beg the ſacred prieſteſs to relate
With ſwelling words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people ſhe will ſhow;
And all thy wars and all thy future woe;
And what thou may'ſt avoid, and what muſt undergo.
She ſhall direct thy courſe; inſtruct thy mind;
And teach thee how the happy ſhores to find.
This is what heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; purſue thy better fate,
And raiſe, by ſtrength of arms, the Trojan ſtate.
This when the prieſt with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me licenſe, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treaſure, he ſupply'd my want
With heavy gold, and poliſh'd elephant.
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And every ſhip with ſums of ſilver ſtor'd.
A truſty coat of mail to me he ſent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for uſe and ornament:
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the reſt,
Then flouriſh'd with a plume and waving creſt.
Nor was my ſire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy ſends;
Men, horſes, captains, arms, and warlike ſtores:
Supplies new pilots, and new ſweeping oars.
Mean time my ſire commands to hoiſt our ſails;
Leſt we ſhould loſe the firſt auſpicious gales.
The prophet bleſt the parting crew: and laſt,
With words like theſe, his ancient friend embrac'd.
Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preſerv'd thy life when Troy was loſt,
Behold from far the wiſh'd Auſonian coaſt:
There land; but take a larger compaſs round
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The ſhore that Phœbus has deſign'd for you,
At farther diſtance lies, conceal'd from view.
Go happy hence, and ſeek your new abodes;
Bleſs'd in a ſon, and favour'd by the gods:

For I with uſeleſs words prolong your ſtay;
When ſouthern gales have ſummon'd you away.
Nor leſs the queen our parting thence deplor'd;
Nor was leſs bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble preſent to my ſon ſhe brought,
A robe with flowers on golden tiſſue wrought;
A Phrygian veſt; and loads, with gifts beſide
Of precious texture, and of Aſian pride.
Accept, ſhe ſaid, theſe monuments of love;
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
Regard theſe trifles for the giver's ſake;
'Tis the laſt preſent Hector's wife can make.
Thou call'ſt my loſt Aſtyanax to mind:
In thee his features and his form I find.
His eyes ſo ſparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions, ſuch was all his frame;
And, ah! had heaven ſo pleas'd, his years had been the ſame.
With tears I took my laſt adieu, and ſaid,
Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wiſh: my different ſtate,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet ſeat the gods allow,
You have no ſhores to ſearch, no ſeas to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chace:
(Deluding viſions, and a vain embrace!)
You ſee another Simois, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy;
With better auſpice than her ancient towers,
And leſs obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my ſteps to Tiber's happy ſhore:
If ever I aſcend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own,
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live;
And both in acts of equal friendſhip ſtrive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, ſhall be the ſame,
The double Troy ſhall differ but in name:
That what we now begin, may never end;
But long, to late poſterity deſcend.
Near the Ceraunian rocks our courſe we bore
(The ſhorteſt paſſage to th' Italian ſhore).
Now had the ſun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in duſky ſhades of night,
We land: and on the boſom of the ground,
A ſafe retreat and a bare lodging found;
Cloſe by the ſhore we lay; the ſailors keep
Their watches, and the reſt ſecurely ſleep.
The night, proceeding on with ſilent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her ſteepy riſe, and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus roſe, to ſpy
The face of heaven, and the nocturnal ſky;
And liſten'd every breath of air to try;
Obſerves the ſtars, and notes their gliding courſe,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watery force;
And both the bears is careful to behold;
And bright Orion arm'd with burniſh'd gold.
Then, when he ſaw no threatening tempeſt nigh,
But a ſure promiſe of a ſettled ſky;
He gave the ſign to weigh; we break our ſleep;
Forſake the pleaſing ſhore, and plough the deep.
And now the riſing morn, with roſy light,
Adorns the ſkies, and puts the ſtars to flight;
When we from far, like bluiſh miſts, deſcry
The hills, and then the plains of Italy.
Achates firſt pronounc'd the joyful ſound;
Then Italy the chearful crew rebound;
My ſire Anchiſes crown'd a cup with wine,
And offering, thus implor'd the powers divine:
Ye gods, preſiding over lands and ſeas,
And you who raging winds and waves appeaſe,
Breathe on our ſwelling ſails a proſperous wind,
And ſmooth our paſſage to the port aſſign'd.
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view.
Minerva's temple then ſalutes our ſight;
Plac'd as a land-mark on the mountain's height;
We furl our ſails, and turn the prows to ſhore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar;
The land lies open to the raging eaſt,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compreſs'd,
Shuts out the ſtorms; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within; on either ſide
Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To diſtance flies, and ſeems to ſhun the ſhore.
Scarce landed, the firſt omens I beheld
Were four fine ſteeds that cropp'd the flowery field.
War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,
(My father cry'd) where warlike ſteeds are found.
Yet, ſince reclaim'd to chariots they ſubmit,
And bend to ſtubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may ſucceed to war. Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the ſacred hills aſcend.
There proſtrate to the fierce Virago pray;
Whoſe temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head;
And all commands of Helenus obey'd;
And pious rights to Grecian Juno paid.
Theſe dues perform'd, we ſtretch our ſails, and ſtand
To ſea, forſaking that ſuſpected land.
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view;
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Juſt oppoſite, Lacinian Juno ſtands:
Caulonian towers, and Scylæcian ſtrands
For ſhipwrecks fear'd: Mount Ætna thence we ſpy,
Known by the ſmoky flames which cloud the ſky.
Far off we hear the waves with ſurly ſound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the ſounding ſtrand;
And roll the riſing tide, impure with ſand.
Then thus Anchiſes, in experience old,
'Tis that Charybdis which the ſeer foretold:
And thoſe the promis'd rocks; bear off to ſea:
With haſte the frighted mariners obey.
Firſt Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example ſteer'd.
To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride;
Then down to hell deſcend, when they divide.
And thrice our gallies knock'd the ſtony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the ſound,
And thrice we ſaw the ſtars, that ſtood with dews around.
The flagging winds forſook us with the ſun;
And, weary'd, on Cyclopean ſhores we run.
The port capacious, and ſecure from wind,
Is to the foot of thundering Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud ſhe rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly;
And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the ſky.

Oft from her bowels maſſy rocks are thrown,
And ſhiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning ſulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery ſprings that boil below.
Enceladus, they ſay, transfix'd by Jove,
With blaſted limbs came trembling from above:
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary ſides,
He ſhakes the ſolid iſle, and ſmoke the heavens hides.
In ſhady woods we paſs the tedious night,
Where bellowing ſounds and groans our ſouls affright;
Of which no cauſe is offer'd to the ſight.
For not one ſtar was kindled in the ſky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light ſupply:
For miſty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The ſtars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the riſing ſun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews diſpell'd;
When from the woods there bolts, before our ſight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a ſpright.
So thin, ſo ghaſtly meagre, and ſo wan,
So bare of fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled man.
This thing all tatter'd, ſeem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the ſhore.
We look behind; then view his ſhaggy beard;
His cloaths were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs beſmear'd;
The reſt, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and ſuch indeed he was.
He caſt on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom ſoon for Trojans and for foes he knew:
Stood ſtill and paus'd; thence all at once began
To ſtretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus, with tears and ſighs, for pity calls:
Now by the powers above, and what we ſhare
From nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence; I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy ſhore!
'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes betieg'd th' imperial town;
For ſuch demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I ſue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands:
I die content to die by human hands.
He ſaid, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune paſt;
His preſent ſtate, his lineage, and his name;
Th' occaſion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchiſes rais'd him with his hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, anſwer'd our demand:
From Ithaca, my native ſoil, I came
To Troy, and Achæmenides my name.
Me, my poor father with Ulyſſes ſent;
(Oh had I ſtay'd with poverty content!)
But, fearful for themſelves, my countrymen
Left me forſaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, though large, was dark; the diſmal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monſtrous hoſt, of more than human ſize,
Erects his head, and ſtares within the ſkies,
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of ſlaughter'd wretches are his food:
And for his wine he quaffs the ſtreaming blood.
Theſe eyes beheld, when with his ſpacious hand
He ſeiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
Stretch'd on his back, he daſh'd againſt the ſtone
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With ſpouting blood the purple pavement ſwims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd, Ulyſſes bore their fate,
Nor thoughtleſs of his own unhappy ſtate;
For, gorg'd with fleſh, and drunk with human wine,
While faſt aſleep the giant lay ſupine:
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigeſted ſcum, and morſels raw:
We pray, we caſt the lots, and then ſurround
The monſtrous body, ſtretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand:
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye
(For only one did the vaſt frame ſupply);
But that a globe ſo large, his front it fill'd,
Like the ſun's diſk, or like a Grecian ſhield.
The ſtroke ſucceeds; and down the pupil runs;
This vengeance follow'd for our ſlaughter'd ſons.
But haſte, unhappy wretches, haſte to fly;
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
Such and ſo vaſt as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated iſland bears:
Like him, in caves they ſhut their woolly ſtreps;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty ſtrides, they ſtalk from ſteep to ſteep.
And now three moons their ſharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obſcure from view,
I drag my loathſome days with mortal fright;
And, in deſerted caverns, lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful proſpect ſee
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice reſound;
And trampling feet that ſhake the ſolid ground.
Cornels and ſavage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes are caſt,
I ſaw your happy ſhips appear at laſt:
On thoſe I fix'd my hopes, to theſe I run,
'Tis all I aſk, this cruel race to ſhun:
What other death you pleaſe yourſelves, beſtow.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on the mountain's brow,
We ſaw the giant-ſhepherd ſtalk before
His following flock, and leading to the ſhore.
A monſtrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of ſight,
His ſtaff a trunk of pine to guide his ſteps aright.
His ponderous whiſtle from his neck deſcends;
His woolly care their penſive lord attends:
This only ſolace his hard fortune ſends.
Soon as he reach'd the ſhore, and waſh'd the waves,
From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves:
He gnaſh'd his teeth and groan'd; through ſeas he ſtrides,
And ſcarce the topmaſt billows touch his ſides.
Seiz'd with a ſudden fear, we run to ſea,
The cables cut, and ſilent haſte away:
The well-deſerving ſtranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.

he giant hearken'd to the daſhing ſound:
ut when our veſſels out of reach he found,
e ſtrided onward; and in vain eſſay'd
h' Ionian deep, and durſt no farther wade.
Vith that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
hakes earth and air, and ſeas: the billows fly,
efore the bellowing noiſe, to diſtant Italy.
he neighbouring Ætna trembling all around:
he winding caverns echo to the ſound.
is brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar;
nd, ruſhing down the mountains, croud the ſhore.
Ve ſaw their ſtern diſtorted looks from far,
nd one eye'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war.
dreadful council with their heads on high;
he miſty clouds about their foreheads fly:
oz yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
r talleſt cypreſs of Diana's grove.
ew pangs of mortal fear our minds aſſail,
Ve tug at every oar, and hoiſt up every ſail;
nd take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
orewarn'd by Helenus, we ſtrive to ſhun
harybdis' gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
n equal fate on either ſide appears;
Ve, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
or, from Pelorus' point, the north aroſe,
nd drove us back where ſwift Pantagias flows.
is rocky mouth we paſs, and make our way
y Thapſus, and Megara's winding bay;
his paſſage Achæmenides had ſhown,
racing the courſe which he before had run.
ight o'er againſt Plemmyrium's watery ſtrand
here lies an iſle, once call'd th' Ortygian land:
lpheus, as old fame reports, has found
rom Greece a ſecret paſſage under ground:
y love to beauteous Arethuſa led,
nd mingling here, they roll in the ſame ſacred bed.
s Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectreſs of the ſhore.
With proſperous gales we paſs the quiet ſounds
f ſtill Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we ſurvey
The rocky ſhore extended to the ſea.
The town of Camarine from far we ſee:
And fenny lake undrain'd by fates decree.
n ſight of the Geloan fields we paſs,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was:
Then Agragas with lofty ſummits crown'd;
Long for the race of warlike ſteeds renown'd:
We paſs'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely ſhun the Lilybean ſtrand,
Unſafe, for ſecret rocks, and moving ſand.
At length on ſhore the weary fleet arriv'd:
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endleſs labours, often toſt
By raging ſtorms, and driven on every coaſt,
My dear, dear father, ſpent with age, I loſt.
Eaſe of my cares and ſolace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thouſand toils, but ſav'd in vain.
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greateſt and the worſt conceal'd.
And dire Celæno, whoſe foreboding ſkill
Denounc'd all elſe, was ſilent of this ill:
This my laſt labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your bleſt abode.
Thus, to the liſtening queen, the royal gueſt
His wandering courſe, and all his toils expreſs'd,
And here concluding, he retir'd to reſt.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido diſcovers to her ſiſter her paſſion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him: ſhe prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's conſent, raiſes a ſtorm, which ſeparates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the ſame cave, where their marriage is ſuppoſed to be compleated. Jupiter diſpatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas ſecretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his deſign; and, to put a ſtop to it, makes uſe of her own and her ſiſter's intreaties, and diſcovers all the variety of paſſions that are incident to a neglected lover: when nothing would prevail upon him, ſhe contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already ſeiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unſeen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inſpire
Her ſoul with love, and fan the ſecret fire.
His words, his looks imprinted in her heart,
Improve the paſſion, and increaſe the ſmart.
Now when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy ſhadows, and reſtor'd the day,
Her ſiſter firſt with early care ſhe ſought,
And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought:
My deareſt Anna, what new dreams affright
My labouring ſoul; what viſions of the night
Diſturb my quiet, and diſtract my breaſt
With ſtrange ideas of our Trojan gueſt?
His worth, his actions, and majeſtic air,
A man deſcended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His birth is well aſſerted by his mind.
Then what he ſuffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, ſo gracefully he ſpoke,
That, were I not reſolv'd againſt the yoke
Of hapleſs marriage, never to be curs'd
With ſecond love, ſo fatal was my firſt,
To this one error I might yield again:
For ſince Sichæus was untimely ſlain,
This only man is able to ſubvert
The fix'd foundations of my ſtubborn heart.
And, to confeſs my frailty, to my ſhame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the ſame,
Too like the ſparkles of my former flame.
But firſt, let yawning earth a paſſage rend,
And let me through the dark abyſs deſcend:
Firſt let avenging Jove, with flames on high,
Drive down this body to the nether ſky,
Condemn'd with ghoſts in endleſs night to lie,

Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, ſhall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worſhip in the grave.
She ſaid: the tears rap guſhing from her eyes,
And ſtopp'd her ſpeech. Her ſiſter thus replies:
O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waſte in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you theſe tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghoſt below?
I grant, that while your ſorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman and a queen
The vows of Tyrian Princes to neglect,
To ſcorn Iärbas, and his love reject;
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight againſt a pleaſing flame?
This little ſpot of land, which heaven beſtows,
On every ſide is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Getulian cities here are ſpread around;
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waſte of thirſty land,
And there the Syrtes raiſe the moving ſand:
Barcæan troops beſiege the narrow ſhore,
And from the ſea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid;
How will your empire ſpread, your city riſe
From ſuch an union, and with ſuch allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above,
And leave the conduct of the reſt to love.
Continue ſtill your hoſpitable way,
And ſtill invent occaſions of their ſtay;
Till ſtorms and winter winds ſhall ceaſe to threat,
And planks and oars repair their ſhatter'd fleet.
Theſe words, which from a friend and ſiſter came,
With eaſe reſolv'd the ſcruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inſpir'd with hope, the project they purſue;
On every altar ſacrifice renew:
A choſen ewe of two-years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day:
Preferring Juno's power: for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar ſtands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer ſhe with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And while the prieſts with prayer the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan ſmoke.
With hourly care the ſacrifice renews,
And anxiouſly the panting entrails views.
What prieſtly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!
A gentle fire ſhe feeds within her veins,
Where the ſoft god ſecure in ſilence reigns.
Sick with deſire, and ſeeking him ſhe loves,
From ſtreet to ſtreet the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful ſhepherd from the blind,
Wounds with a random ſhaft the careleſs hind,
Diſtracted with her pain ſhe flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and ſeeks the ſilent floods;
With fruitleſs care; for ſtill the fatal dart
Sticks in her ſide, and rankles in her heart.
And now ſhe leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidſt the buſy throng;
Diſplays her Tyrian wealth and riſing town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp ſhe ſhows to tempt her wandring gueſt;
Her faltering tongue forbids to ſpeak the reſt.
When day declines, and feaſts renew the night,
Still on his face ſhe feeds her famiſh'd ſight:
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er: but ſtill in vain;
For ſtill ſhe begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the ſpeaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic ſtory never ends.
Thus, when they part, when Phœbe's pale light
Withdraws, and falling ſtars to ſleep invite,
She laſt remains, when every gueſt is gone,
Sits on the bed he preſs'd, and ſighs alone;
Abſent, her abſent hero ſees and hears,
Or in her boſom young Aſcanius bears:
And ſeeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeneſs might be ſo beguil'd.
Mean time the riſing towers are at a ſtand:
No labours exerciſe the youthful band:
Nor uſe of arts nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfiniſh'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height that ſeem'd to threat the ſky.
But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love;
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no ſenſe of ſhame to be reclaim'd,
With ſoothing words to Venus ſhe begun:
High praiſes, endleſs honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy ſon:
Two gods a ſilly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both ſuſpect
This riſing city, which my hands erect:
But ſhall celeſtial diſcord never ceaſe?
'Tis better ended in a laſting peace.
You ſtand poſſeſs'd of all your ſoul deſir'd;
Poor Dido, with conſuming love, is fir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido ſhall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza ſhall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.
Then Venus, who her hidden fraud deſcry'd,
(Which would the ſceptre of the world miſguide
To Libyan ſhores), thus artfully reply'd:
Who but a fool would wars with Juno chooſe,
And ſuch alliance and ſuch gifts refuſe?
If Fortune with our joint deſires comply:
The doubt is all from Jove, and Deſtiny;
Leſt he forbid with abſolute command,
To mix the people in one common land.
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In laſting leagues and ſure ſucceſſion join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wiſhes are your own.
Mine, ſaid imperial Juno, be the care;
Time urges now to perfect this affair:
Attend my counſel, and the ſecret ſhare.
When next the ſun his riſing light diſplays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays;
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the ſhady woods, for ſylvan game, reſort.
There while the huntſmen pitch their toils around,
And chearful horns, from ſide to ſide, reſound,

A pitchy cloud ſhall cover all the plain
With hail and thunder, and tempeſtuous rain:
The fearful train ſhall take their ſpeedy flight,
Diſpers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful ſhelter ſhall afford
To the fair princeſs and the Trojan lord.
I will myſelf the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bleſs the nuptials, will be there:
So ſhall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen ſhall be preſent at their rites.
The queen of love conſents, and cloſely ſmiles
At her vain project and diſcover'd wiles.
The roſy morn was riſen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They iſſue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntſmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beſide the force
Of Spartan dogs, and ſwift Maſſylian horſe.
The Tyrian peers and officers of ſtate
For the ſlow queen in anti-chambers wait:
Her lofty courſer in the court below
(Who his majeſtic rider ſeems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and ſpreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order ſtand.
A flower'd cymarr, with golden fringe ſhe wore;
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul reſtrains;
A golden claſp the Tyrian robe ſuſtains.
Then young Aſcanius, with a ſprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chace.
But far above the reſt in beauty ſhines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins:
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the froſt
Of wintery Xanthus, and the Lycian coaſt:
When to his native Delos he reſorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the ſports:
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands.
Himſelf, on Cynthus walking, ſees below
The merry madneſs of the ſacred ſhow.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair incloſe;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver ſounds: not leſs the prince is ſeen
In manly preſence, or in lofty mien.
Now had they reach'd the hills, and ſtorm'd the ſeat
Of ſavage beaſts, in dens, their laſt retreat:
The cry purſues the mountain-goats; they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwiſe the ſtags, a trembling train,
In herds unſingled, ſcour the duſty plain;
And a long chaſe, in open view, maintain.
The glad Aſcanius, as his courſer guides,
Spurs through the vale, and theſe and thoſe outrides.
His horſe's flanks and ſides are forc'd to feel
The clanking laſh, and goring of the ſteel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wiſhing ſome nobler beaſt to croſs his way;
And rather would the tuſky boar attend,
Or ſee the tawny lion downward bend.
Mean time the gathering clouds obſcure the ſkies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
A wintery deluge down, and ſounding ſhowers.
The company diſpers'd, to coverts ride,
And ſeek the homely cots, or mountains hollow ſide.
The rapid rains, deſcending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raiſe the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her boſom hides.
Then firſt the trembling earth the ſignal gave;
And flaſhing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs were conſcious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time aroſe
Debate and death, and all ſucceeding woes.
The queen, whom ſenſe of honour could not move,
No longer made a ſecret of her love;
But call'd it marriage, by that ſpecious name
To veil the crime, and ſanctify the ſhame.
The loud report through Libyan cities goes;
Fame, the great ill, from ſmall beginnings grows.
Swift from the firſt; and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic ſize;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the ſkies:
Inrag'd againſt the gods revengeful earth
Produc'd her laſt of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more ſwift her winged haſte:
A monſtrous phantom, horrible and vaſt;
As many plumes as raiſe her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her ſight:
Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
And every mouth is furniſh'd with a tongue:
And round with liſtening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful univerſe with cries;
No ſlumbers ever cloſe her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head ſhe ſhews:
And ſpreads, through trembling crouds, diſaſtrous news.
With court-informers haunts, and royal ſpies,
This done relates, nor done ſhe feigns; and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her buſineſs; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cauſe affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name;
Who, loſt to honour, and the ſenſe of ſhame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering gueſt, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him ſhe paſſes in delights;
And waſtes in luxury long winter nights.
Forgetful of her fame, and royal truſt;
Diſſolv'd in eaſe, abandon'd to her luſt.
The goddeſs widely ſpreads the loud report;
And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.
When firſt poſſeſs'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuſe?
This prince, from raviſh'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with ſpoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celeſtial ſire,
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And through his vaſt dominions prieſts ordain'd,
Whoſe watchful care theſe holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beaſts enrich the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princeſs, who diſdain'd his love,
His breaſt with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
Mad with deſpair, impatient with deſire.

Then on the ſacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his ſire divine:
Great Jove, propitious to the Mooriſh race,
Who feaſt on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy Temples; and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with ſparkling wine;
Seeſt thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boaſted thunder, and thy thoughtleſs reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance;
A wandering woman builds, within our ſtate,
A little town, bought at an eaſy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow ſpace of Libyan lands to plough.
Yet, ſcorning me, by paſſion blindly led,
Admits a baniſh'd Trojan to her bed:
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, muſt in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confeſs;
Their locks with oil perform'd, their Lydian dreſs:)
He takes the ſpoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty thunderer heard,
Then caſt his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The luſtful pair, in lawleſs pleaſure drown'd.
Loſt in their loves, inſenſible of ſhame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
By whom his menacing command he ſends:
Go, mount the weſtern winds, and cleave the ſky;
Then, with a ſwift deſcent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who waſtes his days
In ſlothful riot and inglorious eaſe,
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate;
To him this meſſage from my mouth relate:
Not ſo, fair Venus hop'd, when twice ſhe won
Thy life with prayers; nor promis'd ſuch a ſon.
Her's was a hero, deſtin'd to command
A martial race; and rule the Latian land.
Who ſhould his ancient line from Teucer draw;
And, on the conquer'd world, impoſe the law.
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe from fading pleaſure wean,
Yet why ſhould he defraud his ſon of fame;
And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
What are his vain deſigns? what hopes he more,
From his long lingering on a hoſtile ſhore?
Regardleſs to redeem his honour loſt,
And for his race to gain th' Auſonian coaſt!
Bid him with ſpeed the Tyrian court forſake;
With this command the ſlumbering warrior wake.
Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the weſtern winds:
And whether o'er the ſeas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the ſkies.
But firſt he graſps, within his awful hand,
The mark of ſovereign power, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghoſts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he ſeals in ſleep the wakeful ſight;
And eyes, though cloſ'd in death, reſtores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid ſpace.
Now ſees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whoſe brawny back ſupports the ſtarry ſkies;
Atlas, whoſe head, with piny foreſts crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his ſhoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling ſtreams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breaſt depends:
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god deſcends:
Then, reſted thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight:
Lights on the ſeas, and ſkims along the flood:
As water-fowl, who ſeek their fiſhy food,
Leſs, and yet leſs, to diſtant proſpect ſhow,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like theſe, the ſteerage of his wings he plies,
And near the ſurface of the water flies:
Till, having paſs'd the ſeas, and croſs'd the ſands,
He clos'd his wings, and ſtoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where ſhepherds once were hous'd in homely ſheds,
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raiſing for the town's defence:
A purple ſcarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waiſt he wore;
A ſword with glittering gems diverſify'd,
For ornament, not uſe, hung idly by his ſide.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began
(Reſuming his own ſhape): Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'ſt thou here,
Theſe foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who ſways the world below, and heaven above,
Has ſent me down, with this ſevere command:
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land?
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe, from flitting pleaſure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy riſing heir;
The promis'd crown let young Aſcanius wear;
To whom th' Auſonian ſceptre and the name
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate.
So ſpoke the god; and ſpeaking took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vaniſh'd out of ſight.
The pious prince was ſeiz'd with ſudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright ſtood his hair;
Revolving in his mind the ſtern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What ſhould he ſay, or how ſhould he begin,
What courſe, alas! remains, to ſteer between
Th' offended lover, and the powerful queen!
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find:
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means;
After long thought to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ſhip their men with ſilent care:
Some plauſible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in ſecret he deſign'd.
Himſelf, meantime, the ſofteſt hours would chuſe
Before the love-ſick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by ſlow degrees,
To ſuffer what the ſovereign power deceres:
Jove will inſpire him, when, and what to ſay.
They hear with pleaſure, and with haſte obey:
But ſoon the queen perceives the thin diſguiſe
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes).
She was the firſt to find the ſecret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the firſt motions of the lover heard,
Quick to preſage, and ev'n in ſafety fear'd.

for impious fame was wanting, to report
The ships repair'd; the Trojans thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round:
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathed spear.
At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
False and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
Ev'n when the wintery winds command your stay,
You dare the tempest, and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
Were Troy restor'd and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See whom you fly; am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place;
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate;
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone I suffer in my fame;
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame:
Whom have I now to trust? (ungrateful guest!
That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty?
Or till Hiarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight;
Some young Æneas to supply your place;
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain, to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left!
Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
Fair queen, you never can enough repeat,
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence;
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence:
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
And not submit my life to fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust adore;
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.

But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd land to which I steer,
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn;
Why may not we, like you a foreign race,
Like you seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Of his defrauded fate, and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd,
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight.
The sender and the sent, I both attest,
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd:
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.
Thus while he spoke, already she began,
With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:
False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a listening ear;
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice, why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore:
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed:
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat
The rest, I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads
And makes heaven accessary to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come, in a black sulphury flame;
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame:
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep;
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And fame shall spread the pleasing news below.
Abruptly here she stops: then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.

Amaz'd he ſtood, revolving in his mind
What ſpeech to frame, and what excuſe to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting miſtreſs led;
And ſoftly laid her on her ivory bed.
But good Æneas, though he much deſired
To give that pity, which her grief requir'd,
Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love,
Reſolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove:
Reviews his forces; they with early care
Unmoor their veſſels, and for ſea prepare.
The fleet is ſoon afloat, in all its pride:
And well caulk'd gallies in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they ſtood,
Of its green arms deſpoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the ſhore:
On every ſide are ſeen, deſcending down,
Thick ſwarms of ſoldiers loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The ſable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some ſet their ſhoulders on the ponderous grain;
Some guard the ſpoil; ſome laſh the lagging train;
All ply their ſeveral taſks, and equal toil ſuſtain.
What pangs the tender breaſt of Dido tore,
When, from the tower, ſhe ſaw the cover'd ſhore;
And heard the ſhouts of ſailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
All-powerful love, what changes canſt thou cauſe
In human hearts, ſubjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty ſoul the tyrant bends;
To prayers and mean ſubmiſſions ſhe deſcends.
No female arts or aids ſhe left untry'd,
Nor counſels unexplor'd, before ſhe dy'd.
Look, Anna, look; the Trojans crowd to ſea;
They ſpread their canvaſs, and their anchors weigh:
The ſhouting crew, their ſhips with garlands bind,
Invoke the ſea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threatening blow ſo near,
My tender ſoul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my laſt requeſt deny,
With yon perfidious man your intereſt try;
And bring me news, if I muſt live or die.
You are his favourite, you alone can find
The dark receſſes of his inmoſt mind:
In all his truſty ſecrets you have part,
And know the ſoft approaches to his heart.
Haſte then, and humbly ſeek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go;
Nor did my fleet againſt his friends employ,
Nor ſwere the ruin of unhappy Troy;
Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's duſt;
Why ſhould he then reject a ſuit ſo juſt!
Whom does he ſhun, and whither would he fly?
Can he this laſt, this only prayer deny!
Let him at leaſt his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer ſea.
The nuptials he diſclaims, I urge no more;
Let him purſue the promis'd Latian ſhore.
A ſhort delay is all I aſk him now,
A pauſe of grief, an interval from woe:
Till my ſoft ſoul be temper'd to ſuſtain
Accuſtom'd ſorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one requeſt,
My death ſhall glut the hatred of his breaſt.
This mournful meſſage pious Anna bears,
And ſeconds, with her own, her ſiſter's tears:
But all her arts are ſtill employ'd in vain;
Again ſhe comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatnings move;
Fate, and the god had ſtopp'd his ears to love.
As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Juſtling from every quarter of the ſky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they ſhatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling maſt they ſpread the ground,
The hollow valleys echo to the ſound;
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, ſhaken, clings more cloſely to the rocks:
Far as he ſhoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie:
No leſs a ſtorm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick meſſages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words ſtill beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpoſe of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, purſu'd by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live: then dire portents ſhe ſees,
To haſten on the death her ſoul decrees;
Strange to relate: for when, before the ſhrine,
She pours, in ſacrifice, the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire preſage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her ſiſter, ſhe conceal'd.
A marble temple ſtood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel ſhe had hung around
With ſnowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when ſhe viſited this lonely dome
Strange voices iſſued from her huſband's tomb:
She thought ſhe heard him ſummon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her ſtay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,
The ſolitary ſcreech-owl ſtrains her throat:
And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With ſongs obſcene diſturbs the ſilence of the night.
Beſides, old prophecies augment her fears,
And ſtern Æneas in her dreams appears
Diſdainful as by day; ſhe ſeems alone
To wander in her ſleep, through ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark: or, in a deſert plain
To ſeek her ſubjects, and to ſeek in vain.
Like Pentheus, when, diſtracted with his fear,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Oreſtes, when his mother's ghoſt
Full in his face infernal torches toſs'd;
And ſhook her ſnaky locks: he ſhuns the ſight,
Flies o'er the ſtage, ſurpriz'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, ſinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone ſhe ſeeks her laſt relief:
The time and means reſolv'd within her breaſt,
She to her mournful ſiſter thus addreſs'd
(Diſſembling hope, her cloudy front ſhe clears,
And a falſe vigour in her eyes appears):
Rejoice, ſhe ſaid, inſtructed from above,
My lover I ſhall gain, or loſe my love.

gh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
ong tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
here a Massylian princess I have found,
tonour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;
h' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
he poppy seeds in honey taught to steep,
eclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
he watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
he chains of love, or fix them on the mind.
he stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry;
epels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
he yawning earth rebellows to her call,
ke ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
Vitness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
low loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
reet a lofty pile, expos'd in air;
ang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
poils, arms and presents of my faithless guest.
ext, under these, the bridal bed be placed,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
ll relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire,
e so the priestess and her charms require.
hus far she said, and farther speech forbears;
mortal paleness in her face appears:
et the mistrustless Anna could not find
he secret funeral in these rites design'd,
or thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
nknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
he fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell:
herefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
he cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;
nd garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
d cypress, vervain, cugh, compose the wreath,
nd every baleful green denoting death.
he queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
he spoils and sword he left, in order spread:
nd the man's image on the nuptial bed.
And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
he priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
nd thrice invokes the powers below the ground.
ight, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
nd threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
nd three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
Vith feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground:
alls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
Vith brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night.
hen mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
nd cuts the forehead of a new born foal;
obbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
bserves, assisting at the rites obscene:
leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
he holds, and next the highest altar stands:
ne tender foot was shod, her other bare,
ort was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Has dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
he heavens and planets, conscious of her death;
nd every power, if any rules above,
Vho minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
heir eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
he winds no longer whisper through the woods,
or murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
ll stars in silent order mov'd around,
nd peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
Despair and rage had some, but love the greatest part.
Then thus she said within her secret mind:
What shall I do; what succour can I find?
Become a suppliant to Hiarbas' pride,
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refuged, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true: but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
And with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind;
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and still my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair:
But shar'd, with savage beasts, the common air;
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast,
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he past the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And, with this new alarm, invades his ears:
Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes? nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate;
And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die;
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing.
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen; and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with lusty fear:
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay,
Haste to your banks; your crooked archer weigh;
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.

A god commands; he ſtood before my ſight;
And urg'd us once again to ſpeedy flight.
O ſacred power, what power ſoe'er thou art,
To thy bleſs'd orders I reſign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And proſper the deſign thy will commands.
He ſaid, and, drawing forth his flaming ſword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twiſted cord:
An emulating zeal inſpires his train;
They run, they ſnatch; they ruſh into the main.
With headlong haſte they leave the deſert ſhores,
And bruſh the liquid ſeas with labouring oars.
Aurora now had left her ſaffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erſpread,
When from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the roſy ſkies:
She look'd to ſeaward, but the ſea was void,
And ſcarce in ken the ſailing ſhips deſcry'd:
Stung with deſpite, and furious with deſpair,
She ſtruck her trembling breaſt, and tore her hair.
And ſhall th' ungrateful traitor go, ſhe ſaid,
My land forſaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not ruſh from every ſtreet,
To follow, ſink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haſte; haul my gallies out; purſue the foe:
Bring flaming brands; ſet ſail, and ſwiftly row.
What have I ſaid? where am I? Fury turns
My brain, and my diſtem per'd boſom burns.
Then, when I gave my perſon and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely ſhown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, ruſhing through the flame,
Preſerv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian ſhore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I ſhould have torn him piece-meal; ſtrow'd in floods
His ſcatter'd limbs, or left expoſed in woods:
Deſtroy'd his friends and ſon; and, from the fire,
Have ſet the reeking boy before the ſire.
Events are doubtful which on battle wait;
Yet where's the doubt to ſouliſe ure of fate!
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toſs'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
At once extinguiſh'd all the faithleſs name;
And I myſelf, in vengeance of my ſhame,
Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the funeral flame.
Thou ſun, who view'ſt at once the world below,
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes;
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods,
All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curſes, and avenge her death.
If ſo the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch ſhould find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppoſe;
Oppreſs'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men diſcourag'd and himſelf expell'd;
Let him for ſuccour ſue from place to place,
Torn from his ſubjects, and his ſon's embrace:
Firſt let him ſee his friends in battle ſlain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war ſhall ceaſe,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy ſupreme command,
But fall untimely by ſome hoſtile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren ſand.
Theſe are my prayers, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, every curſe fulfil;
Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim
Againſt the prince, the people, and the name.
Theſe grateful offerings on my grave beſtow,
Nor league, nor love, the hoſtile nations know:
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and ſtrength ſupplies the rage,
Riſe ſome avenger of our Libyan blood;
With fire and ſword purſue the perjur'd breeds
Our arms, our ſeas, our ſhores oppos'd to theirs,
And the ſame hate deſcend on all our heirs.
This ſaid, within her anxious mind ſhe weighs
The means of cutting ſhort her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurſe ſhe briefly ſaid
(For when ſhe left her country her's was dead),
Go, Barce, call my ſiſter; let her care
The ſolemn rites of ſacrifice prepare:
The ſheep, and all the atoning offerings bring.
Sprinkling her body from the cryſtal ſpring,
With living drops: then let her come, and ſhe
With ſacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my diſaſtrous love.
Then caſt the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my paſſion ſhall expire.
The nurſe moves onward, with officious care,
And all the ſpeed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty miſchief ſhe reſolv'd.
With livid ſpots diſtinguiſh'd was her face,
Red were her rolling eyes, and diſcompos'd her pace:
Ghaſtly ſhe gaz'd, with pain ſhe drew her breath,
And nature ſhiver'd at approaching death.
Then ſwiftly to the fatal place ſhe paſs'd,
And mounts the funeral pile, with furious haſte:
Unſheaths the ſword the Trojan left behind
(Not for ſo dire an enterprize deſign'd).
But when ſhe view'd the garments lovely ſpread,
Which once he wore, and ſaw the conſcious bed,
She paus'd, and, with a ſigh, the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body caſt,
Repreſs'd the ready tears, and ſpoke her laſt:
Dear pledges of my love, while heaven ſo plac'd,
Receive a ſoul, of mortal anguiſh eas'd:
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghoſts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion puniſh'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the falſe Trojan never touch'd my ſhore?
Then kiſs'd the couch; and muſt I die, ſhe ſaid,
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleaſure I receive;
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
Theſe flames from far may the falſe Trojan view;
Theſe boding omens his baſe flight purſue.
She ſaid, and ſtruck. Deep enter'd in her ſide
The piercing ſteel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon ſtands;
The ſpouting blood came ſtreaming on her hands.
Her ſad attendants ſaw the deadly ſtroke,
And, with loud cries, the ſounding palace ſhook.
Diſtracted from the fatal ſight they ſtood,
And through the town the diſmal rumour ſpread.
Firſt from the frighted court the yell began,
Redoubled thence from houſe to houſe it ran:

he groans of men, with ſhrieks, laments, and cries
f mixing women, mount the vaulted ſkies:
ot leſs the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
r the new Carthage, ſet by foes on fire,
he rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
nvolv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
er ſiſter hears, and, furious with deſpair,
r beats her breaſt, and rends her yellow hair:
nd, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
una breathleſs to the place, and breaks the crowd.
Vas all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
heſe fires, this funeral pile, theſe altars rear'd?
Vas all this train of plots contriv'd, ſaid ſhe,
ll only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worſt? Didſt thou in death pretend
o ſcorn thy ſiſter, or delude thy friend?
hy ſummon'd ſiſter, and thy friend, had come;
ne ſword had ſerv'd us both, one common tomb.
Vas I to raiſe the pile, the powers invoke,
ot to be preſent at the fatal ſtroke?
y once thou haſt deſtroy'd thyſelf and me;
hy town, thy ſenate, and thy colony!
ring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
ay cloſe my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.
his ſaid, ſhe mounts the pile with eager haſte,
nd in her arms the gaſping queen embrac'd:
er temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore,
o ſtaunch the ſtreaming blood; and cleanſe the gore.
hrice Dido try'd to raiſe her drooping head,
nd fainting thrice, fell groveling on the bed.
hrice op'd her heavy eyes, and ſaw the light,
ot, having found it, ſicken'd at the ſight,
nd cloſ'd her lids at laſt in endleſs night.
Then Juno, grieving that ſhe ſhould ſuſtain
death ſo lingering, and ſo full of pain,
ent Iris down, to free her from the ſtriſe
f labouring nature, and diſſolve her life.
or, ſince ſhe dy'd, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
r her own crime, but human caſualty,
nd rage of love, that plung'd her in deſpair,
he ſiſters had not cut the topmoſt hair,
Which Proſerpine and they can only know,
or made her ſacred to the ſhades below.
Downward the various goddeſs took her flight,
nd drew a thouſand colours from the light:
Then ſtood above the dying lover's head,
nd ſaid, I thus devote thee to the dead,
his offering to th' infernal gods I bear;
Thus while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cut the fatal hair:
he ſtruggling ſoul was loos'd, and life diſſolv'd in air.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, ſetting ſail from Africk, is driven, by a ſtorm, on the coaſt of Sicily: where he is hoſpitably received by his friend Aceſtes, king of part of the iſland, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himſelf to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: and accordingly inſtitutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for thoſe who ſhould conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno ſends Iris to perſuade the Trojan women to burn the ſhips; who, upon her inſtigation, ſet fire to them, which burnt four, and would have conſumed the reſt, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous ſhower, extinguiſhed it. Upon this Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a viſion of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and ſails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a ſafe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately loſt.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage through the curling ſea:
Then, caſting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Sees, on the Punic ſhore, the mounting blaze.
The cauſe unknown; yet his preſaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd:
He knew the ſtormy ſouls of woman kind,
What ſecret ſprings their eager paſſions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw,
Till neither fires nor ſhining ſhores they ſaw.
Now ſeas and ſkies their proſpect only bound,
An empty ſpace above, a floating field around.
But ſoon the heavens with ſhadows were o'erſpread;
A ſwelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head:
Livid it look'd, the threatening of a ſtorm;
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
What guſts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts preſage! Ere yet the tempeſt roars
Stand to your tackle, mates, and ſtretch your oars;
Contract your ſwelling ſails, and luff to wind:
The frighted crew perform the taſk aſſign'd.
Then, to his fearleſs chief, Not heaven, ſaid he,
Though Jove himſelf ſhould promiſe Italy,
Can ſtem the torrent of this raging ſea!
Mark how the ſhifting winds from weſt ariſe,
And what collected night involves the ſkies!
Nor can our ſhaken veſſels live at ſea;
Much leſs againſt the tempeſt force their way;
'Tis fate diverts our courſe, and fate we muſt obey.
Not far from hence, if I obſerv'd aright
The ſouthing of the ſtars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies; whoſe hoſpitable ſhores
In ſafety we may reach with ſtruggling oars.
Æneas then reply'd, Too ſure I find,
We ſtrive in vain againſt the ſeas and wind:
Now ſhift your ſails: what place can pleaſe me more
Than what you promiſe, the Sicilian ſhore;
Whoſe hallow'd earth Anchiſes' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!
The courſe reſolv'd, before the weſtern wind
They ſcud amain, and make the port aſſign'd.
Mean time Aceſtes, from a lofty ſtand,
Beheld the fleet deſcending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,
And held the hero in a ſtrict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan hear the ſpoils he wore;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His ſire Criniſius, a Sicilian flood;

He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates, and homely store.
Now, when the following morn had chac'd away
The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground:
Offspring of heaven, divine Dardanian race,
The sun revolving through th' ethereal space,
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since first this isle my father's ashes held:
And now the rising day renews the year
(A day for ever sad, for ever dear).
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Though banish'd to Getulia's barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands:
But since this happy storm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven)
Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchises, and his blest remains,
Let us with joy perform his honours due,
And pray for prosperous winds, our voyage to renew.
Pray, that in towns and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchises may be known,
And yearly games may spread the god's renown.
Our sports, Acestes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two steers on every ship the king bestows;
His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.
Besides, if nine days hence, the rosy morn
Shall, with unclouded light, the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace:
Light gallies on the seas shall run a watery race.
Some shall in swiftness for the coal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend:
The strong with iron gauntlets arm'd shall stand,
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd;
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
His temples ty'd, and all the Trojan race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd through the flowery plain,
To great Anchises' tomb: which, when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.
With roses then the sepulchre he strow'd;
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:
Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
The gods permitted not that you, with me,
Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy;
Or Tyber's flood, what flood soe'er it be.
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
His hugy bulk on seven high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly gold:
Thus, riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the sun:
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And, with his lolling tongue, assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpriz'd at what he view'd,
The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd:
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew,
As many swine, and steers of sable hue;
Now generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchises' tomb;
Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil;
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.
Now came the day desir'd: the skies were bright
With rosy lustre of the rising light:
The bordering people, rouz'd by sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts, and great Acestes' name,
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel wreaths, and palm (the victor's grace):
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold, and silver heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four gallies first, which equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the watery lists appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands,
Which rising like a towering city stands:
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.
Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place:
Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood,
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock; the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former shores.
The lots decide their place: above the rest,
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest:
The common crew, with wreaths of popular boughs,
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows.
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine.
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign.
They gripe their oars, and every panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depress'd.
The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
At once they start advancing in a line.

Vith ſhouts the ſailors rend the ſtarry ſkies;
aſh'd with their oars, the ſmoky billows riſe;
parkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
raſt in time, with equal ſtrokes they row:
t once the bruſhing oars and brazen prow
aſh up the ſandy waves, and ope the depths below.
ot fiery courſers, in a chariot race,
vade the field with half ſo ſwift a pace.
ot the fierce driver with more fury lends
he ſounding laſh; and, ere the ſtroke deſcends,
ow to the wheels his pliant body bends.
he partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
nd aid, with eager ſhouts, the favour'd ſide.
ſes, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing ſound,
om woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.
Amidſt the loud applauſes of the ſhore,
yas outſtripp'd the reſt, and ſprung before;
loanthus, better mann'd, purſu'd him faſt;
t his o'ermaſted galley check'd his haſte.
he Centaur, and the Dolphin bruſh the brine
Vith equal oars, advancing in a line:
nd now the mighty Centaur ſeems to lead,
nd now the ſpeedy Dolphin gets a-head:
ow board to board the rival veſſels row;
he billows lave the ſkies, and ocean groans below.
hey reach'd the mark: proud Gyas and his train
triumph rode the victors of the main:
t ſteering round, he charg'd his pilot ſtand
ore cloſe to ſhore, and ſkim along the ſand.
t others bear to ſea. Menætes heard,
t ſecret ſhelves too cautiouſly he fear'd:
nd, fearing, fought the deep; and ſtill aloof he ſteer'd.
Vith louder cries the captain call'd again;
ar to the rocky ſhore, and ſhun the main.
e ſpoke, and, ſpeaking at his ſtern, he ſaw
he bold Cloanthus near the ſhelvings draw:
etwixt the mark and him the Scylla ſtood,
nd, in a cloſer compaſs, plow'd the flood:
e paſs'd the mark, and wheeling got before:
yas blaſphem'd the gods, devoutly ſwore,
y'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
indleſs of others lives (ſo high was grown
is riſing rage) and careleſs of his own,
he trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
nd hoiſted up, and over-board he threw:
his done he ſeiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
urn'd ſhort upon the ſhelves, and madly ſteer'd.
ardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
ogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
low dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain;
he crowd, that ſaw him fall, and float again,
out from the diſtant ſhore, and loudly laugh'd,
o ſee his heaving breaſt diſgorge the briny draught.
he following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
heir vaniſh'd hopes of victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
o reach the mark: Sergeſthus takes the place:
neſtheus purſues; and, while around they wind,
omes up, not half his galley's length behind.
hen on the deck amidſt his mates appear'd,
nd thus their drooping courages he chear'd:
y friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
ert your vigour; tug the labouring oar;
retch to your ſtrokes, my ſtill unconquer'd crew,
Vhom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this our common intereſt, let me find
That ſtrength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you ſtemm'd the ſtrong Malæan flood,
And o'er the Syrtes broken billows row'd.
I ſeek not now the foremoſt palm to gain;
Though yet—But ah, that haughty wiſh is vain!
Let thoſe enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be laſt, the lags of all the race,
Redeem yourſelves and me from that diſgrace.
Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full ſtretch, and ſhake the brazen prow.
The ſea beneath them ſinks: their labouring ſides
Are ſweli'd, and ſweat runs guttering down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd ſucceſs;
Sergeſthus, eager with his beak, to preſs
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts the unwieldy Centaur in the lock.
The veſſel ſtruck; and, with the dreadful ſhock,
Her oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her head ſhe broke.
The trembling rowers from their banks ariſe,
And anxious for themſelves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the ſhores;
And gather, from the ſea, their floating oars.
The crew of Mneſtheus, with elated minds,
Urge their ſucceſs, and call the willing winds:
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compaſs on the roomy ſea.
As when the dove her rocky hold forſakes,
Rouz'd in a fright, her ſounding wings ſhe ſhakes,
The cavern rings with clattering; out ſhe flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the ſkies;
At firſt ſhe flutters; but at length ſhe ſprings
To ſmoother flight, and ſhoots upon her wings;
So Mneſtheus in the Dolphin cuts the ſea,
And, flying with a force, that force aſſiſts his way.
Sergeſthus in the Centaur ſoon he paſs'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky ſhoals, and ſticking faſt.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practiſes to row with ſhatter'd oars.
Then Mneſtheus bears with Gyas, and out flies:
The ſhip without a pilot yields the prize.
Unvanquiſh'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he purſues, and all his vigour ſtrains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude ariſe,
Applauding echo to the ſhouts replies;
Shouts, wiſhes, and applauſe, run rattling through the ſkies.
Theſe clamours with diſdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praiſe, but more the robb'd reward:
Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obſtinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with ſucceſs, the Dolphin ſwiftly ran
(For they can conquer who believe they can):
Both urge their oars, and fortune both ſupplies,
And both perhaps had ſhar'd an equal prize:
When to the ſeas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And ſuccour from the watery powers demands:
Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row,
If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Affiſt to make me guilty of my vow.
A ſnow-white bull ſhall on your ſhore be ſlain,
His offer'd entrails caſt into the main:
And ruddy wine, from golden goblets thrown,
Your graceful gift and my return ſhall own.
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;

And old Portunos, with his breadth of hand,
Puſh'd on, and ſped the galley to the land.
Swift as a ſhaft, on winged wind, ſhe flies;
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.
The herald ſummons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
And three fat ſteers are to his veſſel led;
The ſhip's reward: with generous wine beſide,
And ſums of ſilver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
The victor honour'd with a nobler veſt:
Where gold and purple ſtrive in equal rows,
And needle-work its happy coſt beſtows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chacing through Ida's groves the trembling hart;
Breathleſs he ſeems, yet eager to purſue:
When from aloft deſcends, in open view,
The bird of Jove; and, ſouſing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him ſoaring through the ſkies,
And dogs purſue his flight, with imitated cries.
Mneſtheus the ſecond victor was declar'd;
And ſummon'd there, the ſecond prize he ſhar'd.
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his ſhoulders tore,
In ſingle combat on the Trojan ſhore.
This was ordain'd for Mneſtheus to poſſeſs,
In war for his defence; for ornament in peace:
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet, ſo ponderous with its plates of gold,
That ſcarce two ſervants could the weight ſuſtain,
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Purſued, and lightly ſeiz'd the Trojan train.
The third ſucceeding to the laſt reward,
Two goodly bowls of maſſy ſilver ſhar'd;
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two braſs cauldrons from Dodona brought.
Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands,
And now Sergeſthus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley, ſhatter'd with the ſhock.
Forlorn ſhe look'd, without an aiding oar,
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to ſhore.
As when a ſnake, ſurpriz'd upon the road,
A cruſh'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground,
In vain, with looſen'd curls, ſhe crawls along,
Yet fierce above, ſhe brandiſhes her tongue:
Glares with her eyes, and briſtles with her ſcales,
But, groveling in the duſt, her parts unſound ſhe trails!
So ſlowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But what ſhe wants in oars with ſails amends:
Yet, for his galley ſav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompenſe.
Pholoe, the Cretan ſlave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herſelf, with lovely twins, as fair.
From thence his way the Trojan hero bent,
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,
Whoſe ſides were ſhaded with ſurrounding wood:
Full in the midſt of this fair valley ſtood
A native theatre, which riſing flow,
By juſt degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a ſylvan throne the leader ſate,
A numerous train attend in ſolemn ſtate;

Here thoſe, that in the rapid courſe delight,
Deſire of honour and the prize invite:
The rival runners without order ſtand,
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
Firſt Niſus with Euryalus appears,
Euryalus a boy of blooming years;
With ſprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd:
Niſus, for friendſhip to the youth renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place:
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of theſe
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes,
Both jolly huntſmen, both in foreſt bred,
And owning old Aceſtes for their head.
With ſeveral others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To theſe the hero thus his thoughts explain'd:
In words, which general approbation gain'd:
One common largeſs is for all deſign'd;
The vanquiſh'd and the victor ſhall be join'd,
Two darts of poliſh'd ſteel and Gnoſſian wood,
A ſilver-ſtudded ax alike beſtow'd.
The foremoſt three have olive wreaths decreed;
The firſt of theſe obtains a ſtately ſteed
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well ſupply'd;
A golden belt ſhall gird his manly ſide,
Which with a ſparkling diamond ſhall be ty'd.
The third this Grecian helmet ſhall content,
He ſaid: to their appointed baſe they went:
With beating hearts th' expected ſign receive,
And, ſtarting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they fly,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, ſwift Niſus all o'er-paſt;
Nor ſtorms, nor thunder, equal half his haſte.
The next, but though the next yet far diſjoin'd,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores ply'd,
Step after ſtep, and almoſt ſide by ſide:
His ſhoulders preſſing, and in longer ſpace
Had won, or left at leaſt a dubious race.
Now ſpent, the goal they almoſt reach at laſt,
When eager Niſus, hapleſs in his haſte,
Slipp'd firſt, and, ſlipping fell upon the plain
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly ſlain:
The careleſs victor had not mark'd his way;
But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and on the graſſy floor,
He fell, beſmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Not mindleſs then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the ſacred bonds of amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate rival's hope to croſs
And caught the foot of Salius as he roſe:
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus ſprings out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquiſh'd friend.
Next Helymus, and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
But Salius enters; and, exclaiming loud
For juſtice, deafens and diſturbs the crowds.
Urges his cauſe may in the court be heard,
And pleads, the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.

t favour for Euryalus appears;
is blooming beauty, with his tender years,
d brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize;
ides, Diores fills the court with cries:
ho vainly reaches at the laſt reward,
the firſt palm on Salius be conferr'd.
m thus the prince: Let no diſputes ariſe:
here fortune plac'd it, I award the prize:
t fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
leaſt to pity my deſerving friend.
ſaid: and, from among the ſpoils he draws
nderous with ſhaggy mane and golden paws)
ion's hide, to Salius this he gives;
us with envy ſees the gift, and grieves.
uch rewards to vanquiſh'd men are due,
ſaid, and falling is to riſe by you,
at prize may Niſus from your bounty claim,
o merited the firſt rewards and fame?
falling, both an equal fortune try'd;
ould fortune for my fall ſo well provide!
th this he pointed to his face, and ſhow'd
hands, and all his habit ſmear'd with blood.
indulgent father of the people ſmil'd,
d cauſ'd to be produc'd an ample ſhield
wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
g ſince from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
is giv'n to Niſus, he divides the reſt;
d equal juſtice, in his gifts expreſs'd.
e race thus ended, and rewards beſtow'd,
ce more the prince beſpeaks the attentive crowd:
here be here, whoſe dauntleſs courage dare
gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
oppoſite ſustain in open view,
nd forth the champion, and the games renew.
o prizes I propoſe, and thus divide;
ull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
ll be the portion of the conquering chief;
word and helm ſhall chear the loſer's grief.
en haughty Dares in the liſts appears;
lking he ſtrides, his head erected bears:
nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
d loud applauſes echo through the field.
es alone in combat us'd to ſtand,
e match of mighty Paris hand to hand;
e fame at Hector's funerals undertook
antic Butes, of th' Amician ſtock;
d, by the ſtroke of his reſiſtleſs hand,
tch'd the vaſt bulk upon the yellow ſand.
h Dares was; and ſuch he ſtrode along,
d drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
brawny back, and ample breaſt he ſhows;
lifted arms around his head he throws;
d deals in whiſtling air his empty blows.
match is fought; but through the trembling
hand,
one dares anſwer to the proud demand.
uming of his force, with ſparkling eyes,
eady he devours the promis'd prize.
claims the bull with awleſs inſolence;
d, having ſeiz'd his horns, accoſts the prince;
none my matchleſs valour dare oppoſe,
ow long ſhall Dares wait his daſtard foes?
rmit me, chief, permit without delay,
lead this uncontended gift away.
e crowd aſſents; and, with redoubled cries,
the proud challenger demands the prize.
Aceſtes, fir'd with juſt diſdain, to ſee
e palm uſurp'd without a victory,

Reproach'd Entellus thus, who ſate beſide,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the raviſh'd crown?
A prize in triumph, borne before your fight,
And ſhun for fear the danger of the fight;
Where is our Eryx now, the boaſted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?
Where now your baffled honour, where the ſpoil
That fill'd your houſe, and fame that fill'd our iſle?
Entellus, thus: My ſoul is ſtill the ſame;
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And ſcarce the ſhadow of a man remains.
Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaſter is ſo vain!
The brave who this decrepit age deſies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.
Hé ſaid, and, riſing at the word, he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And ſheath his hands with in the liſted field.
With fear and wonder ſeiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with ſeven diſtinguiſh'd folds
Of tough bull hides; the ſpace within is ſpread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himſelf was daunted at the ſight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refuſ'd to fight.
Aſtoniſh'd at their weight the hero ſtands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
What had your wonder, ſaid Entellus, been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides ſeen,
Or view'd the ſtern debate on this unhappy green!
Theſe which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With theſe he long ſuſtain'd th' Herculian arm;
And theſe I wielded while my blood was warm:
This languiſh'd frame while better ſpirits fed,
Ere age unſtrung my nerves, or time o'erſnow'd my head.
But, if the challenger theſe arms refuſe,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not uſe;
If great Æneas and Aceſtes join
In his requeſt, theſe gauntlets I reſign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, ſince I reſign my right.
This ſaid, Entellus for the ſtrife prepares;
Stript of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he ſtands,
A goodly towering object on the ſands.
Then juſt Æneas equal arms ſupply'd,
Which round their ſhoulders to their wriſts they ty'd;
Both on the tiptoe ſtand, at full extent;
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With claſhing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his ſinews and his giant ſize.
The laſt is ſtiff with age, his motion ſlow,
He heaves for breath: he ſtaggers to and fro;
And clouds of iſſuing ſmoke his noſtrils loudly blow.
Yet, equal in ſucceſs, they ward, they ſtrike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.

Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound:
A storm of strokes well meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes:
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke, along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But, with his warping body, wards the wound:
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place;
And, like a captain, who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle, on a rising ground,
Views all th' approaches with observing eyes,
This, and that other part, in vain he tries;
And more on industry than force relies.
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
And slipt aside, and shunn'd the long-descending blow.
Entellus wastes his forces on the wind;
And thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breast,
And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.
So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots: the differing nations rise,
And shouts, and mingled murmurs, rend the skies.
Acestes runs, with eager haste, to raise
The fall'n companion of his youthful days:
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd,
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burn'd:
Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,
And, with redoubled force, his foe he press'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain,
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allows,
But storms of strokes descend about his brows;
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease:
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
What fury seiz'd my friend? the gods, said he,
To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine;
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine.
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng;
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The sword and casque are carry'd by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion, then, before Æneas came:
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
O goddess-born! and you Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending fate, you sav'd my foe.
Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead, aiming full,
The deadly stroke descending, pierc'd the skull.
Down drops the beast; nor needs the second wound;
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.

Then thus. In Dares' stead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice:
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield;
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field.
This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers with contending bows.
The mast, Sergesthus' shatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raises on the shore:
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance;
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names The lots are drawn;
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon:
The people shout; upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd.
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame:
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And sent among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Acestes in the bottom last remain'd;
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows,
And, from the quiver, each his arrow chose:
Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful fury
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands;
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands;
And the tree trembled; and the shouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above;
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove.
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord
Which fasten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood,
And, having first invok'd his brother god,
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped;
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft: she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames ascending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way
Across the skies, as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare;
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace:
Then, honouring him with gifts above the rest,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
The gods, said he, this miracle have wrought,
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give.
He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.

or good Eurytion envy'd him the prize;
hough he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
ho cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
he third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
he chief, before the games were wholly done,
ll'd Periphantes, tutor to his son;
d whispe'r'd thus: With speed Ascanius find,
d if his childish troop be ready join'd,
horse-back let him grace his grandsire's day:
d lead his equals arm'd in just array.
said, and, calling out, the cirque he clears:
e crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
d now the noble youths, of form divine,
rance before their fathers in a line:
e riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory shine.
Thus marching on, in military pride,
outs of applause resound from side to side.
eir casques, adorn'd with laurel wreaths, they wear,
h trandishing aloft a cornel spear.
me at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
eir chains of burnish'd gold hung down before:
ree graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
ree graceful leaders at their head were seen;
elve follow'd every chief, and left a space between.
e first young Priam led; a lovely boy,
ose grandsire was th' unhappy king of Troy:
race, in after-time, was known to fame,
w honours adding to the Latian name;
d well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.
ite were the fetlocks of his feet before,
d on his front a snowy star he bore:
on beauteous Atis, with Iülus bred,
equal age, the second squadron led.
e last in order, but the first in place,
st in the lovely features of his face,
e fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,
om Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
e coursers for the rest the king ordains,
th golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
d all the parents in the children view:
eir make, their motions, and their sprightly grace:
d hopes and fears alternate in their face.
Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
st make the circuit of the sandy plain,
ound their fires: and, at th' appointed sign,
wn up in beauteous order, form a line.
e second signal sounds: the troop divides
three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd guides.
gain they close, and once again disjoin,
troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
ey meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afar
th harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
en in a round the mingled bodies run;
ying they follow, and pursuing shun.
oken they break, and rallying, they renew
other forms the military shew.
last, in order, undiscern'd they join;
d march together, in a friendly line.

And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold.
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which deny'd recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and still a different way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chace,
In circles, when they swim around the watery race,
This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires impart,
To their succeeding sons, the graceful art:
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game;
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.
Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:
But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate:
For while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below:
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way;
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends;
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gathering crowd; and gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons on the sands alone,
With sighs and tears, Anchises' death bemean.
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves, renews their cries.
Alas! said one, what oceans yet remain
For us to sail; what labours to sustain!
All take the word; and, with a general groan,
Implore the gods for peace; and places of their own.
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains;
And, in a woman's form, her heavenly limbs restrains.
In face and shape, old Beroë she became,
Doriclus' wife, a venerable dame;
Once blest'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:
O wretched we, whom not the Grecian power,
Nor flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now seven revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsperous voyage we begun:
Since toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands;
Wandering in exile, through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,
What should our rest, and rising walls withstand;
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O, country lost! and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or streams of some dissembled Simois view?
Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume:
Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands

With theſe, ſaid ſhe, theſe wandering ſhips deſtroy;
Theſe are your fatal ſeats, and this your Troy.
Time calls you now, the precious hour employ.
Slack not the good preſage, while heaven inſpires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See Neptune's altars miniſter their brands;
The god is pleas'd; the god ſupplies our hands.
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir ſhe drew,
And, toſs'd in air, amidſt the gallies threw.
Wrapp'd in amaze, the matrons wildly ſtare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurſe of Priam's numerous race,
No Beroë this, though ſhe belies her face:
What terrors from her frowning front ariſe;
Behold a goddeſs in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heavenly face are ſeen,
Mark her majeſtic voice, and more than mortal mien!
Beroë but now I left; whom, pin'd with pain,
Her age and anguiſh from theſe rites detain.
She ſaid; the matrons, ſeiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddeſs, having done her taſk below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the ſight, and ſeiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons proſecute their mad deſign:
They ſhriek aloud, they ſnatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
Green boughs, and ſaplings, mingled in their haſte;
And ſmoking torches on the ſhips they caſt.
The flame, unſtopp'd at firſt, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with looſen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted ſterns he ſoars,
And ſeizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the firſt the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then what they hear, is witneſs'd by their eyes:
A ſtorm of ſparkles and of flames ariſe.
Aſcanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing ſteed.
And ſpurring on, his equals ſoon o'erpaſs'd,
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haſte.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He ſent his voice before him as he flew;
What madneſs moves you, matrons, to deſtroy
The laſt remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hoſtile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn,
Behold your own Aſcanius: while he ſaid
He drew his glittering helmet from his head;
In which the youths to ſportful arms he led.
By this, Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, ſeiz'd with ſhame and fear,
Diſpers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight;
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light:
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find;
And ſhake the goddeſs from their alter'd mind.
Not ſo the raging fires their fury ceaſe;
But lurking in the ſeams, with ſeeming peace,
Work on their way, amid the ſmouldering tow,
Sure in deſtruction, but in motion ſlow.
The ſilent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the ſails,
The fire deſcends, or mounts; but ſtill prevails:
Nor buckets pour'd, nor ſtrength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withſtand
The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heaven his hands, and with his hands his vows:
O Jove, he cry'd, if prayers can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'ſt not all the Dardan race;
If any ſpark of pity ſtill remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet ſpare the relics of the Trojan train.
Yet from the flames our burning veſſels free:
Or let thy fury fall alone on me
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And ſend the willing ſacrifice below.
Scarce had he ſaid, when ſouthern ſtorms ariſe;
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling ſhakes the mountains and the plain;
Heaven bellies downward, and deſcends in rain;
Whole ſheets of water from the clouds are ſent,
Which, hiſſing through the planks, the flames prevent:
And ſtop the fiery peſt: four ſhips alone
Burn to the waſte, and for the fleet atone.
But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
If he ſhould ſtill in Sicily reſide,
Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wiſe, to whom alone
The will of heaven by Pallas was fore-ſhown;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inſpir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd:
Thus while he ſtood, to neither part inclin'd,
With chearful words reliev'd his labouring mind:
O goddeſs-born, reſign'd in every ſtate,
With patience bear, with prudence puſh your fate.
By ſuffering well, our fortune we ſubdue;
Fly when ſhe frowns, and when ſhe calls purſue.
Your friend Aceſtes is of Trojan kind;
To him diſcloſe the ſecrets of your mind:
Truſt in his hands your old and uſeleſs train,
Too numerous for the ſhips which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their eaſe,
The dames who dread the dangers of the ſeas,
With all their daſtard crew, who dare not ſtand
The ſhock of battle with your foes by land;
Here you may build a common town for all;
And, from Aceſtes' name, Aceſta call.
The reaſons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more diſturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his ſlumbering eyes,
His father's ſhade deſcended from the ſkies;
And thus he ſpoke: O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
O ſon, in various toils and troubles toſt,
The king of heaven employs my careful ghoſt
On his commands; the God who ſav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your juſt deſire:
The wholſome counſel of your friend receive;
And here the coward train, and women leave:
The choſen youth, and thoſe who nobly dare
Tranſport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The ſtern Italians with their courage try;
Rough are their manners, and their minds in high.
But firſt to Pluto's palace you ſhould go,
And ſeek my ſhade among the bleſt below.

or not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey;
And blood of offer'd victims free the way;
Here shall you know what realms the gods assign;
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now, farewell: I vanish with the night;
And feel the blast of heaven's approaching light:
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy flight.
Whither so fast, the filial duty cry'd,
And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace deny'd!
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires.
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense; and their aid implores.
Next for his friends and royal host he sent,
Revea'd his vision and the god's intent,
With his own purpose. All, without delay,
The will of Jove and his desires obey.
They list with women each degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life, for future fame.
These they cashier: the brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables half consum'd renew.
The prince designs a city with the plough;
The lots their several tenements allow.
This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new king ascends the throne with joy.
A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then on the top of Eryx, they begin
A rising temple to the Paphian queen:
Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god;
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
And groves are planted round his blest abode.
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then, from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.
Now loud laments along the shores resound,
Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
E'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war.
Whom good Æneas chears; and recommends
To their new master's care, his fearful friends.
In Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his hausers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero stands;
With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine
With gales arise, with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.
Meantime the mother goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
The malice which no sufferings can assuage,
Compel me to these prayers: since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.
E'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
All vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown;
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains;
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
But you can witness its effects too well.
You saw the storms she rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main;
And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames
To burn their fleet with execrable flames:
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast:
For what remains, your godhead I implore;
And trust my son to your protecting power.
If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land.
Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's reign?
My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
Of your indanger'd fleet, may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea, my deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I attest:
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against their walls the trembling train,
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain:
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood-up on ridges to behold the sea;
New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way:
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:
Their lives are given; one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.
Thus haying arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides;
Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And choirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.
The martial'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better side
Inclose, and on the worse the nymphs and nereids ride.
Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
The chearful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
A-head of all the master pilot steers,
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.

The ſteeds of night had travel'd half the ſky,
The drowſy rowers on their benches lie;
When the ſoft god of ſleep, with eaſy flight,
Deſcends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his deſtin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron ſleep he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
The winds, my friend, inſpire a pleaſing gale;
The ſhips, without thy care, ſecurely ſail.
Now ſteal an hour of ſweet repoſe; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room ſupply.
To whom the yawning pilot, half aſleep;
Me doſt thou bid to truſt the treacherous deep!
The harlot-ſmiles of her diſſembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the ſyren ſouth again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monſter main?
He ſaid, his faſten'd hands the rudder keep,
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading ſleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquiſh'd by the power divine,
Soon clos'd his ſwimming eyes, and lay ſupine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, inſulting with ſuperior ſtrength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the ſea,
And, with the ſtern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, ſtruggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain;
The victor dæmon mounts obſcure in air;
While the ſhip ſails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forſook, the god ſupplies;
And o'er the dangerous deep ſecure the navy flies:
Glides by the ſyren's cliffs, a ſhelfy coaſt,
Long infamous for ſhips and ſailors loſt;
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars;
And rocks rebellow from the ſounding ſhores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The toſſing veſſel fail'd on ſhoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loſs, he takes himſelf
The helm, and ſteers aloof, and ſhuns the ſhelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breaſt,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain expreſs'd:
For faith repoſ'd on ſeas, and on the flattering ſky,
Thy naked corpſe is doom'd on ſhores unknown to lie.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he ſhould meet with in Italy: ſhe attends him to hell: deſcribing to him the various ſcenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchiſes: who inſtructs him in thoſe ſublime myſteries of the ſoul of the world, and its tranſmigration: and ſhews him that glorious race of heroes which was to deſcend from him and his poſterity.

HE ſaid, and wept: then ſpread his ſails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumæan ſhore:
Their anchors dropt, his crew the veſſels moor.
They turn their heads to ſea, their ſterns to land;
And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian ſtrand.
Some ſtrike from claſhing flints their fiery feed;
Some gather ſticks the kindled flames to feed;
Or ſearch for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through vallies the diſcover'd floods.
Thus, while their ſeveral charges they fulfil,
The pious prince aſcends the ſacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd; and ſeeks the ſhade
Which hides from ſight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan ſhore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The firſt who ſail'd in air), 'tis ſung by fame,
To the Cumæan coaſt at length he came;
And here alighting, built this coſtly frame.
Inſcrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The ſteerage of his wings, that cuts the ſky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboſs'd
Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghoſt:
Seven youths from Athens yearly ſent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to thoſe the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the deſtin'd names by lots were caſt:
The mournful parents ſtand around in tears;
And riſing Crete againſt their ſhore appears.
There too, in living ſculpture, might be ſeen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen:
Then how ſhe cheats her bellowing lover's eye:
The ruſhing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beaſt, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.
Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze
A thouſand doors, a thouſand winding ways;
Here dwells the monſter, hid from human view
Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
Till the kind artiſt, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this laſt relief;
And all thoſe erring paths deſcrib'd ſo well,
That Theſeus conquer'd, and the monſter fell.
Here hapleſs Icarus had found his part;
Had not the father's grief reſtrain'd his art.
He twice eſſay'd to caſt his ſon in gold;
Twice from his hands he drop'd the forming mould.
All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the reſt, Achates came,
And by his ſide the mad divining dame;
The prieſteſs of the god, Deiphobe her name.
Time ſuffers not, ſhe ſaid, to feed your eyes
With empty pleaſures: haſte the ſacrifice.
Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choſe,
And for Diana ſeven unſpotted ewes.

This ſaid, the ſervants urge the ſacred rites;
While to the temple ſhe the prince invites.
A ſpacious cave, within its farmoſt part,
Was hew'd and faſhion'd by laborious art
Through the hill's hollow ſides: before the place,
A hundred doors, a hundred entries grace:
As many voices iſſue; and the ſound
Of Sibyls' words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come: Aloud ſhe cries,
This is the time; enquire your deſtinies.
He comes, behold the god! Thus while ſhe ſaid
And ſhivering at the ſacred entry ſtaid),
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the ſame,
And hollow groans from her deep ſpirit came.
Her hair ſtood up; convulſive rage poſſeſs'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breaſt.
Greater than human-kind ſhe ſeem'd to look:
And, with an accent more than mortal, ſpoke.
Her ſtaring eyes with ſparkling fury roll;
When all the god came ruſhing on her ſoul.
Swiftly ſhe turn'd, and foaming as ſhe ſpoke,
Why this delay? ſhe cried; the powers invoke:
Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
Elſe vain are my demands, and dumb the god.
She ſaid no more: the trembling Trojans hear;
O'erſpread with a damp ſweat, and holy fear.
The prince himſelf, with awful dread poſſeſs'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus addreſs'd:
Indulgent god, propitious power to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to deſtroy;
Directed by whoſe hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
Through ambient ſeas, and through devouring ſands,
Our exil'd crew has ſought th' Auſonian ground;
And now, at length, the flying coaſt is found;
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has purſued her wandering race:
Here ceaſe, ye powers, and let your vengeance end;
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O ſacred maid! inſpir'd to ſee
Th' event of things in dark futurity,
Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian ſtate:
To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then ſhall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and ſolemn prayer;
And annual rites, and feſtivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auſpicious names;
Nor ſhalt thou want thy honours in my land,
For there thy faithful oracles ſhall ſtand,
Preſerv'd in ſhrines: and every ſacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo ſhall convey:
All ſhall be treaſur'd, by a choſen train
Of holy prieſts, and ever ſhall remain.
But, Oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the ſport of every wind,
Left they diſperſe in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate.
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
The more ſhe ſtrove to ſhake him from her breaſt,
With more, and far ſuperior force he preſs'd:
Commands his entrance, and, without control,
Uſurps her organs, and inſpires her ſoul.

Now, with a furious blaſt, the hundred doors
Ope of themſelves; a ruſhing whirlwind roars
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice reſtores:
Eſcap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
The coaſt ſo long deſir'd (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops ſhall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus ſhall be wanting there;
A new Achilles ſhall in arms appear:
And he, too, goddeſs-born: fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hoſtile force, ſhall urge thy fate.
To what ſtrange nations ſhalt thou not reſort!
Driven to ſolicit aid at every court!
The cauſe the ſame which Ilium once oppreſs'd,
A foreign miſtreſs and a foreign gueſt:
But thou, ſecure of ſoul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppoſe:
The dawnings of thy ſafety ſhall be ſhown,
From whence thou leaſt ſhalt hope, a Grecian town.
Thus, from the dark receſs, the Sibyl ſpoke,
And the reſiſting air the thunder broke:
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple ſhook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring breaſt,
In theſe myſterious words his mind expreſt:
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the reſt.
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her ſoul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:
Inur'd to ſuffer, and reſolv'd to dare,
The fates, without my power, ſhall be without my care.
This let me crave, ſince near your grove the road
To hell lies open, and the dark abode,
Which Acheron ſurrounds, th' innavigable flood:
Conduct me through the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's ſight:
For him, a thouſand dangers I have ſought;
And, ruſhing where the thickeſt Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the ſacred burden brought.
He, for my ſake, the raging ocean try'd,
And wrath of heaven; my ſtill auſpicious guide,
And bore beyond the ſtrength decrepit age ſupply'd.
Oft ſince he breath'd his laſt, in dead of night,
His reverend image ſtood before my ſight;
Enjoin'd to ſeek below his holy ſhade;
Conducted there by your unerring aid:
But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the ſon.
Yours is the power; nor Proſerpine in vain
Has made you prieſteſs of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthleſs king with pity could inſpire,
And from the ſhades below redeem his wife;
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother; and ran daily go
By turns aloft, by turns deſcend below;
Why name I Theſeus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could aſcend!
Not leſs than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
My mother greater, my deſcent the ſame.
So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus reply'd the propheteſs divine:
O goddeſs born! of great Anchiſes' line,
The gates of hell are open night and day:
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way:
But, to return, and view the chearful ſkies,
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And thoſe of ſhining worth, and heavenly race.
Betwixt thoſe regions, and our upper light,
Deep foreſts and impenetrable night
Poſſeſs the middle ſpace. Th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his fable waves ſurrounds:
But, if ſo dire a love your ſoul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling ſhades;
If you ſo hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to paſs th' innavigable lake,
Receive my counſel. In the neighbouring grove
There ſtands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human ſight.
One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold,
The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches muſt be torn,
And to fair Proſerpine the preſent borne,
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether ſkies:
The firſt thus rent, a ſecond will ariſe,
And the ſame metal the ſame room ſupplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to ſee
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with eaſe, if favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian ſtate:
If not, no labour can the tree conſtrain,
And ſtrength of ſtubborn arms, and ſteel are vain.
Beſides, you know not, while you here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathleſs he lies, and his unbury'd ghoſt,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your hoſt.
Pay firſt his pious dues: and, for the dead,
Two ſable ſheep around his hearſe be led:
Then, living turfs upon his body lay;
This done, ſecurely take the deſtin'd way,
To find the regions deſtitute of day.
She ſaid: and held her peace. Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of diſcontent;
Unknowing whom the ſacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breaſt,
Goes grieving by his ſide with equal cares oppreſs'd.
Walking they talk'd, and fruitleſsly divin'd
What friend the prieſteſs, by thoſe words, deſign'd:
But ſoon they found an object to deplore;
Miſenus lay extended on the ſhore.
Son of the god of winds; none ſo renown'd,
The warrior trumpet in the field to ſound:
With breathing braſs to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouze to dare their fate, in honourable arms.
He ſerv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his ſpear,
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He choſe Æneas, and he choſe as well.
Swoln with applauſe, and aiming ſtill at more,
He now provokes the ſea gods from the ſhore;
With envy Triton heard the martial ſound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
Then caſt his mangled carcaſe on the ſtrand;
The gazing crowd around the body ſtand.
All weep, but moſt Æneas mourns his fate,
And haſtens to perform the funeral ſtate.
In altar-wiſe a ſtately pile they rear;
The baſis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work deſign'd
(The ſhady covert of the ſavage kind)
The Trojans found: the ſounding ax is ply'd:
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
Of foreſt aſhes, feel the fatal ſtroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the ſtubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the ſteepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the reſt the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compaſs what his wiſh deſign'd,
He caſt his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
O may thy power, propitious ſtill to me,
Conduct my ſteps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep foreſt; ſince the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Miſenus' death.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, full before his ſight,
Two doves, deſcending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the graſſy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
Be you my guides, with your auſpicious aid;
And lead my footſteps, till the branch be found,
Whoſe glittering ſhadow gilds the ſacred ground:
And thou, great parent! with celeſtial care,
In this diſtreſs, be preſent to my prayer.
Thus having ſaid, he ſtopp'd: with watchful sight
Obſerving ſtill the motions of their flight,
What courſe they took, what happy ſigns they ſhow;
They fed, and, fluttering by degrees, withdrew
Still farther from the place, but ſtill in view:
Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
To the ſlow lake: whoſe baleful ſtench to ſhun,
They wing'd their flight aloft; then flooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
Through the green leaves the glittering ſhadow glow;
As on the ſacred oak, the wintery miſleto:
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
And happier branches, which ſhe never ſow'd,
Such was the glittering, ſuch the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He ſeiz'd the ſhining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with eaſe, the lingering gold:
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Mean time, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Miſenus pay his obſequies.
Firſt from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front, with cypreſs twigs they ſhade,
And ſtick the ſides with boughs of baleful yew.
The topmoſt part, his glittering arms adorns;
Warm waters, then, in brazen cauldrons boils,
Are pour'd to waſh his body, joint by joint:
And fragrant oils the ſtiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Miſenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathleſs body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away
(Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay).

ure oil and incenſe on the fire they throw,
nd fat of victims, which his friends beſtow.
heſe gifts, the greedy flames to duſt devour;
hen, on the living coals, red wine they pour:
nd laſt, the relicks by themſelves diſpoſe,
hich in a braſen urn the prieſts incloſe.
d Chorineus compaſs'd thrice the crew,
nd dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
hich thrice he ſprinkled round, and thrice aloud
vok'd the dead, and then diſmiſs'd the crowd.
But good Æneas ordered on the ſhore
ſtately tomb; whoſe top a trumpet bore;
ſoldier's fauchion, and a ſeaman's oar.
hus was his friend interr'd: and deathleſs fame
ll to the lofty cape conſigns his name.
Theſe rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
afles to the nether world his deſtin'd way.
ep was the cave; and downward as it went
om the wide mouth, a rocky rough deſcent;
nd here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends;
nd here th' unnavigable lake extends.
er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight;
ch deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
nd ſteaming ſulphur, that infects the ſkies.
m hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
nd give the name Avernus to the lake.
ur ſable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
ſacrifice the pious hero brought;
e prieſteſs pours the wine betwixt their horns;
en cuts the curling hair; that firſt oblation
burns,
voking Hecate hither to repair
powerful name in hell, and upper air).
he ſacred prieſts with ready knives bereave
he beaſts of life, and in full bowls receive
he ſtreaming blood: a lamb to hell and night
he ſable wool without a ſtreak of white)
neas offers: and, by fate's decree,
barren heifer, Proſerpine, to thee.
th holocauſts he Pluto's altar fills:
en brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
en, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;
hich, ointed thus, the raging flame devours:
te, the nocturnal ſacrifice begun;
r ended, till the next returning ſun.
en earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
nd howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
e Hecate came: Far hence be fouls profane,
he Sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abſtain.
ow, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford,
ffume thy courage, and unſheath thy ſword.
e ſaid, and paſs'd along the gloomy ſpace,
he prince purſu'd her ſteps with equal pace.
Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human ſight,
e gods, who rule the regions of the night,
gliding ghoſts, permit me to relate
he myſtic wonders of your ſilent ſtate.
Obſcure they went through dreary ſhades, that led
long the waſte dominions of the dead:
hus wander travellers in woods by night,
y the moon's doubtful and malignant light:
hen Jove in duſky clouds involves the ſkies,
nd the faint creſcent ſhoots by fits before their
eyes.
Joſt in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
revengeful cares and fullen ſorrows dwell;
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unreſiſted rage:
Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother,
ſleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:
With anxious pleaſures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind:
The furies iron beds, and ſtrife that ſhakes
Her hiſſing treſſes, and unfolds her ſnakes.
Full in the midſt of this infernal road,
An elm diſplays her duſky arms abroad:
The god of ſleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are ſpread.
Of various forms unnumber'd ſpectres more;
Centaurs, and double ſhapes, beſiege the door:
Before the paſſage horrid Hydra ſtands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands:
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unſheath'd his ſhining ſteel, prepar'd,
Though ſeiz'd with ſudden fear, to force the guard,
Offering his brandiſh'd weapon at their face,
Had not the Sibyl ſtopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what thoſe empty phantoms were;
Forms without bodies, and impaſſive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whoſe troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus loſt:
There Charon ſtands, who rules the dreary coaſt;
A ſordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard deſcends; uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire:
A girdle, foul with greaſe, binds his obſcene attire.
He ſpreads his canvas, with his pole he ſteers;
The freights of flitting ghoſts in his thin bottom
bears.
He look'd in years; yet in his years were ſeen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came ruſhing where he ſtood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood,
Huſbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes more majeſtic ſhades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes.
With hollow groans, and ſhrieks, and feeble cries,
Thick as the leaves in autumn ſtrow the woods:
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forſake the floods,
And wing their haſty flight to happier lands:
Such, and ſo thick, the ſhivering army ſtands;
And preſs for paſſage with extended hands.
Now theſe, now thoſe, the ſurly boatman bore:
The reſt he drove to diſtance from the ſhore.
The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with ſhrieks, laments, and cries,
Aſk'd of his guide, what the rude concourſe meant?
Why to the ſhore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghoſts were us'd?
Why ſome were ferry'd o'er, and ſome refuſed?
Son of Anchiſes, offspring of the gods,
The Sibyl ſaid, you ſee the Stygian floods,
The ſacred ſtreams, which heaven's imperial ſtate
Atteſts in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghoſts rejected, are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of ſepulchres, and funeral due.
The boatman Charon; thoſe, the bury'd hoſt,
He ferries over to the farther coaſt.
Nor dares his tranſport veſſel croſs the waves,
With ſuch whoſe bones are not compos'd in graves.

A hundred years they wander on the shore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd;
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet graves.
The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew;
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew:
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas the tempests met;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.
Amidst the spirits Palinurus press'd;
Yet fresh from life; a new admitted guest.
Who, while he steering, view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Africk, to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow knew.
Then thus the prince: What envious power, O friend,
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
Has, in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.
The god foretold, you should not die, before
You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.
Is this th' unerring power? The ghost reply'd,
Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers ly'd;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
But while the stars, and course of heaven I keep,
My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds, and raging waves, I swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care:
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blustering nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mountain wave my head I bore;
Forcing my strength, and gathering to the shore:
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping cloaths, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' inhospitable coast:
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are tost:
Which O avert, by yon ethereal light
Which I have lost, for this eternal night:
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead sire, and by your living son,
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost,
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast;
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose:
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake;
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore.
Scarce had he said, the prophetess began,
What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
To view the furies, and infernal gods;
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long, revolving years:
Fate, and the deeming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows, and solemn prayer;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.
This calm'd his cares, sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw:
Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath;
Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee stand,
And tell thy name, and business in the land.
Know this, the realm of night; the Stygian shore
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear;
Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty fame;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter ty'd,
And took him trembling from his sovereign's side:
Two fought by force to seize his beauteous bride.
To whom the Sibyl thus: Compose thy mind:
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops confound
Of airy ghosts; and vex the guilty train:
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his sire, in your Elysian grove.
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
This fatal present shall prevail at least;
Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.
No more was needful, for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod:
Admir'd the destin'd offering to the queen
(A venerable gift so rarely seen).
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:
The pressing water pours within her sides.
His passengers, at length are wafted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry shore.
No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus; who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop in honey steep'd to charm the guard.
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before
His greedy, grinding jaws, just op'd to roar;
With three enormous mouths he gapes, and draws
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing food.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enfold.
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,

Aſſault his ears: then thoſe whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cauſe.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful ſentence, and award a new.
Minos, the ſtrict inquiſitor, appears,
And lives and crimes, with his aſſeſſors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.
The next in place, and puniſhment, are they
Who prodigally throw their ſouls away;
Fools, who repining at their wretched ſtate,
And loathing anxious life, ſuborn'd their fate.
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forſook, and wiſh to live.
Their pains and poverty deſire to bear,
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital air.
But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppoſe,
And, with nine circling ſtreams, the captive ſoul incloſe.
Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;
So call'd, from lovers that inhabit there.
Here ſouls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In ſecret ſolitude, and myrtle ſhades,
Make endleſs moans, and, pining with deſire,
Lament too late their unextinguiſh'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
Groaning her breaſt, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her ſon. He ſaw Paſiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghoſt, a foul inceſtuous pair.
Here Laodamia, with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.
Caeneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the ſex ſhe firſt began.
Not far from theſe Phœnician Dido ſtood,
Freſh from her wound, her boſom bath'd in blood.
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obſcure in ſhades, and with a doubtful view
Doubtful as he who runs through duſky night,
Or thinks he ſees the moon's uncertain light);
With tears he firſt approach'd the ſullen ſhade,
And, as his love inſpir'd him, thus he ſaid:
Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
A rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas, the cauſe! by heaven, I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forſook your friendly ſtate:
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate.
Theſe gods, that fate, whoſe unreſiſted might
Have ſent me to theſe regions, void of light:
Through the vaſt empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to preſume, that, preſs'd with grief,
Your flight ſhould urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, ſtay your ſteps, and liſten to my vows,
Is the laſt interview that fate allows!
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love:
Diſdainfully ſhe look'd; then turning round,
Her fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground:
And what he ſays, and ſwears, regards no more,
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar.
At whirl'd away, to ſhun his hateful ſight,
And in the foreſt, and the ſhades of night.
Then fought Sichæus, through the ſhady grove,
Who anſwer'd all her cares, and equall'd all her love.
The pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting ſhade.

Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, ſever'd from the reſt, the warrior ſouls remain'd.
Tideus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the ſoldiers grace;
And pale Adraſtus with his ghaſtly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train:
All much lamented, all in battle ſlain.
Glaucus and Medon, high above the reſt,
Antenor's ſons, and Ceres' ſacred prieſt:
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who ſhakes his empty reins, and aims his airy ſpear.
The gladſome ghoſts, in circling troops, attend,
And, with unweary'd eyes, behold their friend.
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What buſineſs brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flaſh'd through the ſhady plain,
Fled from his well known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thundering ſword and pointed ſpear
Drove headlong to their ſhips, and gleam'd the routed rear.
They raiſ'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats.
Here Priam's ſon, Deiphobus he found,
Whoſe face and limbs were one continued wound.
Diſhoneſt, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his noſe, and ſhorten'd of his ears.
He ſcarcely knew him, ſtriving to diſown
His blotted form, and bluſhing to be known.
And therefore firſt began: O Teucer's race,
Who durſt thy faultleſs figure thus deface?
What heart could wiſh, what hand inflict, this dire diſgrace?
'Twas ſaid, that in our laſt and fatal night,
Your ſingle proweſs long ſuſtain'd the fight:
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you choſe,
And fell upon a heap of ſlaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of ſo brave a deed,
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed:
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I fought; and, had I found,
Deſign'd for burial in your native ground.
The ghoſt reply'd: Your piety has paid
All needful rites to reſt my wandering ſhade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian ſwords betray'd my ſleeping life.
Theſe are the monuments of Helen's love:
The ſhame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we paſt
The night, that was by heaven decreed our laſt,
For, when the fatal horſe deſcending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the ſignal made,
Which rouz'd the Grecians from their ambuſcade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppreſs'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to reſt;
And heavy ſleep my weary limbs poſſeſs'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms miſlay'd;
And, from beneath my head, my ſword convey'd

The door unlatch'd; and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Then in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way:
Avenging power! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state?
Driven by the winds and errors of the sea,
Or did you heaven's superior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way?
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and tor ments of th' infernal seats?
While thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass,
The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay, which heaven had lent.
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;
Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right, to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.
Then thus Deiphobus: O sacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd:
Lo to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.
He said; and while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, espy'd
A lofty tower, and strong on every side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, press'd between the rocks, the bellowing noise resounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threats the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd,
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward.
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward way:
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise?
And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air?
She thus reply'd: The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through those dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state:
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal:
Loth to confess, unable to conceal:
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To this last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the fury flashes
The sounding whip, and brandishes her lashes
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, tames.
Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal doors
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar,
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what centries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within;
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulph, low to the centre lies;
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here fing'd with lightning, roll within the unbottom'd space.
Here lie th' Aloean twins (I saw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth;
Who dar'd in fight the thunderer defy;
Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus, suffering cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flies
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drives
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches, of resounding brass;
To rival thunder, in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force.
But he, the king of heaven, obscure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and launching from the sky,
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heaven; his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A ravenous vulture in his open'd side,
Her crook'd beak and cruel talons try'd
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
The growing liver still supply'd the feast.
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal remains.
Ixion and Pirithous I could name;
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is placed,
That promises a fall, and shakes at every blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts, with regal pomp, are made.
The queen of furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat:
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes forbid,
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their head.
Then they, who brothers better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold:
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adultery slain.
Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold:

ll theſe within the dungeon's depth remain,
eſpairing pardon, and expecting pain.
ſk not what pains; nor farther ſeek to know
heir proceſs, or the forms of law below.
ome roll a mighty ſtone; ſome laid along,
nd, bound with burning wires, on ſpokes of wheels are hung.
nhappy Theſeus, doom'd for ever there,
fix'd by fate on his eternal chair:
nd wretched Phlegias warns the world with cries
Could warning make the world more juſt or wiſe),
earn righteouſneſs, and dread th' avenging deities.
e tyrants others have their country ſold,
poſing foreign lords, for foreign gold:
me have old laws repeal'd, new ſtatutes made;
ot as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
Vith inceſt ſome their daughters bed profan'd.
ll dar'd the worſt of ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
ad I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
nd throats of braſs, inſpir'd with iron lungs,
could not half thoſe horrid crimes repeat,
or half the puniſhments thoſe crimes have met.
ut let us haſte our voyage to purſue;
he walls of Pluto's palace are in view:
he gate, and iron arch above it, ſtands
n anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops hands.
efore our farther way the fates allow,
ere muſt we fix on high the golden bough.
e ſaid; and through the gloomy ſhades they paſt,
nd choſe the middle path: arriv'd at laſt,
he prince, with living water, ſprinkled o'er
is limbs and body, then approach'd the door.
ſſers'd the porch, and on the front above
e fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
heſe holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
here long-extended plains of pleaſure lay.
ir verdant fields with thoſe of heaven may vie;
Vith æther veſted, and a purple ſky:
he bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below:
ars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.
heir airy limbs in ſports they exerciſe,
nd, on the green, contend the wreſtler's prize.
ome, in heroic verſe, divinely ſing,
hers in artful meaſures lead the ring.
he Thracian bard, ſurrounded by the reſt,
here ſtands conſpicuous in his flowing veſt.
s flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
ike ſeven diſtinguiſh'd notes, and ſeven at once they fill.
ce found they Teucer's old heroic race;
on better times, and happier years to grace.
Iracus and Ilus here enjoy
e paternal ſame, with him who founded Troy.
he chief beheld their chariots from afar,
heir ſhining arms, and courſers trained to war:
heir lances fix'd in earth, their ſteeds around,
ee from their harneſs, graze the flowery ground.
he love of horſes which they had, alive,
nd care of chariots, after death ſurvive.
me chearful ſouls, were feaſting on the plain;
me did the ſong, and ſome the choir maintain:
neath a laurel ſhade, where mighty Po
ſſounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.

Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood;
Prieſts of unblemiſh'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their aſpiring god:
And ſearching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts.
Thoſe who, to worth, their bounty did extend;
And thoſe who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of theſe with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To theſe, the Sibyl thus her ſpeech addreſs'd;
And firſt to him ſurrounded by the reſt;
Towering his height, and ample was his breaſt:
Say, happy ſouls, divine Muſæus, ſay,
Where lives Anchiſes, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whoſe only ſake
We ſought the dark abodes, and croſs'd the bitter lake?
To this the ſacred poet thus reply'd,
In no fixed place the happy ſouls reſide;
In groves we live, and lie on moſſy beds,
By cryſtal ſtreams, that murmur through the meads:
But paſs yon eaſy hill, and thence deſcend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end.
This ſaid, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And ſhews them all the ſhining fields below,
They wind the hill, and through the bliſsful meadows go.
But old Anchiſes, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muſtered race, and took the tale.
Thoſe happy ſpirits, which ordain'd by fate,
For future being, and new bodies wait,
With ſtudious thought obſerv'd th' illuſtrious throng,
In nature's order as they paſs'd along,
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful ſenates, and ſucceſsful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
Welcome, he ſaid, the gods undoubted race,
O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have paſs'd the perils of ſo hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you paſs'd,
What ſtorms ſuſtain'd, and on what ſhores been caſt?
How have I fear'd your fate! But fear'd it moſt
When love aſſail'd you on the Libyan coaſt.
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
Your ſacred ghoſt before my ſleeping eyes
Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful enterprize
After long toſſing on the Tyrrhene ſea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent ſhade, nor ſhun
The dear embraces of your longing ſon!
He ſaid, and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw:
And thrice the flitting ſhadow ſlip'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now, in a ſecret vale, the Trojan ſees
A ſeparate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a paſſing breath, and whiſpers through the trees,

And juſt before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her ſilent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
In ſummer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to ſuck the balmy ſeed.
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the ſound.
Æneas wondering ſtood: then aſk'd the cauſe,
Which to the ſtream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the ſire: The ſouls that throng the flood
Are thoſe, to whom, by fate, are other bodies owe'd:
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taſte;
Of future life ſecure, forgetful of the paſt.
Long has my ſoul deſir'd this time and place,
To ſet before your ſight your glorious race.
That this preſaging joy may fire your mind,
To ſeek the ſhores by deſtiny deſign'd.
O Father, can it be, that ſouls ſublime,
Return to viſit our terreſtrial clime?
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?
Anchiſes, then, in order thus begun
To clear thoſe wonders to his godlike ſon:
Know firſt, that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the ſtarry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common ſoul
Inſpires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind infus'd through all the ſpace,
Unites and mingles with the mighty maſs.
Hence men and beaſts the breath of life obtain;
And birds of air, and monſters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigour is in all the ſame,
And every ſoul is fill'd with equal flame:
As much as earthy limbs, and groſs allay
Of mortal members, ſubject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarſe mixture of terreſtrial parts,
Deſire and fear by turns poſſeſs their hearts:
And grief and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Aſſert the native ſkies, or own its heavenly kind.
Nor death itſelf can wholly waſh their ſtains:
But long-contracted filth, e'en in the ſoul, remains.
The relicks of inveterate vice they wear:
And ſpots of ſin obſcene in every face appear.
For this are various penances injoin'd;
And ſome are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the ruſt expires!
All have their Manes, and thoſe Manes bear:
The few, ſo cleans'd, to theſe abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the ſoft Elyſian air.
Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
The ſcurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No ſpeck is left of their habitual ſtains;
But the pure æther of the ſoul remains.
But when a thouſand rolling years are paſt
(So long their puniſhments and penance laſt);
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood:
In large forgetful draughts to ſteep the cares
Of their paſt labours, and their irkſome years.
That, unremembering of its former pain,
The ſoul may ſuffer mortal fields again.

Thus having ſaid; the father ſpirit leads
The prieſteſs and his ſon through ſwarms of ſhades,
And takes a riſing ground, from thence to ſee
The long proceſſion of his poſterity.
Survey (purſu'd the ſire) this airy throng;
As, offer'd to the view, they paſs along.
Theſe are th' Italian names, which fate will join
With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
Obſerve the youth who firſt appears in ſight,
And holds the neareſt ſtation to the light,
Already ſeems to ſnuff the vital air,
And leans juſt forward on a ſhining ſpear;
Silvius is he: thy laſt-begotten race,
But firſt in order ſent, to fill thy place.
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a ſhady wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy ſurviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a ſolitary life.
In Alba he ſhall fix his royal ſeat:
And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endleſs fame.
And ſecond Silvius after theſe appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
For arms and juſtice equally renown'd:
Who, late reſtor'd, in Alba ſhall be crown'd.
How great they look, how vigorouſly they wield
Their weighty lances, and ſuſtain the ſhield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and ſtrong Fidenæ rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found;
And raiſe Colatian towers on rocky ground.
All theſe ſhall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obſcure, and lands without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to reſtore
The crown that once his injur'd grandſire wore.
This prince, a prieſteſs of your blood ſhall bear;
And, like his ſire, in arms he ſhall appear.
Two riſing creſts his royal head adorn;
Born from a god, himſelf to godhead born.
His ſire, already, ſigns him for the ſkies,
And marks the ſeat amidſt the deities.
Auſpicious chief! thy race in times to come
Shall ſpread the conqueſt of imperial Rome.
Rome, whoſe aſcending towers ſhall heaven invade;
Involving earth and ocean in her ſhade.
High as the mother of the gods in place;
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
When in pomp ſhe makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd,
A hundred gods her ſweeping train ſupply;
Her offſpring all, and all command the ſky.
Now fix your ſight, and ſtand intent, to ſee
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
The mighty Cæſar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and graſps his promiſ'd power.
But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his line;
Auguſtus, promiſ'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
Afric and India ſhall his power obey,
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way.
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around:
And his broad ſhoulders with their lights are crown'd.

it his fore-seen approach, already quake
he Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
heir seers behold the tempests from afar,
nd threatening oracles denounce the war.
le hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,
nd seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew fates.
or Hercules more lands or labours knew,
ot though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
rred Erymanthus from the foamiug boar,
nd dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
or Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
y tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
om Nisus' top descending on the plains,
ith curling vines around his purple reins.
nd doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
he paths of honour, and a crown in view?
t what's the man, who from afar appears,
is head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
is hoary head and holy vestments bring
s lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
e shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain:
ll'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
m Tullus next in dignity succeeds;
active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
e shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
ain'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
dint of sword, his crown he shall increase,
nd scour his armour from the rust of peace.
om Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
s vain within, and proudly popular.
ee view the Tarquin kings: th' avenging sword
Brutus justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
e first renews the rods, and ax severe;
nd gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
s sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
nd long for arbitrary lords again,
ith ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
e dooms to death deserv'd: asserting public right.
happy man, to break the pious laws
nature, pleading in his children's cause!
ose'er the doubtful fact is understood,
s love of honour, and his country's good:
e consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
nd next, the two devoted Decii view.
e Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
th standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
e pair you see in equal armour shine;
ow, friends below, in close embraces join:
t when they leave the shady realms of night,
d, cloath'd in bodies, breathe your upper light),
th mortal heat each other shall pursue:
hat wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall ensue!
om Alpine heights the father first descends;
s daughter's husband in the plain attends:
s daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
strace again, my sons; be foes no more:
r stain your country with her children's gore.
d thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim;
ou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.
ather comes, who shall in triumph ride,
nd to the capitol his chariot guide;
om conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
nd yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws;
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause:
Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors disgrace:
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conquering Cossus goes with laurel crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see,
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The Ploughman consul in his coarse attire!
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass;
And, soften into flesh a marble face:
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Disposing peace, and war, thy own majestic way.
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.
He paus'd: and while with wondering eyes they view'd
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright:
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight:
Then, to the capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas, here, beheld of form divine
A godlike youth, in glittering armour shine;
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face:
He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
What, and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side?
His son, or one of his illustrious name,
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
But hovering mists around his brows are spread,
And night, with sable shades, involves his head.
Seek not to know (the ghost reply'd with tears)
The sorrows of thy sons in future years,
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state;
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give:
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast;
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!

Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe unpuniſh'd in the fighting field,
Shall dare thee foot to foot, with ſword and ſhield:
Much leſs, in arms oppoſe thy matchleſs force,
When thy ſharp ſpurs ſhall urge thy foaming horſe.
Ah, couldſt thou break through fate's ſevere decree,
A new Marcellus ſhall ariſe in thee!
Full caniſters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roſes of the ſpring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body ſtrow,
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at leaſt I may beſtow!
Thus having ſaid, he led the hero round
The confines of the bleſt Elyſian ground,
Which, when Anchiſes to his ſon had ſhown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars ordain'd by fate;
The ſtrength and cuſtoms of the Latian ſtate:
The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
With rules, to puſh his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the ſilent houſe of ſleep adorn;
Of poliſh'd ivory this, that of tranſparent horn;
True viſions through tranſparent horn ariſe;
Through poliſh'd ivory paſs deluding lies.
Of various things diſcourſing as he paſs'd,
Anchiſes hither bends his ſteps at laſt.
Then, through the gate of ivory, he diſmiſs'd
His valiant offspring, and divining gueſt.
Straight to the ſhips Æneas took his way;
Embark'd his men, and ſkimm'd along the ſea:
Still coaſting, till he gained Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his gallies moor:
Their heads are turn'd to ſea, their ſterns to ſhore.

THE

SEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promiſes him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heireſs of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and ſtirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Meſſapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whoſe forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the ſhore haſt left thy name;
Cajeta ſtill the place is call'd from thee,
The nurſe of great Æneas' infancy.
Here reſt thy bones in rich Heſperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghoſt can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene ſeas with ſails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze aroſe by night,
Serenely ſhone the ſtars, the moon was bright,
And the ſea trembled with her ſilver light.
Now near the ſhelves of Circe's ſhores they ran
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the ſun),
A dangerous coaſt: the goddeſs waſtes her days
In joyous ſongs, the rocks refound her lays:
In ſpinning, or the loom, ſhe ſpends the night,
And cedar brands ſupply her father's light.
From hence we heard (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuſe the chain,
The grunts of briſtled boars; and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that ſtun the falſe ears.
Theſe from their caverns, at the cloſe of night,
Fill the ſad iſle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in wicked ſhapes confin'd.
Which monſters, leſt the Trojan's pious hoſt
Should bear or touch upon th' inchanted coaſt;
Propitious Neptune ſteer'd their courſe by night,
With riſing gales, that ſped their happy flight.
Supply'd with theſe, they ſkim the ſounding ſhore,
And hear the ſwelling ſurges vainly roar.
Now when the roſy morn began to riſe,
And wav'd her ſaffron ſtreamer through the ſkies;
When Thetis bluſh'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds are blown,
A ſudden ſilence ſate upon the ſea,
And ſweeping oars, with ſtruggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with ſhades and a brown horror ſtood.
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his courſe,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
That drove the ſand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the ſea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
That bath'd within, or baſk'd upon his ſide,
To tuneful ſongs their narrow throats apply'd:
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy ſhade, and leave the main.
Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inſpire,
And fill his ſoul with thy celeſtial fire.
Relate what Latium was: her ancient kings:
Declare the paſt, and preſent ſtate of things:
When firſt the Trojan fleet Ausonia fought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
Theſe are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I ſhall ſing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage:
And haughty ſouls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields purſu'd and found their fate:
That rouz'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger ſcene of action is diſplay'd,
And, riſing hence, a greater work is weigh'd.
Latinus, old and mild, had long poſſeſs'd
The Latian ſceptre, and his people bleſs'd:

His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame
His mother, fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
Was blefs'd with no male iſſue to ſucceed:
His ſons in blooming youth were ſnatched by fate:
One only daughter heir'd the royal ſtate.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the reſt,
Young Turnus too the beauteous maid addreſs'd.
Turnus, for high deſcent and graceful mien,
Was firſt, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
With him ſhe ſtrove to join Lavinia's hand;
But dire portents the purpos'd match withſtand.
Deep in the palace, of long growth, there ſtood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whoſe holy hair
Was kept, and cut with ſuperſtitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
And laſt, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy)
A ſwarm of bees that cut the liquid ſky,
Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmoſt branch in clouds alight:
There, with their claſping feet together clung,
And a long cluſter from the laurel hung.
An ancient Augur propheſy'd from hence:
Behold on Latian ſhores a foreign prince!
From the ſame parts of heaven his navy ſtands,
To the ſame parts on earth: his army lands;
The town he conquers, and the tower commands.
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and ſtood beſide her ſire;
Strange to relate, the flames involv'd the ſmoke
Of incenſe, from the ſacred altar broke;
Caught her diſhevel'd hair and rich attire;
Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to ſpread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the ſeer with wonder views;
Then pauſing, thus his prophecy renews:
The nymph who ſcatters flaming fires around,
Shall ſhine with honour, ſhall herſelf be crown'd;
But, cauſ'd by her irrevocable fate,
War ſhall the country waſte, and change the ſtate.
Latinus frighted with this dire oſtent,
For counſel to his father Faunus went:
And ſought the ſhades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's ſulphurous fountain lie.
To thoſe the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when diſtreſs'd, and thence relief demand.
The prieſt on ſkins of offerings takes his eaſe;
And nightly viſions in his ſlumber ſees:
A ſwarm of thin aërial ſhapes appears,
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears:
Theſe he conſults, the future fates to know,
From powers above, and from the fiends below.
Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
Offering a hundred ſheep for ſacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to reſt retir'd.

No ſooner were his eyes in ſlumber bound
When, from above, a more than mortal ſound
Invades his ears: and thus the viſion ſpoke:
Seek not, my ſeed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign ſon upon the ſhore deſcends,
Whoſe martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium ſhall contain, nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the ſun ſurveys around.
Theſe anſwers in the ſilent night receiv'd,
The king himſelf divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame through all the neighbouring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view.
Beneath a ſhady tree the hero ſpread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on foreſt fruits he fed.
They ſate, and (not without the gods' command)
Their homely fare diſpatch'd: the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and ſoon devour,
To mend the ſcanty meal, their cakes of flower.
Aſcanius this obſerv'd, and, ſmiling ſaid,
See, we devour the plates on which we fed.
The ſpeech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repoſe, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
(Confeſſing fate with wonder in his eyes)
All hail, O earth! all hail my houſhold gods,
Behold the deſtin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchiſes propheſy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of reſt foretold.
"When on a foreign ſhore, inſtead of meat,
"By famine forc'd, your trenchers you ſhall eat,
"Then eaſe your weary Trojans will attend:
"And the long labours of your voyage end.
"Remember on that happy coaſt to build:
"And with a trench incloſe the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ
To ſearch the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men: but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is bleſt,
Call great Anchiſes to the genial feaſt:
Crown high the goblets with a chearful draught;
Enjoy the preſent hour; adjourn the future thought.
Thus having ſaid, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:
Adoring firſt the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heavenly race;
The nymphs, and native gods and heads yet unknown,
And night, and all the ſtars that gild her ſable throne:
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove;
And laſt his ſire below, and mother queen above.
Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
And thrice he ſhook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew:
The time was come their city to renew:
Then every brow with chearful green is crown'd,
The feaſts are doubled, and the bowls go round.
When next the roſy morn diſcloſ'd the day,
The ſcouts to ſeveral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives names, their towns, explore
The coaſt, and trendings of the crooked ſhore:

Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus ſtands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who fought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raiſe,
A hundred youths from all his train ſelects,
And to the Latian court their courſe directs
(The ſpacious palace where the prince reſides):
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commiſſion'd to require a peace;
And carry preſents to procure acceſs.
Thus while they ſpeed their pace, the prince deſigns
The new-elected ſeat, and draws the lines:
The Trojans round the place a rampart caſt,
And paliſades about the trenches plac'd.
Mean time the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town, and lofty towers ſurvey:
At length approach the walls: without the gate
They ſee the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the duſty plain:
Some drive the cars, and ſome the courſers rein;
Some bend the ſtubborn bough for victory:
And ſome with darts their active ſinews try.
A poſting meſſenger diſpatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop, adviſ'd their aged prince;
That foreign men, of mighty ſtature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and aſcends
His regal ſeat, ſurrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vaſt and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars ſtood;
And round encompaſs'd with a riſing wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the ſight,
Surpriz'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of ſovereign power:
In ſtate the monarch march'd, the lictors bore
Their awful axes, and the rods before.
Here the tribunal ſtood, the houſe of prayer;
And here the ſacred ſenators repair;
All at large tables, in long order ſet,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandſires ſtood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked ſcythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There ſtood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a ſhort pruning-hook his head reclines:
And ſtudiouſly ſurveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought.
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the poſts hung helmets, darts, and ſpears,
And captive chariots, axes, ſhields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ſhips, the trophies of their wars.
Above the reſt, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long-divining wand.
Girt in his gabin gown the hero ſate:
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to diſdain:
Then mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
Conſtrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly
With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering-pye.

In this high temple, on a chair of ſtate,
The ſeat of audience, old Latinus ſate;
Then gave admiſſion to the Trojan train,
And thus, with pleaſing accents, he began:
Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own;
Nor is your courſe upon our coaſts unknown;
Say what you ſeek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by ſtreſs of weather caſt a ground?
Such dangers of the ſea are often ſeen,
And oft befal to miſerable men.
Or come, your ſhipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and diſabled in ſo long a way?
Say what you want; the Latians you ſhall find
Not forc'd to goodneſs, but by will inclin'd;
For ſince the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hoſpitable cuſtoms we retain.
I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told; that Dardanus, though born
On Latian plains, yet fought the Phrygian fleet,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before:
From Tuſcan Coritum he claim'd his birth.
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence aſcended to his kindred ſkies,
A god, and as a god augments their ſacrifice.
He ſaid. Ilioneus made this reply:
O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintery winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the ſtars our wandring courſe betray.
Willing we ſought your ſhores, and hither bound,
The port ſo long deſir'd, at length we found.
From our ſweet homes and ancient realms exil'd,
Great as the greateſt that the ſun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above,
And as our race, our king deſcends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admiſſion in your happy land.
How dire a tempeſt, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd,
What was the waſte of war, what dire alarms
Shook Aſia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n ſuch have heard, if any ſuch there be,
Whoſe earth is bounded by the frozen ſea:
And ſuch as born beneath the burning ſky,
And ſultry ſun betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, through the watery waſte,
Such length of years, ſuch various perils paſt:
At laſt eſcap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may ſpare;
The common water, and the common air.
Sheds which ourſelves will build, and mean abodes.
Fit to receive and ſerve our baniſh'd gods.
Nor our admiſſion ſhall your realm diſgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Beſides what endleſs honour you ſhall gain
To ſave and ſhelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my ſovereign, and his fate, I ſwear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
Oft our alliance other lands deſir'd,
And what we ſeek of you, of us requir'd.
Deſpiſe not then, that in our hands we bear
Theſe holy boughs, and ſue with words of prayer.
Fate and the gods, by their ſupreme command,
Have doom'd our ſhips to ſeek the Latian land.
To theſe abodes our fleet Apollo ſends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends.
Where Thuſcan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy ſource.

ides, our prince preſents, with his requeſt,
he ſmall remains of what his ſire poſſeſs'd.
s golden charger, ſnatch'd from burning Troy,
chiefs did in ſacrifice employ;
s royal robe, and this Tiara wore
Priam, and this golden ſceptre bore
ull aſſemblies, and in ſolemn games;
ſe purple veſts were weav'd by Dardan dames.
hus while he ſpoke, Latinus roll'd around
eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
nt he ſeem'd, and anxious in his breaſt;
by the ſceptre mov'd, or kingly veſt:
pondering future things of wondrous weight:
ceſſion, empire, and his daughter's fate:
theſe he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
d then reſolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
s was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
hare his ſceptre, and Lavinia's bed.
s was the race that ſure portents foreſhew
ſway the world, and land and ſea ſubdue.
length he rais'd his chearful head and ſpoke:
e powers, ſaid he, the powers we both invoke,
you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
d firm our purpoſe with their augury.
e what you aſk: your preſents I receive;
d where, and when you pleaſe, with ample leave;
take and uſe my kingdom as your own;
hall be yours, while I command the crown.
d if my wiſh'd alliance pleaſe your king,
l him he ſhould not ſend the peace, but bring:
en let him not a friend's embraces fear;
e peace is made when I behold him here.
ides this anſwer, tell my royal gueſt,
d to his commands my own requeſt:
e only daughter heirs my crown and ſtate,
om, not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
r frequent prodigies, permit to join
th any native of th' Auſonian line.
foreign ſon-in-law ſhall come from far
ch is our doom), a chief renown'd in war:
oſe race ſhall bear aloft the Latian name,
d through the conquer'd world diffuſe our fame.
mſelf to be the man the fates require,
mly judge, and what I judge, deſire.
ſaid, and then on each beſtow'd a ſteed;
ree hundred horſes, in high ſtables fed,
od ready, ſhining all, and ſmoothly dreſs'd,
theſe he choſe the faireſt and the beſt,
mount the Trojan troop; at his command,
e ſteeds capariſon'd with purple ſtand:
th golden trappings, glorious to behold,
d champ, betwixt their teeth, the foaming gold.
en to his abſent gueſt the king decreed
pair of courſers born of heavenly breed:
ho from their noſtrils breath'd ethereal fire;
hem Circe ſtole from her celeſtial ſire;
ſubſtituting mares, produc'd on earth,
oſe wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
heſe draw the chariot which Latinus ſends;
nd the rich preſent to the prince commends.
ublime on ſtately ſteeds the Trojans borne
their expecting lord with peace return.
But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
s ſhe from Argos took her airy flight,
held, with envious eyes, this hateful ſight.
he ſaw the Trojan and his joyful train
eſcend upon the ſhore, deſert the main!
Deſign a town, and, with unhop'd ſucceſs,
Th' embaſſadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, ſhe ſhook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward ſoul, and thus ſhe ſaid:
O hated offſpring of my Phrygian foes!
O fate of Troy, which Juno's fates oppoſe!
Could they not fall unpity'd, on the plain,
But ſlain revive, and taken, 'ſcape again?
When execrable Troy in aſhes lay,
Through fires, and ſwords, and ſeas, they forc'd their way.
Then vanquiſh'd Juno muſt in vain contend,
Her rage diſarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathleſs and tir'd, is all my fury ſpent,
Or does my glutted ſpleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chace,
I through the ſeas purſued their exil'd race:
Engaged the heavens, oppos'd the ſtormy main
But billows roar'd, and tempeſts rag'd in vain.
What have my Scylla's and my Syrtes done,
When theſe they overpaſs, and thoſe they ſhun?
On Tiber's ſhores they land, ſecure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the ſtorm's and Juno's hate.
Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs bathe,
And Jove himſelf gave way to Cynthia's wrath:
Who ſent the tuſky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?
But I, the conſort of the thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unſucceſsful war:
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
If native power prevail not, ſhall I doubt
To ſeek for needful ſuccour from without?
If Jove and heaven my juſt deſires deny,
Hell ſhall the power of heaven and Jove ſupply.
Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At leaſt I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance ſhall be bought;
And both the people near deſtruction brought.
So ſhall the ſon-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waſte of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand;
To burn with foreign fires her native land!
A ſecond Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a ſecond flame.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe ſinks beneath the ground
With furious haſte, and ſhoots the Stygian ſound;
To rouze Alecto from th' infernal ſeat
Of her dire ſiſters, and their dark retreat.
This fury fit for her intent ſhe choſe,
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own miſ-ſhapen race
Her ſiſter-furies fly her hideous face:
So frightful are the forms the monſter takes,
So fierce the hiſſings of her ſpeckled ſnakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her ſpite:
O virgin daughter of eternal night,
Give me this once thy labour, to ſuſtain
My right, and execute my juſt diſdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince

Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace established, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight.
There fought the queen's apartments, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and befieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossest,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black, bloody locks the fury shakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart:
That thus envenom'd she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen, and her naked limbs.
His baleful breath inspiring as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And, with his circling volumes, folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war:
And thus b spoke her husband: Shall, she said,
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In shew of friendship, sought the Spartan shore;
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word:
And think on Turnus, her once-plighted lord:
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care; and if the god,
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then if the line of Turnus you retrace;
He springs from Inachus of Argive race.
But when she saw her reason illy spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
She raves, she runs, with a distracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout,
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke:
Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowds, and kindles as she goes.
Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along:
Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O Bacchus! thus began the song,
And Evoe! answer'd all the female throng:
O virgin! worthy thee alone, she cry'd;
O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd;
For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with the winding ivy wreaths her lance.
Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
All seek the mountains and forsake the town:
All clad in skins of beasts the javelin bare,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air.
The queen, herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine:
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song:
O ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here, she said, who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain,
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
Amata's breast the fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades.
Then when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold:
Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears,
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep: the fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd
The foulness of the infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes the trembling guise,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene:
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws,
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws:
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began:
Appearing in a dream, to rouze the careless swain.
Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain,
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize?
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?

The bride and sceptre which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers, and foreign heirs are sought:
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain.
Repel the Tuscan foes, their city seize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
This dream all-powerful Juno sends; I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
Haste, arm your Ardeans, issue to the plain,
With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train:
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
Own his old promise, and his new forget;
Set him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
For such is heaven's command. The youthful prince
With scorn reply'd; and made this bold defence:
You tell me, mother, what I knew before;
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore:
Nor neither fear, nor will provoke, the war:
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care,
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
Go, be the temple and the gods your care;
Permit the men the thought of peace and war.
These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.
Her eyes grew stiffen'd and with sulphur burn,
Her hideous looks, and hellish form return:
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face!
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, lingering, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes;
Her chain she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell:
Behold the fates' infernal minister,
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.
Thus having said, her smouldering torch impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread:
Arms, arms, he cries, my sword and shield prepare;
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
Above their brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threatening embassy: then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest:
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore;
Himself alone, an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house, and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprize,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies:
From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.
The stately beast, the two Tyrrhedæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did their fodder bring;
Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns: with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide;
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand.
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood:
Where, grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds;
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat,
Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes;
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.
He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans;
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood.
The churls assemble; for the fiend who lay
In the close woody covert urg'd their way.
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist:
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath; the rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.
The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.

The powers of Troy, then iſſuing on the plain,
With freſh recruits their youthful chief ſuſtain:
Nor theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At firſt, while fortune favour'd neither ſide,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming ſwords and brazen ſhields.
A ſhining harveſt either hoſt diſplays,
And ſhoots againſt the ſun with equal rays.
Thus when a black-brow'd guſt begins to riſe,
White foam at firſt on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the ſkies:
Till, by the fury of the ſtorm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldeſt care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the diſtant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon ſtood,
And ſtop'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of ſlain around the body riſe;
Among the reſt, the rich Galeſus lies:
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidſt the madneſs of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his paſtures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal ſcales their fortune ſtood,
The fury bath'd them in each other's blood.
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promiſe to the ſkies.
To Juno thus ſhe ſpeaks: Behold, 'tis done;
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The diſcord is complete, nor can they ceaſe
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now ſince the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have taſted vengeance, and the ſweets of blood,
Speak, and my power ſhall add this office more;
The neighbouring nations of th' Auſonian ſhore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
Of arm'd invaſion, and embrace the war.
Then Juno thus: The grateful work is done;
The ſeeds of diſcord ſow'd, the war begun;
Frauds, fears, and fury, have poſſeſs'd the ſtate,
And fix'd the cauſes of a laſting hate:
A bloody Hymen ſhall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Auſonian line:
But thou with ſpeed to night and hell repair,
For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear
Thy lawleſs wandering walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me, Saturnia ſaid:
The ſullen fiend her ſounding wings diſplay'd,
Unwilling left the light, and ſought the nether ſhade.
In midſt of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake, Amſanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts, on either ſide
Thick foreſts the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the ſacred wood
An arm ariſes of the Stygian flood;
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing ſound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling ſtones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labouring ſkies.

Saturnian Juno, now, with double care,
Attends the fatal proceſs of the war.
The clowns return'd from battle hear the ſlain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corpſe of Almon and the reſt are ſhown,
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the preſs appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears:
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A ſolemn promiſe made, and diſavow'd;
A foreign ſon is ſought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.
Then they, whoſe mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with diſhevel'd hair;
Increaſe the clamour, and the war demand
(Such was Amata's intereſt in the land).
Againſt the public ſanctions of the peace;
Againſt all omens of their ill ſucceſs;
With fates averſe, the rout in arms reſort,
To force their monarch, and inſult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempeſt and the riſing waves,
Prop'd on himſelf he ſtands: his ſolid ſides
Waſh off the ſea-weeds, and the ſounding tides:
So ſtood the pious prince unmov'd: and long
Suſtain'd the madneſs of the noiſy throng.
But when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counſel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witneſs their offence,
Diſclaims the war, aſſerts his innocence.
Hurry'd by fate, he cries, and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful ſhore:
O more than madmen! you yourſelves ſhall bear
The guilt of blood and ſacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, ſhalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heaven for peace; but pray too late.
For me, my ſtormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death ſecurely tend.
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.
He ſaid no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd:
Nor with the riſing ſtorm would vainly ſtrive,
But left the helm, and let the veſſel drive.
A ſolemn cuſtom was obſerv'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
Their ſtandard when, in fighting fields, they rear
Againſt the fierce Hyrcanians, or deſtroy
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
Or from the boaſting Parthians would regain
Their eagles loſt in Carrhæ's bloody plain:
Two gates of ſteel (the name of Mars they bear)
And ſtill are worſhipp'd with religious fear,
Before his temple ſtand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd iſſues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the ſacred ſenate votes the war,
The Roman conſul their decree declares,
And in his robes the ſounding gates unbars.
The youth in military ſhouts ariſe,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding ſkies.
Theſe rites, of old by ſovereign princes paid,
Were the king's office, but the king obey'd.
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unfold
Of ſacred peace, or looſe th' impriſon'd war.

But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heaven's imperious queen shot down from high;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are force'd, and every falling bar,
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare:
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the general cry.
Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part
New grind the blunted ax, and point the dart:
With joy they view the waving enfigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian powers,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town:
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;
The crosset some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and share,
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.
The word is given, with eager speed they lace
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd;
The trusty weapon fits on every side.
And now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway th' Ausonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command:
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.
Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain;
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain:
Defying earth and heaven: Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire:
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face;
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample shield.
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs.
Of heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led;
On Tuscan Tiber's flowery banks they fed.
Then on mount Aventine, the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and force'd to love.
For arms his men long piles and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself, his son appears,
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely dress'd,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.
Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name);
Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the fron appear.
Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's height,
With rapid course descending to the fight,
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.
Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:
Besides the succour which old Anian yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field;
But whirl from leathern strings huge balls of lead:
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.
Mesapus next (great Neptune was his sire),
Secure from steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears; and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Falisians he to battle brings.
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king.
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
Which homeward from their watery pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war:
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.
Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land:
And in himself alone an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot:
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of high renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town;
And all th' Eretian powers: besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land:

And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And thoſe where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Caſperia ſends her arms, with thoſe that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nurſians come to cloſe the rear:
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia waſhes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion ſets in wintery rain;
Nor thicker harveſt on rich Hermes riſe,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the ſkies;
Than ſtand theſe troops: their bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.

High in his chariot then Haleſus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born: to Turnus' aid,
A thouſand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Maſſick ſoil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Aruncans from their hilly ground:
And thoſe who live by Sidicinian ſhores,
And where, with ſhoaly fords, Vulturnus roars;
Cales and Oſca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Faſten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked ſwords in cloſer fight they wear,
And, on their warding arms, like bucklers bear.

Nor, Œbalus, ſhalt thou be left unſung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon ſprung:
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
But that ſhort iſle th' ambitious youth diſdain'd;
And o'er Campania ſtretch'd his ample ſway;
Where ſwelling Sarnus ſeeks the Tyrrhene ſea:
O'er Batulum, and where Abella ſees,
From her high towers, the harveſt of her trees.
And theſe (as was the Teuton uſe of old)
Wield brazen ſwords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty ſtones when from afar they fight:
Their caſques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next theſe in rank, the warlike Uſens went,
And led the mountain-troops that Nurſia ſent.
The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their ſport, and plundering was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle ſtill prepar'd:
Their ſoil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the prieſt, the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus ſent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wound of ſerpents, could aſſuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to ſteep
Their temples, ſhut their eyes in pleaſing ſleep.
But vain were Marſian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate, th' Angitian woods
In ſighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The ſon of fam'd Hippolytus was there;
Fam'd as his ſire, and as his mother fair,
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marſhy ſhore:
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame
In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.

Hippolytus, as old records have ſaid,
Was by his ſtepdam ſought to ſhare her bed:
But when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horſes on the ſandy ſhore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltleſs gore.
But chaſte Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æſculapian herbs his life reſtor'd.
When Jove, who ſaw from high, with juſt diſdain
The dead inſpir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the god-like art.
But Trivia kept in ſecret ſhades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove:
Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are courſers driven, who ſhed their maſter's blood;
Affrighted by the monſters of the flood.
His ſon, the ſecond Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior ſteeds he rein'd.

Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the reſt in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his creſt adorn'd,
On which, with belching flames, Chimæra burn'd.
The more the kindled combat riſes higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Iö grac'd his ſhield, but Iö now
With horns exalted ſtands, and ſeems to low:
(A noble charge) her keeper by her ſide,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd.
And on the brims her fire, the watery god,
Roll'd from a ſilver urn his cryſtal flood:
A cloud of foot ſucceeds, and fills the fields
With ſwords and pointed ſpears, and clatt'ring ſhields:
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And thoſe who plough the rich Satulian ſands;
Auruncan youth, and thoſe Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted ſhields.
And thoſe who near Numician ſtreams reſide,
And thoſe whom Tiber's holy foreſts hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide:
Where Uſens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina ſtands.

Laſt, from the Volſcians, fair Camilla came;
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to ſpinning, in the loom unſkill'd,
She choſe the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the firſt, the fierce virago fought,
Suſtain'd the toils of arms, the danger ſought:
Outſtripp'd the winds in ſpeed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She ſwept the ſeas, and as ſhe ſkim'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, ſtupid with ſurprize,
Where'er ſhe paſſes, fix their wandering eyes.
Longing they look, and gaping at her flight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vaſt delight.
Her purple habit ſits with ſuch a grace
On her ſmooth ſhoulders, and ſo ſuits her face:
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd,
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She ſhakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

THE

EIGHTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his own son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his powers;
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers;
Then now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the signal of approaching war,
Had rouz'd the neighing steed to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Bruce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd;
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These, through the country took their wasteful course;
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend:
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
That Æneas landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host:
Just now inspir'd to conquest of the state:
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate.
What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name:
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
Fortune favour'd his first enterprize,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common interest was involv'd in theirs.
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare,
Has way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself, in vain, in every part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.
So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glittering species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side:
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.

'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep;
And beast, and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then through the shadows of the poplar wood
Arose the father of the Roman flood:
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow chear'd;
Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace;
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son, Ascanius, on this empty space
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame;
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driven with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here; and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder Palanteum calls:
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony;
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams:
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's power thy just devotion pay.
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease:
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name: among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat: in times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome.
He said; and plung'd below, while yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing and the day arise.
Then, water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood; and thus the powers bespoke:
Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas; and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery stores; where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies,
Thou king of horn'd floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,

For this thy kind compaſſion of our woes,
Shall ſhare my morning ſong, and evening vows.
But, oh! be preſent to thy people's aid;
And firm the gracious promiſe thou haſt made.
Thus having ſaid, two gallies, from his ſtores,
With care he chooſes; mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the ſhore the fatal ſwine is found:
Wondrous to tell; ſhe lay along the ground:
Her well fed offſpring at her udders hung;
She white herſelf, and white her thirty young;
Æneas takes the mother, and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are beſtow'd.
The following night, and the ſucceeding day,
Propitious Tiber ſmooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he ſtood:
A gentle ſwelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ſhips; they put from ſhore:
Borne on the waves, and ſcarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their courſe,
And the pitch'd veſſels glide with eaſy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of ſhields, and painted ſhips, that ſtem the ſtream.
One ſummer's night, and one whole day they paſs
Betwixt the green-wood ſhades, and cut the liquid glaſs.
The fiery ſun had finiſh'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle ſpace,
When they from far beheld the riſing towers,
The tops of ſheds, and ſhepherds lowly bowers:
Thin as they ſtood, which then of homely clay,
Now riſe in marble, from the Roman ſway.
Theſe cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan ſaw, and turn'd his ſhips to ſhore.
'Twas on a ſolemn day: th' Arcadian ſtates,
The king and prince without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a ſacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior ſon of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But when they ſaw the ſhips that ſtemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They roſe with fear, and left th' unfiniſh'd feaſt:
Till dauntleſs Pallas re-aſſur'd the reſt
To pay the rites. Himſelf, without delay,
A javelin ſeiz'd, and ſingly took his way.
Then gain'd a riſing ground; and call'd from far:
Reſolve me, ſtrangers, whence, and what you are;
Your buſineſs here, and bring you peace or war?
High on the ſtern, Æneas took his ſtand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he ſpoke: The Phrygians arms you ſee,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy.
By Latian foes, with war unjuſtly made:
At firſt affianc'd, and at laſt betray'd,
This meſſage bear: the Trojans and their chief,
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.
Struck with ſo great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies, Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts: upon our ſhores deſcend,
A welcome gueſt, and, what you wiſh, a friend.
He ſaid; and downward haſting to the ſtrand,
Embrac'd the ſtranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The ſilence firſt, and thus the king beſpoke:
Beſt of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear theſe peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you; though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe:
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim,
Yet, my ſelf-conſcious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown,
Our father's mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, leſs by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has ſung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra ſprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas whoſe head ſuſtains the ſtarry frame.
Your ſire is Mercury; whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore.
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who ſuſtains the ſky:
Thus from one common ſource our ſtreams [illegible]
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian [illegible]
Rais'd by theſe hopes, I ſent no news before,
Nor aſk'd your leave, nor did your faith implore:
But come, without a pledge, my own ambaſſador.
The ſame Rutulians, who with arms purſue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our hoſt expell'd, what farther force can fly
The victor troops from univerſal ſway?
Then will they ſtretch their power athwart the [illegible]
And either ſea from ſide to ſide command.
Receive our offer'd faith; and give us [illegible]
Ours is a generous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare.
He ſaid; and while he ſpoke, with [illegible]
Evander view'd the man with vaſt [illegible]
Pleas'd with his action, raviſh'd with [illegible]
Then anſwer'd briefly, with a royal [illegible]
O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father ſhine,
How I recall Anchiſes, how I ſee
His motions, mien, and all my friend in [illegible]
Long though it be, 'tis freſh within my [illegible]
When Priam to his ſiſter's court deſign'd
A welcome viſit, with a friendly [illegible]
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took [illegible]
Then, paſt a boy, the callow down began
To ſhade my chin, and call me firſt a man.
I ſaw the ſhining train, with vaſt delight,
And Priam's goodly perſon pleas'd my ſight.
But great Anchiſes, far above the reſt,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breaſt.
I long'd to join, in friendſhip's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our ſtrong commands.
I firſt accoſted him: I ſued, I fought,
And, with a loving force, to Phrygia brought.
He gave me, when at length conſtrain'd [illegible]
A Lycian quiver, and a Gnoſſian bow;
A veſt embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold.
Which my ſon's courſers in obedience [illegible]
The league you aſk I offer, as your right;
And when to-morrow's ſun reveals [illegible]
With ſwift ſupplies you ſhall be ſent [illegible]
Now celebrate, with us, this ſolemn [illegible]
Whoſe holy rites admit no long delay,
Honour our annual feaſt; and [illegible]
With friendly welcome, at a [illegible]
Thus having ſaid, the bowls (crown'd [illegible]
The youths replac'd; and ſoon [illegible]

ſods of turf he ſet the ſoldiers round;
maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
eiv'd the Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
lion's ſhaggy hide for ornament they ſpread.
e loaves were ſerv'd in taniſters, the wine
bowls, the prieſt renew'd the rites divine:
ll'd entrails are their food; and beefs con-
tinued chine.
, when the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
us ſpoke Evander to his royal gueſt:
ſe rites, theſe altars, and this feaſt, O king,
m no vain fears, or ſuperſtition, ſpring;
blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
eady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
Liv'd from danger, with a grateful ſenſe,
e labours of a god we recompenſe.
, from afar, yon rock that mates the ſky,
out whoſe feet ſuch heaps of rubbiſh lie:
h indigeſted ruin; bleak and bare,
w deſert now it ſtands, expos'd in air!
was once a robber's den, inclos'd around
th living ſtone, and deep beneath the ground.
e monſter Cacus, more than half a beaſt,
is hold, impervious to the ſun, poſſeſs'd.
pavement ever foul with human gore;
ads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
ican this plague begot: and, like his ſire,
ck clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
ne, long expected, eas'd us of our load:
d brought the needful preſence of a god.
avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
riv'd in triumph, from Geryon ſlain;
nic liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
ar Tiber's bank, to graze the ſhady grove.
ur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
force to rob, by fraud to circumvent.
brutal Cacus, as by chance they ſtray'd,
roxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd:
d, leſt the printed footſteps might be ſeen
dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
e tracts averſe, a lying notice gave,
d led the ſearcher backward from the cave:
an time the herdſman hero ſhifts his place,
find freſh paſture, and untrodden graſs:
e beaſts, who miſs'd their mates, fill'd all
around
th bellowings, and the rocks reſtor'd the ſound.
e heifer, who had heard her love complain,
ar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
ides found the fraud: with rage he ſhook,
d toſs'd about his head his knotted oak.
ift as the winds, or Scythians arrows flight,
climb, with eager haſte, th' aërial height.
en firſt we ſaw the monſter mend his pace:
r in his eyes, and paleneſs in his face,
neſs'd the god's approach: trembling he ſprings,
terror had increas'd his feet with wings:
y ſtay'd for ſtairs; but down the depth he threw
s body; on his back the door he drew.
e door, a rib of living rock; with pains
s father hew'd it out, and bound with iron
chains.
broke the heavy links: the mountain clos'd,
d bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
e wretch had hardly made his dungeon faſt;
e fierce avenger came with bounding haſte:
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnaſh'd his teeth; and thrice he compaſs'd
round
With winged ſpeed, the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice deſiſted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their neſts, and hither winged their
flight.
The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left: the hero ſtood
Averſe, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the ſolid ſtone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: heaven echo'd at the rattling ſhock.
Tumbling it chok'd the flood: on either ſide
The banks leap backward, and the ſtreams divide:
The ſky ſhrunk upward with unuſual dread;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus ſtands reveal'd to ſight;
The cavern glares with new admitted light.
So pent the vapours with a rumbling ſound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
A founding flaw ſucceeds: and, from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether ſky:
The ghoſts repine at violated night,
And curſe th' invading ſun, and ſicken at the
ſight.
The graceleſs monſter, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in deſpair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero ſtands above; and from afar
Plies him with darts, and ſtones, and diſtant war.
He, from his noſtrils and huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of ſmoke, amidſt his father's fires.
Gathering, with each repeated blaſt, the night:
To make uncertain aim, and erring fight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickeſt waves the ſparkles drove,
There lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes
his way:
Half ſing'd, half ſtifled, till he graſp'd his prey.
The monſter, ſpewing fruitleſs flames, he found;
He ſqueez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck
around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound.
Then, from their ſockets, tore his burning eyes;
Roll'd on a heap the breathleſs robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the ruſhing day,
And thorough lights diſcloſe the raviſh'd prey.
The bulls redeem'd, breathe open air again:
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wondering neighbourhood, with glad ſur-
prize,
Beheld his ſhagged breaſt, his giant ſize,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extin-
guiſh'd eyes.
From that auſpicious day, with rites divine,
We worſhip at the hero's holy ſhrine.
Potitius firſt ordain'd theſe annual vows,
As prieſts, were added the Pinarian houſe
Who rais'd this altar in the ſacred ſhade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever ſhall be paid.

For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood:
And, with deep draughts, invoke our common god.
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd:
And poplars, black and white, his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl: with like design
The rest invoke the god, with sprinkled wine.
Mean time the sun descended from the skies;
And the bright evening-star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led:
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescribed their holy bands:
Then with a second course the tables load;
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
With Saban smoke; their heads with poplar bound.
One choir of old, another of the young;
To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labour, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands.
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.
Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's, and Euristheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew.
Nor thy [illegible] om the bull withstood:
N[illegible] terror of the wood.
[illegible] the Stygian seat,
[illegible] lay fawning at thy feet:
[illegible] fear, [illegible] mangled meat.
Th[illegible] fight;
The[illegible] d affright;
Not [illegible] numbet'd snake,
Increas[illegible] sing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jo[illegible] pted son! an added grace
To heav[illegible] he great author of thy race,
Receive [illegible] ful offerings, which we pay,
And [illegible] tious on thy solemn day.
In n[illegible] s, they sung: above the rest,
The [illegible] eath of Cacus crown the feast.
The [illegible] ollow vales convey the sound;
The [illegible] ills, and hills the notes rebound.
The [illegible] m'd, the chearful train retire.
Bet[illegible] llas, and his aged sire
Th[illegible], the city to survey;
An[illegible] ilk beguil'd the tedious way.
Th[illegible] all around his curious eyes:
N[illegible] iewing still, with new surprize.
W[illegible] joy enquires of various things:
A[illegible] monuments of ancient kings.
Th[illegible] the founder of the Roman towers:
[illegible] were first the seat of silvan powers,
Of nymphs and fawns, and savage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees [illegible] stubborn [illegible]
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of la[illegible] ven, nor the thin [illegible] share:
Nor a[illegible] gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase: the running flood
Supply'd their thirst; the trees supply'd their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught:
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
With his mild empire peace and plenty came:
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and discolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Ausonians, then, and bold Sicanians came;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tibris, and the rest,
With arbitrary sway, the land oppress'd.
For Tiber's flood was Albula before;
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
By fortune's power, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land:
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heaven's command.

Thus, walking on, he spoke: and shew'd the gate
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:
Who to her son foretold th' Æthenean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place.
Then shews the forest, which in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A sacred refuge made: with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rocks had rites divine.
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A reverend fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
The mighty thunderer with majestic awe;
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around;
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins: once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood.
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
And either place the founder's name retains.
Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
Then, stooping, through the narrow gates they press'd,
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest:
Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
Which feasted him, and emulate a god.
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince; and laid him on a bed:
The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.
Now night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
Couch'd with her husband, in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid;
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:

While cruel fate conſpir'd with Grecian powers,
To level with the ground the Trojan towers;
aſk'd not aid th' unhappy to reſtore;
or did the ſuccour of thy ſkill implore;
or urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
ſinking empire longer to ſuſtain.
hough I much ow'd to Priam's houſe; and more
he danger of Æneas did deplore.
ut now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
is race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
ith humble ſuit I beg thy needful art,
ſtill propitious power that rules my heart!
mother kneels a ſuppliant for her ſon:
Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
o forge impenetrable ſhields; and grace,
ith fated arms, a leſs illuſtrious race.
ehold, what naughty nations are combin'd
gainſt the relicks of the Phrygian kind:
ith fire and ſword my people to deſtroy;
nd conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy.
e ſaid; and ſtraight her arms, of ſnowy hue,
bout her unreſolving huſband threw.
er ſoft embraces ſoon infuſe deſire:
is bones and marrow ſudden warmth inſpire;
nd all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
ot half ſo ſwift the rattling thunder flies,
forky lightnings flaſh along the ſkies.
he goddeſs, proud of her ſucceſsful wiles,
nd conſcious of her form, in ſecret ſmiles.
hen thus, the power obnoxious to her charms,
nting, and half diſſolving in her arms:
ly ſeek you reaſons for a cauſe ſo juſt:
your own beauties, or my love diſtruſt?
ong ſince, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
h' artificer and art you might command,
o labour arms for Troy; nor Jove, nor Fate,
onfin'd their empire to ſo ſhort a date:
nd, if you now deſire new wars to wage,
y ſkill I promiſe, and my pains engage.
hatever melting metals can conſpire,
breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
freely your's: your anxious fears remove:
nd think no taſk is difficult to love.
rembling he ſpoke: and, eager of her charms,
e ſnatch'd the willing goddeſs to his arms;
ll in her lap infus'd, he lay poſſeſs'd
f full deſire, and ſunk to pleaſing reſt.
ow when the night her middle race had rode,
nd his firſt ſlumber had refreſh'd the god;
he time when early houſewives leave the bed;
hen living embers on the hearth they ſpread;
pply the lamp, and call the maids to riſe,
ith yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;
hey ply the diſtaff by the twinkling light;
nd to their daily labour add the night.
hus frugally they earn their children's bread:
nd uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.
ot leſs concern'd, nor at a later hour,
oſe from his downy couch the forging power.
Sacred to Vulcan's name an iſle there lay,
erwixt Sicilia's coaſts and Lipara,
ais'd high on ſmoking rocks; and deep below,
hollow caves, the fires of Ætna glow.
he Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
oud ſtrokes and hiſſings of tormented ſteel
re heard around: the boiling waters roar;
nd ſmoky flames through fuming runnels ſoar.

Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointleſs thunder now there lies:
Before their hands, to ripen for the ſkies:
Theſe darts for angry Jove they daily caſt;
Conſum'd on mortals with prodigious waſte.
Three wrays of writhin rain, of fire three more,
Of winged ſouthern winds, and cloudy ſtore
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame:
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior miniſters for Mars repair
His broken axle-trees and blunted war:
And ſend him forth again with furniſh'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets loud alarms.
The reſt refreſh the ſcaly ſnakes that fold
The ſhield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the creſt the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with diſtorted face.
My ſons, ſaid Vulcan, ſet your taſks aſide;
Your ſtrength, and maſter-ſkill, muſt now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge: arms that require
Your force, your ſpeed, and all your forming fire.
He ſaid: they ſet their former work aſide,
And their new toils with eager haſte divide.
A flood of molten ſilver, braſs, and gold,
And deadly ſteel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a ſhield prepare;
Alone ſufficient to ſuſtain the war.
Seven orbs within a ſpacious round they cloſe!
One ſtirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hiſſing ſteel is in the ſmithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their hands deſcend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing maſs with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with ruſtic ſongs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The chearful morn ſalutes Evander's eyes;
And ſongs of chirping birds invite to riſe.
He leaves his lowly bed; his buſkins meet
Above his ancles; ſandals ſheath his feet:
He ſets his truſty ſword upon his ſide;
And o'er his ſhoulder throws a panther's hide,
Two menial dogs before their maſter preſs'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he ſeeks his kingly gueſt.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace;
But meets Æneas in the middle ſpace.
Young Pallas did his father's ſteps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a ſecret ſeat they chooſe;
Th' Arcadian firſt their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire loſt, while you ſurvive.
Command th' aſſiſtance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the ſuccours I can ſend.
Our narrow kingdom, here the Tiber bounds;
That other ſide the Latian ſtate ſurrounds;
Inſults our walls, and waſtes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your juſt deſign.
You come, as by your better genius ſent;
And fortune ſeems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there ſtands a hilly town,
Of ancient building and of high renown;

Torn from the Tuſcans by the Lydian race;
Who gave the name of Cære to the place
Once Agyllina call'd: it flouriſh'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike people ſtrong:
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Aſſum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint thoſe execrable times;
The ſubjects ſufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, thoſe murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race:
The living and the dead, at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand:
Till, chok'd with ſtench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
The lingering wretches pin'd away and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more:
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging monſter: but with arms beſet
His houſe, and vengeance and deſtruction threat.
They fire his palace; while the flame aſcends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd; and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By juſt revenge the Tuſcans ſet on fire,
With arms their king to puniſhment require:
Their numerous troops, now muſter'd on the ſtrand,
My counſel ſhall ſubmit to your command.
Their navy ſwarms upon the coaſt: they cry
To hoiſt their anchors; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur ſkill'd in future fate,
With thoſe foreboding words reſtrains their hate:
Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuſcan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom juſt revenge againſt Mezentius arms,
To ſeek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this; no native of our land may lead
This powerful people: ſeek a foreign head.
Aw'd with theſe words, in camps they ſtill abide;
And wait, with longing looks, their promis'd guide.
Torchan, the Tuſcan chief, to me has ſent
Their crown, and every regal ornament:
The people join their own with his deſire;
And all their conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and liſtleſs limbs unfit for pains,
And a ſoul conſcious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuſe imperial ſway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
And ſhould, but he's a Sabine mother's ſon;
And half a native: but in you combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
Where fate and ſmiling fortune ſhew the way,
Purſue the ready path to ſovereign ſway.
The ſtaff of my declining age, my ſon,
Shall make your good or ill ſucceſs his own.
In fighting fields from you ſhall learn to dare:
And ſerve the hard apprenticeſhip of war.
Your matchleſs courage and your conduct view;
And early ſhall begin t'admire and copy you.
Beſides, two hundred horſe he ſhall command:
Though few, a warlike and well-choſen band.
Theſe in my name are liſted: and my ſon
As many more has added in his own.
Scarce had he ſaid: Achates and his gueſt,
With down-caſt eyes, their ſilent grief expreſt:
Who, ſhort of ſuccours, and in deep deſpair,
Shook at the diſmal proſpect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To clear her iſſue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
Thrice forky lightning flaſh'd along the ſky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
And, in a heaven ſerene, refulgent arms appear;
Reddening the ſkies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals claſh, and yield a silver ſound.
The reſt ſtood trembling, ſtruck with awe divine.
Æneas only conſcious to the ſign,
Preſag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accompliſh'd promiſe of the queen of love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: This prodigy
(Diſmiſs your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war: th' expected ſign
Is given of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
My goddeſs mother, whoſe indulgent care
Foreſaw the dangers of the growing war,
This Omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of ſteel by Stygian charms,
Suſpended, ſhone on high: ſhe then foreſhow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus ſhall dearly pay for faith forſworn:
And corpſe and ſwords, and ſhields on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now ſound the loud alarm,
And Latian troops prepare your perjur'd arms.
He ſaid, and, riſing from his homely throne,
The ſolemn rites of Hercules begun:
And on his altars wak'd the ſleeping fires:
Then chearful to his houſhould gods retires.
There offers choſen ſleep: th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the ſame oblations bring.
Next of his men, and ſhips, he makes review,
Draws out the beſt and ableſt of the crew.
Down with the falling ſtream the refuſe run,
To raiſe with joyful news his drooping ſon.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A ſprightly courſer, fairer than the reſt,
The king himſelf preſents his royal gueſt.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with ſtudded works, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city ſpreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breaſts; diſſolve in tears;
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright:
And riſes every moment to the ſight.
Then, old Evander, with a cloſe embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.
Would heaven, ſaid he, my ſtrength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Preneſte's wall,
Then when I made the foremoſt foes retire,
And ſet whole heaps of conquer'd ſhields on fire;
When Herilus in ſingle fight I ſlew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue:
And thrice I ſent him to the Stygian ſhore;
Till the laſt ebbing ſoul return'd no more:
Such if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe alarms,
Nor death, ſhould rend me from my Pallas' arms.
Nor proud Mezentius thus unpuniſh'd brave,
His rapes and murders on the Tuſcan wave.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father, and a king.
If fate and you reſerve thoſe eyes to ſee
My ſon return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy ſhall bleſs his father's ſight;
If we ſhall meet again with more delight;

Then draw my life in length, let me ſuſtain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worſt of pain.
But if your hard decrees, which, O I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeſerving head,
This, O this very moment let me die;
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie.
While yet poſſeſt of all his youthful charms,
I ſtrain him cloſe within theſe aged arms:
Before that fatal news my ſoul ſhall wound!
He ſaid, and ſwooning, ſunk upon the ground:
His ſervants bore him off; and ſoftly laid
His languiſh'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horſemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his ſide.
Next theſe the Trojan leaders rode along,
Laſt, follows in the rear, th'Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas ſhone conſpicuous o'er the reſt;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his veſt.
So, from the ſeas, exerts his radiant head
The ſtar, by whom the lights of heaven are led:
Shakes from his roſy locks the pearly dews;
Diſpels the darkneſs, and the day renews.
The trembling wives, the walls and turrets crowd;
And follow, with their eyes, the duſty cloud:
Which winds diſperſe by fits; and ſhew from far
The blaze of arms, and ſhields, and ſhining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er healthy plains purſue the ready way.
Repeated peals of ſhouts are heard around:
The neighing courſers anſwer to the ſound;
And ſhake with horny hoofs the ſolid ground.
A greenwood ſhade, for long religion known,
Stands by the ſtreams that waſh the Tuſcan town;
Incompaſs'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The firſt inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That ſacred foreſt to Sylvanus vow'd:
The guardian of their flocks and fields; they pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's ſide,
In tents ſecure, the Tuſcan troops abide!
By Tarchon led. Now, from a riſing ground,
Æneas caſt his wondering eyes around;
And all the Tyrrhene army had in ſight,
Stretch'd on the ſpacious plains from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led:
Refreſh'd his men, and weary horſes ſed.
Mean-time the mother-goddeſs, crown'd with charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale ſhe finds her ſon,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She ſhews her heavenly form without diſguiſe,
And gives herſelf to his deſiring eyes.
Behold, ſhe ſaid, perform'd in every part,
My promiſe made; and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now ſeek, ſecure, the Latian enemy;
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.
She ſaid: and having firſt her ſon embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak ſhe plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy ſight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vaſt delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poiſes, and admires
The creſted helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal ſword and corſlet hold:
One keen with temper'd ſteel, one ſtiff with gold.
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So ſhines a cloud, when edg'd with adverſe light.
He ſhakes the pointed ſpear: and longs to try
The plaited cuiſhes on his manly thigh:
But moſt admires the ſhield's myſterious mould,
And Roman triumphs riſing on the gold.
For theſe, emboſs'd, the heavenly ſmith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future time untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors, iſſuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dreſs'd with moſſy greens;
There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins:
Intrepid on her ſwelling dugs they hung;
The foſter-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They ſuck'd ſecure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs; and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from hence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit reſounds with ſhrieks: a war ſucceeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they ceaſe;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs, before Jove's altar ſtand;
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted ſow for ſacrifice is led;
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this the traiter Metius, ſtretch'd between
Four fiery ſteeds, is dragg'd along the green;
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.
There Porſenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings;
And would by force reſtore the baniſh'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth aſſert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuſcan army lies:
To win by famine, or by fraud ſurprize.
Their king, half-threatening, half diſdaining ſtood:
While Cocles broke the bridge; and ſtemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide:
Spac'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius ſtood;
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Room was poor; and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with ſtraw, now roof'd with gold.
The ſilver gooſe before the ſhining gate
There flew; and, by her cackle, ſav'd the ſtate.
She told the Gauls approach: th' approaching Gauls,
Obſcure in night, aſcend, and ſeize the walls.
The gold, diſſembled well their golden hair:
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their veſts: long Alpine ſpears they wield:
And their left arm ſuſtains a length of ſhield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian prieſts advance:
And naked through the ſtreets the mad Luperci dance
In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heaven:
Here modeſt matrons in ſoft litters driven,
To pay their vows in ſolemn pomp appear:
And odorous gums in their chaſte hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian ſeats are ſeen:
Pains of the damn'd, and puniſh'd Catiline:
Hung on a rock the traitor: and around
The furies hiſſing from the nether ground.

Apart from these the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea:
But foaming surges, there, in silver play.
The dancing dolphins, with their tails, divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæsar on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy tempiss shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous gales;
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war.
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him; th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars, and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd; and the water glows.
It seems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet:
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed javelins fly:
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers warms.
Fool as she was; who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
Nor longer dares oppose th' æthereal train.
Mars, in the middle of the shining shield
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The diræ souse from heaven, with swift descent:
And discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the peace: her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his Arrows: at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield:
And soft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails:
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks; and heaves her breast for breath:
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms, and ample bosom, to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast;
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
The victor, to the god his thanks express'd:
And Rome triumphant, with his presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flames: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne;
Before Apollo's porch, of Parian stone:
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory;
And hangs the monumental crown on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row;
And Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides:
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides.
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind.
And Morini, the last of human kind.
These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace;
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires part of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.
Retir'd alone she found the daring man:
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
What none of all the gods could grant thy vows;
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows!
Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence;
And, short of succours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains:

Now ſnatch an hour that favours thy deſigns,
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.
This ſaid, on equal wings ſhe pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
The Dauniun hero lifts his hands and eyes,
And thus invokes the goddeſs as ſhe flies:
Iris, the grace of heaven, what power divine
Has ſent thee down, through duſky clouds to ſhine?
See they divide! immortal day appears;
And glittering planets dancing in their ſpheres!
With joy, thoſe happy omens I obey;
And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.
Thus having ſaid, as by the brook he ſtood,
He ſcoop'd the water from the cryſtal flood;
Then, with his hands, the drops to heaven he throws,
And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.
Now march the bold confederates through the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and ſhining train:
Meſſapus leads the van; and in the rear,
The ſons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming creſt,
The mighty Turnus towers above the reſt:
Silent they move; majeſtically ſlow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the duſty cloud from far;
And the dark menace of the diſtant war.
Æneas from the rampire ſaw it riſe,
Blackening the fields, and thickening through the ſkies.
Then, to his fellows, thus aloud he calls:
What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm, arm, and man the works: prepare your ſpears
And pointed darts; the Latian hoſt appears!
Thus warn'd, they ſhut their gates; with ſhouts aſcend
The bulwarks, and, ſecure, their foes attend.
For their wiſe general, with foreſeeing care,
Had charg'd them, not to tempt the doubtful war:
Or, though provok'd, in open fields advance;
But cloſe within their lines attend their chance:
Unwilling, yet they keep the ſtrict command;
And ſourly wait in arms the hoſtile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the reſt,
On pye-ball'd ſteed of Thracian ſtrain he preſs'd;
With helm of maſſy gold; and crimſon was his creſt.
With twenty horſe to ſecond his deſigns,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
Is there, he ſaid, in arms who bravely dare
The leader's honour, and his danger, ſhare;
Then, ſpurring on, his brandiſh'd dart he threw,
The ſign of war; applauding ſhouts enſue.
Amaz'd to find a daſtard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle ſhun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And ſtops at every poſt; and every paſſage tries.
As roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Yet with deſcending ſhowers, and ſtiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnaſhing teeth are exerciſ'd in vain:
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
To his diſtended paws to graſp the prey.
The mothers liſten; but the bleating lambs
Scarcely ſwig the dug beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
Warp with deſire, and furious with diſdain:
Surveys each paſſage with a piercing ſight;
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he ſpies
Where, fenc'd with ſtrong redoubts, their navy lies;
Cloſe underneath the walls: the waſhing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker ſide.
He takes the wiſh'd occaſion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and ſhakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his preſence, every ſoul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the ſcattering ſparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the ſky.
What power, O Muſes, could avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obſcure,
Is hard to faith; yet ſhall the fame endure.
'Tis ſaid that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddeſs then approach'd her ſon,
And with a mother's majeſty begun:
Grant me, ſhe ſaid, the ſole requeſt I bring,
Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king:
On Ida's brows, for ages paſt, there ſtood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a ſhady wood:
And on the ſummit roſe a ſacred grove,
Where I was worſhip'd with religious love;
Theſe woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince to ſpeed his flight.
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erſet, nor waves intomb,
The floating foreſts of the ſacred pine;
But let it be their ſafety to be mine.
Then thus reply'd her awful ſon; who rolls
The radiant ſtars, and heaven and earth controls:
How dare you, mother, endleſs date demand,
For veſſels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of ſafety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian ſhore,
Whatever ſhips eſcape the raging ſtorms,
At my command ſhall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine; and plow the watery way,
Like Doris and the daughters of the ſea.
To ſeal his ſacred vow, by Styx he ſwore,
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary ſhore;
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
He ſaid; and ſhook the ſkies with his imperial nod.
And now, at length, the number'd hours were come,
Preſix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To ſave her ſhips, and finiſh Jove's decree.
Firſt, from the quarter of the morn, there ſprung,
A light that ſing'd the heavens, and ſhot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs:
And laſt a voice, with more than mortal ſounds,
Both hoſts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
O Trojan race, your needleſs aid forbear;
And know my ſhips are my peculiar care.
With greater eaſe the bold Rutulian may,
With hiſſing brands, attempt to burn the ſea,
Than ſinge my ſacred pines. But you, my charge,
Looſ'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,

Exalted each a nymph: forſake the ſand,
And ſwim the ſeas, at Cybele's command.
No ſooner had the goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient ſhips their hauſers break;
And, ſtrange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
The foes, ſurpriz'd with wonder, ſtood aghaſt,
Meſſapus curb'd his fiery courſers haſte;
Old Tiber roar'd; and raiſing up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the ſhock;
And with theſe words his trembling troops beſpoke:
Theſe monſters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black preſages ſent.
He takes the cowards laſt relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, conſtrain'd to ſtay,
Muſt yield, unſought, a baſe inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is loſt;
Heaven ſhuts the ſeas, and we ſecure the coaſt.
Theirs is no more than that ſmall ſpot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men ſurround.
Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
'Twas given to Venus, they ſhould croſs the ſeas;
And land ſecure upon the Latian plains:
Their promis'd hour is paſs'd, and mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus to deſtroy,
With ſword and fire, the faithleſs race of Troy.
Shall ſuch affronts as theſe alone inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
My cauſe and theirs is one; a fatal ſtrife,
And final ruin, for a raviſh'd wife.
Was't not enough, that, puniſh'd for the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a ſecond time?
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curſe the coſtly ſex; and durſt offend no more.
Can they ſecurely truſt their feeble wall,
A ſlight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though built
By hands divine, yet, periſh'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines theſe daſtard bands.
Leſs than a thouſand ſhips will end this war;
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
Let all the Tuſcans all th' Arcadians join,
Nor theſe, nor thoſe, ſhall fruſtrate my deſign.
Let them not fear the treaſons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onſet ſhall be made in open light.
No wooden engine ſhall their town betray,
Fires they ſhall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, ſince the ſun is rolling to the weſt,
Give me the ſilent night to needful reſt:
Refreſh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
The morn ſhall end the ſmall remains of war.
The poſt of honour to Meſſapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at diſtances around,
And cloſe the Trojans in their ſcanty ground.
Twice ſeven Rutulian captains ready ſtand:
And twice ſeven hundred horſe their chiefs command;
All clad in ſhining arms the works inveſt;
Each with a radiant helm, and waving creſt.
Stretch'd at their length, they preſs the ſtuffy ground;
They laugh, they ſing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights and chearful fires renew the day;
And paſs the wakeful night in feaſts and play.
The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they firſt explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tower to tower:
Thus all things needful for defence abound;
Mneſtheus and brave Sereſthus walk the round:
Commiſſion'd by their abſent prince to ſhare
The common danger, and divide the care,
The ſoldiers draw their lots; and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
Nigh were the foes, their utmoſt guards alarming
To watch the gate, was warlike Niſus' charge.
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntreſs of the wood;
And ſent him to the wars; well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying ſpear:
But, better ſkill'd unerring ſhafts to ſend,
Beſide him ſtood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan hoſt
No fairer face, or ſweeter air could boaſt.
Scarce had the down to ſhade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they ſhar'd;
And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.
Then Niſus, thus: Or do the gods inſpire
This warmth, or make we gods of our deſire?
A generous ardour boils within my breaſt,
Eager of action, enemy to reſt;
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou ſeeſt the foe ſecure: how faintly ſhine
Their ſcatter'd fires! the moſt in ſleep ſupine
Along the ground, an eaſy conqueſt lie;
The wakeful few the flaming flaggon plye.
All huſh around. Now hear what I revolve;
A thought unripe, and ſcarcely yet reſolve.
Our abſent prince both camp and council mourn;
By meſſage both would haſten his return:
If they confer what I demand on thee
(For fame is recompenſe enough for me),
Methinks beneath yon hill, I have eſpy'd
A way that ſafely will my paſſage guide.
Euryalus ſtood liſtening while he ſpoke;
With love of praiſe, and noble envy ſtruck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Niſus, to be join'd?
Think'ſt thou I can my ſhare of glory yield,
Or ſend thee unaſſiſted to the field?
Not ſo my father taught my childhood arms;
Born in a ſiege, and bred among alarms;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with eaſe I can diſdain,
And think it over-paid to purchaſe fame.
Then Niſus, thus: Alas! thy tender years
Would miniſter new matter to my fears:
So may the gods, who view this friendly ſtrife,
Reſtore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,

ondemn'd to pay my vows (as ſure I truſt)
his thy requeſt is cruel and unjuſt.
ut if ſome chance, as many chances are,
nd doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;
one ſhould reach my head, there let it fall,
nd ſpare thy life; I would not periſh all.
hy bloomy youth deſerves a longer date;
ve thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
o bear my mangled body from the foe;
r buy it back, and funeral rites beſtow.
, if hard fortune ſhall thoſe dues deny,
hou canſt at leaſt an empty tomb ſupply.
let me not the widow's tears renew;
er let a mother's curſe my name purſue;
hy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
rſook the coaſts of friendly Sicily,
r age committing to the ſeas and wind,
hen every weary matron ſtaid behind.
o this Euryalus: You plead in vain,
nd but protract the cauſe you cannot gain:
o more delays, but haſte. With that he wakes
he nodding watch; each to his office takes.
he guard reliev'd, the generous couple went
o find the council at the royal tent.
l creatures elſe forgot their daily care;
nd ſleep, the common gift of nature, ſhare:
cept the Trojan peers, who wakeful ſate
nightly council for th' endanger'd ſtate.
ey vote a meſſage to their abſent chief;
w their diſtreſs, and beg a ſwift relief.
mid the camp a ſilent ſeat they choſe,
more their clamour, and ſecure from foes,
their left arms their ample ſhields they bear,
ir right reclin'd upon the bending ſpear.
w Niſus and his friend approach the guard,
nd beg admiſſion, eager to be heard;
affair important, not to be deferr'd.
anius bids them be conducted in;
dering the more experienc'd to begin.
en Niſus thus: Ye fathers, lend your ears,
r judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
e foe, ſecurely drench'd in ſleep and wine,
glect their watch; the fires but thinly ſhine:
d where the ſmoke in cloudy vapours flies,
ering the plain, and curling to the ſkies,
twixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
ſe by the ſea, a paſſage we have ſpy'd,
hich will our way to great Æneas guide.
peſt each hour to ſee him ſafe again,
aded with ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain.
atch we the lucky minute while we may:
r can we be miſtaken in the way;
, hunting in the vales, we both have ſeen
e riſing turrets, and the ſtream between:
d know the winding courſe, with every ford.
ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word.
r country gods, in whom our truſt we place
ll yet from ruin ſave the Trojan race;
hile we behold ſuch dauntleſs worth appear
dawning youth, and ſouls ſo void of fear.
en into tears of joy the father broke;
ch in his longing arms by turns he took:
ted, and paus'd; and thus again he ſpoke:
e brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
recompenſe of ſuch deſert, decree?
e greateſt ſure, and beſt you can receive,
e gods, and your own conſcious worth, will give.
The reſt our grateful general will beſtow;
And young Aſcanius till his manhood owe.
And I, whoſe welfare in my father lies,
Aſcanius adds, by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my houſhold-gods,
By hoary Veſta's rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both (on you my fortune ſtands,
That and my faith I plight into your hands):
Make me but happy in his ſafe return,
Whoſe wonted preſence I can only mourn,
Your common gift ſhall two large goblets be,
Of ſilver, wrought with curious imagery;
And high emboſs'd, which, when old Priam reign'd
My conquering ſire at ſack'd Ariſba gain'd.
And more, two tripods caſt in antique mould,
With two great talents of the fineſt gold:
Beſide a coſtly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave when firſt ſhe gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When ſpoils by lot the victor ſhall obtain,
Thou ſaw'ſt the courſer by proud Turnus preſs'd,
That, Niſus, and his arms, and nodding creſt,
And ſhield, from chance exempt, ſhall be thy ſhare;
Twelve labouring ſlaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.
And laſt, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whoſe years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection ſhall divide
From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
Take full poſſeſſion; all my ſoul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, ſhall both attend
My life's companion, and my boſom friend;
My peace ſhall be committed to thy care,
And to thy conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:
Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The fame ſhall be my age, as now my youth;
No time ſhall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodneſs let me gain
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain):
Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the name:
Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erſpent, and old,
My fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kiſs,
Nor pious bleſſing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conſcious night, I ſwear,
My ſoul ſo ſad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
(Permit me to preſume ſo great a grace).
Support her age, forſaken and diſtreſs'd;
That hope alone will fortify my breaſt
Againſt the worſt of fortunes, and of fears.
He ſaid: the mov'd aſſiſtants melt in tears.
Then thus Aſcanius (wonder-ſtruck to ſee
That image of his filial piety)
So great beginnings, in ſo green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again engage
Thy mother all the dues ſhall juſtly claim
Creuſa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt ſhall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a ſon ſo brave.

Now by my head, a ſacred oath, I ſwear,
(My father us'd it) what returning here
Crown'd with ſucceſs, I for thyſelf prepare,
That, if thou fail, ſhall thy lov'd mother ſhare.
He ſaid: and, weeping while he ſpoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a ſhining ſword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great Mneſtheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good Alethes furniſh'd him beſide,
With his own truſty helm, of temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their iſſuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With prayers and vows, above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far beyond his years.
And meſſages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were loſt, and flitting air.
The trenches firſt they paſs'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themſelves were ſlain:
They found the careleſs hoſt diſpers'd upon the plain.
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, ſupinely ſnore:
Unharnaſs'd chariots ſtand along the ſhore:
Amidſt the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Obſerving Niſus ſhew'd his friend the fight;
Behold a conqueſt gain'd without a fight.
Occaſion offers, and I ſtand prepar'd;
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I ſecurely go,
And hew a paſſage through the ſleeping foe.
Softly he ſpoke; then, ſtriding, took his way,
With his drawn ſword, where haughty Rhamnes lay
His head rais'd high, on tapeſtry beneath,
And heaving from his breaſt, he drew his breath:
A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;
But fate by preſcience cannot be remov'd;
Him, and his ſleeping ſlaves, he ſlew. Then ſpies
Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies:
His armour-bearer firſt, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels:
And his lov'd horſes: laſt invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal ſword:
The gaſping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
Which, by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around,
The bed beſprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the ſtrong,
He ſlew: and then Serranus fair and young:
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to reſt,
And puff'd the fumy god from out his breaſt:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it laſted till the day.
The famiſh'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks; with ſilent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful ſword, or fewer foes deſtroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebeſus, and Rhætus ſlew.
Oppreſs'd with heavy ſleep the former fall,
But Rhætus, wakeful, and obſerving all,
Behind a ſpacious jar he ſlink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For, as he roſe, it pierc'd his naked ſide,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimſon dy'd.
The wound pours out a ſtream of wine and blood:
The purple ſoul comes floating in the flood.
Now where Meſſapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and juſt alive.
The warrior-horſes tied in order fed;
Niſus obſerv'd the diſcipline, and ſaid,
Our eager thirſt of blood may both betray;
And ſee the ſcatter'd ſtreaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal theft: no more, my friend,
Here let our glutted execution end:
A lane through ſlaughter'd bodies we have made:
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
A precious load; but theſe they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy ſpoils, the boy would ſtay
To make the rich capariſon his prey,
Which on the ſteed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes leſs longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burniſh'd gold.
This preſent Cedicus the rich beſtow'd
On Remulus, when friendſhip firſt they vow'd:
And abſent, join'd in hoſpitable ties;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering Ardean troops oppreſs'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift poſſeſs'd.
Theſe glittering ſpoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body ſuits; but ſuits in vain.
Meſſapus' helm he finds among the reſt,
And laces on, and wears the waving creſt.
Proud of their conqueſt, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
But far they had not paſs'd, before they ſpy'd
Three hundred horſe with Volſcens for their guide.
The queen a legion to king Turnus ſent,
But the ſwift horſe the ſlower foot prevent:
And now, advancing, fought the leader's tent.
They ſaw the pair; for through the doubtful ſhade
His ſhining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volſcens, from the crowd,
Theſe men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:
Stand, ſtand: why thus in arms, and whither bent:
From whence, to whom, and on what errand ſent?
Silent they ſcud away, and haſte their flight
To neighbouring woods, and truſt themſelves to night.
The ſpeedy horſe all paſſages belay.
And ſpur their ſmoking ſteeds to croſs their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood,
Black was the foreſt, thick with beech it ſtood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beaſts were worn.
The darkneſs of the ſhades, his heavy prey,
And fear miſled the younger from his way.
But Niſus hit the turns with happier haſte,
And, thoughtleſs of his friend, the foreſt paſs'd:
And Alban plains, from Alba's name ſo call'd,
Where king Latinus then his oxen ſtall'd.
Till, turning at the length, he ſtood his ground,
And miſs'd his friend, and caſt his eyes around:
Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth: where ſhall I hope to find?

Or what way take! Again he ventures back:
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and liſtening hears the noiſe
Of trampling courſers, and the rider's voice.
The ſound approach'd, and ſuddenly he view'd
The foes incloſing, and his friend purſu'd:
Forelay'd and taken, while he ſtrove in vain,
The ſhelter of the friendly ſhades to gain.
What ſhould he next attempt? What arms employ?
What fruitleſs force to free the captive boy:
Or deſperate ſhould he ruſh and loſe his life,
With odds oppreſt, in ſuch unequal ſtrife?
Reſolv'd at length, his pointed ſpear he took;
And caſting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddeſs of the night,
Fair queen, he ſaid, direct my dart aright:
Before my pious Father for my ſake,
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make;
Or I increas'd them with my ſylvan toils,
And hung the holy roofs with ſavage ſpoils,
Give me to ſcatter theſe. Then from his ear
He poiſ'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling ſpear.
The deadly weapon, hiſſing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He ſtaggers round; his eye-balls roll in death,
And with ſhort ſobs he gaſps away his breath.
All ſtand amaz'd; a ſecond javelin flies
With equal ſtrength, and quivers through the ſkies:
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volſcens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Reſery'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
Nor knew to fix revenge: But thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both, and at the priſoner flies
With his drawn ſword. Then ſtruck with deep deſpair,
That cruel ſight the lover could not bear:
But from his covert ruſh'd in open view,
And ſent his voice before him as he flew:
Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your ſwords alone
On me; the fact confeſs'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durſt, the guiltleſs youth;
Ye moon and ſtars, bear witneſs to the truth!
His only crime (if friendſhip can offend)
Too much love to his unhappy friend.
Too late he ſpeaks; the ſword, which fury guides,
Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender ſides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Guſh'd out a purple ſtream, and ſtain'd the ground.
His ſnowy neck reclines upon his breaſt,
Like a fair flower by the keen ſhare oppreſs'd:
Like a white poppy ſinking on the plain,
Whoſe heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Deſpair, and rage, and vengeance juſtly vow'd,
Drove Niſus headlong on the hoſtile crowd:
Volſcens he ſeeks: on him alone he bends;
Turns back, and bor'd, by his ſurrounding friends,
Forward he preſs'd; and kept him ſtill in ſight;
Then whirl'd aloft his ſword with all his might:
Th' unerring ſteel deſcended while he ſpoke,
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazen broke:
Dying he flew; and, ſtaggering on the plain,
With ſwimming eyes he ſought his lover ſlain:
Then quiet on his bleeding boſom fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy friends! for, if my verſe can give
Immortal life, your fame ſhall ever live:
Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And ſpread where'er the Roman eagle flies!
The conquering party firſt divide the prey,
Then their ſlain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To ſee ſuch numbers whom ſo few had kill'd,
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the reſt they found:
Vaſt crowds the dying and the dead ſurround:
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Meſſapus loſt;
But mourn'd a purchaſe that ſo dear had coſt.
Now roſe the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed;
And, with the dawn of day, the ſkies o'erſpread.
Nor long the ſun his daily courſe withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.
When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour in their ſouls inſpir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Niſus, and his friend he ſhows,
Rais'd high on pointed ſpears: a ghaſtly ſight;
Loud peals of ſhouts enſue, and barbarous delight.
Mean time the Trojans run, where danger calls;
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they ſtood:
Safe was the right ſurrounded by the flood.
But caſting from their towers a frightful view,
They ſaw the faces which too well they knew;
Though then diſguis'd in death, and ſmear'd all o'er
With filth obſcene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon haſty fame, through the ſad city bears
The mournful meſſage to the mother's ears:
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: ſhe ſhakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forſakes.
She runs the rampires round amidſt the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: ſhe rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was't on this face my famiſh'd eyes I fed!
Ah how unlike the living is the dead!
And could'ſt thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiſs from a departing ſon!
No look, no laſt adieu before he went,
In an ill boding hour to ſlaughter ſent!
Cold on the ground, and preſſing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to cloſe his dying eyes,
To waſh his wounds, to weep his obſequies:
To call about his corpſe his crying friends,
Or ſpread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour ſpare.
Where ſhall I find his corpſe? What earth ſuſtains
His trunk diſmember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas! I left my needful eaſe,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter-ſeas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,
And ſend me thunder-ſtruck to ſhades below!
Her ſhrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears:

Nor young Aſcanius could the fight ſuſtain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears reſtrain:
But Actor and Idæus, jointly ſent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
With rattling clangor, rouſe the ſleepy war.
The ſoldiers ſhouts ſucceed the brazen ſounds,
And heaven, from pole to pole, their noiſe rebounds.
The Volſcians bear their ſhields upon their head,
And, ruſhing forward, form a moving ſhed;
Theſe fill the ditch; thoſe pull the bulwarks down:
Some raiſe the ladders; others ſcale the town.
But where void ſpaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and miſſive weapons, from afar
The Trojans keep aloof the riſing war.
Taught by their ten years ſiege defenſive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unreſiſted weight:
To break the penthouſe with the ponderous blow;
Which yet the patient Volſcians undergo.
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the Trojans find the thickeſt throng,
The ruin falls: their ſhatter'd ſhields give way,
And their cruſh'd heads became an eaſy prey.
They ſhrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and ſlings, and with the diſtant bow.
Elſewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Meſſapus, Neptune's warlike ſon,
Broke down the paliſades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls to ſcale the town.
Calliope begin: ye ſacred nine,
Inſpire your poet in his high deſign;
To ſing what ſlaughter manly Turnus made:
What ſouls he ſent below the Stygian ſhade:
What fame the ſoldiers with their captain ſhare,
And the vaſt circuit of the fatal war.
For you in ſinging martial facts excel;
You beſt remember; and alone can tell.
There ſtood a tower, amazing to the ſight,
Built up of beams; and of ſtupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the place, conſpir'd
To furniſh all the ſtrength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their deſign:
With weighty ſtones o'erwhelm'd their troopsbelow,
Shoot through the loop-holes, and ſharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toſs'd from his thundering hand,
Againſt the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It ſtuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were ſeaſon'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the poſts; it ſpread along,
Scorch'd, and to diſtance drove the ſcatter'd throng
The Trojans fled; the fire purſu'd amain,
Still gathering faſt upon the trembling train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heaven itſelf reſound,
The dead and dying Trojans ſtrew the ground.
The tower that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it ſlew:
Some ſtuck upon the darts themſelves had ſent;
All the ſame equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only 'ſcape;
Sav'd how they know not, from the ſleepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth,
On one ſide royal, one a ſon of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
And ſent her boaſted baſtard to the war.
A privilege which none but freemen ſhare).
Slight were his arms, a ſword and ſilver ſhield,
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, ſo light the youth aroſe,
And, riſing, found himſelf amidſt his foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by deſpair, he ſtood at bay:
And like a ſtag, whom all the troop ſurrounds,
Of eager huntſmen, and invading hounds,
Reſolv'd on death, he diſſipates his fears,
And bounds aloft againſt the pointed ſpears:
So dares the youth, ſecure of death, and throws
His dying body on his thickeſt foes.
But Lycus, ſwifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidſt the war:
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And ſnatches at the beam he firſt can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the ſtretch,
In hopes the helping hand of ſome kind friend to reach.
But Turnus followed hard his hunted prey
(His ſpear had almoſt reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and ſcarce a ſpan behind):
Fool, ſaid the chief, though fleeter than the wind,
Couldſt thou preſume to 'ſcape when I purſue?
He ſaid, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling daſtard: at the tug he falls,
Vaſt ruins come along, rent from the ſmoking walls.
Thus on ſome ſilver ſwan, or timorous hare,
Jove's bird comes ſouſing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truſs the fearful fray,
Then out of ſight ſhe ſoars, and wings her way.
So ſeizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.
Then ruſhing onward, with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toſs'd firebrands to the ſteepy turrets throw.
Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock ſo right,
It cruſh'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Aſylas ſlew;
To bend the bow young Liger better knew:
Aſylas beſt the pointed javelin threw.
Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus ſlain.
By the ſame hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar and Ida, ſtanding on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found;
Hurt by Themilla firſt; but ſlight the wound;
His ſhield thrown by, to mitigate the ſmart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The ſecond ſhaft came ſwift and uneſpy'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Tranſfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
The ſoul came iſſuing out, and hiſſ'd againſt the dart.
The ſon of Arcens ſhone amid the reſt,
In glittering armour and a purple veſt.
Fair was his face, his eyes inſpiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove:
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And ſent in arms to purchaſe early fame.

him when he ſpy'd from far, the Thuſcan king
aid by the lance, and took him to the ſling:
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew:
t pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and ſpurn'd the plain.
Then young Aſcanius, who before this day
Was wont in woods to ſhoot the ſavage prey,
irſt bent in martial ſtrife the twanging bow;
nd exercis'd againſt a human foe.
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger ſiſter took to wife.
roud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
aunting before his troops, and lengthened with a ſtride,
n theſe inſulting terms the Trojans he defy'd:
wice conquer'd cowards, now your ſhame is ſhown,
oop'd up a ſecond time within your town!
Who dare not iſſue forth in open field,
ut hold your walls before you for a ſhield.
hus threat you war, thus our alliance force!
What gods, what madneſs hither ſteer'd your courſe!
ou ſhall not find the ſons of Atreus here,
or need the frauds of ſly Ulyſſes fear.
trong from the cradle, of a ſturdy brood,
We bear our new born infants to the flood;
here bath'd amid the ſtream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
hey wake before the day to range the wood,
till ere they eat, nor taſte unconquer'd food.
o ſports but what belong to war they know,
o break the ſtubborn colt, to bend the bow.
ur youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
ardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
rom ploughs and harrows ſent to ſeek renown,
They fight in fields, and ſtorm the ſhaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free;
No change in age, or difference in degree.
We plough, and till in arms; our oxen feel,
nſtead of goads, the ſpur, and pointed ſteel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind: nor can controul
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the ſoul.
Our helms defend the young, diſguiſe the grey:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your veſts embroider'd with rich purple ſhine;
In ſloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your veſts have ſweeping ſleeves: with female pride
Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
Go Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen;
Go, leſs than women, in the ſhapes of men;
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
Where with unequal ſound the flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's ſhade;
Reſign the war to men, who know the martial trade.

This foul reproach Aſcanius could not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full ſtretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almoſt join'd the horns of the tough eugh.
But firſt, before the throne of Jove he ſtood:
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god:
My firſt attempt, great Jupiter, ſucceed;
An annual offering in thy grove ſhall bleed:
A ſnow-white ſteer before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head,
But with his threatening brows, and bellowing ſtands,
And dares the fight, and ſpurns the yellow ſands.
Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left amidſt the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and ſwiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hiſſes through the ſkies.
The ſteel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
Go now, vain boaſter, and true valour ſcorn;
The Phrygians, twice ſubdued, yet make this third return.
Aſcanius ſaid no more: the Trojans ſhake
The heavens with ſhouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then beſtrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardleſs victor, he beſpoke aloud:
Advance, illuſtrious youth; increaſe in fame,
And wide from eaſt to weſt extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyſelf; and Rome ſhall owe
To thee a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heaven: the powers divine,
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vaſt world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name. He ſaid,
And, plunging downward, ſhot his radiant head;
Diſpell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal ſight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchiſes' ſquire,
Now left to rule Aſcanius, by his ſire;
His wrinkled viſage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus ſalutes the boy, too forward for his years:
Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy ſon,
The warlike prize thou haſt already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praiſe: nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He ſaid, and flew
Obſcure in air, and vaniſh'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.
Then duteous force they uſe, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themſelves no danger ſhun:
From wall to wall the ſhouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their ſlings around:
Heaps of ſpent arrows fall, and ſtrew the ground;
And helms, and ſhields, and rattling arms reſound.
The combat thickens like the ſtorm that flies
From weſtward, when the ſhowery kids ariſe:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter deſcends in hardened rain:
Or bellowing clouds burſt with a ſtormy ſound,
And with an arm'd winter ſtrew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and ſize,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain riſe;
Preſuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averſe, againſt their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they ſtand,

And flank the paſſage: ſhining ſteel they wear,
And waving creſts above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Liſt up to heaven their leafy heads unſhorn;
And overpreſs'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whiſtling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they ſee
The gate ſet open, and the paſſage free.
Bold Quercens, with raſh Tmarus ruſhing on,
Equicolas, who in bright armour ſhone,
And Hæmon firſt, but ſoon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended paſs they die.
Theſe with ſucceſs are fir'd, and thoſe with rage;
And each, on equal terms at length, engage.
Drawn from their lines, and iſſuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When ſuddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
The foes had left the faſtneſs of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chace.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The firſt he met, Antiphates the brave,
But baſe begotten on a Theban ſlave;
Sarpedon's ſon he ſlew: the deadly dart
Found paſſage through his breaſt, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel ſtood;
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic ſize
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppreſs'd,
A dart were loſt within that roomy breaſt,
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, ſtrong;
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
Nor coat of double mail, with ſcales of gold.
Down ſunk the monſter-bulk, and preſs'd the ground:
His arms and clattering ſhield on the vaſt body ſound.
Not with leſs ruin, than the Bajan mole
(Rais'd on the ſeas the ſurges to control),
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the ſtones disjointed fall
Off the vaſt pile; the ſcatter'd ocean flies;
Black ſands, diſcolour'd froth, and mingled mud ariſe.
The frighted billows roll, and ſeek the ſhores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Iſchia roars:
Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Aſtoniſh'd at the flaw that ſhakes the land,
Soon ſhifts his weary ſide, and, ſcarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight preſs lighter on his back.
The warrior-god the Latian troops inſpir'd;
New ſtrung their ſinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black deſpair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confuſion fill'd,
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his ſhoulders to the weight.
Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The reſt ſhut out, to certain death expos'd.
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thruſt amid the crowd, ſecurely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they deſcry;
And ſparkling fires that ſhot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breaſt,
His rattling armour, and his crimſon creſt.
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who fought his deſtiny.
Mad Pandarus ſteps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
Theſe are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hoſtile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of ſafe return by flight are left.
To whom, with countenance calm, and ſoul ſedate,
Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate:
My meſſage to the ghoſt of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles ſent thee there.
A lance of tough ground-aſh the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew;
With his full force he whirl'd it firſt around;
But the ſoft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the courſe before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.
But hope not thou, ſaid Turnus, when I ſtrike,
To ſhun thy fate; our force is not alike:
Nor thy ſteel temper'd by the Lemnian god:
Then, riſing, on his utmoſt ſtretch he ſtood;
And aim'd from high; the full deſcending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardleſs cheeks in two
Down ſinks the giant, with a thundering ſound,
His ponderous limbs oppreſs the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and ſoam, guſh from the gaping wound.
Scalp, face, and ſhoulders, the keen ſteel divides;
And the ſhar'd viſage hangs on equal ſides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And had the victor then ſecur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind deſire of blood,
Puſh on his fury to purſue the crowd;
Hamſtring'd behind, unhappy Gyges dy'd;
Then Phalaris is added to his ſide:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms againſt their fellows threw.
Strong Halys ſtands in vain; weak Phlegyas flies;
Saturnia, ſtill at hand, new force and fire ſupplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall
(Engag'd againſt the foes, who ſcal'd the wall);
But whom they fear'd without, they found within.
At laſt, though late, by Linceus he was ſeen:
He calls new ſuccours, and aſſaults the palace;
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his ſword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggreſſor ſlew.
He joints the neck; and with a ſtroke ſo ſtrong,
The helm flies off; and bears the head along:
Next him, the huntſman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd, and in poiſon ſkill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal ſpear,
And Cretus, whom the Muſes held ſo dear:
He fought with courage, and he ſung the fight:
Arms were his buſineſs, verſe his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their ſlaughter'd friends, and haſten their relief.
Bold Mneſtheus rallies firſt the broken train,
Whom brave Sereſthus and his troop ſuſtain.
To ſave the living, and revenge the dead,
Againſt one warrior's arm all Troy they led.
O, void of ſenſe and courage, Mneſtheus cry'd,
Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah, where beyond theſe rampires can you run!
One man, and in your camp incloſs'd, you ſhun!
Shall then a ſingle ſword ſuch ſlaughter boaſt,
And paſs unpuniſh'd from a numerous hoſt?
Forſaking honour, and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king, you ſhame.
This juſt reproach their virtue does excite,
They ſtand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
Now Turnus doubts, and yet diſdains to yield;
But with ſlow paces meaſures back the field;
And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
Waſhing the camp, defends the weaker ſide.
The more he loſes, they advance the more;
And tread in every ſtep he trod before:
They ſhout, they bear him back, and whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppreſs with weight.
As, compaſs'd with a wood of ſpears around,
The lordly lion ſtill maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his diſtended paws, and ſhakes his mane:
He loſes while in vain he preſſes on,
For will his courage let him dare to run;
So Turnus fares, and, unreſolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and juſt recedes from fight.
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes purſues:
But now they ſwarm; and, with freſh troops ſupply'd,
Come rolling on, and ruſh from every ſide.
Nor Juno, who ſuſtain'd his arms before,
Dares with new ſtrength ſuffice th' exhauſted ſtore.
For Jove, with ſtern commands, ſent Iris down,
To force th' invader from th' affrighted town.
With labour ſpent, no longer can he wield
The heavy faulchion, or ſuſtain the ſhield:
Overwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way. with ſtony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His creſt is raſh'd away; his ample ſhield
Is falſify'd, and round with javelins fill'd.
The foe now faint; the Trojans overwhelm:
And Mneſtheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick ſweat ſucceeds, he drops at every pore,
With driving duſt his cheeks are paſted o'er.
Shorter and ſhorter every gaſp he takes,
And vain efforts and hurtleſs blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the ſweat, and waſh'd away the gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther coaſt;
And ſends him ſafe to chear his anxious hoſt.

THE

TENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lauſus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is deſcribed as an atheiſt; Lauſus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of theſe two are the ſubject of a noble epiſode.

THE gates of heaven unfold; Jove ſummons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely ſeated, he ſurveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all th' inferior world: from firſt to laſt
The ſovereign ſenate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty ſire began: Ye gods,
Natives, or denizens, of bleſt abodes;
From whence theſe murmurs, and this change of mind,
This backward fate from what was firſt deſign'd?
Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.
What fear or hopes on either part divides
Our heavens, and arms our powers on different ſides?
A lawful time of war at length will come
(Nor need your haſte anticipate the doom)
When Carthage ſhall contend the world with Rome:
Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;
And like a flood come pouring on the plains:
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature diſſenſion ceaſe:
Sit quiet, and compoſe your ſouls to peace.
Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large;
O power immenſe, eternal energy!
(For to what elſe protection can we fly?)
Seeſt thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpuniſh'd, and inſult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidſt his train,
In ſhining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
And ſcarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with ſlaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their encreaſing moats.

Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears,
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw?
But if the gods their sure success foretell,
If those of heaven consent with those of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Œolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat,
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet.
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was kind;)
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wandering fugitives receive
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);
Then, father (if I still may use that name)
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
Inglorious let him live, without a crown;
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers;
In those recesses, and those sacred bowers,
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire
To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' Italian shores: if, after all,
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes before.
Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
And must I own, she said, my secret smart?
What with more decence were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust reproach had slept.
Did god, or man, your favourite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
By fate you boast, and by the gods decree,
He left his native land for Italy:
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than Heaven, inspir'd, he fought a foreign shore!
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy?
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And through the waves a wandering voyage takes!
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy.
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
Their native air, nor take a foreign law:
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join
Realms not your own, among your clans divide,
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
'Twas given to you, your darling son to shroud,
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd;
And for a man obtend an empty cloud.
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime, the Queen of Heaven offends,
If she presume to save her suffering friends.
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bowers.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
Think on whose faith th' adulterous youth rely'd:
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?
When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.
Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause
Just as they favour, or dislike, the cause:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try:
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.
Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who shakes Heaven's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With reverence, listening to the dread command:
The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)
Cœlestials! your attentive ears incline;
Since, said the god, the Trojans must not join
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to discompose our happy state;
The war henceforward be resigned to Fate:
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the love their fates decree.

et theſe aſſault, if Fortune be their friend;
nd if ſhe favours thoſe, let thoſe defend:
he fates will find their way. The Thunderer ſaid;
nd ſhook the ſacred honours of his head:
tteſting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
nd the black regions of his brother god:
rembled the poles of Heav'n; and earth con-
feſs'd the nod:
his end the ſeſſions had: the ſenate riſe,
nd to his palace wait their ſovereign through the
ſkies.
Mean time, intent upon their ſiege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan hoſt incloſe:
hey wound, they kill, they watch at every gate:
new the fires, and urge their happy fate.
Th' Æneans with in vain their worried chief,
opeleſs of flight, more hopeleſs of relief;
him on the towers they ſtand; and ev'n thoſe few,
feeble, fainting, and dejected crew:
et in the face of danger ſome there ſtood:
he two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
ius and Acmon: both th' Aſſaraci;
oung Hæmon, and, though young, reſolv'd to die.
ith theſe were Clarus and Thymetes join'd;
brin and Caſtor, both of Lycian kind.
om Acmon's hands a rolling ſtone there came,
large, it half deſerv'd a mountain's name!
rong-ſinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
is brother Mneſtheus could not more have done;
r the great father of th' intrepid ſon.
me firebrands throw, ſome flights of arrows ſend;
nd ſome with darts, and ſome with ſtones defend.
mid the preſs appears the beauteous boy,
he care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
is lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
ringlets o'er his ſhoulders hung his hair;
is forehead circled with a diadem;
ſtinguiſh'd from the crowd he ſhines a gem,
chas'd in gold, or poliſh'd ivory ſet,
midſt the meaner ſoil of ſable jet.
Nor Iſmarus was wanting to the war,
irecting pointed arrows from afar,
nd death with poiſon arm'd: in Lydia born
here plenteous harveſts the fat fields adorn:
here proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
nd leaves a rich manure of golden ſands,
here Capys, author of the Capuan name:
nd there was Mneſtheus too increas'd in fame,
nce Turnus from the camp he caſt with ſhame.
Thus mortal war was wag'd on either ſide.
lean time the hero cuts the nightly tide:
or, anxious, from Evander when he went,
e fought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
xpos'd the cauſe of coming to the chief;
is name and country told, and aſk'd relief:
ropos'd the terms; his own ſmall ſtrength declar'd,
hat vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
hat Turnus, bold and violent, deſign'd;
hen ſhew'd the ſlippery ſtate of human kind,
nd fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:
nd to his wholeſome counſel added prayer.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty ſigns:
nd to the Trojan troops the Tuſcan joins.
They ſoon ſet ſail; nor now the Fates withſtand;
heir forces truſted with a foreign hand
Æneas leads; upon his ſtern appear
Two lions carv'd, which riſing Ida bear;
da, to wandering Trojans ever dear.

Under their grateful ſhade Æneas ſate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fixed to his ſide,
And oft' of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft' of the ſtars, and of their watery way;
And what he ſuffer'd both by land and ſea.
Now, ſacred ſiſters, open all your ſpring:
The Tuſcan leaders, and their army ſing;
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.
A thouſand youths brave Maſſicus obey,
Born in the Tiger, through the foaming ſea;
From Aſium brought, and Coſa, by his care;
For arms, light quivers, bows and ſhafts they bear.
Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
His ſtern, Apollo's golden ſtatue bore,
Six hundred Populonea ſent along,
All ſkill'd in martial exerciſe, and ſtrong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An iſle renown'd for ſteel, and unexhauſted mines.
Aſylis on his prow the third appears,
Who heaven interprets, and the wandering ſtars;
From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with preſaging ſounds.
A thouſand ſpears in warlike order ſtand,
Sent by the Piſans under his command.
Fair Auſtur follows in the watery field,
Proud of his manag'd horſe, and painted ſhield,
Graviſca, noiſom from the neighbouring fen,
And his own Cœre, ſent three hundred men:
With thoſe which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.
Thou, Muſe, the name of Cinyras renew;
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
Whoſe helm confeſs'd the lineage of the man,
And boré, with wings diſplay'd, a ſilver ſwan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd anceſtry,
Whoſe forms and fortunes in his enſigns fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And ſung his loſs in poplar groves alone;
Beneath the ſiſter ſhades to ſooth his grief:
Heaven heard his ſong, and haſten'd his relief;
And chang'd to ſnowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His ſon Cupavo bruſh'd the briny flood:
Upon his ſtern a brawny Centaur ſtood,
Who heav'd a rock, and threatening ſtill to throw,
With lifted hands, alarm'd the ſeas below:
They ſeem to fear the formidable fight,
And roll'd their billows on, to ſpeed his flight.
Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain,
The ſon of Manto, by the Tuſcan ſtream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,
An ancient city, but of mix'd deſcent,
Three ſeveral tribes compoſe the government:
Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuſcan ſway.
Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his ſire Benacus bore;
Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead
cover'd o'er.
Theſe grave Auletes leads. A hundred ſweep,
With ſtretching oars, at once the glaſſy deep
Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
High on his poop the ſea-green god appears:
Frowning he ſtems his crooked ſhell to ſound,
And at the blaſt the billows dance around.

A hairy man above the waſte he ſhows,
A porpoiſe tail beneath his belly grows;
And ends a fiſh: his breaſt the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.
Full thirty ſhips tranſport the choſen train,
For Troy's relief, and ſcour the briny main.
Now was the world forſaken by the ſun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himſelf the rudder holds, the ſail ſupplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:
But now as many nymphs the ſea they ſweep.
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Incloſe the ſhip that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whoſe voice excell'd the reſt,
Above the waves advanc'd her ſnowy breaſt.
Her right hand ſtops the ſtern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She ſpoke for all the choir: and thus began
With pleaſing words to warn th' unknowing man:
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddeſs-born! awake,
Spread every ſail, purſue your watery track;
And haſte your courſe. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height deſcending to the ſea:
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we ſtood,
Preſum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from ſhore we fled his fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our maſter's chain);
And ſince have ſought you through the Tuſcan main.
The mighty mother chang'd our forms to theſe,
And gave us life immortal in the ſeas.
But young Aſcanius, in his camp diſtreſs'd,
By your inſulting foes is hardly preſs'd;
Th' Arcadian horſemen, and Etrurian hoſt,
Advance in order on the Latian coaſt:
To cut their way the Daunian chief deſigns,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the roſy morn reſtores the light,
Firſt arm thy ſoldiers for th' enſuing fight;
Thyſelf the fated ſword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable ſhield.
To-morrow's ſun, unleſs my ſkill be vain,
Shall ſee huge heaps of foes in battle ſlain.
Parting, ſhe ſpoke; and, with immortal force,
Puſh'd on the veſſel in her watery courſe,
(For well ſhe knew the way) impell'd behind,
The ſhip flew forward, and outſtript the wind.
The reſt make up: unknowing of the cauſe,
The chief admires their ſpeed, and happy omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes:
Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hills
Fierce Tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.
He ſaid no more. And now renewing day
Had chac'd the ſhadows of the night away
He charg'd the ſoldiers with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' enſuing fight, and bade them hope the war.
Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
His camp encompaſs'd, and th' incloſing foe.
His blazing ſhield embrac'd, he held on high;
The camp receive the ſign, and with loud ſhouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the ſignal given, the cranes ariſe
Before the ſtormy ſouth, and blacken all the ſkies.
King Turnus wondered at the fight renew'd;
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
The ſeas with ſwelling canvaſs cover'd o'er;
And the ſwift ſhips deſcending on the ſhore.
The Latians ſaw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant creſt that ſeem'd in flames to riſe,
And dart diffuſive fires around the field;
And the keen glittering of the golden ſhield.
Thus threatening comets, when by night they riſe,
Shoot ſanguine ſtreams, and ſadden all the ſkies:
So Sirius, flaſhing forth miniſter lights,
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine frights.
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind, is bent
To man the ſhores, and hinder their deſcent:
And thus awakes the courage of his friends,
What you ſo long have wiſh'd, kind fortune ſends:
In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare:
Your ſwords will make you maſters of the war
Your ſires, your ſons, your houſes, and your lands,
And deareſt wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your father's fame.
Now take the time, while ſtaggering yet they ſtand
With feet unfirm; and prepoſſeſs the ſtrand:
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he ſaid,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then theſe elects, the landing to prevent;
And thoſe he leaves to keep the city pent.
Mean time the Trojan ſends his troops aſhore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With labouring oars they bear along the ſtrand,
Where the tide languiſhes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon obſerves the coaſt with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water flies,
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But ſmoothly ſlide along, and ſwell the ſhore:
That courſe he ſteer'd, and thus he gave command;
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the veſſel, that her keel may wound
This hated ſoil, and furrow hoſtile ground.
Let me ſecurely land, I aſk no more,
Then ſink my ſhips, or ſhatter on the ſhore.
This fiery ſpeech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at every oar; and every ſtretcher bends:
They run their ſhips aground, the veſſels knock,
(Thus forc'd aſhore) and tremble with the ſhock.
Tarchon's alone was loſt, and ſtranded ſtood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back, the looſen'd ſides give way,
And plunge the Tuſcan ſoldiers in the ſea.
Their broken oars and floating planks whirl'd
Their paſſage, while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain ſand.
Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the ſea.
The trumpets ſound: Æneas firſt aſſail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and ſeas prevail'd

Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:
Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.
He firſt in open fields defy'd the prince,
But armour ſcal'd with gold was no defence
Againſt the fated ſword, which open'd wide
His plated ſhield, and pierc'd his naked ſide.
Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn:
Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting ſteel was free.
For far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monſtrous bulk; with Ciſſeus fierce and ſtrong;
Vain bulk and ſtrength; for when the chief aſſail'd
Nor valour, nor Herculean arms, avail'd;
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The lofty Pharos next receiv'd his death,
Eneas writh'd his dart, and ſtopp'd his bawling breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardleſs bloom,
And fought with love obſcene polluted joys:
The Trojan ſword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his ſeven bold brethren ſtopp'd the courſe
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Seven darts are thrown at once, and ſome rebound
From his bright ſhield, ſome on his helmet ſound:
The reſt had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented thoſe, and turn'd aſide in air.
The prince then call'd Achates, to ſupply
The ſpears that knew the way to victory.
Thoſe fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium ſtood:
Not one of thoſe my hand ſhall toſs in vain
Againſt our foes, on this contended plain,
He ſaid: then ſeiz'd a mighty ſpear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler flew;
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He ſtagger'd with intolerable ſmart.
Alcanor ſaw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to ſuſtain.
A ſecond ſpear, which kept the former courſe,
From the ſame hand, and ſent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and, holding on, bereft
His uſe of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor, from his dead brother, drew
Th' ill-omen'd ſpear, and at the Trojan threw:
Preventing Fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.
In pride of youth the Sabine Clauſus came,
And from afar at Dryops took his aim.
The ſpear flew hiſſing through the middle ſpace,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It ſtopp'd at once the paſſage of his wind,
And the free ſoul to flitting air reſign'd:
His forehead was the firſt that ſtruck the ground;
Life-blood and life ruſh'd mingled through the wound.
He ſlew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Iſmarus, their native place,
Had ſent to war, but all the ſons of Thrace.
Halieſus next, the bold Arunci leads;
The ſon of Neptune to his aid ſucceeds,
Conſpicuous on his horſe: on either hand
Theſe fight to keep, and thoſe to win the land.
With mutual blood th' Auſonian ſoil is dy'd,
While on its borders each their claim decide.

As wintery winds, contending in the ſky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try,
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heaven
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven:
Each bent to conquer, neither ſide to yield;
They long ſuſpend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can:
Foot ſet to foot, and mingled man to man.
But in another part, th' Arcadian horſe,
With ill-ſucceſs engage the Latian force,
For where th' impetuous torrent, ruſhing down,
Huge craggy ſtones, and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their courſers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were ſcatter'd in a ſhameful flight.
Pallas, who with diſdain and grief had view'd
His foes purſuing, and his friends purſu'd,
Us'd threatnings mix'd with prayers, his laſt reſource;
With theſe to move their minds, with thoſe to fire their force.
Which way, companions! whither would you run?
By you yourſelves, and mighty battles won;
By my great ſire, by his eſtabliſh'd name,
And early promiſe of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To ſhare his honours, ſhun ignoble flight.
Truſt not your feet; your hands muſt hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis through that forward path that we muſt come:
There lies our way, and that our paſſage home.
Nor powers above, nor deſtinies below,
Oppreſs our arms; with equal ſtrength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we ſtand: a ſcanty ſhore;
The ſea behind, our enemies before:
No paſſage left, unleſs we ſwim the main;
Or, forcing theſe, the Trojan trenches gain.
This ſaid, he ſtrode with eager haſte along,
And bore amidſt the thickeſt of the throng,
Lagus, the firſt he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a ſtone of mighty weight to throw:
Stooping, the ſpear deſcended on his chine,
Juſt where the bone diſtinguiſh'd either loin:
It ſtuck ſo faſt, ſo deeply buried lay,
That ſcarce the victor forc'd the ſteel away.
Hiſbon came on, but while he mov'd too ſlow
To wiſh'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For, warding his at once, at once he preſs'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breaſt.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in deſt,
Who ſtain'd his ſtepdam's bed with impious luſt.
And after him the Daunian twins were ſlain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wondrous like in feature, ſhape, and ſize,
As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes.
Grateful miſtake! but ſoon the ſword decides
The nice diſtinction, and their fate divides.
For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd: and Laris' hand,
Diſmember'd, ſought its owner on the ſtrand:
The trembling fingers yet the fauchion ſtrain,
And threaten ſtill th' intended ſtroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came:
Sight of ſuch acts, and ſenſe of honeſt ſhame,
And griefs, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.

Then with a caſual blow was Rhæteus ſlain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to croſs the plain!
The flying ſpear was after Ilus ſent,
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he ſpurn'd the ground.
As, when in ſummer welcome winds ariſe,
The watchful ſhepherd to the foreſt flies,
And fires the midmoſt plants; contagion ſpreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the foreſt flies the furious blaſt,
And all the leafy nation ſinks at laſt;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waſte;
The paſtor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the ſatiate flames in ſheets aſcend the ſky:
So Pallas' troops their ſcatter'd ſtrength unite;
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Haleſus came, fierce with deſire of blood
(But firſt collected in his arms he ſtood;)
Advancing then he ply'd the ſpear ſo well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres, fell:
Around his head he toſs'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a ſtone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It ſtruck beneath the ſpace of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep ſkill'd in future fates, Haleſus' ſire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Deſtiny laid hold upon the ſon,
And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian ſpear a memorable death.
Pallas th' encounter ſeeks; but, ere he throws,
To Tuſcan Tiber thus addreſs'd his vows:
O ſacred ſtream, direct my flying dart,
And give to paſs the proud Haleſus' heart:
His arms and ſpoils thy holy oak ſhall bear.
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god received his prayer;
For, while his ſhield protects a friend diſtreſs'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breaſt.
But Lauſus, no ſmall portion of the war,
Permits not panick fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of ſo renown'd a knight;
But by his own example chears the fight.
Fierce Abas firſt he ſlew; Abas, the ſtay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day,
The Phrygian troops eſcap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude ſhock of war both armies came,
The leaders equal, and their ſtrength the ſame.
The rear ſo preſs'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to diſpute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lauſus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by Fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congreſs in the field great Jove withſtands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lauſus' danger, urging ſwift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
Let none preſume his needleſs aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh were his father here my juſt revenge to view!
From the forbidden ſpace his men retir'd,
Pallas their awe and his ſtern words admir'd,
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering ſight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and towering height.
Then to the king; your empty vaunts forbear;
Succeſs I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I ſhall deſerve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the ſame.
He ſaid, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horror ſate on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Addreſs'd himſelf on foot to fingle fight.
And, as a lion, when he ſpies from far
A bull that ſeems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and ſpurning back the ſand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly ſtand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more ſlow,
To ruſh from high on his unequal foe.
Young Pallas, when he ſaw the chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him firſt, reſolv'd to try
If Fortune would his want of force ſupply;
And thus to Heaven and Hercules addreſs'd:
Alcides, once on earth Evander's gueſt,
His ſon adjures you by thoſe holy rites,
That hoſpitable board, thoſe genial nights;
Aſſiſt my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His raviſh'd ſpoils. 'Twas heard, the vain requeſt;
Alcides mourn'd; and ſtifled ſighs within his breaſt.
Then Jove, to ſooth his ſorrow, thus began:
Short bounds of life are ſet to mortal man;
'Tis virtue's work alone to ſtretch the narrow ſpan.
So many ſons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have loſt the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty ſire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus ſhortly ſhall reſign his breath;
And ſtands already on the verge of death.
This ſaid, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his ſight.
Now with full force his ſpear young Pallas threw;
And, having thrown, his ſhining fauchion drew:
The ſteel juſt graz'd along the ſhoulder joint,
And marked it ſlightly with the glancing point.
Fierce Turnus firſt to nearer diſtance drew,
And poiſ'd his pointed ſpear before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
See now, ſaid he, whoſe arm is better ſtrung.
The ſpear kept on the fatal courſe, unſtay'd
By plates of iron, which o'er the ſhield were laid,
Through folded braſs and tough bull-hides it paſs'd,
His corſlet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at laſt.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The ſoul comes iſſuing with the vital blood:
He falls; his arms upon his body ſound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
Turnus beſtrode the corpſe: Arcadians hear,
Said he; my meſſage to your maſter bear:
Such as the fire deſerved, the ſon I ſend:
It coſts him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeleſs body, fell him, I beſtow,
Unaſk'd, to reſt his wandering ghoſt below.
He ſaid, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and ſpurn'd the wretched corſe:

Then ſnatch'd the ſhining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:
Where fifty fatal brides, expreſs'd to fight,
All, in the compaſs of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.
In an ill hour inſulting Turnus wore
Thoſe golden ſpoils, and in a worſe he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time ſhall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wiſh untouch'd the trophies of the ſlain:
Shall wiſh the fatal belt were far away;
And curſe the dire remembrance of the day.
The ſad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathleſs body on a ſhield.
O grace and grief of war! at once reſtor'd
With praiſes to thy ſire, at once deplor'd.
One day firſt ſent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle killed;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy ſhield.
This diſmal news, not from uncertain fame,
But ſad ſpectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin ſtand,
Unleſs reliev'd by his victorious hand.
He whirls his ſword around, without delay,
And hews through adverſe foes an ample way;
To find fierce Turnus, of his conqueſt proud:
Evander, Pallas, all that friendſhip ow'd
To large deſerts, are preſent to his eyes;
His plighted hand, and hoſpitable ties.
Four ſons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To pleaſe the ghoſt of Pallas; and expire
In ſacrifice before his funeral fire.
At Magnus next he threw: he ſtoop'd below
The flying ſpear, and ſhun'd the promis'd blow.
Then, creeping, claſp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
By young Iulus, by thy father's ſhade,
O ſpare my life, and ſend me back to ſee
My longing ſire and tender progeny.
A lofty houſe I have, and wealth untold,
In ſilver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All theſe, and ſums beſides, which ſee no day,
The ranſom of this one poor life ſhall pay.
If I ſurvive, ſhall Troy the leſs prevail?
A ſingle ſoul's too light to turn the ſcale.
He ſaid. The hero ſternly thus reply'd:
Thy bars, and ingots, and the ſums beſide,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war, by one relentleſs ſtroke,
When Pallas fell: ſo deems, nor deems alone,
My father's ſhadow, but my living ſon.
Thus having ſaid, of kind remorſe bereft,
He ſeiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
Then with his right-hand, whilſt his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his ſhining fauchion ſheath'd.
Apollo's prieſt, Hæmonides, was near,
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glittering in arms he ſhone amidſt the crowd;
Much of his god, more of his purple proud:
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field,
The holy coward fell: and, forc'd to yield,
The prince ſtood o'er the prieſt; and at one blow
Sent him an offering to the ſhades below.
His arms Sereſthus on his ſhoulders bears,
Deſign'd a trophy to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.
The champion chears his troops t' encounter thoſe;
And ſeeks revenge himſelf on other foes.
At Anxur's ſhield he drove, and at the blow
Both ſhield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boaſted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
So made by mutter'd ſpells: and from the ſpheres
Had life ſecur'd in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his ſire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince:
With his protended lance he makes defence:
Bears back his feeble foe; then, preſſing on,
Arreſts his better hand, and drags him down.
Stands o'er the proſtrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment ſtood,
Then ſunk, and roll'd along the ſand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the ſlain;
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
Expos'd to ſavage beaſts, and birds of prey;
Or thrown for food to monſters of the ſea.
On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van,
They fled for fear; with theſe he chac'd along,
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa ſtrong,
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young:
Camers was ſon to Volſcens lately ſlain,
In wealth ſurpaſſing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his ſilent eaſy reign.
And as Ægeon, when with heaven he ſtrove,
Stood oppoſite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flaſh for flaſh returns, and fires for fires:
In his right hand as many ſwords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many ſhields:
With ſtrength like his the Trojan hero ſtood,
And ſoon the fields with falling crops were ſtrowd,
When once his fauchion found the taſte of blood
With fury ſcarce to be conceiv'd he flew
Againſt Niphæus, whom four courſers drew.
They, when they ſee the fiery chief advance,
And puſhing at their cheſts his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with ſo ſwift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their maſter headlong from the chair:
They ſtare, they ſtart, nor ſtop their courſe, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the ſhore.
Now Lucagus and Liger ſcour the plains,
With two white ſteeds, but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty ſeat maintains.
Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming ſword; Æneas couch'd his ſpear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger thus. Thy confidence is vain
To 'ſcape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor theſe the ſteeds which Diomede beſtrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's ſhield
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his anſer with his flying ſpear.

As Lucagus to lash his horses bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for flight, the fatal dart arrives,
And through the border of his buckler drives;
Pass'd through, and pierc'd his groin; the deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spight;
Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight;
Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat:
But you yourself forsake your empty seat.
He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein
(For Liger lay already on the plain
By the same shock); then, stretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's prayer.
Thus much he spoke; and more he would have said,
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short: I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began;
Now take your turn: and, as a brother should,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent,
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around:
At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
My sister-goddess, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife;
Sustains her Trojans, or themselves alone
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, submissively replies.
Why, O my sovereign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,
From your almighty will, your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life;
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight;
And give him to his aged father's sight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came!
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine.
Then shortly thus the sovereign god reply'd;
Since in my power and goodness you confide;
If for a little space, a lengthen'd span,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
But if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death:
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.
To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
And what if that request your tongue denies,
Your heart should grant; and not a short reprieve,
But length of certain life to Turnus give?
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth,
Which, O! I wish might err through causeless fears,
And you (for you have power) prolong his years.
Thus having said, involv'd in clouds she flies,
And drives a storm before her through the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made,
And what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade,
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plumy crest he wore:
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield:
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)
The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flourishes his empty sword in air:
At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his spear;
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chac'd a cloud;)
Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you sought so long by sea.
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium king Osinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,
And skipp'd, and sculk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The haulsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel plows the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.
The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he cast.
O Jove! he cry'd for what offence have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne,
How, and with what reproach shall I return!
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty towers again?
What will they say of their deserting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief:
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they fall;
There scatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh, ye pitying winds! a wretch relieve;
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive:

Or ſet me ſhipwreck'd on ſome deſert ſhore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may ſee me more;
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conſcious Fame,
Leſt ſhe ſhould follow, and my flight proclaim!
Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd,
The choice was doubtful, but the death reſolved.
And now the ſword, and now the ſea took place:
That to revenge, and this to purge diſgrace.
Sometimes he thought to ſwim the ſtormy main,
By ſtretch of arms the diſtant ſhore to gain:
Thrice he the ſword aſſay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withſtood:
And thrice repreſs'd his rage: ſtrong gales ſupply'd,
And puſh'd the veſſel o'er the ſwelling tide.
At length ſhe lands him on his native ſhores,
And to his father's longing arms reſtores.
Meantime, by Jove's impulſe, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their ſhameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Againſt their king the Tuſcan troops conſpire,
Each is their hate, and ſuch their fierce deſire
Of wiſhed revenge: on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a ſolid rock by ſeas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
From his proud ſummit looking down, diſdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.
Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled:
At Latagus a weighty ſtone he flung,
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound,
Hamſtring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His creſt and armour, from his body torn,
Thy ſhoulders, Lauſus, and thy head adorn.
Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he ſlew,
Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew:
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his ſire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was ſlain;
Unthinking Mymas, on the Latian plain.
And as a ſavage boar on mountains bred,
With foreſt maſt and fattening marſhes fed;
When once he ſees himſelf in toils inclos'd,
By huntſmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
He whets his tuſks, and turns, and dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their javelins from afar;
All keep aloof, and ſafely ſhout around,
But none preſumes to give a nearer wound.
He frets and froths, erects his briſtled hide,
And ſhakes a grove of lances from his ſide:
Not otherwiſe the troops, with hate inſpir'd
And juſt revenge, againſt the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a diſtance drive,
And only keep the languiſh'd war alive.
From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his ſpouſe betroth'd, and unconſummate night.
Mezentius ſees him through the ſquadrons ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gameſome goat who friſks about the folds,
Or beamy ſtag that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he ſhakes his riſing mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famiſh'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morſels, while he churns the gore:
So proud Mezentius ruſhes on his foes,
And firſt unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he ſpurns the ſwarthy ground,
The lance, beſmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
Then with diſdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch purſu'd:
Nor thought the daſtard's back deſerv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then, turning ſhort, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppreſs'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breaſt,
And reſted lance: and thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
The fields around with lō Pæan ring,
And peals of ſhouts applaud the conquering king.
At this the vanquiſh'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly ſpoke, and prophefy'd in death:
Nor thou, proud man, unpuniſh'd ſhalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.
Then, ſourly ſmiling, thus the king reply'd:
For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
But die thou firſt, whatever chance enſue.
He ſaid, and from the wound the weapon drew:
A hovering miſt came ſwimming o'er his ſight,
And ſeal'd his eyes in everlaſting night.
By Cadicus, Alcathous was ſlain;
Sacrator laid Hydaſpes on the plain:
Orſes the ſtrong to greater ſtrength muſt yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Meſſapus Ericetes ſlew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headſtrong horſe his fate he found,
Who threw his maſter as he made a bound;
The chief, alighting, ſtuck him to the ground.
Then Clonius hand to hand, on foot aſſails,
The Trojan ſinks, and Neptune's ſon prevails.
Agis the Lycian, ſtepping forth with pride,
To ſingle fight the boldeſt foe defy'd;
Whom Tuſcan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Antronius ſent,
But the ſame fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealces' hand, well ſkill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far deceiving bow.
Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors, and vanquiſh'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heaven ſurvey the fatal ſtrife,
And mourn the miſeries of human life.
Above the reſt two goddeſſes appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there;
Amidſt the crowd infernal Atē ſhakes
Her ſcourge aloft, and creſt of hiſſing ſnakes.
Once more the proud Mezentius with diſdain
Brandiſh'd his ſpear, and ruſh'd into the plain:
Where towering in the midmoſt ranks he ſtood,
Like tall Orion ſtalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny breaſt he cuts the waves,
His ſhoulders ſcarce the topmoſt billow laves.
Or like a mountain-aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntleſs undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his ſtrength, and like a rock,
Pois'd on his baſe, Mezentius ſtood the ſhock.
He ſtood, and, meaſuring firſt with careful eyes
The ſpace his ſpear could reach, aloud he cries;
My ſtrong right hand, and ſword, aſſiſt my ſtroke;
(Thoſe only gods Mezentius will invoke)
His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lauſus ſhall be worn.
He ſaid, and with his utmoſt force he threw
The maſſy ſpear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial ſhield that ſtopp'd the courſe;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The ſides and bowels ſam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he choſe,
And in Evander's palace ſought repoſe:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He caſt to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.
The pious Trojan then his javelin ſent.
The ſhield gave way: through treble plates it went
Of ſolid braſs, of linen trebly rolled,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.
All theſe it paſs'd, reſiſtleſs in the courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon flood;
The Trojan, glad with ſight of hoſtile blood,
His fauchion drew, to cloſer fight addreſs'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſs'd.
His father's peril Lauſus view'd with grief,
He ſighed, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt;
And ſing an act ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity will ſcarce believe 'tis true.
Pained with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The father fought to ſave himſelf by flight:
Incumber'd, ſlow he dragg'd the ſpear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, reſolv'd on death, below
The lifted ſword ſprings forth, to face the foe;
Proteſts his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing through the field,
To ſee the ſon the vanquiſh'd father ſhield:
All fir'd with generous indignation ſtrive;
And, with a ſtorm of darts, at diſtance drive
The Trojan chief: who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb ſuſtain'd the war.
As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, paſſenger, and labouring hind,
For ſhelter to the neighbouring covert fly;
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow caverns lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heaven above them ſmiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils;
Æneas, thus o'erwhelm'd on every ſide,
The ſtorm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lauſus loud with friendly threatening cry'd:
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death, and rage
In raſh attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
The youth deſiſts, but with inſulting ſcorn
Provokes the lingering prince, whoſe patience, tir'd,
Gave place, and all his breaſt with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their ſharpen'd darts;
And lifted high the flaming ſword appears,
Which full deſcending, with a frightful sway,
Through ſhield and corſlet forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair boſom lay.
The purple ſtreams through the thin armour flow,
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forſook his heaving heart.
Loth from ſo ſweet a manſion to depart,
But, when with blood and paleneſs all o'erſpread,
The pious prince beheld young Lauſus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the ſight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a ſadly pleaſing thought!
Then ſtretch'd his hand to hold him up, and ſaid,
Poor hapleſs youth! what praiſes can be paid
To love ſo great, to ſuch tranſcendent flore
Of early worth, and ſure preſage of more!
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy ſword!
And all that plead thee living, ſtill remain
Inviolate, and ſacred to the ſlain!
Thy body on thy parents I beſtow,
To reſt thy ſoul, at leaſt if ſhadows know,
Or have a ſenſe of human things below.
There to thy fellow-ghoſts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.
With this his diſtant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himſelf aſſiſts to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from the wound.
Mean time his father, now no father, ſtood,
And waſh'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood;
Oppreſs'd with anguiſh, panting, and o'erſpent,
His fainting limbs againſt an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did ſuſtain,
His heavier arms lay ſcatter'd on the plain:
A choſen train of youth around him ſtand,
His drooping head was reſted on his hand:
His griſly beard his penſive boſom ſought,
And all on Lauſus ran his reſtleſs thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much enquir'd, and many a meſſage ſent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him ſlain:
O'er his broad ſhield ſtill guſh'd the purple wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With duſt he ſprinkled firſt his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heaven he ſpreads,
Laſt the dear corpſe embracing, thus he ſaid:
What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been ſo covetous to live?
To ſee my ſon, and ſuch a ſon, reſign
His life a ranſom for preſerving mine?
And am I then preſerv'd, and art thou loſt?
How much too dear has that redemption coſt!
'Tis now my bitter baniſhment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did deſtroy,
My blackneſs blotted thy unblemiſh'd renown.
Chac'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd,
For ſoul miſdeeds, were puniſhment too mild!

w'd my people theſe, and from their hate
h leſs reſentment could have born my fate.
I yet I live, and yet ſuſtain the ſight
ated men, and of more hated light:
will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
fainting limbs, that ſtagger'd with his wound.
with a mind reſolv'd, and unappal'd
h pains or perils, for his courſer call'd:
l-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himſelf did dreſs
h daily care, and mounted with ſucceſs;
aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
othing his courage with a gentle ſtroke,
ſteed ſeemed ſenſible, while thus he ſpoke:
hæbus, we have liv'd too long for me
ife and long were terms that could agree;)
day thou either ſhalt bring back the head
bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
day thou either ſhalt revenge my woe
murder'd Lauſus, on his cruel foe;
if inexorable Fate deny
conqueſt, with thy conquer'd maſter die:
after ſuch a lord, I reſt ſecure,
u wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load, endure.
aid: and ſtraight th' officious courſer kneels
ake his wonted weight. His hand he fills
h pointed javelins: on his head he lac'd
glittering helm, which terribly was grac'd
h waving horſe-hair, nodding from afar:
n ſpurr'd his thundering ſteed amidſt the war.
, anguiſh, wrath, and grief, to madneſs wrought,
air, and ſecret ſhame, and conſcious thought
nborn worth, his labouring ſoul oppreſs'd,
d in his eyes, and rag'd within his breaſt.
n loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name,
loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
t Jove, he ſaid, and the far-ſhooting god,
re thy mind to make thy challenge good.
ſpoke no more, but haſten'd void of fear,
threaten'd with his long protended ſpear.
o whom Mezentius thus: Thy vaunts are vain,
Lauſus lies extended on the plain:
loſt! thy conqueſt is already won,
wretch'd fire is murder'd in the ſon.
fate I fear, but all the gods defy,
ear thy threats, my buſineſs is to die;
firſt receive this parting legacy.
aid: and ſtraight a whirling dart he ſent:
ther after, and another went.
nd in a ſpacious ring he rides the field,
vainly plies th' impenetrable ſhield:
ice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd
n'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withſtood
ſtrokes; and bore about an iron wood.
atient of delay, and weary grown,
to defend, and to defend alone:
wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
'd and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight:
ength reſolv'd, he throws with all his force
at the temples of the warrior-horſe.
where the ſtroke was aim'd, th' unerring ſpear
de way, and ſtood transfix'd through either ear.
'd with unwonted pain, ſurpriz'd with fright,
wounded ſteed curvets; and, rais'd upright,
its on his feet before; his hoofs behind
ng up in air aloft, and laſh the wind.

Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horſe came after with unwieldy weight;
And, floundering forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's incumber'd ſhoulder overlaid,
From either hoſt the mingled ſhouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the ſkies.
Æneas, haſtening, wav'd his fatal ſword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce diſdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the loſty ſtrain?
Struggling, and wildly ſtaring on the ſkies,
With ſcarce recover'd ſight, he thus replies;
Why theſe inſulting words, this waſte of breath,
To ſouls undaunted, and ſecure of death?
'Tis no diſhonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory.
Nor aſk I life, nor fought with that deſign:
As I had us'd my fortune, uſe thou thine.
My dying ſon contracted no ſuch band;
The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand,
For this, this only favour let me ſue:
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuſe it not: but let my body have
The laſt retreat of human-kind, a grave.
Too well I know th' inſulting people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lauſus by my ſide.
He ſaid, and to the throat his ſword apply'd.
The crimſon ſtream diſtain'd his arms around,
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the ſpoils of Mezentius; grants a truce for burying the dead; and ſends home the body of Pallas with great ſolemnity. Latinus calls a council to propoſe offers of peace to Æneas, which occaſions great animoſity betwixt Turnus and Drances: in the mean time there is a ſharp engagement of the horſe; wherein Camilla ſignalizes herſelf; is killed: and the Latine troops are intirely defeated.

SCARCE had the roſy morning riſ'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief whom double cares attend
For his unbury'd ſoldiers, and his friend:
Yet firſt to heaven perform'd a victor's vows:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:

Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked shag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glittering from afar:
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fixed on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man:
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:
Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:
The greater part perform'd, atchieve the less.
Now follow chearful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall stand extended on the plain;
And in this omen is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance:
That none unwarn'd, may plead his ignorance:
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war:
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs for which they fought;
And which for us with their own blood they bought
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend,
To the sad city of Evander send:
Who not inglorious in his age's bloom
Was hurry'd hence by too severe a doom.
Thus weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, now in death, lamented Pallas lay:
Acœtes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust, and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But when Æneas view'd the gastly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
Unhappy youth! when fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success;
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd and bold:
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war;
A bloody breathless body; which can owe
No farther debt, but to the powers below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the funeral honours of his son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian war;
Fruits of my plighted faith, and hasted care.
And yet, unhappy Sire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd;
Thy Pallas no dishoneſt wound receiv'd.
He dy'd no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou had'st not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral:
To bear him back and share Evander's grief
(A well-becoming, but a weak relief.)
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier;
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear,
The body on this rural herse is born,
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dress the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below.
No more to mother earth or the green stem he owe.
Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One vest array'd the corpse, and one they spread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrap'd around his head
That when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden coal.
Besides the spoils of foes in battle slain,
When he descended on the Latian plain:
Arms, trappings, horses, by the herse he led
In long array (th' atchievements of the dead.)
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear:
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood, the funeral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are born;
Gauntlets and helms, their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
Acœtes on his pupil's corpse attends,
With feeble steps; supported by his friends:
Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground.
Where groveling, while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul:
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson cast,
Are borne behind; the victor seiz'd the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets lead the band,
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.

Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horſe,
To Pallantean towers direct their courſe,
In long proceſſion tank'd; the pious chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
The public care, he ſaid, which war attends,
Diverts our preſent woes, at leaſt ſuſpends;
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell;
Hail holy relicks, and a laſt farewell!
He ſaid no more, but inly though he mourn'd,
Reſtrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.
Now ſuppliants, from Laurentum ſent, demand
A truce, with olive branches in their hand.
Obteſt his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their ſlain.
They plead, that none thoſe common rites deny
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
All cauſe of hate was ended in their death;
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's requeſt:
Whoſe ſon he once was call'd, and once his gueſt.
Their ſuit, which was too juſt to be deny'd,
The hero grants, and farther thus reply'd:
O Latian princes, how ſevere a fate
In cauſeleſs quarrels has involv'd your ſtate!
And arm'd againſt an unoffending man,
Who fought your friendſhip ere the war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
Not only for the ſlain, but thoſe who live.
I came not hither but by heaven's command,
And ſent by Fate to ſhare the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjuſt; your king deny'd
My proffer'd friendſhip, and my promis'd bride.
Left me for Turnus! Turnus then ſhould try
His cauſe in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in diſpute: the ſlain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquiſh, whom his Fates befriend.
This is the way, ſo tell him, to poſſeſs
The royal virgin, and reſtore the peace.
Bear this my meſſage back; with ample leave
That your ſlain friends may funeral rites receive.
Thus having ſaid, th' ambaſſadors amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breaſt
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profeſs'd,
Broke ſilence firſt, and to the godlike man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began:
Auſpicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whoſe actions far tranſcend your fame:
Would I your juſtice or your force expreſs,
Thought can but equal; and all words are leſs:
Your anſwer we ſhall thankfully relate,
And favours granted to the Latian ſtate:
If wiſh'd ſucceſs your labour ſhall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command:
And ſeek alliance in ſome other land:
Build you the city which your fates aſſign:
We ſhall be proud in the great work to join.
Thus Drances; and his words ſo well perſuade
The reſt impower'd, that ſoon a truce is made.
Twelve days the term allow'd: and during thoſe,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for funeral piles prepare,
To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes through the groaning groves reſound:
Oak, mountain-aſh, and poplar, ſpread the ground.
Firs fall from high: and ſome the trunks receive,
In loaden wains, with wedges ſome they cleave.
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Through the ſhort circuit of th' Arcadian town,
Of Pallas ſlain: by Fame, which juſt before
His triumphs on diſtended pinions bore.
Ruſhing from out the gate, the people ſtand,
Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand:
Wildly they ſtare, diſtracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That caſt a ſullen ſplendor on their friends
(The marching troop which their dead prince attends.)
Both parties meet: they raiſe a doleful cry:
The matrons from the walls with ſhrieks reply:
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted ſky.
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his ſtate, he runs along,
With a diſorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng:
Falls on the corpſe, and groaning there he lies,
With ſilent grief, that ſpeaks but at his eyes:
Short ſighs and ſobs ſucceed: till ſorrow breaks
A paſſage, and at once he weeps and ſpeaks.
O Pallas! thou haſt fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the ſword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would purſue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curſt eſſay of arms, diſaſtrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauſpicious war,
Vain vows to heaven, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
Whoſe holy ſoul the ſtroke of fortune fled:
Præſcious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate aſſign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone;
My Pallas late ſet out, but reach'd too ſoon.
If, from my league againſt th' Auſonian ſtate,
Amid their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deſerv'd from them) then I had been return'd
A breathleſs victor, and my ſon had mourn'd.
Yet will not I my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I ſo gladly made.
'Twas not his fault my Pallas fell ſo young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, ſince the gods had deſtin'd him to die,
At leaſt he led the way to victory.
Firſt for his friends he won the fatal ſhore,
And ſent whole herds of ſlaughter'd foes before:
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave;
Content with thoſe the Trojan hero gave.
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends deſign'd;
In which the Tuſcan chiefs and army join'd:
Great ſpoils, and trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own atchievements be thy ſhare.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadſt a trophy ſtood,
Whoſe mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal ſtrength.
But why, unhappy man, doſt thou detain
Theſe troops to view the tears thou ſhed'ſt in vain!
Go, friends, this meſſage to your lord relate;
Tell him, that if I bear my bitter fate,

And after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my ſon.
I ſtay for Turnus; whoſe devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead:
My ſon and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with ſuch news below.'
The morn had now diſpell'd the ſhades of night;
Reſtoring toils, when ſhe reſtor'd the light:
The Trojan king and Tuſcan chief, command
To raiſe the piles along the winding ſtrand:
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black ſmouldering ſmoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heaven is chok'd, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient cuſtom had ordain'd it ſo.)
Thrice horſe and foot about the fires are led,
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breaſts bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful ſound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The ſpoils, in battle taken from the foe;
Helms, bitts emboſs'd, and ſwords of ſhining ſteel,
One caſts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms reſtore:
The fauchions which in luckleſs fight they bore:
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts beſtow'd in vain,
And ſhiver'd lances gather'd from the plain,
Whole herds of offer'd bulls about the fire,
And briſtled boars, and woolly ſheep expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the waſting flames, and weep their burning friends.
Lingering along the ſhore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heaven with ſtarry light.
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare;
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighbouring fields convey'd.
The corpſe of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in ſtate, are bury'd in the town:
The reſt unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are caſt a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like deſires
To make the field of battle ſhine with fires;
And the promiſcuous blaze to heaven aſpires.
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice diſpell'd the ſhadows of the night;
When thoſe who round the waſted fires remain,
Perform the laſt ſad office to the ſlain:
They rake the yet warm aſhes, from below;
Theſe, and the bones unburn'd, in earth beſtow:
Theſe relicks with their country rites they grace;
And raiſe a mount of turf to mark the place.
But in the palace of the king, appears
A ſcene more ſolemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
Orphans their fires, and fires lament their ſons.
All in that univerſal ſorrow ſhare,
And curſe the cauſe of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjuſtly fought,
A crown uſurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
Theſe are the crimes, with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim.
Let him, who lords it o'er the Auſonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain, our lot is but to ſerve:
'Tis juſt, the ſway he ſeeks, he ſhould deſerve.
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with ſpight,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party, to ſupport
His cauſe and credit, in the Latian court.
His former acts ſecure his preſent fame;
And the queen ſhades him with her mighty name.
While thus their factious minds with fury burn;
The legates from th' Ætolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that, after all the coſt,
And care employ'd, their embaſſy is loſt:
That Diomede refus'd his aid in war;
Unmov'd with preſents, and as deaf to prayer.
Some new alliance muſt elſewhere be ſought;
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.
Latinus, ſunk in ſorrow, finds too late
A foreign ſon is pointed out by fate:
And till Æneas ſhall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of heaven is hovering o'er his head.
The gods, he ſaw, eſpous'd the juſter ſide,
When late their titles in the field were try'd:
Witneſs the freſh laments, and funeral tears
undry'd.
Thus, full of anxious thought, he ſummons all
The Latian ſenate to the council-hall:
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midſt appears:
Majeſtically ſad, he ſits in ſtate,
And bids his envoys their ſucceſs relate.
When Venulus began, the murmuring ſound
Was huſh'd, and ſacred ſilence reign'd around.
We have, ſaid he, perform'd your high command:
And paſs'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place deſir'd, with wonder fill'd
The Grecian tents and riſing towers beheld
Great Diomede has compaſs'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls;
From his own Argos nam'd: we touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our preſents firſt we bring,
Then crave an inſtant audience from the king:
His leave obtain'd, our native ſoil we name;
And tell th' important cauſe for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we ſpoke;
Then, with ſoft accents, and a pleaſing look,
Made this return: Auſonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madneſs has your alter'd minds poſſeſs'd,
To change for war hereditary reſt?
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the ſword
(A needleſs ill your anceſtors abhorr'd.)
We (for myſelf I ſpeak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's deſtruction came)
Omitting thoſe who were in battle ſlain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main:
Not one but ſuffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he fought,
Some doom'd to death, and ſome in exile driven,
Out-caſts, abandon'd by the care of heaven:

So worn, ſo wretched, ſo deſpis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witneſs the veſſels by Minerva toſs'd
In ſtorms, the vengeful Capharæan coaſt;
Th' Eubæan rocks; the prince, whoſe brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
In Egypt loſt; Ulyſſes, with his men,
Have ſeen Charybdis, and the Cyclops den:
Why ſhould I name Idomeneus, in vain,
Reſtor'd to ſceptres, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival ſlain?
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremoſt name
Of all the Greeks, and moſt renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adultereſs loſt his life:
Fell at his threſhold, and the ſpoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The Gods have envy'd me the ſweets of life,
My much-lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
Baniſh'd from both, I mourn; while in the ſky,
Transform'd to birds, my loſt companions fly:
Hovering about the coaſts they make their moan;
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What ſqualid ſpectres, in the dead of night,
Break my ſhort ſleep, and ſkim before my ſight!
I might have promis'd to myſelf thoſe harms,
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Preſum'd againſt immortal powers to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand ſhall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its duſt; nor am I glad
To think of paſt events, or good or bad.
Your preſents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendſhip, ſend the Trojan king.
We met in fight, I know him to my coſt;
With what a whirling force his lance he toſs'd:
Heavens! what a ſpring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his ſhield, and roſe at every blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more, his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
Th' invaſion of the Greeks had been return'd:
Our empire waſted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the ſiege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand;
Both brave alike, and equal in command:
Æneas not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.
He ſaid no more; but, with this cold excuſe,
Refus'd th' alliance, and adviſ'd a truce.
Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And daſhes o'er the ſtones that ſtop the courſe;
The flood, conſtrain'd within a ſcanty ſpace,
Roars horrible along th' uneaſy race:
White foam in gathering eddies floats around:
The rocky ſhores rebellow to the ſound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
I wiſh, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been reſolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our laſt neceſſity,
To have been earlier wiſe; than now to call
A council, when the foe ſurrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war,
With men, not only heaven's peculiar care,
But heaven's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes muſt center on ourſelves alone.
Yet thoſe how feeble, and indeed, how vain,
You ſee too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquiſh'd without reſource; laid flat by fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their parts,
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united ſtrength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:
You ſee th' event—Now hear what I propoſe,
To ſave our friends, and ſatisfy our foes:
A tract of land the Latins have poſſeſs'd
Along the Tiber, ſtretching to the Weſt,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till:
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill;
Thoſe mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you conſent, the Trojan ſhall command;
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country ſhare.
There let them build, and ſettle, if they pleaſe;
Unleſs they chooſe once more to croſs the ſeas,
In ſearch of ſeats remote of Italy;
And from unwelcome inmates ſet us free.
Then twice ten gallies let us build with ſpeed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need;
Materials are at hand: a well grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number, and the form aſſign;
The care and coſt of all the ſtores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred ſenators
Shall be commiſſion'd hence with ample powers:
With olive crown'd: the preſents they ſhall bear,
A purple robe, a royal ivory chair;
And all the marks of ſway that Latian monarchs wear;
And ſums of gold. Among yourſelves debate
This great affair, and ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Then Drances took the word; who grudg'd, long ſince,
The riſing glories of the Daunian prince.
Factious and rich, bold at the council-board,
But cautious in the field, he ſhun'd the ſword;
A cloſe caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne,
But what his father's parentage, unknown.
He roſe, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
Such truths, O king! ſaid he, your words contain,
As ſtrike the ſenſe, and all replies are vain:
Nor are your loyal ſubjects now to ſeek
What common needs require; but fear to ſpeak.
Let him give leave of ſpeech, that haughty man,
Whoſe pride that inauſpicious war began:
For whoſe ambition (let me dare to ſay,
Fear ſet apart, though death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground:
Dejected grief in every face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears.

While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.
Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the rest;
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be ty'd;
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
Let insolence no longer awe the throne,
But with a father's right bestow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd:
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.
O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee!
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,
And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know, you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
Your interest is, the war should never cease;
But we have felt enough to wish the peace:
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yes, if desire of fame, and thirst of power,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dower,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right;
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;
We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:
A base ignoble crowd, without a name:
Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame:
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Should share such triumps; and detain from you
The post of honour, your undoubted due:
Rather alone your mischiefs force employ;
To merit, what alone you must enjoy.
These words, so full of malice, mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd.
You, Drances, never want a stream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our swords.
First in the council-hall to steer the state;
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate.
While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corpse the sanguine strand;
And high as mine his towering trophies stand.
If any doubt remains who dares the most,
We will decide it at the Trojans' cost:
And issue both a-breast, where honour calls;
Foes are not far to seek without the walls.
Unless his noisy tongue can only fight:
And feet were given him but to speed his flight.
I beaten from the field! I forc'd away!
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies:
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.
All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire,
In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
Not such the Trojan try'd me, when, inclos'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd:
First forc'd an entrance through their thick array;
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a destructive war! So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate and to thee.
Mean time proceed to fill the people's ears
With false reports, their minds with panick fears:
Extol the strength of a twice conquer'd race,
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands, the Grecians are o'erthrown:
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread,
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity,
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest:
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.
Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate;
If in your arms thus early you decide,
And think your fortune is already try'd;
If one defeat has brought us down so low;
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But oh, if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers in our veins:
That man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast:
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
To shun that fight; and dying gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought:
And not a bloodless victory was bought:
Their losses equal'd ours; and for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain:
Why thus unforc'd should we so tamely yield
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field,
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,
The great Messapus yet remains our friend,
Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours,
Th' Italian chiefs, and princes, join their powers,
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
Your own brave subjects have our cause embrac'd.

bove the reſt, the Volſcian Amazon
ontains an army in herſelf alone:
nd heads a ſquadron, terrible to fight,
ith glittering ſhields, in brazon armour bright.
et if the foe a ſingle fight demand,
nd I alone the public peace withſtand;
you conſent, he ſhall not be refus'd,
or find a hand to victory unus'd.
his new Achilles let him take the field,
ith fated armour, and Vulcanian ſhield;
or you, my royal father, and my fame,
Turnus, not the leaſt of all my name,
evote my ſoul. He calls me hand to hand,
nd I alone will anſwer his demand.
rances ſhall reſt ſecure, and neither ſhare
he danger, nor divide the prize of war.
While they debate; nor theſe nor thoſe will yield;
Eneas draws his forces to the field;
nd moves his camp. The ſcouts with flying ſpeed
eturn, and through the frighted city ſpread
h' unpleaſing news, the Trojans are deſcry'd
battle marching by the river's ſide;
nd bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
ome tremble, ſome are bold, all in confuſion arm.
h' impetuous youth preſs forward to the field;
hey claſh the ſword, and clatter on the ſhield;
he fearful matrons raiſe a ſcreaming cry;
id feeble men with fainter groans reply;
jarring ſound reſults, and mingles in the ſky,
ike that of ſwans remurmuring to the floods,
r birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.
urnus th' occaſion takes, and cries aloud,
alk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd;
echaim in praiſe of peace, when danger calls;
nd the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
e ſaid, and, turning ſhort, with ſpeedy pace,
aſts back a ſcornful glance, and quits the place.
Thou, Voluſus, the Volſcian troops command
o mount; and lead thyſelf our Ardean band.
eſſapus, and Catillus, poſt your force
long the fields, and charge the Trojan horſe.
me guard the paſſes, others man the wall.
rawn up in arms, the reſt attend my call.
They ſwarm from ev'ry quarter of the town;
nd with diſorder'd haſte the rampires crown.
ood old Latinus, when he ſaw, too late
he gathering ſtorm, juſt breaking on the ſtate,
iſmiſs'd the council, till a fitter time,
nd own'd his eaſy temper as his crime;
ho, forc'd againſt his reaſon, had comply'd
o break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
Some help to ſink new trenches, others aid
o ram the ſtones, or raiſe the paliſade.
oarſe trumpets ſound th' alarm: around the walls
uns a diſtracted crew, whom their laſt labour calls.
ſad proceſſion in the ſtreets is ſeen,
f matrons that attend the mother-queen:
igh in her chair ſhe ſits, and at her ſide,
ith down-caſt eyes, appears the fatal bride.
hey mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple ſtands;
rayers in their mouths, and preſents in their hands;
ith cenſers, firſt they fume the ſacred ſhrine;
hen in this common ſupplication join:
patroneſs of arms, unſpotted maid,
ropitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid:
reak ſhort the pirate's lance: pronounce his fate,
nd lay the Phrygian low before the gate.
Now Turnus arms for fight his back and breaſt:
ell-temper'd ſteel and ſcaly braſs inveſt:
he cuiſhes, which his brawny thighs infold,
re mingled metal damaſk'd o'er with gold.

His faithful fauchion hits upon his ſide;
Nor caſque, nor creſt, his manly features hide:
But bare to view amid ſurrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower deſcends.
Exulting in his ſtrength, he ſeems to dare
His abſent rival, and to promiſe war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains:
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds:
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds
Or ſeeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirſt, and cool his fiery blood:
He ſwims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his ſhoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample cheſt the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volſcians, and their virgin-leader, wait
His laſt commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty ſteed the warrior queen:
Her ſquadron imitates, and each deſcends;
Whoſe common ſuit Camilla thus commends:
If ſenſe of honour, if a ſoul ſecure
Of inborn worth, that can all teſts endure,
Can promiſe aught; or on itſelf rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die:
Then, I alone, ſuſtain'd by theſe, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promiſe their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the ſole renown;
You, general, ſtay behind, and guard the town.
Turnus a while ſtood mute, with glad ſurprize,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes:
Then thus return'd: O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply!
Not only words lie labouring in my breaſt;
But thought itſelf is by thy praiſe oppreſt;
Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
Ths Trojan (not in ſtratagem unſkill'd)
Sends his light horſe before, to ſcour the field:
Himſelf, through ſteep aſcents and thorny brakes,
A larger compaſs to the city takes.
This news my ſcouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare:
With choſen foot his paſſage to forelay:
And place an ambuſh in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volſcians, face the Tuſcan horſe:
The brave Meſſapus ſhall thy troops inforce;
With thoſe of Tibur; and the Latian band:
Subjected all to thy ſupreme command.
This ſaid, he warms Meſſapus to the war:
Then every chief exhorts, with equal care.
All thus encourag'd his own troops he joins,
And haſtes to proſecute his deep deſigns.
Enclos'd with hills, the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for ſurprize;
A narrow track by human ſteps untrode,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obſcure abode.
High oe'r the vale a ſteepy mountain ſtands:
Whence the ſurveying ſight the nether ground commands.
The top is level: an offenſive ſeat
Of war: and from the war a ſafe retreat.
For, on the right and left, a room to preſs
The foes at hand, or from afar diſtreſs:
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their deſcending backs, a ſtony ſhower.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way
Poſſeſs'd the paſs, and in blind ambuſh lay.

Mean time, Latonian Phœbe, from the ſkies,
Beheld th' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And called the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her moſt belov'd, and ever-truſty maid.
Then with a ſigh began: Camilla goes
To meet her death, amidſt her fatal foes.
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train;
Inveſted with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindneſs for the virgin, new,
'Twas born with her, and with her years it grew:
Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic ſway,
Snatch'd up, and ſav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Caſmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hiſſing letter in a ſofter ſound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapt in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in fight, he mends his weary pace;
With ſhouts and clamours they purſue the chace.
The bank of Amaſcene at length he gains;
The raging flood his farther flight reſtrains:
Rais'd o'er the borders with unuſual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the ſtream he fears:
Not for himſelf, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious he ſtops a while; and thinks in haſte;
Then, deſperate in diſtreſs, reſolves at laſt.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow ſpace:
With twigs of bending oſier bound the caſe.
Then pois'd the ſpear, heavy with human weight:
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
Accept, great goddeſs of the woods, he ſaid,
Sent by her fire, this dedicated maid:
Through air ſhe flies a ſuppliant to thy ſhrine;
And the firſt weapons that ſhe knows, are thine.
He ſaid; and with full force the ſpear he threw;
Above the ſounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, preſs'd by foes, he ſtemm'd the ſtormy tide;
And gain'd by ſtreſs of arms, the farther ſide.
His faſten'd ſpear he pull'd from out the ground;
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound.
Nor after that, in towns which walls incloſe,
Would truſt his hunted life amidſt his foes.
But rough, in open air he choſe to lie:
Earth was his couch, his covering was the ſky.
On hills unſhorn, or in a deſert den,
He ſhunn'd the dire ſociety of men.
A ſhepherd's ſolitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed;
The dugs of bears, and every ſavage beaſt,
He drew, and through her lip the liquor preſs'd.
The little Amazon could ſcarcely go,
He loads her with a quiver and a bow:
And, that ſhe might her ſtaggering ſteps command,
He with a ſlender javelin fills her hand:
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor ſwept her trailing robe the duſty ground.
Inſtead of theſe, a tiger's hide o'erſpread
Her back and ſhoulders, faſten'd to her head.
The flying dart ſhe firſt attempts to fling;
And round her tender temples toſs'd the ſling:
Then, as her ſtrength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the ſoaring ſwan;
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.
The Tuſcan matrons with each other vy'd,
To hail their rival ſons with ſuch a bride:
But ſhe diſdains their love; to ſhare with me
The lonely ſhades, and vow'd virginity.
And oh! I wiſh, contented with my cares
Of ſavage ſpoils, ſhe had not fought the wars:
Then had ſhe been of my celeſtial train;
And ſhunn'd the fate that dooms her to be ſlain.
But ſince, oppoſing heaven's decree, ſhe goes
To find her death among forbidden foes;
Haſte with theſe arms, and take thy ſteepy flight,
Where, with the gods adverſe, the Latins fight:
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
This choſen arrow to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla ſhall be ſlain,
Or of the Trojan, or Italian train,
Let him not paſs unpuniſh'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myſelf will aid,
To bear the breathleſs body of my maid:
Unſpoil'd ſhall be her arms, and unprophan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand:
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.
She ſaid: the faithful nymph deſcends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the ſounding ſky:
Black clouds and ſtormy winds around her fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuſcan horſe,
Drawn up in ſquadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls; the ſprightly courſers bound;
Preſs forward on their bitts, and ſhift their ground:
Shields, arms, and ſpears, flaſh horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to theſe, come on with furious force
Meſſapus, Coras, and the Latian horſe;
Theſe in a body plac'd; on either hand
Suſtain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their ſpears;
And leſs and leſs the middle ſpace appears.
Thick ſmoke obſcures the field: and ſcarce are ſeen
The neighing courſers, and the ſhouting men.
In diſtance of their darts they ſtop their courſe;
Then man to man they ruſh, and horſe to horſe.
The face of heaven their flying javelins hide:
And deaths unſeen are dealt on either ſide.
Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled courſers borne in full career,
Meet firſt oppos'd: and, with a mighty ſhock,
Their horſes heads againſt each other knock.
Far from his ſteed is fierce Aconteus caſt;
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blaſt:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his laſt.
The Latin ſquadrons take a ſudden fright;
And fling their ſhields behind, to ſave their backs in flight.
Spurring at ſpeed to their own walls they drive;
Cloſe in the rear the Tuſcan troops purſue,
And urge their flight; Aſylas leads the chace;
Till ſeiz'd with ſhame they wheel about, and face
Receive their foes, and raiſe a threatening cry.
The Tuſcans take their turn to fear and fly.
So ſwelling ſurges, with a thundering ſound,
Driven on each other's backs, inſult the ſhore;
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land,
And far upon the beach eject the ſand.
Then backward, with a ſwing, they take their way,
Repuls'd from upper ground, and ſeek their mother-ſea:
With equal hurry quit th' invaded ſtrand,
And ſwallow back the ſand and ſtones they threw before.
Twice were the Tuſcans maſters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Aſham'd at length, to the third charge they rally,
Both hoſts reſolv'd, and mingled man to man.

Now dying groans are heard, the fields are ſtrow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
Arms, horſes, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
Orſilochus, who durſt not preſs too near
Strong Remulus, at diſtance drove his ſpear;
And ſtruck the ſteel beneath his horſe's ear.
The fiery ſteed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, ſpringing upward with a bound,
His hopeleſs lord caſt backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas firſt; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw:
The mighty champion of the Tuſcan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But ſhaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
A ſpacious mark for ſwords, and for the flying dart:
Across the ſhoulders came the feather'd wound;
Tranſfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.
The ſands with ſtreaming blood are ſanguine dy'd;
And death with honour fought on either ſide.
Reſiſtleſs, through the war, Camilla rode;
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One ſide was bare for her exerted breaſt;
One ſhoulder with her painted quiver preſs'd.
Now from afar, her fatal javelins play;
Now with her axe's edge ſhe hews her way;
Diana's arms upon her ſhoulder ſound;
And when, too cloſely preſs'd, ſhe quits the ground,
From her bent bow ſhe ſends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either ſide,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia ride;
Italians all: in peace, their queen's delight:
In war, the bold companions of the fight
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
Where Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as theſe in ſhining arms were ſeen,
When Theſeus met in fight their maiden queen.
Such to the field Penthefilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled:
With ſuch, return'd triumphant from the war;
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car:
They claſh with manly force their moony ſhields:
With female-ſhouts reſound the Phrygian fields.
Who foremoſt, and who laſt, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy ſpear, of mountain aſh, Eumenius firſt,
With fury driven, from ſide to ſide tranſpierc'd;
A purple ſtream came ſpouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
Tyris and Pegaſus at once ſhe ſlew;
The former, as the ſlackened reins he drew,
Of his faint ſteed: the latter, as he ſtretched
His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd.
By the ſame weapon, ſent from the ſame hand,
Both fall together, and both ſpurn the ſand.
Amaſtrus next is added to the ſlain:
The reſt in rout ſhe follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalicus, Demophoon,
And Chromys, at full ſpeed her fury ſhun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one ſhe loſt;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghoſt.
Young Ornithus beſtrode a hunter ſteed,
Swift for the chace, and of Apulian breed:
Him, from afar, ſhe ſpy'd in arms unknown;
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown:
His helm a wolf, whoſe gaping jaws were ſpread
A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clenched within his hand an iron prong;
And tower'd above the reſt, conſpicuous in the throng.
Him ſoon ſhe ſingled from the flying train,
And ſlew with eaſe: then thus inſults the ſlain.
Vain hunter, didſt thou think through woods to chace
The ſavage herd, a vile and trembling race?
Here ceaſe thy vaunts, and own my victory:
A woman-warrior was too ſtrong for thee.
Yet if the ghoſts demand the conqueror's name,
Confeſſing great Camilla, ſave thy ſhame.
Then Butes and Orſilochus ſhe ſlew,
The bulkieſt bodies of the Trojan crew.
But Butes breaſt to breaſt: the ſpear deſcends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the ſhield which his left ſide defends.
Orſilochus, and ſhe, their courſers ply,
He ſeems to follow, and ſhe ſeems to fly.
But in a narrower ring ſhe makes the race;
And then he flies, and ſhe purſues the chace.
Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
She ſwings her axe, and riſes at the blow:
Full on the helm behind, with ſuch a ſway
The weapon falls, the riven ſteel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he ſues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, beſmear his face.
Aſtoniſh'd Aunus juſt arrives by chance,
To ſee his fall, nor farther dares advance:
But fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He ſtares, and ſhakes, and finds it vain to fly.
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At leaſt while fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, what courage have you ſhown,
Who truſt your courſer's ſtrength, and not your own?
Forego the 'vantage of your horſe, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It ſhall be ſeen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man.
He ſaid: ſhe glows with anger and diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the plain:
And leaves her horſe at large amnong her train.
With her drawn ſword defies him to the field:
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden ſhield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his horſe, and urges all his ſpeed,
Adds the remembrance of the ſpur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding ſides.
Vain fool, and coward, ſaid the lofty maid,
Caught in the train, which thou thyſelf haſt laid
On others practice thy Ligurian arts;
Thin ſtratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are loſt on me. Nor ſhalt thou ſafe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious ſire.
At this, ſo faſt her flying feet ſhe ſped,
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his horſe's head:
Then turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaſter groveling on the plain.
Not with more eaſe the falcon from above
Truſſes, in middle air, the trembling dove:
Then plumes the prey, in her ſtrong pounces bound;
The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to the ground.
Now mighty Jove, from his ſuperior height,
With his broad eye ſurveys th' unequal fight.
He fires the breaſt of Tarchon with diſdain;
And ſends him to redeem th' abandoned plain.
Between the broken ranks the Tuſcan rides,
And theſe encourages, and thoſe he chides:
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardour, and reſtores the fight.
What panic fear has ſeiz'd your ſouls? O ſhame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!

Cowards, incurable! a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and scatters, your ignoble band!
Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield:
What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite:
When to fat offerings the glad augur calls,
And the shrill horn-pipe sounds to bacchanals.
These are your study'd cares; your lewd delight:
Swift in debauch; but slow to manly fight.
Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to lose.
The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,
In his strong gripe: and clasp'd around the waste:
'Twas Venulus; whom from his horse he tore,
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes,
And view th' unusual sight with vast surprize.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Press'd in his arms the ponderous prey sustains:
Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the strife:
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmost vigour, and the point averts.
So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled serpent through the sky;
Fastening his crooked talons on the prey,
The prisoner hisses through the liquid way:
Resists the royal hawk, and though oppress,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest;
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threatening tail.
Against the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd, and bore away his prize:
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success.
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespy'd, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, whereso'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chace,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she keeps her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybelè, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd: the steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er,
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gaul'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds.
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him, the fierce maid beheld, with ardent eyes;
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize;
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold
Blind in her haste, she chaces him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw, but first to heaven address'd his vows.
O patron of Soracte's high abodes,
Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods;
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked soals,
Through flames unfing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals:
Give me, propitious power, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home.
Apollo heard, and, granting half his prayer,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,
By southern tempests, to the seas is borne.
Now, when the javelin whizz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the sound of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent:
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side:
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends;
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But, wedg'd within her breast, the weapon stands;
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
A gathering mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death! and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell; and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
She said; and sliding sunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword, she nods her plumy crest;
Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires;
And murmuring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.
A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensu'd:
Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
The Trojan troops, and Tuscans in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
Unmov'd a while, 'till prostrate on the plain,
Weltering in blood, she sees Camilla slain;
And round her corpse of friends and foes a fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
Too dear a fine, ah! much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans thou hast paid:
Nor ought avail'd of this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her votary's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
But after-ages shall thy praise record.
High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around;
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Arruns from the height,
Him, in refulgent arms, she soon espy'd,
Swoln with success, and loudly thus she cry'd:
Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
Turn, like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message to Camilla go;
And say I sent thee to the shades below;
An honour undeserv'd from Cinthia's bow.
She said: and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed:
Then, to the stubborn eugh her strength apply'd;
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conquering damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.
Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frighted soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driven by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn; but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego;
Or on their shoulders bear the slackened bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heaven with female shrieks, and wring their hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate:
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched fire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close:
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.
The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger share:
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gaul the foe;
Their lives, for god-like freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings, came th' unhappy maid.
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd,
The foes entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.
Inflam'd with rage, (for so the furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the fates require,)
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain:
Scarce was he gone, when to the straights, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Through the black forest, and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take,
From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies, now, in open fields are seen:
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend: Æneas sees,
Through smoaking fields, his hastening enemies.
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town, both armies lie:
While night, with sable wings, involves the sky.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat: articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas: he is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

WHEN Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd;
Himself become the mark of public spight,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight:
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the late debate;
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.
As when the swains the Libyan lion chace,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace:
But if the pointed javelin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire,
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
No more excuſes or delays: I ſtand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This baſe deſerter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The ſame conditions which himſelf did make.
Renew the truce, the ſolemn rites prepare,
And to my ſingle virtue truſt the war.
The Latians, unconcern'd, ſhall ſee the fight;
This arm, unaided, ſhall aſſert your right:
Then, if my proſtrate body preſs the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.
To whom the king ſedately thus reply'd:
Brave youth, the more your valour has been try'd,
The more becomes it us, with due reſpect,
To weigh the chance of war which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a ſucceſſive throne,
Or cities, which your arms have made your own;
My town and treaſures are at your command;
And ſtor'd with blooming beauties is my hand:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia ſees,
Unmarry'd, fair, of noble families.
Now let me ſpeak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear;
But ſound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
The gods, by ſigns, have manifeſtly ſhown,
No prince, Italian born, ſhould heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction ſkill'd,
And oft our prieſts, a foreign ſon reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth, that cannot be withſtood,
Brib'd by my kindneſs to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be deny'd,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties and of honour broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war,
With what ſucceſs 'tis needleſs to declare;
I and my ſubjects feel; and you have had your ſhare.
Twice vanquiſh'd, while in bloody fields we ſtrive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians glance the neighbouring ſhore:
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unreſolv'd, and ſtill a ſlave to fate?
If Turnus' death a laſting peace can give,
Why ſhould not I procure it whilſt you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinſmen the Rutulians ſay?
And ſhould you fall in fight, (which heaven defend)
How curſe the cauſe, which haſten'd to his end,
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war,
Pity your parent's age, and eaſe his care.
Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain;
The proffer'd medicine, but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, diſdaining the relief,
With intermitting ſobs, thus vents his grief:
Thy care, O beſt of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my deſire forſake.
Permit me not to languiſh out my days;
But make the beſt exchange of life for praiſe.
This arm, this lance, can well diſpute the prize;
And the blood follows where the weapon flies:
His goddeſs mother is not near, to ſhrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud.
But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the ſtrife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In theſe ſad accents gave her ſorrow breath:
O Turnus, I adjure thee by theſe tears;
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breaſt, ſince thou art all my hope,
My ſickly mind's repoſe, my ſinking age's prop;
Since on the ſafety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
Refuſe me not this one, this only prayer,
To waive the combat, and purſue the war.
Whatever chance attends this fatal ſtrife,
Think it includes in thine Amata's life.
I cannot live a ſlave; or ſee my throne
Uſurp'd by ſtrangers, or a Trojan ſon.
At this a flood of tears Lavinia ſhed;
A crimſon bluſh her beauteous face o'erſpread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a ſtay,
Run here and there; and fluſh and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian ivory ſhows,
Which, with the bordering paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damaſk'd by the neighbouring roſe.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with deſire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and ſecret ſpite,
Roll in his breaſt, and rouze him to the fight.
Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his firſt intent, he thus replies:
O, mother, do not, by your tears, prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Reſolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To ſhun my death, if heaven my death decree.
Then, turning to the herald, thus purſues;
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news.
Denounce from me, that when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight:
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian ſhore:
Our ſingle ſwords the quarrel ſhall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.
He ſaid, and ſtriding on, with ſpeedy pace
He fought his courſers of the Thracian race.
At his approach, they toſs their heads on high;
And, proudly neighing, promiſe victory.
The ſires of theſe Orithia ſent from far,
To grace Piſumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian ſnows were ſcarce ſo white,
Nor northern winds in fleetneſs match'd their flight.
Officious grooms ſtand ready by his ſide;
And ſome with combs their flowing manes divide;
And others ſtroke their cheſts, and gently footh their pride.
He ſheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mail
Of golden metal thoſe, and mountain braſs,
Then to his head his glittering helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful fauchion by his ſide.
In his Ætnean forge the god of fire
That fauchion labour'd for the hero's ſire:
Immortal keenneſs on the blade beſtow'd,
And plung'd it hiſſing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Aurunean Actor wore;
Which with ſuch force he brandiſh'd in the field,
The tough aſh trembled like an aſpen weld.
Then cry'd, O ponderous ſpoil of Actor ſlain,
And never yet by Turnus toſs'd in vain,
Fail not, this day, thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe:
Give me to tear his corſlet from his breaſt,
And from that eunuch head, to rend the creſt

Drag'd in the duſt, his frizzled hair to ſoil,
Hot from the vexing iron, and ſmear'd with fragrant oil.
Thus while he raves, from his wide noſtrils flies
A fiery ſteam, and ſparkles from his eyes:
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's ſight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring horns againſt a tree;
And meditates his abſent enemy:
He puſhes at the winds, he digs the ſtrand
With his black hoofs, and ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Nor leſs the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the lingering wars.
To chear his chiefs, and tender ſon, relates
What heaven had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he ſends, to ceaſe
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.
The morn, enſuing from the mountain's height,
Had ſcarcely ſpread the ſkies with roſy light;
Th' ethereal courſers, bounding from the ſea,
From out their flaming noſtrils breath'd the day:
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the liſt prepar'd.
Beneath the walls, they meaſure out the ſpace;
Then ſacred altars rear, on ſods of graſs;
Where, with religious rites, their common gods they place.
In pureſt white the prieſts their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire:
And o'er their linen hoods, and ſhaded hair,
Long twiſted wreaths of ſacred vervain wear.
In order iſſuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed ſpears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuſcan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleaſing ſight:
A peaceful train they ſeem, in peace prepar'd for fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glittering with gold, and veſts in purple dy'd.
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Meſſapus born of ſeed divine.
The ſign is given, and round the liſted ſpace
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample ſhields, they ſtand;
And fix their pointed lances in the ſand.
Now, ſtudious of the fight, a numerous throng
Of either ſex promiſcuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by thoſe who reſt behind,
The gates and walls, and houſes tops are lin'd.
Mean time the queen of heaven beheld the fight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height:
(Since call'd Albano, by ſucceeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name.)
She thence ſurvey'd the field, the Trojan powers,
The Latian ſquadrons, and Laurentine towers.
Then thus the goddeſs of the ſkies beſpake,
With ſighs and tears, the goddeſs of the lake;
King Turnus' ſiſter, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the luſt of lawleſs Jove betray'd,
Compreſs'd by force, but by the grateful god,
Now made the Nais of the neighbouring flood.
O nymph, the pride of living lakes, ſaid ſhe,
O moſt renown'd, and moſt belov'd by me,
Long haſt thou known, nor need I to record
The wanton ſallies of my wandering lord:
Of every Latian fair, whom Jove miſled,
To mount by ſtealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace;
But gave a part of heaven, and an unenvy'd place.
Now learn from me, thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wiſhes want to thy relief.
While fortune favour'd, nor heaven's king deny'd,
To lend my ſuccour to the Latian ſide,
I ſav'd thy brother, and the ſinking ſtate;
But now he ſtruggles with unequal fate:
And goes with gods averſe, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight:
Nor muſt I break the truce, nor can ſuſtain the fight.
Thou, if thou dar'ſt, thy preſent aid ſupply;
It well becomes a ſiſter's care to try.
At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppreſs'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breaſt.
To whom Saturnia thus; Thy tears are late:
Haſte, ſnatch him, if he can be ſnatch'd, from fate.
New tumults kindle, violate the truce;
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime t' attempt what I decree,
Or if it were, diſcharge the crime on me.
She ſaid, and, ſailing on the winged wind,
Left the ſad nymph ſuſpended in her mind.
And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four ſteeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.
Two ſnowy courſers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two maſſy ſpears he ſhook:
Then iſſued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line:
And by his ſide Aſcanius took his place,
The ſecond hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend prieſt appears;
And offerings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb, that never ſuffer'd ſhears.
Then to the riſing ſun he turns his eyes,
And ſhews the beaſts deſign'd for ſacrifice,
With ſalt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he ſheds,
With the ſame generous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unſheath'd his ſhining ſword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd:
All-ſeeing ſun, and thou Auſonian ſoil,
For which I have ſuſtain'd ſo long a toil,
Thou king of heaven, and thou the queen of air,
(Propitious now, and reconcil'd by prayer)
Thou god of war, whoſe unreſiſted ſway
The labours and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans ſhall increaſe Evander's town;
Aſcanius ſhall renounce th' Auſonian crown:
All claims, all queſtions of debate ſhall ceaſe;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But if my juſter arms prevail in fight,
As ſure they ſhall, if I divine aright,
My Trojans ſhall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd, ſhall remain:
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I aſk but altars for my weary gods.
The care of thoſe religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I reſign;
His be the ſovereign ſway. Nor will I ſhare
His power in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town ſhall frame,
And bleſs the riſing towers, with fair Lavinia's name.
Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar ſtands.
By the ſame heaven, ſaid he, and earth, and main,
And all the powers, that all the three contain;

By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus what I swear:
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
And all those powers attest, and all their names:
Whatever chance befal on either side,
No term of time this union shall divide:
No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
Or shake the stedfast tenour of my mind:
Not though the circling seas should break their bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
Not though the lamps of heaven their spheres forsake,
Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal sceptre (for he bore
A sceptre in his hand) shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth;
(An orphan now, cut from the mother earth
By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear).
When thus in public view the peace was ty'd
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beasts are slain before the fire:
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
First rising fears are whisper'd through the crowd;
Then, gathering sound, they murmur more aloud.
Now side to side they measure with their eyes
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public sight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves; and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And, while he mutters undistinguish'd prayers,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.
With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude;
When their short sighs and thickening sobs she heard,
And sound their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look,
A chief of ancient blood: in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he, his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And, humouring their first motions, thus began:
For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the fight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heaven, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count them as they stand;
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife
Shall lose, with honour his devoted life:
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile, and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land:
These fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.
With words like these, she carry'd her design;
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latins, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament;
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage:
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprize.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes;
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes.
Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew;
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly;
And thickening in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross their airy course;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force:
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the ponderous prey;
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight:
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd:
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd,
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey.
Advance, my friends, and charge; I lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to flee
By strength united, and forego the prey;
Your timely succour to your country bring;
Haste to the relcue, and redeem your king.
He said: and pressing onward, through the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood:
Gylippus' sons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
A passage through the jointed arms is found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their javelins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
The wish'd insult the Latins troops embrace;
And meet their ardour in the middle space.
The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
The sacrifice half broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made;
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.

Meſſapus, eager to confound the peace,
urr'd his hot courſer through the fighting
preſs,
king Auleſtes; by his purple known
Tuſcan prince, and by his regal crown;
nd with a ſhock encountering, bore him down.
ckward he fell; and, as his fate deſign'd,
he ruins of an altar were behind:
here pitching on his ſhoulders, and his head,
mid the ſcattering fires he lay ſupinely ſpread.
he beamy ſpear deſcending from above,
is cuiraſs pierc'd, and through his body drove.
en, with a ſcornful ſmile, the victor cries;
he gods have found a fitter ſacrifice.
eedy of ſpoils, th' Italians ſtrip the dead
his rich armour; and uncrown his head.
Prieſt Chorinæus arm'd his better hand,
um his own altar, with a blazing brand:
d, as Ebuſus with a thundering pace,
dvanc'd to battle, daſh'd it on his face:
is briſtly beard ſhines out with ſudden fires,
he crackling crop a noiſome ſcent expires.
llowing the blow, he ſeiz'd his curling crown
ith his left hand; his other caſt him down.
he proſtrate body with his knees he preſs'd,
nd plung'd his holy poinard in his breaſt.
While Podalirius, with his ſword, purſued
he ſhepherd Alſus through the flying crowd,
viftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow,
ll on the front of his unwary foe.
he broad axe enters with a craſhing ſound,
nd cleaves the chin with one continued wound:
arm blood, and mingled brains, beſmear his
arms around.
n iron ſleep his ſtupid eyes oppreſs'd,
nd ſeal'd their heavy lids in endleſs reſt.
t good Æneas ruſh'd amid the bands,
re was his head, and naked were his hands,
ſign of truce: then thus he cries aloud,
hat ſudden rage, what new deſire of blood
flames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, ceaſe
om impious arms, nor violate the peace.
y human ſanctions, and by laws divine,
he terms are all agreed, the war is mine.
miſs your fears, and let the fight enſue;
his hand alone ſhall right the gods and you:
r injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
o this avenging ſword the faithleſs Turnus owe.
Thus while he ſpoke, unmindful of defence,
winged arrow ſtruck the pious prince,
t whether from ſome human hand it came,
r hoſtile god, is left unknown by fame:
o human hand, or hoſtile god was found,
o boaſt the triumph of ſo baſe a wound.
When Turnus ſaw the Trojan quit the plain,
is chiefs diſmay'd, his troops a fainting train:
h' unhop'd event his heighten'd ſoul inſpires,
s once his arms and courſers he requires.
hen, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
nd with a ready hand aſſumes the reins.
e drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,
e leaves behind a lane of ſlaughter'd foes.
heſe his lance reaches, over thoſe he rolls
is rapid car, and cruſhes out their ſouls:
wain the vanquiſh'd fly; the victor ſends
he dead men's weapons at their living friends.
Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood
he god of battles, in his angry mood,

Claſhing his ſword againſt his brazen ſhield,
Let looſe the reins, and ſcours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery courſers fly,
Groans the ſad earth, reſounds the rattling ſky.
Wrath, terror, treaſon, tumult, and deſpair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, ſurround the car;
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor leſs diſdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His ſmoking horſes, at their utmoſt ſpeed,
He laſhes on; and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and when they bound,
The gore, and gathering duſt, are daſh'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, maſters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthelenus afar:
From far the ſons of Imbracus he ſlew,
Glaucus, and Lades, of the Lycian crew:
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd;
Or mount the courſer that out-ſtrips the wind.
Mean time Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This ſon of Dolon bore his grandfire's name;
But emulated more his father's fame.
His guileful father, ſent a nightly ſpy,
The Grecian camp and order to deſcry:
Hard enterprize, and well he might require
Achilles' car, and horſes for his hire;
But, met upon the ſcout, th' Etolian prince
In death beſtow'd a juſter recompence.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar;
And launch'd his javelin from his lofty car:
Then lightly leaping down, purſued the blow,
And, preſſing with his foot, his proſtrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the ſhining ſword;
And plung'd it in the boſom of its lord.
Poſſeſs, ſaid he, the fruit of all thy pains,
And meaſure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand,
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy
the land.
Then Daris, Butis, Sybaris, he ſlew,
Whom o'er his neck the ſtoundering courſer threw.
As when loud Boreas, with his bluſtering train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where-e'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Ægean ſhore:
So where reſiſtleſs Turnus takes his courſe:
The ſcatter'd ſquadrons bend before his force;
His creſt of horſes hair is blown behind,
By adverſe air, and ruſtles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus ſaw with high diſdain,
And as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and ſeiz'd the
rein.
Thus hung in air, he ſtill retain'd his hold;
The courſers frighted, and their courſe controll'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms; but paſs'd along,
And only raz'd the ſkin: he turn'd, and held
Againſt his threatening foe his ample ſhield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cry'd in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor-king deſcends,
And ſtrikes ſo juſtly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk,
With ſtreams that iſſue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is force'd to have the field:

Strong Mneſtheus and Achates often try'd,
And young Aſcanius weeping by his ſide,
Conduct him to his tent: ſcarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, ſupported on his ſpear.
Reſolv'd in mind, regardleſs of the ſmart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The ſteel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.
Iäpis was at hand to prove his art,
Whoſe blooming youth ſo fir'd Apollo's heart,
That for his love he proffer'd to beſtow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow:
The pious youth, more ſtudious how to ſave
His aged ſire, now ſinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the power of plants, and ſilent praiſe
Of healing arts, before Phœbeian bays.
Prop'd on his lance the penſive hero ſtood,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd phyſician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and haſtens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, ſoliciting the dart,
And exerciſes all his heavenly art.
All ſoftening ſimples, known of ſovereign uſe,
He preſſes out, and pours their noble juice;
Theſe firſt infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd;
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noiſe augments:
The driving duſt proclaims the danger near,
And firſt their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes purſue the rear.
The camp is filled with terror and affright;
The hiſſing ſhafts within the trench alight;
An undiſtinguiſh'd noiſe aſcends the ſky;
The ſhouts of thoſe who kill, and groans of thoſe who die.
But now the goddeſs mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, haſtens her relief.
A branch of healing Dittany ſhe brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care ſhe ſought:
Rough is the ſtem, which woolly leaves ſurround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd:
Well known to wounded goats; a ſure relief
To draw the pointed ſteel, and eaſe the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambroſial dews,
And odorous Panacee: unſeen ſhe ſtands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands:
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'cinal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of ſuperior art,
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part,
And in a moment ceas'd the raging ſmart
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom ſtands:
The ſteel, but ſcarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once reſtor'd.
Iäpis firſt perceiv'd the cloſing wound;
And firſt the footſteps of a god he found.
Arms, arms, he cries, the ſword and ſhield prepare,
And ſend the willing chief, renew'd to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine:
Some god our general to the battle ſends;
Some god preſerves his life for greater ends.
The hero arms in haſte: his hands infold
His thighs with cuiſhes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and ruſhing to the field,
That hand ſuſtaining the cœleſtial ſhield,
This gripes the lance; and with ſuch vigour ſhakes
That to the reſt the beamy weapon quakes.
Then, with a cloſe embrace, he ſtrain'd his ſon;
And, kiſſing through his helmet, thus begun:
My ſon, from my example learn the war,
In camps to ſuffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age ſhall ſhield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years ſhall ſend thee forth,
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth,
Aſſert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' ſon.
He ſaid; and, ſtriding, iſſued on the plain;
Anteus, and Mneſtheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his ſteps: the reſt their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forſake.
A cloud of blinding duſt is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.
Now Turnus, poſted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progreſs of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plain;
And the chill blood ran backward in their vein.
Juturna ſaw th' advancing troops appear;
And heard the hoſtile ſound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a ſweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind, ruſhing to the ſhore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before:
The painful hind, with heavy heart, foreſees
The flatted fields, and ſlaughter of the trees;
With ſuch impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor leſs deſtruction bears.
And now both armies ſhock in open field;
Oſyris is by ſtrong Thymbræus kill'd.
Archetius, Uſens, Epulon, are ſlain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train);
By Gyas, Mneſtheus, and Achates' hand;
The fatal augur falls, by whoſe command
The truce was broken, and whoſe lance, profane,
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud ſhouts and clamours rend the liquid ſky;
And o'er the field the frighted Latins fly.
The prince diſdains the daſtards to purſue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting foe:
Turnus alone, amid the duſky plain,
He ſeeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, ſtiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer,
Aſſumes his ſhape, his armour, and his mien,
And like Metiſcus in his ſeat is ſeen.
As the black ſwallow near the palace flies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches lies:
Now hawks aloft, now ſkims along the ſtreets,
To furniſh her loquacious neſt with food;
So drives the rapid goddeſs o'er the plains;
The ſmoking horſes run with lengthen'd reins.
She ſteers a various courſe among the foes,
Now here, now there, her conquering maſter ſhows:

ow with a ſtraight, now with a wheeling flight,
e turns, and bends, but ſhuns the ſingle ſight.
neas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
d ſeeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
runs within a narrower ring, and tries
ſtop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
he but gain a glimpſe, Juturna fears,
d far away the Daunian hero bears.
What ſhould he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
d various cares in vain his mind aſſail;
e great Meſſapus thundering through the field,
his left hand two pointed javelins held:
countering on the prince, one dart he drew,
d with unerring aim and utmoſt vigour threw.
neas ſaw it come, and ſtooping low
neath his buckler, ſhunn'd the threatening blow.
e weapon hiſs'd above his head, and tore
e waving plume, which on his helm he wore.
rc'd by this hoſtile act, and fir'd with ſpite,
at flying Turnus ſtill declin'd the fight;
e prince, whoſe piety had long repell'd
s inborn ardour, now invades the field:
okes the powers of violated peace,
ir rites and injur'd altars to redreſs:
en, to his rage abandoning the rein,
th blood and ſlaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
What god can tell, what numbers can diſplay.
e various labours of that fatal day?
hat chiefs and champions fell on either ſide,
combat ſlain, or by what deaths they dy'd?
hom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd:
ho ſhar'd the fame and fortune of the field?
er, could'ſt thou view, and not avert thy ſight,
wo jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
hom leagues of laſting love ſo ſhortly ſhall unite!

Æneas firſt Rutulian Sucro found,
oſe valour made the Trojans quit their ground
twixt his ribs the javelin drove ſo juſt,
ead'd his heart, nor needs a ſecond thruſt.
ow Turnus, at two blows, two brethren flew;
ſt from his horſe fierce Amicus he threw;
ien leaping on the ground, on foot aſſail'd
orſes, and in equal fight prevail'd.
heir lifeleſs trunks he leaves upon the place;
heir heads, diſtilling gore, his chariot grace.
Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw;
hom without reſpite at one charge he ſlew:
thegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppreſs'd
nd ſad Onythes, added to the reſt;
Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
urnus two brothers from the Lycian ſhore,
nd from Apollo's fane to battle ſent,
Perthrew, nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
aceful Menætes after theſe he kill'd,
ho long had ſhunn'd the dangers of the field:
n Lerna's lake a ſilent life he led,
nd with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
or pompous cares, nor palaces he knew,
ut wiſely from th' infectious world withdrew.
mor was his houſe; his father's painful hand
ſcharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.
As flames among the lofty woods are thrown,
n different ſides, and both by winds are blown,
he laurels crackle in the ſputtering fire;
he ſcighted ſylvans from their ſhades retire:
ſ as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
apid they run; the foamy waters fry:
They roll to ſea, with unreſiſting force,
And down the rocks precipitate their courſe:
Not with leſs rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor leſs deſtruction make.
With ſpears afar, with ſwords at hand they ſtrike,
And zeal of ſlaughter fires their ſouls alike.
Like them, their dauntleſs men maintain the field,
And hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raiſe the level ground.
Murranus, boaſting of his blood, that ſprings
From a long royal race of Latin kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Cruſh'd with the weight of an unwieldy ſtone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His ſtartling ſteeds, to ſhun the glittering ſword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.
Fierce Hillus threaten'd high; and face to face
Affronted Turnus in the middle ſpace:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly ſpear:
So fatally the flying weapon ſped,
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Ciſſeus, could'ſt thou 'ſcape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the ſtrongeſt of the Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid againſt th' Æneian ſword:
Which to his naked heart purſued the courſe:
Nor could his plated ſhield ſuſtain the force.
Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
Nor great ſubverter of the Trojan towers,
Were doom'd to kill, while heaven prolong'd his date:
But who can paſs the bounds preſix'd by fate?
In high Lyrneſſus, and, in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the laſt remains
A little ſpot of foreign earth contains.
And now both hoſts their broken troops unite,
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Sereſthus and undaunted Mneſtheus join
The Trojan, Tuſcan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Meſſapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin ſquadrons, and to battle leads.
They ſtrike, they puſh, they throng the ſcanty ſpace;
Reſolv'd on death, impatient of diſgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his place.
The Cyprian goddeſs now inſpires her ſon
To leave th' unfiniſh'd fight, and ſtorm the town.
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain,
In queſt of Turnus, whom he ſeeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careleſs quiet, and ſecure of war:
Occaſion offers, and excites his mind,
To dare beyond the taſk he firſt deſign'd.
Reſolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height:
The crowding troops about their general ſtand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the leaſt delay.
Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmoſt vigour, and our ſpeed.
Your inſtant arms againſt the town prepare;
The ſource of miſchief, and the ſeat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the ſky,
Shall level with the plain in aſhes lie:

The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain:
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires,
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires.
He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear;
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
The clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heaven his pious hands,
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince:
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Dissenting clamours in the town arise;
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their friends.
The helpless king is hurry'd in the throng;
And whate'er side prevails, is born along.
Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Diffus'd to flight; and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes, in vain they try;
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.
But fate, and envious fortune, now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown;
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear;
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods, she beats her breast,
She tears with both her hands her purple vest;
Then round a beam a running noose she ty'd,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely dy'd.
Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known;
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.
The spreading rumours fills the public place;
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame are seen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And soon reduc'd to change, what he so well design'd:
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, required.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight and cheap success.
Thus half contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind;
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmur drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
Alas, said he, what mean these dismal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town arise?
Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the reins:
She, who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall:
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honour equal, equal in success.
To this, the prince: O sister (for I knew
The peace infring'd, proceeded first from you)
I knew you when you mingled first in fight,
And now in vain you would deceive my sight:
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heaven, involv'd in air?
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what power can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force!
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground,
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death:
Brave Usens fell with honour on the place;
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;
His vest and armour are the victor's prize.
Then shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to compleat my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight;
How Drances will insult and point them to the sight!
Is death so hard to bear? ye gods below,
(Since those above so small compassion shew,)
Receive a soul unsully'd yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.
He said: and while he spoke, with flying speed
Came Sages, urging on his foamy steed;
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And seeking Turnus sent his voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
Our last relief; compassionate your friends.
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms invest, with flames invades the town:
The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire:
All eyes are fix'd on you; your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice.
Doubts to deliver, or defend the town;
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:

In every ſide ſurrounded by the foe;
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harveſt mounts, and ſtill remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your unſhaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty ſands.
Stupid he ſate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breaſt,
And ſorrow, mix'd with ſhame, his ſoul oppreſs'd;
And conſcious worth lay labouring in his thought:
And love, by jealouſy, to madneſs wrought.
By ſlow degrees his reaſon drove away
The miſts of paſſion, and reſum'd her ſway.
Then, riſing on his car, he turn'd his look;
And ſaw the town involv'd in fire and ſmoke.
A wooden tower with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd:
And bridges laid above to join the ſpace:
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
Siſter, the fates have vanquiſh'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune ſhow.
The fight is fix'd: nor ſhall the branded name
Of a baſe coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice: but ſuffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die.
He ſaid, and, leaping down, without delay,
Through crouds of ſcatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding, he paſs'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddeſs far behind.
As when a fragment from a mountain torn
By raging tempeſts, or by torrents borne,
Or ſapp'd by time, or looſen'd from the roots,
Prone through the void the rocky ruin ſhoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from ſteep to ſteep;
Down ſink at once, the ſhepherds and their ſheep;
Involv'd alike, they ruſh to nether ground,
Stunn'd with the ſhock, they fall, and ſtunn'd from earth rebound:
So, Turnus, haſting headlong to the town,
Bouldering and ſhoving, bore the ſquadrons down.
Still preſſing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where ſhafts, and ſpears, and darts, promiſcuous flew;
And ſanguine ſtreams the ſlippery ground embrue.
Firſt ſtretching out his arms, in ſign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat ceaſe;
Rutulians, hold, and Latin troops retire;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
'Tis juſt that I ſhould vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day ſhall free from wars th' Auſonian ſtate;
Or finiſh my misfortunes in my fate.
Both armies from their bloody work deſiſt:
And, bearing backward, form a ſpacious liſt.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome ſound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He ſprings to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the courſe.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he ſhows,
Or father Appenine, when white with ſnows,
His head divine, obſcure in clouds he hides,
And ſhakes the ſounding foreſt on his ſides.
The nations, over-aw'd, ſurceaſe the fight,
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their ſight:
In'n Death ſtands ſtill; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their battering rams below.
In ſilent order either army ſtands;
And drop their ſwords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Auſonian king beholds, with wondering ſight,
Two mighty champions match'd in ſingle fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With ſwords to try their titles to the ſtate.
Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, ruſhing on, begin the war.
They lanch their ſpears, then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling ſoil reſounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers claſh; thick blows deſcend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conſpires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As when two bulls for their fair female fight,
In Sila's ſhades, or on Taburnus height;
With horns adverſe they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute ſtands the herd, the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they ſhall bear,
And who ſhall be the lord, to rule the luſty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And puſh for puſh, and wound for wound return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their ſides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring ſounds rebellow through the wood:
Such was the combat in the liſted ground;
So claſh their ſwords, and ſo their ſhields reſound.
Jove ſets the beam; in either ſcale he lays
The champion's fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this ſide life, and lucky chance aſcends;
Loaded with death, that other ſcale deſcends.
Rais'd on the ſtretch, young Turnus aims a blow,
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill ſhouts and clamours ring on either ſide:
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor ſword,
And, in the middle ſtroke, deſerts his lord.
Now 'tis but death, or flight: diſarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he ſpies.
Fame ſays that Turnus, when his ſteeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, diſorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the firſt weapon which his haſte could find.
'Twas not the fated ſword his father bore;
But that his charioteer Metiſcus wore.
This, while the Trojan fled, the toughneſs held;
But vain againſt the great Vulcanian ſhield.
The mortal-temper'd ſteel deceiv'd his hand:
The ſhiver'd fragments ſhone amid the ſand.
Surpriz'd with fear, he fled along the field;
And now, forthright, and now in orbits, wheel'd.
For here the Trojan troops the liſt ſurround;
And there the paſs is clos'd with pools and marſhy ground.
Æneas haſtens, though with heavier pace,
His wound, ſo newly knit, retards the chace:
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuſe,
Yet preſſing foot by foot his foe purſues.
Thus, when a fearful frag is cloſed around
With crimſon toils, or in a river found;
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears;
Still opening, following ſtill, where-e'er he ſteers:
The perſecuted creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'ſcape his Umbrian foe:

Steep is th' aſcent, and if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the ſtrand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chace,
Stretch'd at his length gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Juſt at the pinch the ſtag ſpringe out with fear,
He bites the wind, and fills his ſounding jaws with air.
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the ſkies.

Thus flies the Daunian prince: and, flying, blames
His tardy troops: and, calling by their names,
Demands his truſty ſword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient ſeats
To lay in aſhes, if they dare ſupply,
With arms or aid, his vanquiſh'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he ſtill purſues the courſe
With vigour, though diminiſh'd of his force.
Ten times, already, round the liſted place
One chief had fled, and t' other given the chace:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the ſtrife.
Within the ſpace an olive-tree had ſtood,
A ſacred ſhade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins guardian god.
Here hung the veſts, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of ſinking mariners from ſhipwreck ſav'd.
With heedleſs hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground incloſ'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haſte, the Trojan drove his lance:
Then ſtoop'd, and tugg'd with force immenſe, to free
Th' incumber'd ſpear from the tenacious tree:
That whom his fainting limbs purſued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft with human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and firſt to Faunus pray'd:
O Faunus pity, and thou mother earth,
Where I thy ſoſter-ſon receiv'd my birth,
Hold faſt the ſteel; if my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd;
Propitious hear my pious prayer! he ſaid,
Nor with ſucceſsleſs vows invok'd the aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd and pull'd, and ſtrain'd
But ſtill the ſtubborn earth the ſteel detain'd.
Juturna took her time: and, while in vain
He ſtrove, aſſum'd Metiſcus' form again:
And, in that imitated ſhape, reſtor'd
To the deſpairing prince, his Daunian ſword.
The queen of love, who, with diſdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief;
T' aſſert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the lingering weapon freed.

Once more erect, the trivial chiefs advance;
One truſts the ſword, and one the pointed lance:
And both reſolv'd alike, to try their fatal chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno ſpoke,
Who from a ſhining cloud beheld the ſhock:
What new arreſt, O queen of heaven; is ſent
To ſtop the fates now labouring in th' event;
What further hopes are left thee to purſue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'ſt it too)
Free-doom'd to theſe celeſtial ſeats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingereſt in this lonely ſhade!
Is it becoming of the due reſpect,
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our ſtate to feel;
Patient of human hands, and earthly ſteel?
Or ſeems it juſt, the Siſter ſhould reſtore
A ſecond ſword, when one was loſt before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch againſt his conqueror?
For what without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay, more, thy dictate, durſt Juturna do?
At laſt, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy ſoul, this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breaſt, thy grief unload;
Who ſhould relieve the goddeſs but the god?
Now, all things to their utmoſt iſſue, tend;
Puſh'd by the Fates to their appointed end:
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unreſiſted power:
Toſs'd on the ſeas thou could'ſt thy foes diſtreſs,
And driven aſhore, with hoſtile arms oppreſs:
Deform the royal houſe; and from the ſide
Of the juſt bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
Now ceaſe at my command. The thunderer ſaid:
And with dejected eyes this anſwer Juno made.
Becauſe your dread decree too well I knew;
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
Elſe ſhould you not behold me here alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds my friends bemoan;
But girt with vengeful flames, in open fight,
Engag'd againſt my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the ſtrife
By my command, to ſave her brother's life;
At leaſt to try: but by the Stygian lake,
(The moſt religious oath the gods can take)
With this reſtriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toſs the ſpear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now reſign'd to your ſuperior might,
And tir'd with fruitleſs toils, I loath the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withſtand)
Both for myſelf, and for your father's land;
That when the nuptial bed ſhall bind the peace,
(Which I, ſince you ordain, conſent to bleſs)
The laws of either nation be the ſame;
But let the Latins ſtill retain their name:
Speak the ſame language which they ſpoke before;
Wear the ſame habits which their grandſires wore:
Call them not Trojans: periſh the renown
And name of Troy with that deteſted town,
Latium be Latium ſtill; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majeſty remain.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, ſerene his eyes):
Can Saturn's iſſue, and heaven's other heir,
Such endleſs anger in her boſom bear?
Be miſtreſs, and your full deſires obtain:
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Auſonian people ſpring,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their cuſtoms ſhall be tyed;
I will, myſelf, their common rites providing:
The natives ſhall command, the foreigners obey.
All ſhall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her loſt ſons forget from whence they came.
From blood ſo mixed, a pious race ſhall ſpring,
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more reſpect to you ſhall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay.

Juno conſents, well pleas'd that her deſires
Had found ſucceſs, and from the clouds retires.
The peace thus made, the Thunderer next prepares
To force the watery goddeſs from the wars.
Deep in the diſmal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to Night:
Theſe their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air;
With ſerpents girt alike, and crown'd with hiſſing hair.
In heaven the Diræ call'd, and ſtill at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they ſtand,
His miniſters of wrath; and ready ſtill
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill:
When-e'er the moody ſire, to wreak his hate
On realms, or towns, deſerving of their fate,
Hurls down diſeaſes, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One ſiſter-plague of theſe from heaven he ſent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The peſt comes whirling down: by far more ſlow
Springs the ſwift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon eugh; when traverſing the ſkies,
And drench'd in poiſonous juice, the ſure deſtruction flies.
With ſuch a ſudden and unſeen a flight,
Shot through the clouds the daughter of the night.
Soon as the field incloſ'd ſhe had in view,
And from afar her deſtin'd quarry knew:
Contracted to the boding bird ſhe turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles, and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings;
Where ſongs obſcene on ſepulchres ſhe ſings.
Thus leſſen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his ſhield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chilneſs crept along his blood,
Chok'd was his voice, his hair with horror ſtood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her ſcreaming cry,
And ſtridour of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breaſt ſhe beat, and rent her flowing hair.
Ah me, ſhe cries, in this unequal ſtrife,
What can thy ſiſter more to ſave thy life!
Weak as I am, can I alas, contend
In arms, with that inexorable fiend!
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender ſoul, ye baleful birds of night!
The luſhing of your wings I know too well:
The ſounding flight, and funeral ſcreams of hell!
Theſe are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompence of raviſh'd love!
Had he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal ſtate!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghoſt below!
The joys are vaniſh'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To reſt a weary goddeſs in the tomb!
She drew a length of ſighs; nor more ſhe ſaid,
But in her azure mantle wrap'd her head:
Then plung'd into her ſtream, with deep deſpair,
And her laſt ſobs came bubbling up in air.
Now ſtern Æneas waves his weighty ſpear
Againſt his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
What farther ſubterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy ſwiftneſs can ſecure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy ſhape in thouſand forms, and dare
What ſkill and courage can attempt in war:
Wiſh for the wings of wind to mount the ſky?
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie.
The champion ſhook his head, and made this ſhort reply:
No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hoſtile heaven I dread; and partial Jove.
He ſaid no more; but, with a ſigh repreſs'd
The mighty ſorrow in his ſwelling breaſt.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique ſtone he ſaw; the common bound
Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground:
So vaſt, that twelve ſtrong men of modern days
Th' enormous weight from earth could hardly raiſe.
He heav'd it at a lift: and, pois'd on high,
Ran ſtaggering on, againſt his enemy.
But ſo diſorder'd, that he ſcarcely knew
His way; or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load:
And ſhivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The ſtone drops from his arms; and falling ſhort,
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort
And as, when heavy ſleep has clos'd the ſight,
The ſickly fancy labours in the night:
We ſeem to run; and, deſtitute of force,
Our ſinking limbs forſake us in the courſe:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves unbrac'd their uſual ſtrength deny,
And on the tongue the faultering accents die:
So Turnus far'd, whatever means he try'd,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The fury flew athwart, and made th' endeavour void.
A thouſand various thoughts his ſoul confound:
He ſtar'd about; nor aid nor iſſue found:
His own men ſtop the paſs, and his own walls ſurround.
Once more he pauſes; and looks out again:
And ſeeks the goddeſs charioteer in vain.
Trembling, he views the thundering chief advance,
And brandiſhing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Aſtoniſh'd while he ſtands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his ſhield he ſees th' impending ſpear.
The hero meaſur'd firſt, with narrow view,
The deſtin'd mark: and, riſing as he threw,
With its full ſwing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with leſs rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or ſtones from battering engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm ſo ſtrong,
The lance drove on; and bore the death along.
Nought could his ſeven-fold ſhield the prince avail,
Nor aught beneath his arms the coat of mail;
It pierc'd through all; and, with a grizly wound,
Tranſfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted ſky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes caſt upwards, and with arms diſplay'd;
And recreant thus to the proud victor pray'd:
I know my death deſerv'd, nor hope to live:
Uſe what the gods and thy good fortune give.

Yet think; oh think, if mercy may be shown,
(Thou hadst a father once, and hadst a son):
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
Or, if they vow'd revenge, pursue my death;
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife;
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife.
In deep suspence the Trojan seem'd to stand;
And, just appear'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt.
When, casting down a casual glance, he spy'd
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side:
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes;)
Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend? 1371
To his sad soul a grateful offering go;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
He rais'd his arm aloft; and at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword. 1375
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years: struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public, when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed, than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For, what I have done, imperfect as it is, for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country; whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary.

I am much indebted to Gilbert Dolben, Esq. the worthy son of the late Archbishop of York; who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin; amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil but very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited, by that worthy gentleman Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneid. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. Nor wonder therefore if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his conversation, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same College. The seventh Æneid was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter: in a village belonging to his family I was born, and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneid appear in English with as much lustre as I could: though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could prove in both, if I durst presume to criticize my master.

By a letter from William Walsh, of Abberly, Esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critick of our nation) I have been informed that his grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the Pastorals, Georgics, and six first Æneids, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to

inſert; has made me vain enough to boaſt of ſo great a favour, and to think I have ſucceeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteneſs of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, his humanity, his eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of obliging thoſe who ſtand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his converſation. Whoever has given the world the tranſlation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls "The Power of Love," has put me to ſufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his: as my Lord Roſcommon's Silenus had formerly given me the ſame trouble. The moſt ingenious Mr. Addiſon, of Oxford, has alſo been as troubleſome to me as the other two, and on the ſame account. After his bees, my latter ſwarm is ſcarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's "Praiſe of a Country Life" is excellent; but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a verſion. That I have recovered in ſome meaſure the health which I had loſt by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the ſkill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profeſſion; whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power*.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us firſt a kind of humorous reaſon for his writing: that, being provoked by hearing ſo many ill poets rehearſe their works, he does himſelf juſtice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But, ſince no man will rank himſelf with ill writers, it is eaſy to conclude, that if ſuch wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater eſteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himſelf to ſatire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he diſcovers that it is not ſo much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a ſummary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this firſt ſatire is the natural ground-work of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one ſubject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following ſatire he has choſen ſome particular moral which he would inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular vice or folly (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted). But our poet being deſirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living perſons, inveighs only againſt thoſe who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and hiſtorians, but alſo, with a finer ſtroke of his pen, brands even the living, and perſonates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could poſſibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illuſtrations, and for that reaſon have tranſlated this ſatire ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the proper names, becauſe I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the commentators, it is becauſe they firſt deſerted my author, or at leaſt have left him in ſo much obſcurity, that too much room is left for gueſſing.

STILL ſhall I hear, and never quit the ſcore,
Stunn'd with hoarſe Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and t' other's play
Unpuniſh'd murder a long ſummer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Oreſtes' bulky rage
Unſatisfy'd with margins cloſely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No man c n t ke a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick ſhades th' eternal ſcribbler bauls,
And ſhades the ſtatues on their pedeſtals.
The beſt and worſt on the ſame theme employs
His Muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.
Provok'd by theſe incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic ſchools;
Where, with men boys, I ſtrove to get renown,
Adviſing Sylla to a private gown.

But, ſince the world with writing is poſſeſt,
I'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt.
But why! I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the cauſes which my Muſe have led:
When ſapleſs eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When manniſh Mevia, that two handed whore,
Aſtride on horſe-back hunts the Tuſcan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe razor on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the ſpawn of conquer'd Nile,
Criſpinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a day for needleſs luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light ſummer-rings his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight:
Such ſulſome objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my ſpleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new faſhion'd chair,
And, after him, the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whoſe evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd occaſion does attend,
From the poor nobles the laſt ſpoils to rend,
Whom ev'n ſpies dread as their ſuperior fiend,
And bribe with preſents; or, when preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin diſherit;
For ſuch good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's ſtandard given,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trod upon a ſnake;
Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choak up the ſtreets, too narrow for their trains!
Whoſe wards, by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulſom to be read!
When he who pill'd his province ſcapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he loſt his cauſe:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can riſe at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain?
Such villainies rouz'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to purſue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or labouring after Hercules to ſweat,
Or wandering in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged ſmith aloft to fly,
Or fluttering periſh with his fooliſh boy.
With what impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The wife, by her procuring huſband ſold!
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may ſucceed;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful noſe.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whoſe courſers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who yet a ſtripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the ſtreets, while his vain mother ſtrove
With boaſted art to pleaſe his eunuch-love.
Would it not make a modeſt author dare
To draw his table-book within the ſquare,
And fill with notes, when, lolling at his eaſe,
Mæcenas-like, the happy rogue he ſees
Borne by ſix weary'd ſlaves in open view,
Who cancel'd an old will, and forg'd a new?
Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of ſigning
With a wet ſeal, and a freſh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a laſhing line,
Who ſqueez'd a toad into her huſband's wine:
So well the faſhionable medicine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Poiſoning, without regard of fame or fear:
And ſpotted corpſe are frequent on the bier.
Would'ſt thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or baniſhment deterre:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and ſtarves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate, and emboſt,
Fair palaces, and furniture of coſt;
And high commands: a ſneaking ſin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank old letcher keep
His ſon's corrupted wife, and hope to ſleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to ſin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful ſtuff as I or Shadwell write.
Count from the time, ſince old Deucalion's boat
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnaſſus float;
And, ſcarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd ſtones and vital breath enſu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever ſince that golden age was done,
What human kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, paſſions, pleaſures, impotence of will,
Shall this ſatirical collection fill.
What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
The well ſtill'd ſoh not empty'd now alone,
But gameſters for whole patrimonies play:
The ſteward brings the deeds which ſhall convey
The loſt eſtate: what more than madneſs cry
When one ſhort ſitting many hundreds draw,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age ſo many ſummer-ſeats did ſee?
Or which of our forefathers far'd ſo well,
As on ſeven diſhes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feaſted; now a poor
Divided dole is deale at th' outward door:
Which by the hungry rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The paltry largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd,

re given; and every face obſerv'd with care,
hat no intruding gueſts uſurp a ſhare.
nown, you receive: the crier calls aloud
ur old nobility of Trojan-blood,
ho gape among the crowd for their precarious food.
he prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
he freedman juſtles, and will be preferr'd;
ſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he cries; and I, in ſpight
f your great Lordſhips, will maintain my right.
hough born a ſlave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
'is not the birth, 'tis money makes the Lord.
he rent of five fair houſes I receive;
hat greater honours can the purple give?
he poor patrician is reduced to keep,
melancholy walks, a graſier's ſheep:
t Pallus nor Licinius had my treaſure;
en let the ſacred tribunes wait my leiſure.
ee a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the ſtreet,
d trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
ld is the greateſt God; though yet we ſee
temples rais'd to money's majeſty,
altars ſuming to her power divine,
ch as to valour, peace, and virtue ſhine,
d faith, and concord: where the ſtork on high
ems to ſalute her infant progeny:
ſlaging pious love with her auſpicious cry.
t ſince our knights and ſenators account,
what their ſordid begging vails amount,
dge what a wretched ſhare the poor attends,
hoſe whole ſubſiſtence on thoſe alms depends!
eir houſhold fire, their raiment, and their food,
rvented by thoſe harpies; when a wood
litters thick beſiege the donor's gate,
d begging lords and teeming ladies wait
e promis'd dole; nay, ſome have learn'd the trick
beg for abſent perſons; feign them ſick,
oſe mew'd in their ſedans for fear of air:
d for their wives produce an empty chair.
is my ſpouſe: diſpatch her with her ſhare.
a Galla: let her ladyſhip but peep:
, Sir, 'tis pity to diſturb her ſleep.
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
e ſalutations of the morning-tide
ll up the ſun; thoſe ended, to the hall
e wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
en to the ſtatues; where, amidſt the race
conquering Rome, ſome Arab ſhews his face,
crib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
to be piſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
e great man, home-conducted, ſhuts his door;
clients, weary'd out with fruitleſs care,
miſs their hopes of eating, and deſpair.
ough much againſt the grain forc'd to retire,
y roots for ſupper and provide a fire.
Meantime his lordſhip lolls within at eaſe,
mpering his paunch with foreign rarities;
th ſea and land are ranſack'd for the feaſt;
d his own gut the ſole invited gueſt.
ch plate, ſuch tables, diſhes dreſt ſo well,
at whole eſtates are ſwallow'd at a meal.
n paraſites are baniſh'd from his board
t once a ſordid and luxurious lord):
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dreſt
(A creature form'd to furniſh out a feaſt).
But preſent puniſhment purſues his maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, inteſtate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a jeſt, into his grave is born.
No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the preſent crimes.
Our ſons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow,
Then, Satire, ſpread thy ſails; take all the winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a vein,
Bold truth to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain?
When god-like Freedom is ſo far bereft
The noble mind, that ſcarce the name is left?
Ere *ſcandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt licence now you rake,
If into rogues omnipotent you take,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a ſtake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and ſet on blaze, to light
The ſtreets, and make a dreadful fire by night.
Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of poiſonous juice be then in triumph brought,
Make lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware, if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis defamation but to ſay, That's he!
Againſt bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epic verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when Lucilius brandiſhes his pen,
And flaſhes in the face of guilty men,
A cold ſweat ſtands in drops on every part;
And rage ſucceeds to tears, revenge to ſmart:
Muſe, be adviſ'd; 'tis paſt conſidering-time,
When enter'd once the dangerous liſts of rhime:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the perſons of the dead.

THE

THIRD SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſtory of this ſatire ſpeaks itſelf. Umbritius, the ſuppoſed friend of Juvenal, and himſelf a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take

leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obſcure place. He complains that an honeſt man cannot get his bread at Rome: that none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral inconveniencies which ariſe from a city-life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetouſneſs, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for ſtarving them. The great art of this ſatire is particularly ſhown, in commonplaces; and a drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compaſs of it.

GRIEV'D though I am an ancient friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary ſeat he choſe:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repoſe:
Where far from noiſy Rome ſecure he lives,
And one mere citizen to Sibyl gives,
The road to Bajæ, and that ſoft receſs
Which all the gods with all their bounty bleſs.
Though I in Prochyta with greater eaſe
Could live, than in a ſtreet of palaces,
What ſcenes ſo deſert, or ſo full of fright,
As towering houſes tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worſe than all the clattering tiles, and worſe
Than thouſand padders, is the poet's curſe.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhime forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He ſtopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa model'd once the Roman ſtate,
In mighty councils with his nymph retir'd
Though now the ſacred ſhades and founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a ſmall baſket, on a wiſp of hay;
Yet ſuch our avarice is, that every tree
Pays for his head; nor ſleep itſelf is free:
Nor place, nor perſons, now are ſacred held,
From their own grove the Muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our ſteps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented friend:
The marble caves, and aquæducts, we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt created green,
Where cryſtal ſtreams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native ſtone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degenerate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no ſupport,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit riſes from the ungrateful ſtage,
My poverty encreaſing with my age,
'Tis time to give my juſt diſdain a vent,
And, curſing, leave ſo baſe a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obſcure retreat I chuſe to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And Lachefis has ſomewhat left to ſpin.
Now, now, 'tis time to quit this curſed place,
And hide from villains my too honeſt face:
Here let Arturius live, and ſuch as he:
Such manners will with ſuch a town agree,
Knaves, who in full aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houſes, and oppreſs the poor
By farm'd exciſe; can cleanſe the common ſhore;
And rent the fiſhery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes diſſembled tears to ſhed,
All this for gain; for gain they ſell their very head.
Theſe fellows ſee (what fortune's power can do)
Were once the miniſtrels of a country ſhow:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own coſts exhibit public plays:
Where, influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not every thing,
Since ſuch as they have fortune in a firing?
Who, for her pleaſure, can her fools advance;
And toſs them topmoſt on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what buſineſs have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falſely ſwear?
Nor praiſe my patron's undeſerving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unſkill'd in ſchemes by planets to foreſhow,
Like canting raſcals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognoſticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy preſents to a bride:
For want of theſe town virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none;
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuſeful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conſcious of cloſe intrigues, and dipt in crimes,
Labouring with ſecrets which his boſom bears,
Yet never muſt to public light return?
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honeſt counſels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuſe,
The purſe of Verres may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the ſea in tributary tides,
Be bribe ſufficient to corrupt the breaſt:
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whoſe ſecrecy they purchaſe with their gold.
I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What confidence our wealthy Romans chuſe:
And whom I moſt abhor: to ſpeak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To ſee the ſcum of Greece tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obſcene Orontes, diving under ground,

Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry ſhores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and cuſtoms come:
All find receipt in hoſpitable Rome.
The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
So, fools, and purchaſe an unclean embrace:
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
Old Romulus, and father Mars, look down,
Your herdſman primitive, your homely clown,
Turn'd a beau in a looſe tawdry gown.
His once unkem'd and horrid locks behold
Trilling ſweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:
Aping the foreigners in every dreſs;
Which, bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
Meantime they wiſely leave their native land,
From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they ſwarm in ſhoals:
So ſweet and eaſy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at firſt, they purchaſe here:
And, ſoon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flattering ſervile rout:
Work themſelves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and diſſembling wrongs.
Diddle me this, and gueſs him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a ſingle man?
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a phyſician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heaven, to heaven he goes.
In ſhort, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn,
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloath'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me ſign, whom t' other day
A ſmall craft veſſel hither did convey;
Where ſtow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulſome flatteries;
A moſt peculiar ſtroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their inſipid friend;
His blobber-lip and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane-neck and narrow ſhoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
Though harſher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as groſſly praiſe; but, to our grief,
No flattery but from Grecians gains belief.
Beſides theſe qualities, we muſt agree
They mimic better on the ſtage than we:
The wife, the whore, the ſhepherdeſs, they play,
In ſuch a free, and ſuch a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman ſhown,
And fancy ſomething underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and raviſh'd eyes can only pleaſe:
The nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In froſt and ſnow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unſweating brow, and ſwear they ſweat.
We live not on the ſquare with ſuch as theſe,
Such are our betters, who can better pleaſe:
Who day and night are like a looking-glaſs;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for ſome new piece of flattery.
Ev'n naſtineſs, occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing lord.
Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank letchery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'ſcapes the bridegroom, or the blooming ſon.
If none they find for their lewd purpoſe fit.
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhip'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, caſt a view
On what, in ſchools, their men of morals do;
A rigid ſtoick his own pupil ſlew:
A friend, againſt a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the gown?
Some Diphilus, or ſome Protogenes,
Look ſharply out, our ſenators to ſeize:
Engroſs them wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubble's heart:
One drop of poiſon in my patron's ear,
One ſlight ſuggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs fear,
Infus'd with cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the family.
In vain forgotten ſervices I boaſt;
My long dependance in an hour is loſt:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater eaſe than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we riſe, and to the levees run;
My lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Leſt his colleague outſtrip him in the race:
The childiſh matrons are, long ſince, awake:
And, for affronts, the tardy viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born ſon
On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;
Becauſe the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor ſinner, though you love the vice,
And, like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked ſum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witneſs of unblemiſh'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling goddeſs from the fire!
The queſtion is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly ſpends:

Quick to the buſineſs; how he lives, and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand acres ſeed his ſheep,
What are his rents? what ſervants does he keep?
Th' account is ſoon caſt up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our eſtate.
Swear by our gods, or thoſe the Greeks adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The poor muſt gain their bread by perjury;
And ev'n the gods, that other means deny,
In conſcience muſt abſolve them, when they lye.
Add, that the rich have ſtill a gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the poor:
For the torn ſurtout and the tatter'd veſt,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are jeſt:
The greaſy gown, ſully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to ſay, The man's in mourning:
Or if the ſhoe be ript, or patches put,
He's wounded! ſee the plaiſter on his foot.
Want is the ſcorn of every wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches riſe,
(The Maſter of the Ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whoſe ſmall eſtate
Is not the value of the ſettled rate:
The ſons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileg'd to ſit in triumph there,
To clap the firſt, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for ſhame, retreat;
For, by the Roſcian law, the poor can claim no ſeat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
The man that poll'd but twelve-pence for his head?
Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the judging-chair?
The poor were wiſe, who, by the rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred place of reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from ſcorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty.
At Rome 'tis worſe; where houſe-rent by the year,
And ſervants bellies coſt ſo deviliſh dear;
And tavern-bills run high for hungry chear.
To drink or eat in earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some diſtant parts of Italy are known,
Where none but only dead men wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely ſtate,
Old plays they act, old feaſts they celebrate:
The ſame rude ſong returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the ſame delights;
And in the mother's arms the clowniſh infant frights.
Their habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by degree)
Are plain alike; the ſame ſimplicity,
Both on the ſtage, and in the pit, you ſee.
In his white cloak the magiſtrate appears;
The country-humkin the ſame livery wears.
But here, attir'd, beyond our purſe we go,
For uſeleſs ornament and flaunting ſhow:
We take on truſt, in purple robes to ſhine;
And, poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that Coſſus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd diſtinguiſh you;
May take your incenſe like a gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil nod?
To pleaſe our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the favourite page:
Shave his firſt down, and when he pulls his hair,
The conſecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our offerings, help to raiſe his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttreſſes and props but ſcarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-maſon's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanſe the gutters, and the chinks to cloſe;
And, for one night, ſecure his lord's repoſe.
At Cumæ we can ſleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched ſtore
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third ſtory ſmokes, while thou, ſupine,
Are drench'd in fumes of undigeſted wine.
For if the loweſt floors already burn,
Cock-loft and garrets ſoon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their neſts unſafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head ſix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his truſty tankard plac'd.
And, to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron caſt from honeſt clay;
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd;
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroic verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked through the ſtreets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their cloaths, the matrons mourn;
The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghaſt, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring ſupplies:
One ſends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked ſtatues of the Parian ſtone,
The work of Polyclete, that ſeem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and ſkreens, and Pallas to the breaſt;
Another bags of gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs Arturius, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his loſſes multiplies his ſtore:

nſpected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-houſe, and the players too:
Sweet country-ſeats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at leſs price than here
You hire a darkſome doghole by the year.
A ſmall convenience decently prepar'd,
A ſhallow well that riſes in your yard,
That ſpreads his eaſy cryſtal ſtreams around,
And waters all the pretty ſpot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat,
'Tis ſomewhat to be lord of ſome ſmall ground
In which a lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
Which fumes of undigeſted feaſts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid ſtomachs fry.
What houſe ſecure from noiſe the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep;
So dear it coſts to purchaſe reſt in Rome;
And hence the ſources of diſeaſes come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow paſſages of winding ſtreets;
The waggoners that curſe their ſtanding teams,
Would wake e'en drowſy Druſius from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But ſweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or ſleep at eaſe: the ſhutters make it night.
Yet ſtill he reaches, firſt, the public place:
The preſs before him ſtops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows cruſh his panting ſides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juſtles in the ſhoal:
A raſter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And ſome rogue-ſoldier, with his hob-nail'd ſhoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what ſmoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred gueſts, invited, walk in ſtate:
A hundred hungry ſlaves, with their Dutch kitchens, wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their heads muſt bear,
Which ſcarce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
Yet they muſt walk upright beneath the load:
Nay, run, and running blow the ſparkling flames abroad,
Their coats, from botching newly bought, are torn.
Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For, ſhould their axle break, its overthrow
Would cruſh and pound to duſt, the crowd below:
Nor friends their friends, nor ſires their ſons could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcaſs would remain:
But a maſh'd heap, a hotchpotch of the ſlain.
One vaſt deſtruction; not the ſoul alone,
But bodies, like the ſoul, viſibly are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The ſervants waſh the platter, ſcour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing ſheets diſplay;
And oil them firſt; and each is handy in his way.

But he, for whom this buſy care they take,
Poor ghoſt! is wandering by the Stygian lake;
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His paſſage begs with unregarded prayer:
And wants two farthings to diſcharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, firſt, behold our houſes dreadful height:
From whence come broken potſherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, and mark the flinty ſtone.
'Tis want of ſenſe to ſup abroad too late;
Unleſs thou firſt haſt ſettled thy eſtate.
As many fates attend thy ſteps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the ſtreet.
Bleſs the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piſs-pot only for thy ſhare.
The ſcouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no reſt that night.
Paſſing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than ſtern Achilles, when his friend was ſlain:
'Tis ſo ridiculous, but ſo true withal,
A bully cannot ſleep without a brawl:
Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and ſix,
And on the lacquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk ſecure on foot.
But me, who muſt by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He ſtands, and bids me ſtand: I muſt abide;
For he's the ſtronger, and is drunk beſide.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And ſhred the leeks that in your ſtomach riſe?
Whoſe windy beans have ſtuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick with your anſwer, quick,
Before my foot ſalutes you with a kick.
Say, in what naſty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your roguehip may be found?
Anſwer, or anſwer not: 'tis all the ſame:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With ſome remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To ſleep ſecurely; when the candles wink,
When every door with iron-chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers by no juſtice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat ſoldiers, are abroad,
Thoſe venal ſouls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To ſave complaints and perſecution, kill.
Chac'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vaſt city, as their native home;
To live at eaſe, and ſafely ſkulk in Rome.

The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron-mines exhauſted and deſtroy'd
In ſhackles; for theſe villains ſcarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough-ſhares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our anceſtors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals reſtrain;
Which now the walls of Rome can ſcarce contain.
More I could ſay, more cauſes I could ſhow
For my departure; but the ſun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my ſtay;
And whips his horſes forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum ſhall repair,
To take a mouthful of ſweet country-air,
Be mindful of your friend; and ſend me word,
What joys your fountains and cool ſhades afford:
Then, to aſſiſt your ſatires, I will come;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

THE

SIXTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſatire, of almoſt double length to any of the reſt, is a bitter invective againſt the fair ſex. It is indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriouſly ſtolen their ſharpeſt railleries. In his other ſatires, the poet has only glanced on ſome particular women, and generally ſcourged the men. But this he reſerved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him, I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excuſed for imputing to all, the vices of ſome few amongſt them. Neither was it generouſly done of him, to attack the weakeſt as well as the faireſt part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reaſonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole ſex, if all had been true which he alledges againſt them: for that had been to put an end to human-kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of ſilent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the ſatire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and, amongſt the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will diſprove his accuſations. The whole world muſt allow this to be the wittieſt of his ſatires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with ſo much violence ſo unjuſt a charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that conſideration chiefly I ventured to tranſlate him. Though there wanted not another reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: at leaſt, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length abſolutely refuſed ſo ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work muſt have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me ſatisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the Engliſh are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the moſt infamous of any on record. They will bleſs themſelves when they behold thoſe examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity thoſe monſters it produced: and believe with reaſon, that the ſpecies of thoſe women is extinguiſhed; or at leaſt, that they were never here propagated. I may ſafely therefore proceed to the argument of a ſatire, which is no way relating to them: and firſt obſerve, that my author makes their luſt the moſt heinous of their vices: the reſt are in a manner but digreſſion. He ſkims them over; but he dwells on this: when he ſeems to have taken his laſt leave of it, on the ſudden he returns to it; it is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Meſſalina, but luſt is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the firſt line, and takes it up with intermiſſions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a tun. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their ſtratagems, their contrivances of ſecret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuſe them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept ſecret. Then the perſons to whom they are moſt addicted; and on whom they commonly beſtow the laſt favours: as ſtage-players, fiddlers, ſinging-boys, and fencers. Theſe who paſs for chaſte among them, are not really ſo; but only, for their vaſt dowries, are rather ſuffered than loved by their own huſbands. That they are imperious, domineering, ſcolding wives: ſet up for learning and criticiſm in poetry; but are falſe judges. Love to ſpeak Greek (which was then the faſhionable tongue, as the French is now with us). That they plead cauſes at the bar, and play prizes at the boar-garden. That they are goſſips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their ſervants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month; are ſluttiſh with their huſbands in private, and paint and dreſs in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miſcarrying, and barrenneſs. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their huſbands ſons, if they ſtand in their way to his eſtate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to ſhew the occaſion of all theſe vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the word of our moſt modeſt author, bad women are the general ſtanding rule; and the good, but ſome few exceptions to it.

IN Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chaſtity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common ſhade,
The ſheep, the ſhepherds, and their gods were laid:

When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread
By mountain-housewives for their homely bed,
And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's head.
Unlike the niceness of our modern dames
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names):
The Cynthia's and the Lesbia's of our years,
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.
Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave suck to infants of gigantic mold;
Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
And, fat with acorns, belch'd their windy food.
Or when the world was bucksome, fresh, and young,
Her sons were unlebauch'd, and therefore strong;
And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No fires they had, or, if a fire, the sun.
Some thin remains of chastity appear'd,
Tho' under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plain expos'd,
Nor thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
At length uneasy justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
From that old æra whoring did begin,
Venerably ancient is the sin.
Adulterers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and silver in one age were born.
Get thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:
Sober man, like thee, to change his life!
What fury would possess thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratsbane, no kind halter left?
(For every noose compar'd to her's is cheap):
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Could'st thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
Nor keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
But still Urfidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a son, to settle his estate,
And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
Would gladly grease the rich old batchelor.
What revolution can appear so strange,
As such a leacher, such a life to change?
Frank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose?
Is he who so often in a dreadful fright
Had in a cuffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
Has he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Would hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore.
On Ceres' feast restrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curse the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
She sooner with one eye would be content.
And yet 'tis noised, a maid did once appear
In some small village, though fame says not where:
'Tis possible; but sure no man she found;
'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet some lustful god might there make bold,
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread,
And much good love, without a feather-bed.
Whither would'st thou to chuse a wife resort,
The park, the mall, the play-house, or the court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all.
One sees a dancing-master capering high,
And raves, and pisses, with pure extasy:
And one is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the song, but on the singer dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in passion both at eyes and ears.
The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refresh, and chear their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought).
The pleading lawyer, though for counsel us'd,
In chamber practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs
(The product of concurring theatres).
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword man to thy lands is born.
Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the sword:
To wondering Pharos with her love she fled,
To shew one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left behind
Ev'n children too; she sails before the wind;
False to them all, but constant to her kind.
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring not the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattress is content to sleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:
But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But had some honest cause her passage prest,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:

Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But woman-kind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were ſhe to follow her own lord to ſea,
What doubts or ſcruples would ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her ſtomach ſick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauſeous to her noſe.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never ſea-ſick with a friend.
Amidſt the crew, ſhe walks upon the board;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every cord:
And if ſhe ſpews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now aſk, for whom her friends and fame ſhe loſt?
What youth, what beauty, could th' adulterer boaſt?
What was the face, for which ſhe could ſuſtain
To be call'd miſtreſs to ſo baſe a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the beſt:
Deep ſcars were ſeen indented on his breaſt;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful reſt.
A promontory wen, with grieſly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was ſtubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms, and blood, and cruelty, they love.
But ſhould he quit his trade, and ſheath his ſword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you ſhall hear
What fruits the ſacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old ſluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide uproſe th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleaſures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight:
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret ſervice ſhe could truſt;
The rival and companion of her luſt.
To the known brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankeſt harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving breaſts, and with deſiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length, when friendly darkneſs is expir'd,
And every ſtrumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and, lingering at the gate,
With a repining ſigh ſubmits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unſated with the ſin.
Old Ceſar's bed the modeſt matron ſeeks;
The ſteam of lamps ſtill hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy ſmut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.
Now ſhould I ſing what poiſons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beſide;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin the ſex can own.
Cæſonia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of every vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand pound.

She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters faſt:
He ſighs, adores, and courts her every hour;
Who would not do as much for ſuch a dower?
She writes love letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.
Theſe truths with his example you diſprove,
Who with his wife is monſtrouſly in love:
But know him better; for I heard him ſwear,
'Tis not that ſhe's his wife, but that ſhe's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes leſſen, and her ſkin imbrace,
Soon you will hear the ſaucy ſteward ſay,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offenſive both at bed and board:
Your betters muſt be had to pleaſe my lord.
Meantime ſhe's abſolute upon the throne:
And knowing time is precious, loſes none:
She muſt have flocks of ſheep, with wool more fine
Than ſilk, and vineyards of the nobleſt wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train ſhe craves:
And ſweeps the priſons for attending ſlaves.
In ſhort, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, ſhe wants at home.
When winter ſhuts the ſeas, and fleecy ſnows
Make houſes white, ſhe to the merchant goes;
Rich cryſtals of the rock ſhe takes up there,
Huge agate vaſes, and old china-ware:
But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppoſe her free from ſtrife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemiſh'd life;
Chaſte as the Sabines, whoſe prevailing charms
Diſmiſs'd their huſbands, and their brothers arms:
Grant her, beſides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppoſe all theſe, and take a poet's word,
A black ſwan is not half ſo rare a bird.
A wife, ſo hung with virtues, ſuch a freight,
What mortal ſhoulders could ſupport the weight!
Some country-girl, ſcarce to a curteſcy bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If, ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian ſtate,
Let vanquiſh'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow gate.
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Againſt my wife, and let my children go:
But ſullen Pæan ſhoots at ſons and mothers too.
His Niobe and all his boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her num'rous offspring boaſt,
As fair and fruitful as the ſow that carry'd
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chaſtity can bear
So great a price? If ſtately and ſevere,
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues ſhe diſplays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praiſe:
Some faults, though ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,

As thoſe that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to liſp the Grecian cant?
In Greece their whole accompliſhments they ſeek:
Their faſhion, breeding, language, muſt be Greek:
Not, raw in all that does to Rome belong,
They ſcorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they ſpeak,
Tell all their ſecrets; nay, they ſcold in Greek:
Ev'n in the ſeat of love, they uſe that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threeſcore years and three,
Is ſhewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωή καὶ ψυχή! All thoſe tender words
The momentary trembling bliſs affords,
The kind ſoft murmurs of the private ſheets
Are bawdy, while thou ſpeak'ſt in public ſtreets.
Thoſe words have fingers; and their force is ſuch,
They raiſe the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandiſhment the ſlacken'd nerve can ſtrain.
If then thy lawful ſpouſe thou canſt not love,
What reaſon ſhould thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of thy nuptial feaſt,
Wine and deſſerts, and ſweet-meats to digeſt?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their firſt and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxoriouſly inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke;
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For though, perhaps, ſhe loves with equal fires,
To abſolute dominion ſhe aſpires;
Joys in the ſpoils, and triumphs o'er thy purſe;
The better huſband makes the wife the worſe.
Nothing is thine to give, or ſell, or buy,
All offices of ancient friendſhip die;
Nor haſt thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
Of privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy teſtament's her will; where ſhe prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that ſlave to death: your reaſon, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate
Call'ſt thou that ſlave a man, the wife replies,
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the ſovereign power to ſave or kill;
And give no other reaſon but my will
Thus the ſhe-tyrant reigns, till, pleas'd with change,
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another ſubject-huſband ſhe deſires,
Divorc'd from him, ſhe to the firſt retires,
While the laſt wedding-feaſt is ſcarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So ſtill the reckoning riſes; and appears,
In total ſum, eight huſbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-ſtone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She ſharpens her, inſtructs her how to flea
Her huſband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty ſmile,
And, in her daughter's anſwer, mends the ſtyle.
In vain the huſband ſets his watchful ſpies;
She cheats their cunning, or ſhe bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is ſick.
The panting ſtallion, at the cloſet-door,
Hears the conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Canſt thou, in reaſon, hope, a bawd ſo known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her intereſt is in all th' advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cauſe is try'd at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the proceſs, all the briefs they write;
The topics furniſh, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked limbs with oil:
Againſt the poſt their wicker ſhields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the ſword, and at the ſtaſtron puſh.
Of every exerciſe the manniſh crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the ſtage.
What ſenſe of ſhame in ſuch a breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own ſex to fly?
Yet to be wholly man ſhe would diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleaſure at the game,
For frothy praiſes and an empty name.
Oh what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction ſold!
The belt, the cruſted plume, the ſeveral ſuits
Of armour, and the Spaniſh leather-boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd ſilks, and under ſarcenet ſweat.
Behold the ſtrutting Amazonian whore,
She ſtands in guard with her right-foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries hah! at every thruſt
The ghoſts of ancient Romans, ſhould they riſe,
Would grin to ſee their daughters play a prize.
Beſides, what endleſs brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the ſheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conſcious of crimes herſelf, ſhe teizes firſt:
Thy ſervants are accus'd; thy whore is curſt;
She acts the jealous, and at will ſhe cries:
For womens' tears are but the ſweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'ſt that love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her lips the falling tear:
But ſearch her cabinet, and thou ſhalt find
Each tiller there with love-epiſtles lin'd.
Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe embrace,
This you would think ſo manifeſt a caſe,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence out-face;
And yet, ev'n then, ſhe cries, the marriage-vow
A mental reſervation muſt allow;
And there's a ſilent bargain ſtill imply'd,
The parties ſhould be pleas'd on either ſide:
And both may for their private needs provide.

Though men yourſelves, and women us you call,
Yet *Lemo* is a common name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You aſk from whence proceed theſe monſtrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaſte, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-rooft houſes, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
A frugal ſleep ſupply'd the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held them ſtraight;
When Hannibal was hovering at the gate:
But wanton now and lolling at our eaſe,
We ſuffer all th' inveterate ills of peace,
And waſteful riot, whoſe deſtructive charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no luſtful poſtures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, lazineſs, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:
Since gold obſcene, and ſilver, found the way,
Strange faſhions with ſtrange bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they ſpread?
Wine no diſtinction makes of tail or head.
Who, lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oyſters call:
Full brimmers to their ſuddled noſes thruſt;
Brimmers, the laſt provocatives of luſt.
When vapours to their ſwimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding ſlave,
At Modeſty's old ſtatue; when by night
They make a ſtand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And threads the naſty paddle of his ſponſe.
The ſecrets of the goddeſs nam'd the good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers underſtood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With muſic rais'd, they ſpread abroad their hair;
And toſs their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Rank'd with the lady the cheap ſinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal ſtrife;
'Tis downright luſt, and acted to the life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vigorous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, wou'd make old Neſtor young.
Impatient of delay, a general ſound,
And univerſal groan of luſt, goes round:
For then, and only then, the ſex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty lovers in.
The whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the ſlaves,
And watermen, a race of ſtrong-back'd knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred rites were free
From theſe pollutions of obſcenity:
But 'tis well known what finger, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd;
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed inſtrument;
A grateful preſent to thoſe holy choirs,
Where the mouſe, guilty of his ſex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no profaneneſs on that age prevail'd;
No ſcoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at every altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counſel, you would ſay,
Keep cloſe your women under lock and key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe keepers? Women, naid
In craft: begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The ſex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And miſtreſſes and maids are both the ſame.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow cloaths, and chair, to ſee the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her eſtate,
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try:
But women have no ſhame of poverty.
They live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore,
The more exhauſted, would increaſe the more:
Some men, inſtructed by the labouring ant,
Provide againſt the extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear:
And think no pleaſure can be bought too dear.
If ſongs they love, the ſinger's voice they hire;
Beyond his compaſs till his quail-pipe's hoarſe;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the ſtrings, and kiſs the caſe;
And make love to it, in the maſter's place.
A certain lady once, of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Veſta's deity,
That Pollio might, in ſinging, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could ſhe more have done
For a ſick huſband, or an only ſon?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The ſhameleſs ſuppliant at the altar ſtands;
The forms of prayer ſhe ſolemnly purſues:
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
Anſwer, ye powers; for, if you heard her vow,
Your godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.
This is not all; for actors they implore!
An impudence not known to heaven before.
Th' Aruſpex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the gout.
But ſuffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If ſhe loves ſinging, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in ſtreets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endleſs itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others ſay.
Know what in Thrace, or what in Perſia's done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the ſtepdame and the ſon.
Tell who loves who, what favours ſome poſſeſs:
And who is jilted for another's eaſe.
What pregnant widow in what month was made,
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.

She, first, beholds the raging comet rise:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands de-
stroys,
Still for the newest news she lies in wait;
And takes reports just entering at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires: whatever she can meet,
She spreads, and is the fame of every street.
This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
A very judgment, and her neighbours curse;
For, if their barking dogs disturb her ease,
No prayer can bind her, no excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
Must feel the scourge: by night she leaves her
bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a less noise create;
She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.
Mean while, her guests their appetites must keep;
Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.
At length she comes, all flush'd; but ere she sup,
Swallows a swinging preparation-cup;
And then, to clear her stomach, spews it up.
The deluge vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the four favour nauseates every nose.
She drinks again; again she spews a lake;
Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak:
But mutters many a curse against his wife;
And damns himself for chusing such a life.
But of all the plagues, the greatest is untold;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table sits:
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-pluss'd in his suit;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets cease; for she alone
Is able to redeem the labouring moon.
Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long:
But she who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard;
And mix among the philosophic herd.
O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye Gods! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school,
Who climbs the grammar tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle, grows:
Corrects her country-neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's
head.
The gaudy gossip, when she's set agog,
In jewel's dress't, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justify'd.
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.
She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in slawb, and hid in grease;
Those are the husband's nights; she craves her
due,
He takes fat kisses, and, is stuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adulterer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come:
How haggardly soe'r she looks at home.
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restor'd to every grace,
The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
Are polish'd with a wash of asses milk;
And should she to the farthest north be sent,
A train of these attend her banishment.
But hadst thou seen her plaister'd up before,
'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away,
For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dresser are call'd whores;
The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
And he himself is warn'd to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year, she treats
Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
Beats while she paints, her face, surveys her
gown,
Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids them in the devil's name be gone.
Compar'd with such a proud, insulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of
prayer)
She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
Pfecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
Trembling, considers every sacred hair;
If any straggler from his rank be found,
A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
Pfecas is not in fault: but, in the glass,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is banish'd; and another girl
More dexterous, manages the comb and curl:
The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;
And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
Such counsel, such deliberate care, they take,
As if her life and honour lay at stake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tower.
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
Meanwhile, her husband's whole estate is spent:
He may go bare, while she receives his rent.
She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
Near him, in this alone, that she extends
Her hate to all his servants and his friends.

Bellona's prieſts, an Eunuch at their head,
About the ſtreets a mad proceſſion lead;
The venerable guelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His aukward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their myſtic dance,
Meanwhile, his cheeks the mitred prophet ſwells,
And dire preſages of the year foretels.
Unleſs with eggs (his prieſtly hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert the autumnal blaſt.
And add beſide a murrey-colour'd veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the peſt:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
Th' aſtoniſh'd matrons pay, before the reſt;
That ſex is ſtill obnoxious to the prieſt.
Through you they beat, and plunge into the ſtream,
If ſo the God has warn'd them in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion ſtrong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's prieſt I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Mero's burning ſand,
Through deſerts they would ſeek the ſecret ſpring;
A holy water for luſtration bring.
How can they pay their prieſts too much reſpect,
Who trade with heaven, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domeſtic Gods diſcourſe by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding through the ſtreet,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they cheat.
The ghoſtly ſire forgives the wife's delights;
Who ſins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her huſband in the holy time,
When carnal pleaſure is a mortal crime.
The ſweating image ſhakes his head, but he
With mumbled prayers atones the Deity.
The pious prieſthood the fat gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead muſt forgive.
No ſooner theſe remove, but full of fear,
A gypſy Jeweſs whiſpers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high prieſt's daughter ſhe,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And propheſies beneath a ſhady tree.
Her goods a baſket, and old hay her bed,
She ſtrolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall monies, are her fees;
Yet ſhe interprets all your dreams for theſe.
Foretells th' eſtate, when the rich uncle dies,
And ſees a ſweet-heart in the ſacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's intrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obſcene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inſpection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he purſues;
For gain will his accomplices accuſe.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans given;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heaven.
Their anſwers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond aſtrologers relate.
Of theſe the moſt in vogue is he who, ſent
Beyond ſeas, is return'd from baniſhment,
His art who to aſpiring Otho ſold;
And ſure ſucceſſion to the crown foretold.
For his eſteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was diſgrac'd.
No aſtrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife enquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice ſhall her mother kill:
Her ſiſter's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, firſt, conſults his art, when you ſhall go.
And, what's the greateſt gift that heaven can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If Mars and Saturn ſhall the world infeſt;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who in theſe ſtudies does herſelf delight,
By whom a greaſy almanack is borne,
With often handling, like chaf'd amber worn.
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the twelve houſes, and their lords, is free.
She, if the ſcheme a fatal journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her huſband go.
If but a mile ſhe travel out of town,
The planetary hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture ſhe takes,
No nouriſhment receives in her diſeaſe,
But what the ſtars and Ptolemy ſhall pleaſe.
The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.
But rich the matron who has more to give,
Her anſwers from the Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and ſphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his compaſs, meaſures ſeas and lands.
The pooreſt of the ſex have ſtill an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid, enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty taylor, and the cook forſake.
Yet theſe, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurſes, their own infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich mantle, ſpread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the power of herbs; ſuch arts they uſe
To make them barren or their fruit to looſe.
But thou, whatever ſlops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-ſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for ſavin at her need.
For, if ſhe holds till her nine months be run,
Thou may'ſt be father to an Æthiop's ſon.
A boy, who, ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that, ſhould he croſs the way,
His omen would diſcolour all the day.

I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
id into noble families advance
nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
ulgent fortune does her care employ,
id, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
r garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
id covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
ves him her blessing; puts him in a way;
s up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
m she promotes; she favours him alone,
id makes provision for him, as her own.
The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
id philtres for th' unable husband buys:
e potion works not on the part design'd;
t turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.
e sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
s his own business by another done:
long oblivion, a benumming frost,
nstrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
me nimbler juice would make him foam and
rave,
ke that Cæsonia to her Caius gave:
ho, plucking from the forehead of the sole
s mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
e boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
ll the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
e Thunderer was not half so much on fire,
hen Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
hat woman will not use the poisoning trade,
hen Cæsar's wife the precedent has made;
t Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
v'n to a slavering, old, unuseful sot;
hat only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
nd sent his godhead downward to the skies.
t this fierce potion calls for fire and sword;
t spares the common, when it strikes the lord.
many mischiefs were in one combin'd;
much one single poisoner cost mankind.
If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill,
's venial trespass; let them have their will:
t let the child, entrusted to the care
f his own mother, of her bread beware:
rware the food she reaches with her hand;
e morsel is intended for thy land.
hy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
here's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the satire in a rage
rears in the buskins of the tragic stage,
rgets his business is to laugh and bite;
nd will of deaths and dire revenges write.
ould it were all a fable, that you read;
ut Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
(she confesses) in the fact was caught,
wo sons dispatching at one deadly draught.
hat two! Two sons, thou viper, in one day!
es, seven, she cries, if seven were in my way.
edea's legend is no more a lye;
ne age adds credit to antiquity.
reat ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
nd murders then were done: but not for gain.
ess admiration to great crimes is due,
hich they through wrath, or through revenge,
pursue.
or, weak of reason, impotent of will,
he sex is hurry'd headlong into ill:
And like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into seas, is borne.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought
begin:
And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lapdog sooner than their lord.
Where-e'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemnestras grow in every street:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone.
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts:
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

THE

TENTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven, lies within a very small compass. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.
The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast;
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:

Unwieldy sons of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshal'd figures can account.
To which the flores of Crœsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.
For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.
Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd, the woeful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ake;
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune, did appear:
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A suit of hangings had not more oppress
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw (call'd a crown) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
And now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human-kind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven made fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state;
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows inquest,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envy'd power: which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piss-pots, a whole kitchen-trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; add a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus, with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty, and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress.
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and base:
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.
Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet-show.
There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, would'st thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?

have thy levees crowded with reſort,
a depending, gaping, ſervile court:
ſpoſe all honours of the ſword and gown,
are with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
hold thy prince in pupilage, and ſway
at monarch, whom the maſter'd world obey?
hile he, intent on ſecret luſt alone,
ves to himſelf, abandoning the throne;
op'd in a narrow iſle, obſerving dreams
th flattering wizards, and erecting ſchemes!
well believe, thou would'ſt be great as he;
every man's a fool to that degree;
wiſh the dire prerogative to kill;
n they would have the power, who want the will:
would'ſt thou have thy wiſhes underſtood,
take the bad together with the good,
uld'ſt thou not rather chuſe a ſmall renown,
be the mayor of ſome poor paltry town,
ly to look, and barbarouſly to ſpeak;
pound falſe weights, and ſcanty meaſures break?
en, grant we that Sejanus went aſtray
very wiſh, and knew not how to pray:
he who graſp'd the world's exhauſted ſtore
never had enough, but wiſh'd for more,
'd a top heavy tower, of monſtrous height,
ich, mouldering, cruſh'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
ain'd him, who, greater than the great,
e ſtubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
d bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
ot elſe but his immoderate luſt of power,
yers made and granted in a luckleſs hour?
ſlow uſurpers to the ſhades deſcend
a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who ſcarce has paid his entrance down
his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
ſmall an elf, that when the days are foul,
and his ſatchel muſt be borne to ſchool,)
prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing leſs,
prove a Tully, or Demoſthenes:
both thoſe orators, ſo much renown'd,
their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
hand and head were never loſt, of thoſe
o dealt in doggrel, or who punn'd in proſe.
Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
Till I, thy conſul ſole, conſul'd thy doom."
fate had crept below the lifted ſwords,
d all his malice been to murder words.
ther would be Mævius, thraſh for rhymes
e his the ſcorn and ſcandal of the times,
an that Philippick fatally divine:
hich is inſcrib'd the ſecond, ſhould be mine.
r he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
o thrown them with the torrent of his tongue,
o ſhook the theatres, and ſway'd the ſtate
Athens, found a more propitious fate.
hom, born beneath a boding horoſcope,
a fire, the bleat-ey'd Vulcan of a ſhop,
om Mars's forge, ſent to Minerva's ſchools,
learn th' unlucky art of wheedling ſouls.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
things beyond their native worth we ſtrain:

The ſpoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph born,
A ſtreamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap fal'n beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whoſe high convex ſits a captive foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illuſtrious name,
Such toys as theſe have cheated into fame:
Exchanging ſolid quiet, to obtain
The windy ſatisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirſt of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, ſo few be good.
For who would Virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn deſtruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praiſe in times to come,
Thoſe long inſcriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should ſome wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble-titles, and diſperſe
The characters of all the lying verſe.
For ſepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In time's abyſs, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay:
And tell how many pounds his aſhes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whoſe length runs level with th' Arlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His ſun-heat waters by ſo long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, the Pyrenæans paſt,
And ſteepy Alps, the mounds that Nature caſt:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A paſſage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punic flags on Roman towers diſplay'd.
Aſk what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture ſcarcely would deſerve a frame:
A ſign-poſt dawber would diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! ſay
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is baniſh'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repul'd by ſurly grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous ſort of death has heaven deſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the herd of human-kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a mind!
Nor ſwords at hand, nor hiſſing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poiſon, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſucking infant's fate.

Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd:
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
"The mighty soul, how small a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the browsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prison under ground);
What God so mean, ev'n he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us ask again:
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Choak'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.
Jove grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bended back, I ask no more.
Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.
Mistaken blessing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.
A stitch fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam-ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.
In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong;
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Besides th' eternal drivel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and what's worse,
Himself does his offensive carrion curse!
Flatterers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.
Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can chear
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he sits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's nose, he's never near.
His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound:
With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round:
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
What lands and lordships for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worship now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his shoulder pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips rapecting stands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders ty'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supply'd:
Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.
His loss of members is a heavy curse
But all his faculties decay'd, are worse!
His servants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows them not: for, in their stead
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made:
So lewd and such a batter'd brothel-whore,
That she defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a household still in rears,
Sad pomps: a threshold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.
Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king
Was longest liv'd of any two legg'd thing:
Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his eight-hour count;
Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine
But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
At Fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, merciless in length, the mildmost life drew,
When his brave son upon the funeral pyre
He saw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and, weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time!
Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain,

w fortunate an end had Priam made,
ongſt his anceſtors a mighty ſhade,
ile Troy yet ſtood: when Hector, with the race
royal baſtards, might his funeral grace:
idſt the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
d by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
l heaven ſo bleſt him, he had dy'd before
: fatal fleet of Sparta Paris bore.
mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to ſee
town in flames, his falling monarchy:
ine, the feeble fire, reduc'd by fate,
change his ſceptre for a ſword, too late,
laſt effort before Jove's altar tries;
oldier half, and half a ſacrifice:
s like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
and unprofitable to the plough.
it Jeaſt he dy'd a man; his queen ſurviv'd,
howl, and in a barking body liv'd.
haſten to our own; nor will relate
at Mithridates, and rich Crœſus' fate;
om Solon wiſely counſel'd to attend
: name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
s ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage beg'd his bread,
th'ſe were owing to a life too long:
whom had Rome beheld ſo happy, young!
gh in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
ien he had led the Cimbrian captives round
: Roman ſtreets; deſcending from his ſtate,
hat bleſt hour he ſhould have beg'd his fate;
en, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
d his triumphant ſoul with ſhouts expir'd.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
Pompey an indulgent favour ſent:
: public prayers impos'd on heaven, to give
eir much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
e city's fate and his conſpir'd to ſave
e head, reſerv'd for an Egyptian ſlave.
Cethegus, though a traitor to the ſtate,
d tortur'd, 'ſcap d this ignominious fate:
d Sergius, who a bad cauſe bravely try'd,
of a piece, and undiminiſh'd, dy'd.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
at all her ſons and daughters may be fair:
ue, for the boys a mumbling vow ſhe ſends;
: for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
ey muſt be finiſh'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
ina's beauty made Latona proud:
d pleas'd, to ſee the wondering people pray
the new-riſing ſiſter of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
d fair Virginia would her fate beſtow
Rutila; and change her faultleſs make
r the foul rumple of her carnel-back.
But, for his mother's boy the beau, what frights
s parent have by day, what anxious nights!
rm, join'd with virtue, is a ſight too rare:
aſte is no epithet to ſuit with fair.
ppoſe the ſame traditionary ſtrain
rigid manners, in the houſe remain;
reiterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
ppoſe that Nature, too, has done her part;
ſus'd into his ſoul a ſober grace,
id bluſh'd a modeſt blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than ſaucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet ſtill the youth muſt ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and preſents, can;)
Ev'n with a parent, where perſuaſions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never heard of ſuch a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him ſing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a miſtreſs of an ugly page:
Sporus, his ſpouſe, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain-back, and belly, from the game
Croſs-barr'd: but both his ſexes well became.
Go, boaſt your Springal, by his beauty curſt
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worſt;
His form procures him journey-work; a ſtrife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Gueſs, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beaſts offended cuckolds are.
Adulterers are with dangers round beſet;
Born under Mars, they cannot ſcape the net;
And from revengeful huſbands oft have try'd
Worſe handling, than ſevereſt laws provide:
One ſtabs; one laſhes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colon ſuffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your ſmooth, ſmock'd-fac'd boy,
Unrival'd, ſhall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not ſo: one more fallacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleaſure for her gold;
Now he muſt moil, and drudge, for one he loaths;
She keeps him high, in equipage and cloaths:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things elſe immoral, ſtingy, mean;
But, in her luſts, a conſcionable quean.
She may be handſome, yet be chaſte, you ſay;
Good obſervator, not ſo faſt away:
Did it not coſt the modeſt youth his life,
Who ſhunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t' other ſtrippling forc'd to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
And pleaded laws of hoſpitality?
The ladies charg'd them home, and turn'd the tale,
With ſhame they redden'd, and with ſpite grew pale.
'Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame;
She loſes pity, who has loſt her ſhame.
Now Silius wants thy counſel, gives advice;
Wed Cæſar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes ſhe darts on every grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp ſhe ſits in ſtate;
The public notaries and Auſpex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden dreſt:
The portion paid, and every rite expreſs'd,
Which in a Roman marriage is profeſt.
'Tis no ſtol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
She ſcorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot caſe, your judgment: to refuſe,
Is preſent death, beſides the night you loſe:
If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have paſt,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the laſt.

Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing:
For not to take is but the self same thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.
Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind;
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is Virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

THE

SIXTEENTH SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet, in this satire, proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman: first, because a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court martial; and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court: The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage, or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Ægypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended to ridicule against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty name of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a soldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.
See what our common privileges are!
At first, no saucy citizen should dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of further punishment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to enforce
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and horse:
A wise provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear:
And, taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be relieved.
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to defend.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease:
This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, haul:
But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone
(Which, heaven be prais'd, thou yet may'st call thy own)
Would'st thou, to run the gauntlet, these expose
To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
should teach them more good-nature to shine.
Besides, whom can'st thou think so much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy business to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse.
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave,
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards, and matted hair,
Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
Against a clown, with more severity,
A witness may be brought to swear a lye,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as right,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,

nter by violence my fruitful grounds,
r take the sacred land-mark from my bounds,
hose bounds, which with possession and with prayer,
nd offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
r if my debtors do not keep their day,
eny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
must, with patience, all the terms attend,
mong the common causes that depend,
ill mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
still encumber'd with some new delay:
erhaps the cloth of state is only spread,
me of the quorum may be sick a-bed;
hat judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
'er night was bowsy, and goes out to piss:
many rubs appear, the time is gone
or hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
ut buff and belt-men never know these cares,
lo time, nor trick of law their action bars:
heir cause they to an easier issue put;
hey will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue still
emains, beyond their boundless right to kill,
heir father, yet alive, impower'd to make a will.
or, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares
s to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
le share of that goes back to the begetter,
ut if the son fights well, and plunders better,
ike stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
oes a remembrance in his will desire:
nquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
o find him in the number of the slain:
ut still he lives, and rising by the war,
njoys his gains, and has enough to spare:
or 'tis a noble general's prudent part
o cherish valour, and reward desert:
et him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
ometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

Argument of the PROLOGUE *to the First Satire.*

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

I Never did on cleft Parnassus dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inspir'd,
Was, by the Muses, into madness fir'd.
My share in pale Pyrene I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endued the chattering pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
Want taught their masters, and their masters these.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SATIRE.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortunes, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lived. The reader may observe that our poet was a stoick philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

THE

FIRST SATIRE.

In Dialogue betwixt the POET and his FRIEND or MONITOR.

PERSIUS.

HOW anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The best of our desires!

Friend. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.

Persius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.

Persius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse defend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of every mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward;
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Persius. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.
First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same:
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair:
A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard.
From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
The nauseous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread!
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the sign where he expects their praise.
Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if, thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and thrust out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school:
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "science is not science till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he;
That's he whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly recite
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciously the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a God?
Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?
All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can revile
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense, to sear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part, to bear,
Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a price;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.
Them and their woeful works the Muse detest
Products of citron-beds, and golden ranges.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine dessert:
And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suit impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?
The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news!

But ſhall I ſpeak? Thy verſe is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loſs of time.
Thy ſtrutting belly ſwells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'ſt not, but thou piſſeſt poetry.

All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadſt thou but, Janus like, a face behind,
To ſee the people, what ſplay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When moſt a-thirſt of an Apulian bitch:
But noble ſcribblers are with flattery fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To paſs the poets of patrician blood,
What is 't the common reader takes for good?
The verſe in faſhion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without ſenſe, and without ſpirit flow:
So ſmooth and equal, that no ſight can find
The rivet, where the poliſh'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with ſuch a ſteady view,
As if he ſhut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his ſatire ſtings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes to riſe, and fears no fall.

Friend. Hourly we ſee, ſome raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and ſights and heroes ſing;
Who, for falſe quantities, was whipt at ſchool
But t' other day, and breaking grammar-rule,
Whoſe trivial art was never try'd above
The brave deſcription of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praiſe the country ſtore,
The feaſts, the baſkets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flowery fields that paint themſelves before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whoſe ſhining ploughſhare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And ruſtically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the ſweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in ſtate their lord's triumphant plough.
Some love to hear the ſuſtian poet roar;
And ſome on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for ſenſe; and think thoſe only good
Who labour moſt, and leaſt are underſtood.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-ey'd fathers teach
Their ſons, this harſh and mouldy ſort of ſpeech;
Or others, new affected ways to try,
Of wanton ſmoothneſs, female poetry;
One would enquire from whence this motly ſtile
Did firſt our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their ſeat;
But leap and catch at all that's obſolete.
Others, by fooliſh oſtentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to ſave their head,
Bring trifling tropes, inſtead of ſolid ſenſe:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-ſkull'd judges cry,
Well mov'd, oh finely ſaid, and decently:
Theft (ſays th' accuſer) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius: what does gentle Pedius ſay?
Studious to pleaſe the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes, he ſlurs his crimes:
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
"And took but with intention to reſtore."
He lards with flouriſhes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate Roman, ſhall ſuch ſtuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, ſhould a ſhipwreck'd ſailor ſing his woe,
Would'ſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An alms? What's more prepoſterous than to ſee
A merry beggar? Mirth in Miſery?

Perſius. He ſeems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his leſſon for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe:
"Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
"The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
"The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
"Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd "Apennine."

Perſius. All this is doggrel ſtuff.

Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? "Arms and the man I ſing."

Perſius. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as theſe?
He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe:
Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.

Friend. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bended head?

Perſius. "Their crooked horns the Mimallo-"nian crew
"With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris who flew
"The ſcornful ca f, with ſword advanc'd on high,
"Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
"And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
"She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
"Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's "found."
Could ſuch rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatneſs left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew:
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis ſuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad;
But if they will be fools, muſt you be mad?
Your ſatires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear ſo blunt a verſe.
Their doors are barr'd againſt a bitter ſtout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch pay as railing rhymes deſerve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to ſtarve.

Perſius. Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let them be;
All, is admirably well, for me.

My harmleſs rhyme ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of common-ſhores, and every pilling-place.
Two painted ſerpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you muſt not urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But laſh'd the city, and diſſected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd them, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd deſign,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a ſly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face.
Would raiſe a bluſh, where ſecret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes when he ſmil'd.

Could he do this, and is my Muſe controul'd
By ſervile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the truſty earth commit the ſound:
The reeds ſhall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a ſnout, and aſſes ears."
This mean conceit, this darling myſtery,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, friend, thou ſhalt not buy,
Nor will I change for all the flaſhy wit,
That flattering Libeo, in his Iliads, writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this baſe town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inſpir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous villainy, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown ſail,
Like Ariſtophanes, let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt work, though writ in homely ſtile:
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear leſs droſſy, read thoſe lines again.
May they perform their author's juſt intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breaſt ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty!
Who Fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the ratter'd coat, and ragged ſhoe:
Lay Nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-ſight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyſelf, thus inſolent in ſtate,
Art but, perhaps, ſome country magiſtrate:
Whoſe power extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the bench, and ſcanty weights to break.

Him alſo, for my cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all ſcience, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys:
And, with his foot, the ſacred duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe pleaſure is to ſee a ſtrumpet tear
A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the buſineſs of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they ſpend their afternoon.

THE

SECOND SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſatire contains a moſt grave and philoſophical argument, concerning prayers and wiſhes. Undoubtedly it gave occaſion to Juvenal's tenth ſatire, and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the "Second Alcibiades." The author has induced it with great myſtery of art, by taking his riſe from the birth-day of his friend; on which occaſions, prayers were made, and ſacrifices offered by the natives. Perſius, enumerating the vanity of his friend's vows, deſcends to the impious and immoral requeſts of others. This ſatire is divided into three parts: the firſt is the exordium to Maximus, which the poet confines within the compaſs of five verſes. The ſecond relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of thoſe things wherein men commonly ſinned againſt right reaſon, and offended in their requeſts. The third part conſiſts in ſhewing the repugnancies of thoſe prayers and wiſhes, to thoſe of other men, and inconſiſtencies with themſelves. He ſhews the original of theſe errors, and ſharply inveighs againſt them: and leſt he ſhould only correct the falſe opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addreſs made to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Chriſtian than a Heathen.

THE SECOND SATIRE.

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS, on his BIRTH-DAY.

LET this auſpicious morning be expreſt
With a white ſtone, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy ſoul,
Till thy wit ſparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the teſt of heaven will bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the Gods aſide, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big ſwell'd with miſchief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with coſtly ſmoke,
Heaven's help, to proſper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me juſt:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt:
In private, then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove!

—O thou Thunderer's ſon, great Hercules,
iat once thy bounteous Deity would pleaſe
guide my rake, upon the chinking ſound
ſome vaſt treaſure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
ould poſſeſs th' eſtate, if he were dead!
's ſo far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
at one ſmall doſe will ſend him to the devil.

This is my neighbour Nerius's third ſpouſe,
whom in happy time he rids his houſe.
t my eternal wife!—Grant heaven I may
vive to ſee the fellow of this day!
us, that thou may'ſt the better bring about
y wiſhes, thou art wickedly devout:
Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
waſh th' obſcenities of night away.
t pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a ſmall requeſt)
ith what ill thoughts of Jove art thou poſſeſt?
ould'ſt thou prefer him to ſome man? Suppoſe
ipp'd among the worſt, and Statius choſe?
hich of the two would thy wife head declare
e truſtier tutor to an orphan-heir?
, put it thus:—Unfold to Statius, ſtraight,
hat to Jove's ear thou didſt impart of late?
'll ſtare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
nſt thou indulge him in this villainy!
id think'ſt thou, Jove himſelf, with patience
then
n hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
iat, void of care, he lolls ſupine in ſtate,
id leaves his buſineſs to be done by fate?
cauſe his thunder ſplits ſome burley-tree,
id is not darted at thy houſe and thee?
that his vengeance falls not at the time,
ſt at the perpetration of thy crime:
id makes thee a ſad object of our eyes,
for Ergenna's prayer and ſacrifice?
hat well-fed offering to appeaſe the God,
hat powerful preſent to procure a nod,
ſt thou in ſtore? What bribe haſt thou prepar'd,
pull him, thus unpuniſh'd, by the beard?

Our ſuperſtitions with our life begin:
' obſcene old grandam, or the next of kin,
e new-born infant from the cradle takes,
id firſt of ſpittle a luſtration makes:
en in the ſpawl her middle-finger dips,
oints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
tending force of magic to prevent,
virtue of her naſty excrement.
en dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
at heaven would make him ſome rich miſer's
heir,
cky to ladies, and in time a king;
hich to enſure, ſhe adds a length of navel-
ſtring.
t no fond nurſe is fit to make a prayer:
id Jove, if Jove be wiſe, will never hear;
s though ſhe prays in white, with lifted hands:
body made of braſs the crone demands
r her lov'd nurſling, ſtrung with nerves of
wire,
ugh to the laſt, and with no toil to tire:
nconſcionable vows, which when we uſe,
e teach the Gods, in reaſon, to refuſe.

Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy wiſh:
Yet the fat entrails, in the ſpacious diſh,
Would ſtop the grant: the very over-care
And nauſeous pomp, would hinder half the
prayer.
Thou hop'ſt with ſacrifice of oxen ſlain
To compaſs wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increaſe;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's greaſe!
And think'ſt that, when the fatten'd flames aſ-
pire,
Thou ſeeſt the accompliſhment of thy deſire!
Now, now, my bearded harveſt gilds the plain,
The ſcanty folds can ſcarce my ſheep contain,
And ſhowers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams
on,
Till his lank purſe declares his money gone.
Should I preſent them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanſhip as weight;
O how thy riſing heart would throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thyſelf the Powers Divine;
The Gods are burniſh'd gold, and ſilver is their
ſhrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
Whoſe humble ſtatues are content with braſs,
Should ſome of theſe, in viſions purg'd from
phlegm,
Foretel events, or in a morning dream;
Ev'n thoſe thou would'ſt in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.
The prieſts in temples, now no longer care
For Saturn's braſs, or Numa's earthen ware;
Or veſtal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
O ſouls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the bleſt abodes,
And think what pleaſes us muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of oil and caſſia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian
ſtain;
Or from the ſhells their orient treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the maſs: all theſe are vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome profit from their pains may riſe:
But tell me, prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy ſtore
Theſe preſents, bribes the powers to give him
more:
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bleſs the marriage bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot
bear:
A ſoul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than ſpeculation ſhine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind:
When with ſuch offerings to the Gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

THE

THIRD SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the stoick philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or præceptor, in this admirable satire; where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow-students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher. And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was "The Reproach of Idleness;" though in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, "Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich." In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

[I remember I translated this satire when I was a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday night's exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the reverend Doctor Busby.]

IS this thy daily course? The glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noon-tide rays of summer shun,
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of indigested wine.
This grave advice some sober student hears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:
My cloaths make haste: why then! if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays them down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.
O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.
Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to all
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.
But thou hast land; a country-seat, secure
By a just title; costly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:
What need of learning, when a man's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree,
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet;
And, loudly, call him cousin, in the street.
Such pageantry be to the people shown;
There boast they horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow center, to the utmost skin:
Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;
Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to float,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the vital brim.
Great Father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her native bright:
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!
Sicilian tortures, and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he feels is mine;
The wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the polish'd sword,
Hung o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
Ev'n in his sleep he starts, and fears the light,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accustom'd wife;

wn, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
nceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
ould blear my eyes with oil, to ſtay from ſchool;
rſe from pains, and loath to learn the part
Cato, dying with a dauntleſs heart:
ough much my maſter, that ſtern virtue prais'd,
hich o'er the vanquiſher the vanquiſh'd rais'd:
id my pleas'd father came, with pride, to ſee
s boy defend the Roman liberty.
But then my ſtudy was to cog the dice,
id dextrouſly to throw the lucky ſice:
ſhun ames-ace, that ſwept my ſtakes away;
id watch the box, for fear they ſhould convey
lſe bones, and put upon me in the play.
reful, beſides, the whirling top to whip,
id drive her giddy, till ſhe fell aſleep.
Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
hat's good or ill, and both their ends diſcern:
ou in the ſtoick-porch, ſeverely bred,
aſt heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
ere on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
e conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches ſtand.
here the ſhorn youth to midnight lectures riſe,
mz'd from their ſlumbers to be early wiſe:
here the coarſe cake, and homely huſks of beans,
om pampering riot the young ſtomach weans:
nd where the Samian Y directs thy ſteps to run
o Virtue's narrow ſteep, and broad-way Vice to ſhun.
nd yet thou ſnor'ſt; thou draw'ſt thy drunken breath,
ur with debauch; and ſleep'ſt the ſleep of death:
hy chaps are fallen, and thy frame diſjoin'd;
hy body is diſſolv'd, as is thy mind.
Haſt thou not, yet, propos'd ſome certain end,
o which thy life, thy every act, may tend?
aſt thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
r like a boy purſueſt the carrion crow
ith pellets, and with ſtones, from tree to tree:
ruitleſs toil, and liv'ſt *extempore*?
atch the diſeaſe in time: for, when within
he dropſy rages, and extends the ſkin,
vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
nd ſees the doctor; but too late is wiſe:
oo late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
onqueſt and Guibbons cannot give him health.
earn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
hy you were made, for what you were deſign'd;
nd the great moral end of human kind,
udy thyſelf: what rank or what degree
he wiſe Creator has ordain'd for thee:
nd all the offices of that eſtate
erform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
ray juſtly, to be heard: nor more deſire
han what the decencies of life require.
earn what thou ow'ſt thy country, and thy friend;
What's requiſite to ſpare, and what to ſpend:
earn this; and after, envy not the ſtore
f the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
at fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
nd only gains the wealthy client's cauſe.

To whom the Marſians more proviſion ſend,
Than he and all his family can ſpend.
Gammons, that give a reliſh to the taſte,
And potted fowl, and fiſh, come in ſo faſt,
That ere the firſt is out, the ſecond ſtinks;
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, ſome captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a ſoldier's wit;
Cries, I have ſenſe to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he's a raſcal who pretends to more.
Dammee, whate'er thoſe book-learn'd blockheads ſay,
Solon's the veryeſt fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballaſted within the crown!)
Muttering betwixt their lips ſome myſtic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Meer madmen's dreams: for what the ſchools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.
Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the pleaſures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they ſeen,
And made the may-game of the public ſpleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A ſtory, which is juſt thy parallel.
A ſpark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell ſick, and thus to his phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulſe unequal, and my breath is ſtrong;
Beſides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his ſkill:
And, after, bid him for four days be ſtill.
Three days he took good counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but ſends
His boy to one of his old truſty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his diſtreſs, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine,
He drinks a ſwilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will ſupple in the bath his outward ſkin:
Whom ſhould he find but his phyſician there,
Who, wiſely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, ſays the fool: but, ſays the friend,
This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not ſee your dropſy belly ſwell?
Your yellow ſkin?—No more of that; I 'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair eſtate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt worſe.
I 've done, ſays the phyſician; take your courſe.
The laughing ſot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again;
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching ſteam:

Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
Till, with his meat he vomits out his soul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out, and pointed to the gate:
And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead master wait.
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole:
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free:
My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfy'd, my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those opprest with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not found.
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarse cold sallad is before thee set;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth;
Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy pallet sore?
That bete and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is th' unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise;
That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE

FOURTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan: both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia; for his very compliment looked asquint as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators, before Casaubon, were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unraveled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose forward years are bent
Or state affairs the guide to government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost prepare
To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard)
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak them thus: Athenians, know
Against right reason all our counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale:
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.

And, taught by inſpiration, in a trice,
Canſt puniſh crimes, and brand offending vice.
Leave, leave to fathom ſuch high points as theſe,
Nor be ambitious, ere the time to pleaſe:
Unſeaſonably wiſe, till age, and cares,
Have form'd thy ſoul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy ſhape, thy outſide, are but vain;
Thou haſt not ſtrength ſuch labours to ſuſtain;
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy brain,
What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmoſt good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to ſun thyſelf in open air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wiſhes ſuch?
A good old woman would have ſaid as much.
But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boaſt
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
Beſides, thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A ſop well dreſt, extravagant and wild:
He, that cries herbs, has leſs impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common ſenſe.
None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-ey'd to ſee
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, doſt thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whoſe lands beyond the Sabines largely ſtretch;
Over the country, that a ſailing kite
Can ſcarce o'er-fly them, in a day and night;
Him doſt thou mean, who, ſpight of all his ſtore,
Is ever craving and will ſtill be poor?
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
To ſave a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton at another's coſt,
But in whoſe kitchen dwells perpetual froſt?
Who eats and drinks with his domeſtic ſlaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curſe and anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harveſt-home, and on the ſhearing-day,
When he ſhould thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He, ſays the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty ſervants but a ſmack.
To a ſhort meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whoſe life's a dream
Of lazy pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe extreme.
'Tis all thy buſineſs, buſineſs how to ſhun;
To baſk thy naked body in the ſun;
Suppling thy ſtiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in the ſpacious garden, walk awhile,
To ſuck the moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt, but vainly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: and there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, would all thy ſecret ſins expoſe.
The depilation of thy modeſt part;
Thy catâmite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the pleaſure which thou canſt not give,
With odorous oil thy head and hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the tuzzes on thy cheek;
Of theſe thy barbers take a coſtly care,
While thy ſalt-tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful parts,
Not five, the ſtrongeſt that the Circus breeds,
From the rank ſoil can root thoſe wicked weeds:
Though ſuppled firſt with ſoap, to eaſe thy pain,
The ſtubborn fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they ſtab us; and ſo the jeſt goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin diſguiſe;
Thou haſt an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad ſhoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art ſound and heal in every part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart,
We know thee ſullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canſt thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'ſt the croud.
But when they praiſe me, in the neighbourhood,
When the plea'd people take me for a God,
Shall I refuſe their incenſe? Not receive
The loud applauſes which the vulgar give?
If thou doſt wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If ſome alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a laſcivious eye,
And thou with a conſenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own ſolicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh pendulum;
If thy lewd luſt provokes an empty ſtorm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards, thou ſcour'ſt the ſtreets by night,
And doſt in murders, rapes, and ſpoils delight;
Pleaſe not thyſelf, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſome ſtuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauſeous praiſes of the times;
Give thy baſe poets back thy cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy ſoul, not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

THE

FIFTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Caſaubon, in his proem to this ſatire, tells us, that Ariſtophanes the grammarian being

aſked, what poem of Archilochus's Iambics he preferred before the reſt, anſwered, the longeſt. His anſwer may juſtly be applied to this fifth ſatire; which, being of a greater length than any of the reſt, is alſo, by far, the moſt inſtructive: for this reaſon I have ſelected it from all the others, and inſcribed it to my learned maſter, Doctor Buſby; to whom I am not only obliged myſelf for the beſt part of my own education, and that of my two ſons; but have alſo received from him the firſt and trueſt taſte of Perſius. May he be pleaſed to find in this tranſlation, the gratitude, or at leaſt ſome ſmall acknowledgment of his unworthy ſcholar, at the diſtance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This ſatire conſiſts of two diſtinct parts: the firſt contains the praiſes of the ſtoick philoſopher Cornutus, maſter and tutor to our Perſius. It alſo declares the love and piety of Perſius, to his well-deſerving maſter; and the mutual friendſhip which continued betwixt them, after Perſius was now grown a man. As alſo his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themſelves into his inſtitution. From whence he makes an artful tranſition into the ſecond part of his ſubject: wherein he firſt complains of the ſloth of ſcholars, and afterwards perſuades them to the purſuit of their true liberty: Here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that only the wiſe or virtuous man is free; and that all vicious men are naturally ſlaves. And, in the illuſtration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable ſatire.

THE

FIFTH SATIRE.

Inſcribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers PERSIUS and CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient uſe to poets it belongs,
To wiſh themſelves an hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the ſtage,
Or ſing the Parthian, when tranſfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why would'ſt thou theſe mighty morſels chuſe,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the Muſe?
Let ſuſtian poets, with their fluff, be gone,
And ſuck the miſts that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyeſtes' feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verſe indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, ſwell'ſt thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning maſs
Of melting ore; nor canſt thou ſtrain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonſenſe is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy ſtyle renown,
And the ſweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to laſh at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the ſtage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouſts for Tereus or Thyeſtes dreſt;
'Tis taſk enough for thee t' expoſe a Roman feaſt.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the ſecrets of my heart;
And, in familiar ſpeech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou haſt ſkill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'ſt the naked mind.
For this a hundred voices I deſire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my breaſt.
When firſt my childiſh robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To houſhold Gods) declar'd me paſt a boy;
And my white ſhield proclaim'd my liberty:
When with my wild companions I could roll
From ſtreet to ſtreet, and ſin without controul;
Juſt at that age, when manhood ſet me free,
I then depos'd myſelf, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wiſe boſom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy ſtraight rule ſet virtue in my ſight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reaſon took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and poliſh'd by thy ſkilful hand:
Long ſummer-days thy precepts I rehearſe;
And winter-nights were ſhort in our converſe:
One was our labour, one was our repoſe,
One frugal ſupper did our ſtudies cloſe.
Sure on our birth ſome friendly planet ſhone;
And, as our ſouls, our horoſcope was one:
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or with the riſing Balance we were born;
Both have the ſame impreſſions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove:
What ſtar I know not, but ſome ſtar I find,
Has given thee an aſcendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the ſame:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the riſing ſun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering, for ſpices, their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his ſloth and batten with his ſheep:
One bribes for high preferments in the ſtate;
A ſecond ſhakes the box, and ſits up late:
Another ſhakes the bed, diſſolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,

And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to ground;
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his paſt years, that in a miſt were ſpent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly ſtudies, grown,
To make the ſtoick inſtitutes thy own:
Thou long with ſtudious care haſt till'd our youth,
And ſown our well-purg'd ears with wholeſome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to diſcern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the ſearch delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of eaſe too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, ſure: for yeſterday was once to-morrow.
That yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitleſs days will thus be drain'd;
For thou haſt more to-morrows yet to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy taſk;
Who, like the hindmoſt chariot wheels art curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.
O freedom! firſt delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their maſters find,
The privilege of doles: not yet t' inſcribe
Their names in this or t' other Roman tribe:
That falſe enfranchiſement with eaſe is found:
Slaves are made citizens, by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing and a ſot beſide;
So true a rogue, for lying's ſake he ly'd;
But, with a turn a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worſhip's name.
Good Gods! who would refuſe to lend a ſum,
If wealthy Marcus ſurety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He ſaid, it is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has ſubſcrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe:
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, ſays the ſtoick, your aſſumption's wrong;
I grant, true freedom you have well defin'd;
But living as you liſt, and to your mind,
And looſely tack'd, all muſt be left behind.
What, ſince the prætor did my fetters looſe,
And left me freely at my own diſpoſe,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting ſtill the letter of the law?
Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
From thoſe fond notions of falſe liberty:
'Tis not the prætor's province to beſtow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourſelves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not ſet thee free from cares and ſtrife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an aſs a harp might ſtring,
Which is againſt the reaſon of the thing;
For reaſon ſtill is whiſpering in your ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public ſanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to purſue the work, to which we 're not deſign'd.
Unſkill'd in hellebore, if thou ſhould'ſt try
To mix it, and miſtake the quantity,
The rules of phyſic would againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoe'd ploughman, ſhould he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of ſtars, and of the moving ſand,
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all ſhame was loſt in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadſt thou the ſkill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh good from ill?
Or by the ſound to judge of gold and braſs,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will paſs?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never craving, or oppreſt with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to deſpiſe,
And look on wealth with undeſiring eyes?
When thou can'ſt truly call theſe virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by heaven's conſent, and mine.
But thou, who lately, of the common ſtrain,
Wert one of us, if ſtill thou doſt retain
The ſame ill habits, the ſame follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſaint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and ſtill a ſlave.
Thou canſt not wag thy finger, or begin
"The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin."
How's this? Not wag thy finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor ſacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wiſe.
"Virtue and vice are never in one ſoul:
"A man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three ſteps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In ſpite of this, my freedom ſtill remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many chains?
Canſt thou no other maſter underſtand
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harſh voice, and ſupercilious brow,
To ſervile duties, thou would'ſt fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy paſſions lord it in thy breaſt,
Art thou not ſtill a ſlave, and ſtill oppreſt?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou would'ſt take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling ſluggard wakes:

What muſt I do? he cries: What? ſays his lord:
Why, riſe, make ready, and go ſtraight abroad:
With fiſh, from Euxine ſeas, thy veſſel freight;
Flax, caſtor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with poſt-haſte thy running markets make.
Be ſure to turn the penny; lye and ſwear;
'Tis wholeſome ſin: but Jove, thou ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, fool, or ſtarve; for thē dilemma's even:
A tradeſman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Reſolv'd for ſea, the ſlaves thy baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, ſlow, unleſs
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may aſk this civil queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a ſhip-board? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou would'ſt tempt the ſea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattreſs laid,
On a brown georget, with lowſy ſwobbers fed,
Dead wine, that ſtinks of the borrachio, ſup
From a ſoul jack, or greaſy maple-cup?
Say, would'ſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore
From ſix i' th' hundred, to ſix hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live;
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.

Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure, chuſe
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuſe.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a ſlave.
Nor think, when once thou haſt reſiſted one,
That all thy marks of ſervitude are gone:
The ſtruggling greyhound gnaws his leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the chain.
Says Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneaſy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? my friends diſgrace
And be the firſt lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours nightly reſt invade
At her deaf doors, with ſome vile ſerenade?
Well haſt thou freed thyſelf, his man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer ſacrifice.
Ah, ſays the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak ſoul! and blindly to deſtruction led!
She break her heart! ſhe'll ſooner break your head.
She knows her man, and, when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her, with a ſingle hair.
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues!
Shall I my own, and her deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your courſe: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madneſs to reſume your chain.

Ay; there's the man, who, loos'd from laſt and peſt,
Leſs to the prætor owes, than to himſelf.
But write him down a ſlave, who, humbly proud,
With preſents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early ſuppliant, who ſalutes the tribes,
And ſets the mob to ſcramble for his bribes:
That ſome old dotard, ſitting in the ſun,
On holidays may tell, that ſuch a ſeat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy ſuperſtition too may claim a ſhare:
When flowers are ſtrew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when ſparkling bowls go round,
And tunnies tails, in ſavoury ſauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'ſt prayers obſcene; nor doſt refuſe
The faſts and ſabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-ſhell thy ſick fancy frights,
Beſides the childiſh fear of walking ſprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding prieſts thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the ſquintiſego maid
Of Iſis, awe thee: leſt the Gods, for ſin,
Should, with a ſwelling dropſy, ſtuff thy ſkin:
Unleſs three garlick-heads the curſe avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.
Preach this among the brawny guards, ſay'ſt thou,
And ſee if they thy doctrine will allow;
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note;
And prize a hundred Zeno's juſt as much
As a clipt ſixpence, or a ſchilling Dutch.

THE

SIXTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſixth ſatire treats an admirable common-place of moral philoſophy; of the true uſe of riches. They certainly are intended, by the power who beſtows them, as inſtruments and helps of living commodiouſly ourſelves; and of adminiſtering to the wants of others who are oppreſſed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is that they are no helps to a virtuous life: the other places all our happineſs in the acquiſition and poſſeſſion of them: and this is, undoubtedly, the worſt extreme. The mean betwixt theſe, is the opinion of the Stoicks which is, that riches may be uſeful to the leading a virtuous life; in caſe we rightly underſtand how to give according to right reaſon, and how to receive what is given us by others. The uſes of

giving well, is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Perſius writes in this ſatire; wherein he not only ſhews the lawful uſe of riches, but alſo ſharply inveighs againſt the vices which are oppoſed to it; and eſpecially of thoſe, which conſiſt in the defects of giving or ſpending; or in the abuſe of riches. He writes to Cæſius Baſſus his friend, and a poet alſo. Enquires firſt of his health and ſtudies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now reſident. He gives an account of himſelf, that he is endeavouring, by little and little, to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the deſire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and, being ſenſible that few men either deſire or uſe riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main deſign of the whole ſatire.

THE SIXTH SATIRE.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy
seat,
And ſeek in Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, doſt thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the ſtrings anſwer to thy noble hand?
Great maſter of the Muſe, inſpir'd to ſing
The beauties of the firſt-created ſpring;
The pedigree of Nature to rehearſe,
And ſound the Maker's work, in equal verſe.
Now ſporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expreſſing juſtly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majeſtic part.
For me, my warmer conſtitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore, to my native ſhores retir'd,
view the coaſt old Ennius once admir'd;
Where cliffs on either ſides their points diſplay;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleaſing proſpect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luna ſays our learned Bard;
Who in a drunken dream beheld his ſoul
The fifth within the tranſmigrating roll;
Which firſt a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And laſt of all the line did into Ennius paſs.
Secure and free from buſineſs of the ſtate,
And more ſecure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for ſheep the ſouthern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To ſee a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the ſight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer.
Nor yet unſeal the dregs of wine that ſtink
In cask; nor in a naſty flaggon drink;
Let others ſtuff their guts with homely fare;
For men of different inclinations are;
Though born perhaps beneath one common ſtar.
In minds and manners twins oppos'd we ſee
In the ſame ſign, almoſt the ſame degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's coſt in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as prieſt of his own rites to ſtand,
He ſprinkles pepper with a ſparing hand.
His jolly brother, oppoſite in ſenſe,
Laughs at his thrift; and, laviſh of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll uſe my own; and take my ſhare;
Yet will not turbots for my ſlaves prepare;
Nor be ſo nice in taſte myſelf to know
If what I ſwallow be a thruſh, or no.
Live on thy annual income; ſpend thy ſtore;
And freely grind, from thy full threſhing-floor;
Next harveſt promiſes as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendſhip's holy band,
And offices of kindneſs, hold my hand:
My friend is ſhipwreck'd on the Brutian ſtrand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are loſt;
And he himſelf ſtands ſhivering on the coaſt;
Where, deſtitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitleſs prayer.
Their images, the relicts of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent; nor can themſelves reſtore.
The veſſel ſticks, and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſharter'd maſt the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing ſtore,
Now lend aſſiſtance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will ſet him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back;
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will ſay,
'Tis mine that wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away;
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without ſpices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted caſſia from the Jews?
All theſe, the wiſer Beſtius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unſinew'd Rome.
Our ſweating Kind their ſailads, now, deſile,
Infecting homely herbs with frrgrant oil.
But to thy fortune be not thou a ſlave:
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'ſt for my eſtate, draw near;
For I would whiſper ſomewhat in thy ear.
Hear'ſt thou the news, my friend? th' expreſs is
come
With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæſar ſalutes the queen and ſenate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars ſweep the duſt away:
Ceaſe faſting, and proclaim a fat thankſgiving-day,
The goodly empreſs, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, ſetting her good houſewifery aſide,
prepares for all the pageantry of pride.

The captive Germans, of gigantic ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The ſpoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boaſt,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal poſt.
Now, for ſo many glorious actions done:
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæſar's health:
Beſides, in gratitude for ſuch high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, would'ſt thou hinder me from this expence;
I diſinherit thee, if thou dar'ſt take offence.
Yet more, a public largeſs I deſign
Of oil and pipes, to make the people dine:
Control me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſtill,
You give as if you were the Perſian king:
Your land does not ſo large revenues bring.
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my care:
Were none of all my father's ſiſters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereſt:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's ſide,
Yet I could ſome adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia ſtay,
Where Fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I chooſe: What! him of humble birth,
Obſcure, a foundling, and a ſon of earth?
Obſcure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandſire, and great-grandſire too.
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth degree.
The reſt of my forgotten anceſtors
Were ſons of earth, like him, or ſons of whores.
Yet, why would'ſt thou, old covetous wretch, aſpire
To be my heir who might'ſt have been my ſire?
In Nature's race, ſhould'ſt thou demand of me
Myſelf, when I in courſe run after thee?
This I approach thee, like the God of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign;
Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and aſk no more.
What, when thou haſt embezzled all thy ſtore!
Where 's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame errand gone.
How little then to my poor ſhare will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main chance, my ſon;
Put out thy principal in truſty hands:
Live on the uſe; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what 's left for me? What 's left, my friend?
Aſk that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my fortunes at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my ſallads, boy: ſhall I be fed
With ſodden nettles, and a ſing'd ſow's head!
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and ſhall be round the year.
Shall I my houſhold gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And, when his throbbing luſt extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homeſpun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him ſee?
Go, miſer, go; for lucre ſell thy ſoul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt eſtate he left his ſon!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian ſlaves!
Increaſe thy wealth, and double all thy ſtore;
'Tis done: now double that, and ſwell the ſcore:
To every thouſand add ten thouſand more.
Then ſay, Chryſippus, thou who would'ſt confine
Thy heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

THE

POEMS

OF

MR. EDMUND SMITH.

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS,

A TRAGEDY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

MY LORD,

AS ſoon as it was made known that your Lordſhip was not diſpleaſed with this Play, my friends began to value themſelves upon the intereſt they had taken in its ſucceſs; I was touched with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing leſs than the immortality of my Work.

And I had ſufficiently ſhewn this vanity in inſcribing this Play to your Lordſhip, did I only conſider you as one to whom ſo many admirable pieces, to whom the Praiſes of Italy, and the beſt Latin poem ſince the Æneid, that on the peace of Ryſwick, are conſecrated. But it had been intolerable preſumption to have addreſſed it to you, my Lord, who are the niceſt judge of poetry, were you not alſo the greateſt encourager of it; to you who excel all the preſent age as a poet, did you not ſurpaſs all the preceding ones as a patron.

For in the times when the Muſes were moſt encouraged, the beſt writers were countenanced, but never advanced; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greateſt men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the patron, is no where to be read of but in the works of the Poets, whereas your Lordſhip's will fill thoſe of the hiſtorians.

For what tranſactions can they write of, which have not been managed by ſome who were recommended by your Lordſhip? 'Tis by your Lordſhip's means, that the univerſities have been real nurſeries for the ſtate; that the courts abroad are charmed by the wit and learning, as well as the ſagacity, of our miniſters; that Germany, Switzerland, Muſcovy, and even Turkey itſelf, begins to reliſh the politeneſs of the Engliſh; that the poets at home adorn that court which they formerly uſed only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their predeceſſor Homer, and with an equipage he could not beſtow, even on the heroes he deſigned to immortalize.

And this, my Lord, ſhews your knowledge of men as well as writings, and your judgment no leſs than your generoſity. You have diſtinguiſhed between thoſe who by their inclinations or abilities were qualified for the pleaſure only, and thoſe that were

fit for the ſervice of your country; you made the one eaſy, and the other uſeful: you have left the one no occaſion to wiſh for any preferment, and you have obliged the public by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may ſeem odd that I ſhould dwell on the topic of your bounty only, when I might enlarge on ſo many others; when I ought to take notice of that illuſtrious family from which you are ſprung, and yet of the great merit which was neceſſary to ſet you on a level with it, and to raiſe you to that houſe of Peers which was already filled with your relations. When I ought to conſider the brightneſs of your wit in private converſation, and the ſolidity of your eloquence in public debates; when I ought to admire in you the politeneſs of a courtier, and the ſincerity of a friend; the openneſs of behaviour which charms all who addreſs themſelves to you, and yet that hidden reſerve which is neceſſary for thoſe great affairs in which you are concerned.

To paſs over all theſe great qualities, my Lord, and inſiſt only on your generoſity, looks as if I ſolicited it for myſelf; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of your Lordſhip's great judgment in the choice of thoſe you advance; ſo that all at preſent my ambition aſpires to is, that your Lordſhip would be pleaſed to pardon this preſumption, and permit me to profeſs myſelf with the moſt profound reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,
and moſt obedient ſervant,
EDM. SMITH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theſeus, King of Crete - - - - -	Mr. Betterton.
Hippolitus, his ſon; in love with Iſmena - -	Mr. Booth.
Lycon, miniſter of ſtate - - - - -	Mr. Keen.
Cratander, captain of the guards - - - -	Mr. Corey.

WOMEN.

Phædra, Theſeus's Queen, in love with Hippolitus -	Mrs. Barry.
Iſmena, a captive Princeſs, in love with Hippolitus -	Mrs. Oldfield.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS.

[See the Prologue and Epilogue in the Poems of Addison and Prior.]

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter CRATANDER *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

'TIS ſtrange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should ſtill continue reſolute in grief,
And obſtinately wretched:
That one ſo gay, ſo beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court deſtruction.

CRATANDER.

Is there not cauſe, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her huſband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his abſence,
Nor know his fate?

LYCON.

The king may cauſe her ſorrow,
But not by abſence. Oft I've ſeen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languiſh o'er her beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, deſiring arms
Flew taſteleſs, loathing; whilſt dejected Theſeus,
With mournful loving eyes purſu'd her flight,
And dropt a ſilent tear.

CRATANDER.

Ha! this is hatred,
This is averſion, horror, deteſtation:
Why did the queen who might have cull'd mankind,
Why did ſhe give her perſon and her throne
To one ſhe loath'd?

LYCON.

Perhaps ſhe thought it juſt
That he ſhould wear the crown his valour ſav'd.

CRATANDER.

Could ſhe not glut his hopes with wealth and honour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen, and widow;
Why did ſhe wed old Theſeus? While his ſon,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth,
And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

LYCON.

Hippolitus (in diſtant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's ſon),
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
And ſure the queen could wiſh him ſtill unknown:
She loaths, deteſts him, flies his hated preſence,
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very name.

CRATANDER.

Well may ſhe hate the Prince ſhe needs muſt fear;
He may diſpute the crown with Phædra's ſon.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very ſports are war.

LYCON.

O! he's all hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
Of lazy Crete, delights to ſhine in arms,
To wield the ſword, and launch the pointed ſpear:
To tame the generous horſe, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion:
To join the ſtruggling courſers to his chariot,
To make their ſtubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, to ſtop, or ſtretch along the plain.
Now the queen's ſick, there's danger in his courage.—
Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.
[*Exit* Crat.
Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous wretch,
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A ſenſeleſs hero, fit to be a tool
To thoſe whoſe godlike ſouls are turn'd for empire.
An open honeſt fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a ſlave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince muſt fall.

Enter ISMENA.

What! ſtill attending on the queen, Iſmena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can ſtill your goodneſs conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas ſlain,
And all his wretched race, by conquering Theſeus?
And do you ſtill watch o'er his conſort Phædra,
And ſtill repay ſuch cruelty with love?

ISMENA.

Let them be cruel that delight in miſchief,
I'm of a ſofter mould, poor Phædra's ſorrows
Pierce through my yielding heart, and wound my ſoul.

LYCON.

Now thrice the riſing ſun has chear'd the world,
Since ſhe renew'd her ſtrength with due refreſhment;
Thrice has the night brought eaſe to man, to beaſt,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her ſtreaming eyes:
She flies all reſt, all neceſſary food,
Reſolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

ISMENA.

But now her grief has wrought her into frenzy;
The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes ſhe raves for muſick, light, and air;
Nor air, nor light, nor muſick, calm her pains;
Then with extatic ſtrength ſhe ſprings aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

LYCON.

Then life is on the wing, then moſt ſhe ſinks
When moſt ſhe ſeems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hiſſes o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then moſt waſting,
When moſt it ſwells.

ISMENA.

My lord, now try your art;
Her wild diſorder may diſcloſe the ſecret
Her cooler ſenſe conceal'd; the Pythian god leſs
Is dumb and ſullen, till with fury fill'd
She ſpreads, ſhe riſes, growing to the ſight,

She ſtares, ſhe foams, ſhe raves; the awful ſecrets
Burſt from her trembling lips, and eaſe the tor-
tur'd maid.
But Phædra comes, ye gods! how pale, how weak!

Enter PHÆDRA *and* Attendants.

PHÆDRA.

Stay, virgins, ſtay, I'll reſt my weary ſteps;
My ſtrength forſakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flaſhing light, my looſen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight; ſupport me, Lycon.
Alas! I faint.

LYCON.

Afford her eaſe, kind Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Why blaze theſe jewels round my wretched
head!
Why all this labour'd elegance of dreſs!
Why flow theſe wanton curls in artful rings!
Take, ſnatch them hence! alas! you all conſpire
To heap new ſorrows on my tortur'd ſoul:
All, all conſpire to make your queen unhappy!

ISMENA.

This you requir'd, and to the pleaſing taſk
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid them lead you from yon hideous darkneſs
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you ſought.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! my Lycon!
Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender, flowery beds, and ſpringing graſs,
To ſtretch my limbs beneath the ſpreading ſhades
Of venerable oaks, to ſlake my thirſt
With the cool nectar of refreſhing ſprings.

LYCON.

I'll ſooth her frenzy; come, Phædra, let's away,
Let's to the woods, and lawns, and limpid ſtreams!

PHÆDRA.

Come, let's away, and thou, moſt bright Diana,
Goddeſs of woods, immortal, chaſte Diana!
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the duſty ring
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery courſers bound,
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along the vale!
How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
Smoke in the whirl! The circling ſand aſcends,
And in the noble duſt the chariot's loſt!

LYCON.

What, madam!

PHÆDRA.

Ah, my Lycon! ah, what ſaid I!
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
My languid eyes are wet with ſudden tears,
And on my face unbidden bluſhes glow.

LYCON.

Bluſh then, but bluſh for your deſtructive ſilence,
That tears your ſoul, and weighs you down to death!
Oh! ſhould you die (ye powers forbid her death!)
Who then would ſhield from wrongs your helpleſs
orphan!
O! he might wander, Phædra's ſon might wander,
A naked ſuppliant through the world for aid!
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to ſhame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus ſhall mount his throne.

PHÆDRA.

O Heavens!

LYCON.

Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this!

PHÆDRA.

Unhappy wretch! what name was that you ſpoke!

LYCON.

And does his name provoke your juſt reſentment!
Then let it raiſe your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd
him!
Think how you drove him hence, a wandering exile
To diſtant climes! then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphans!
For his ſake then renew your drooping ſpirits,
Feed, with new oil, the waſting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, juſt now expiring,
Make haſte, preſerve your life!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! too long,
Too long have I preſerv'd that guilty life.

LYCON.

Guilty! what guilt! has blood, has horrid murder,
Imbrued your hands!

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my hands are guiltleſs,
But, oh! my heart's defil'd!
I've ſaid too much, forbear the reſt, my Lycon,
And let me die to ſave the black confeſſion.

LYCON.

Die, then, but not alone! old faithful Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel ſilence.
Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched queen!
By all the cares of your firſt infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal, I've ſhow'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden ſorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you eaſe.

PHÆDRA.

What ſhall I ſay, malicious, cruel powers!
O where ſhall I begin! O cruel Venus!
How fatal Love has been to all our race!

LYCON.

Forget it, madam; let it die in ſilence.

PHÆDRA.

O Ariadne! O unhappy ſiſter!

LYCON.

Ceaſe to recall your ſiſter's grief and ſhame:

PHÆDRA.

nd ſince the cruel God of Love requires it,
ill the laſt, and moſt undone of all.

LYCON.

Do you then love?

PHÆDRA.

Alas! I groan beneath
he pain, the guilt, the ſhame, of impious love.

LYCON.

Forbid it, Heaven!

PHÆDRA.

Do not upbraid me, Lycon!
love!—Alas! I ſhudder at the name,
ſy blood runs backward, and my faultering tongue
icks at the ſound!—I love!—O righteous Heaven!
/hy was I born with ſuch a ſenſe of virtue,
o great abhorrence of the ſmalleſt crime,
nd yet a ſlave to ſuch impetuous guilt!
ain on me, gods, your plagues, your ſharpeſt
tortures,
ſflict my ſoul with any thing but guilt—
nd yet that guilt is mine!—I'll think no more.
ll to the woods among the happier brutes:
ome, let's away! hark the ſhrill horn reſounds,
he jolly huntſmen's cries rend the wide Heavens!
ome, o'er the hills purſue the bounding Stag,
ome, chace the Lion and the foaming Boar,
ome, rouſe up all the monſters of the wood,
or there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me!

LYCON.

Hippolitus!

PHÆDRA.

Who's he that names Hippolitus!
h! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt diſcover'd!
h! give me poiſon, ſwords—I'll not live, not
bear it;
ll ſtop my breath!

ISMENA.

I'm loſt, but what's that loſs!
ippolitus is loſt, or loſt to me:
et ſhould her charms prevail upon his ſoul,
hould he be falſe, I would not wiſh him ill,
/ith my laſt parting breath I'd bleſs my lord;
hen in ſome lonely deſert place expire,
/hence my unhappy death ſhould never reach him,
eſt it ſhould wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[*Aſide.*

LYCON.

Think ſtill the ſecret in your royal breaſt,
or by the awful majeſty of Jove,
y the All-ſeeing Sun, by righteous Minos,
y all your kindred gods, we ſwear, O Phædra,
afe as our lives, we'll keep the fatal ſecret.

ISMENA, &c.

We ſwear, all ſwear, to keep it ever ſecret.

PHÆDRA.

Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The tale, the whiſper of the babbling vulgar!
)h! can you keep it from yourſelves, unknow it?
)r do you think I'm ſo far gone in guilt,
That I can ſee, can bear the looks, the eyes,
Of one who knows my black deteſted crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her ſon?

LYCON.

Unhappy queen! auguſt, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theſeus touch this fatal ſhore?
Why did he ſave us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worſe ruin on us by his love?

PHÆDRA.

His love indeed! for that unhappy hour,
In which the prieſts join'd Theſeus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I ſhook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breaſt! how from the touch of Theſeus
My ſlack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Prieſts, altars, victims, ſwam before my ſight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God, poſſeſt me!

LYCON.

At once, at firſt poſſeſt you?

PHÆDRA.

Yes, at firſt!
That fatal evening we purſued the chace,
When from behind the wood, with ruſtling ſound,
A monſtrous boar ruſh'd forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his ſtiff-pointed briſtles
Roſe high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tuſks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling ſpear: the well-aim'd
javelin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monſter fell, and gnaſhing with huge tuſks
Plow'd up the crimſon earth. But then Hippolitus,
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he ap-
proach'd me!
When hot and panting from the ſavage conqueſt,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, ſparkling eyes ſhot martial fires:
Oh godlike form! oh extaſy and tranſport!
My breath grew ſhort, my beating heart ſprung
upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving boſom.
Alas! I'm pleas'd, the horrid ſtory charms me.—
No more.—That night with fear and love I ſicken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming viſits;
Then would he talk with ſuch an heavenly grace,
Look with ſuch dear compaſſion on my pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirſty ſoul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poiſon,
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious love:
And ſhall I drag an execrable life:
And ſhall I hoard up guilt, and treaſure vengeance?

LYCON.

No; labour, ſtrive, ſubdue that guilt and live.

PHÆDRA.

Did I not labour, ſtrive, all-ſeeing powers!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burnt clouds of incenſe on your loaded altars?

Oh! I call'd Heav'n and Earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue:
I struggled, rav'd; the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in his birth.

LYCON.

Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

PHÆDRA.

Avert such crimes, ye powers!
No, to avoid his love, I sought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from Crete,
I sent him, drove him, from my longing sight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heav'n, were, by my erring tongue,
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

LYCON.

First let me try to melt him into love.

PHÆDRA.

No; did his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, Heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

LYCON.

Perhaps that lord, that husband, is no more;
He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians:
Yet though he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! that shocks me,
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss!
Yet, stay, his sight will melt my just resolves;
But oh! I beg with my last sallying breath;
Cherish my babe.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know—Your royal husband's dead.

PHÆDRA.

Dead! oh ye powers!

LYCON.

O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mourn, mourn, ye Cretans,
Since he is dead, whose valour sav'd your isle,
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects; as your towering Ida
With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say, how he dy'd.

MESSENGER.

He dy'd as Theseus ought,
In battle dy'd; Philotas, now a prisoner,
That, rushing on, fought next his royal person,
That saw his thundering arm beat squadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall:
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud barbarian glittering in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead!
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead!
And don't I shed one tear upon his urn!
What, not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint!
Ah! these are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife:
But savage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

LYCON.

Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy:
He's dead, the bar of all your bliss is dead:
Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theseus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

PHÆDRA.

I dare not now admit of such a thought,
And bless'd be Heav'n, that steel'd my flatt'ring heart,
That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
And give him empire, but refuse him love.

LYCON.

Then may his happier son be bless'd with both:
Then rouze your soul, and muster all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

PHÆDRA.

But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love?
O should he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:
When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurried on,
And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
I dare not yet resolve; I'll try to live.
And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

LYCON.

Madam, your signet, that your slave may take
What's most convenient for your royal service.

PHÆDRA.

Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra!
And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy power:
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy power be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own;
Then Crete, as Paphos, shall adore thy shrine;
This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall burn;
And with thy father's flames shall worship thine.

[*Exit* PHÆDRA, &c.

LYCON *ſolus.*

If ſhe propoſes love, why then as ſurely
is haughty ſoul refuſes it with ſcorn.——
y I confine him!—If ſhe dies he's ſafe;
id if ſhe lives, I'll work her raging mind.
woman ſcorn'd, with eaſe I'll work to vengeance:
ith humble, fawning, wiſe, obſequious arts,
I rule the whirl and tranſport of her ſoul;
ien, what her reaſon hates, her rage may act,
When barks glide ſlowly through the lazy main,
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driven by winds, they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the ſhips obey. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter PHÆDRA, LYCON, *and* ISMENA.

Enter MESSENGER.

MADAM, the Prince Hippolitus attends.

PHÆDRA.

Admit him: Where, where Phædra's now thy ſoul?
hat—Shall I ſpeak? And ſhall my guilty tongue
t this inſulting victor know his power?
ſhall I ſtill confine within my breaſt
y reſtleſs paſſions and devouring flames?
it ſee he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.——
e ruſhes on me like a blaze of light,
annot bear the tranſport of his preſence,
it ſink oppreſs'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Immortal gods!
hat have I done to raiſe ſuch ſtrange abhorrence!
hat have I done to ſhake her ſhrinking nature
ith my approach, and kill her with my ſight?

LYCON.

Alas! another grief devours her ſoul,
nd only your aſſiſtance can relieve her.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

LYCON.

at promiſe firſt, my lord, to keep it ſecret.

HIPPOLITUS.

Promiſe! I ſwear, on this good ſword I ſwear,
his ſword, which firſt gain'd youthful Theſeus honour;
hich oft has puniſh'd perjury and falſehood;
y thundering Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
y the majeſtic form of godlike heroes
hat ſhine around, and conſecrate the ſteel;
o racks, no ſhame, ſhall ever force it from me.

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus!

HIPPOLITUS.

Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to diſmiſs
his hated object from your eyes for ever;
egs leave to march againſt the foes of Theſeus,
nd to revenge or ſhare his father's fate.

PHÆDRA.

Oh, Hippolitus!
I own I've wrong'd you, moſt unjuſtly wrong'd you,
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father;
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their ſuffering hero,
And I (the ſad occaſion) moſt of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's ſoul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero, whom I wiſh'd to cheriſh!
Oh! you'd confeſs me wretched, not unkind,
And own thoſe ills did moſt deſerve your pity,
Which moſt procur'd your hate.

HIPPOLITUS.

My hate to Phædra?
Ha! could I hate the royal ſpouſe of Theſeus,
My queen, my mother?

PHÆDRA.

Why your queen and mother?
More humble titles ſuit my loſt condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compaſſion view her helpleſs orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heavens dart your judgments on this faithleſs head,
If I don't pay him all a ſlave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

PHÆDRA.

A father's love!
Oh doubtful ſounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My grief's much eas'd by this tranſcending goodneſs,
And Theſeus' death ſits lighter on my ſoul:
Death? He's not dead! he lives, he breathes, he ſpeaks,
He lives in you, he 's preſent to my eyes,
I ſee him, ſpeak to him.——My heart! I rave
And all my folly 's known.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! glorious folly!
See Theſeus, ſee, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

PHÆDRA.

Love him indeed! dote, languiſh, die for him,
Forſake my food, my ſleep, all joys for Theſeus,
(But not that hoary venerable Theſeus)
But Theſeus, as he was, when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when every grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the ſon;
When Theſeus was Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Ha! Amazement ſtrikes me!
Where will this end?

LYCON.

Is 't difficult to gueſs?
Does not her flying paleneſs that but now

Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now ſucceeds a momentary luſtre,)
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wiſhing looks, her ſpeech, her preſent ſilence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you.

HIPPOLITUS.

What do I hear? What, does no lightning flaſh,
No thunder bellow, when ſuch monſtrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confeſt? All-ſeeing ſun!
Hide, hide in ſhameful night thy beamy head,
And ceaſe to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I ſhare th' amazing guilt; theſe eyes,
That firſt inſpir'd the black inceſtuous flame,
Theſe ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deſerve your thunder.

PHÆDRA.

Alas! my lord, believe me not ſo vile.
No: by thy goddeſs, by the chaſte Diana,
None but my firſt, my much-lov'd lord Arſamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in theſe unhappy arms.
No! for the love of thee, of thoſe dear charms,
Which now I ſee are doom'd to be my ruin,
I ſtill deny'd my lord, my huſband Theſeus,
The chaſte, the modeſt joys of ſpotleſs marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to ſtormy ſeas,
To rocks and waves leſs cruel than his Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

If that drove Theſeus hence, then that kill'd Theſeus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her huſband Theſeus.

PHÆDRA.

Forbear, raſh youth, nor dare to rouze my vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my ſwelling rage
With black reproaches, ſcorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reaſon would abhor.
Long has the ſecret ſtruggled in my breaſt,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd boſom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confuſion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
To murder thee, myſelf, and all that know it.
As when convulſions cleave the labouring earth,
Before the diſmal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houſes craſh;
He's ſafe, who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that ſees its opening boſom, dies. [*Exit.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me take the warning and retire;
I'd rather truſt the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.
[ISMENA *ſhews herſelf, liſtening.*

LYCON.

Alas! my Lord,
You muſt not leave the queen to her deſpair.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt not? From thee? From that vile upſtart Lycon.

LYCON.

Yes: From that Lycon who derives his greatneſs
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her life.
Then, Sir, forbear, and view this regal ſigne,
And in her faithful ſlave obey the queen.
[*Enter Guard.*
Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful diſtance,
With that reſpect, it may not ſeem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

HIPPOLITUS.

So, confinement is
The honour Crete beſtows on Theſeus' ſon.
Am I confin'd? And is 't ſo ſoon forgot,
When fierce Procruſtes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your ſtreets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your ſhrieking maids clung round the hallow'd ſhrines,
When all your palaces and lofty towers
Smok'd on the earth, when the red ſky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful ſubſtitute),
Then, then my father flew to your aſſiſtance;
Then Theſeus ſav'd your lives, eſtates, and honours,
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's ſon?

LYCON.

Take not an eaſy ſhort confinement ill,
Which your own ſafety and the queen's requires:
But fear not aught from one that joys to ſerve you.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, I diſdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of ſervices from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies, eternal falſehood
Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In every cringing bow and fawning ſmile:
Why elſe d'you whiſper out your dark ſuſpicions?
Why with malignant elogies encreaſe
The people's fears, and praiſe me to my ruin?
Why through the troubled ſtreets of frighted Gnoſſus
Do bucklers, helms, and poliſh'd armour blaze?
Why ſounds the dreadful din of inſtant war,
Whilſt ſtill the foe's unknown?

LYCON.

Then quit thy arts,
Put off the ſtateſman and reſume the judge.
Thou Proteus, ſhift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the God. [*Aſide.*—
That foe's too near, [*To Hipp.*
The queen's diſeaſe, and your aſpiring mind,
Diſturb all Crete, and give a looſe to war.

HIPPOLITUS.

Gods! Dares he ſpeak thus to a monarch's ſon?
And muſt this earth-born ſlave command in Crete?
Was it for this my god-like father fought?
Did Theſeus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the ſucceſſor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

LYCON.

You may as well provoke
That Jove you worſhip, as this ſlave you ſcorn.
Go ſeize Alcmæon, Nicias, and all

The black abettors of his impious treaſon.
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls:
For know, on me depends thy inſtant doom.
Then learn (proud prince) to bend thy haughty ſoul,
And if thou think'ſt of life, obey the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait my doom:
Whate'er 's my fault, no ſtain ſhall blot my glory.
I'll guard my honour, you diſpoſe my life;
[*Exeunt* Lyc. & Crat.
Since he dares brave my rage, the danger 's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in purſuit;
But when he ſtruggles in th' entangling toils,
Inſult the dying prey.—'Tis kindly done, Iſmena,
[Iſm. *enters.*
With all your charms to viſit my diſtreſs;
Soften my chains, and make confinement eaſy.
Is it then given me to behold thy beauties;
Thoſe bluſhing ſweets, thoſe lovely loving eyes!
To preſs, to ſtrain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What 's liberty to this?
What 's fame or greatneſs? Take them, take them, Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Encloſe me thus for ever.

ISMENA.

O Hippolitus!
O I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wiſh for aught while I behold my lord;
But yet that wiſh, that only wiſh is vain.
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your god-like ſoul a wretched maid;
Take to your arms (aſſiſt me Heaven to ſpeak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Not think of thee?
What! part, for ever part? Unkind Iſmena:
Oh! can you think that death is half ſo dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, ſhould I quit thee, ſhould I turn to Phædra,
Say, could'ſt thou bear it? Could thy tender ſoul
Endure the torment of deſpairing love,
And ſee me ſettled in a rival's arms?

ISMENA.

Think not of me: perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Iſmena
With all her charms o'er-rule your ſullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Iſmena.

HIPPOLITUS.

Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

ISMENA.

Give the queen hopes.

HIPPOLITUS.

No more.——My ſoul diſdains it.
No, ſhould I try, my haughty ſoul would ſwell;
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
O! ſhould I ſtoop to cringe, to lye, forſwear?
Deſerve the ruin which I ſtrive to ſhun?

ISMENA.

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By theſe ſad ſighs, by theſe poor ſtreaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near danger of that precious life,
Heaven knows I value much above my own,
What! Not yet mov'd? Are you reſolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I ſwear by all the powers,
This ſteel ſhall end my fears and life together.

HIPPOLITUS.

You ſhan't be truſted with a life ſo precious.
No, to the court I'll publiſh your deſign,
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon ſhall wrench the dagger from your boſom,
And raving Phædra will preſerve Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Phædra! Come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra;
I'll tell her all the ſecrets of our love,
Give to her rage her cloſe deſtructive rival;
Her rival ſure will fall, her love may ſave you.
Come ſee me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

What's your deſign? Ye powers! what means my love?

ISMENA.

She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one ſhe can't preſerve.
Yet when you ſee me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting ſoul would wiſh you'd ſav'd me.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to ſave you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll ſay.

ISMENA.

Say, what occaſion, chance, or Heaven inſpires:
Say, that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say, that you'll wed her, ſay that you'll comply;
Say, to preſerve your life, ſay any thing.
[*Exit* Hip.
Bleſs him, ye powers! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your juſtice,
Aim all your vengeance on Iſmena's head;
Puniſh Iſmena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave reſolves are ſtagger'd,
Now I repent, like ſome deſpairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and ſtruggles with the whirling waves;
And catches every ſlender reed to ſave him.

CHO.

But ſhould he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, ſhould he wed her?

ISMENA.

Should he wed the queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my requeſt,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

CHO.

Die! does Iſmena then reſolve to die?

ISMENA.

Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd ſo well
To part with all my bliſs to ſave my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And ſee another revel in his arms?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

What a reverſe is this! Perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boaſted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honeſt, and that one deceives me.
[*Aſide.*
Iſmena here!
'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is ſafe
From the ſure vengeance of deſpairing love.
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to ſoft endearments,
She doats, ſhe dies; and few, but tedious days,
With endleſs joys will crown the happy pair.

ISMENA.

Does he then wed the queen?

LYCON.

At leaſt I think ſo.
I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my doubts: he ſpoke; th' attentive queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: he bluſhing bow'd,
She trembling, loſt in love, with ſoft confuſion
Receiv'd his paſſion, and return'd her own:
Then ſmiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her enſuing nuptials,
Which I muſt now purſue. Farewel, Iſmena.
[*Exit.*

ISMENA.

Then I'll retire, and not diſturb their joys.

CHO.

Stay and learn more.

ISMENA.

Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſtay?
What! Shall I ſtay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?
To ſnatch the ſtruggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open generous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he ſo ſoon grow artful in diſſembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inſpir'd his tongue,
And all his ſoul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps ſoft pity charm'd his yielding ſoul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—Alas! how many things might charm him!

CHO.

Wait the ſucceſs: it is not yet decided.

ISMENA.

Not yet decided! Did not Lycon tell us
How he proteſted, ſigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd:
How the ſoft paſſion languiſh'd in his eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he claſps her to his panting breaſt,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now graſps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear falſe things that charm'd the poor Iſmena.
He comes: be ſtill, my heart, the tyrant comes,
Charming, though falſe, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why hangs that cloudy ſorrow on your brow?
Why do you ſigh? Why flow your ſwelling eyes,
Thoſe eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

ISMENA.

My lord, my ſoul is charm'd with your ſucceſs;
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and ſince my death alone
Can make you ſafe, that ſoon ſhall make you happy.
Yet had you brought leſs love to Phædra's arms,
My ſoul had parted with a leſs regret,
Bleſt if ſurviving in your dear remembrance.

HIPPOLITUS.

Your death! My love! My marriage! And to Phædra!
Hear me, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

No, I dare not hear you.
But though you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Though you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet ſtill my ſoul o'er-runs with fondneſs t'wards you:
Yet ſtill I die with joy to ſave Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Die to ſave me! Could I outlive Iſmena!

ISMENA.

Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find every blooming pleaſure;
Oh, may the gods ſhower bleſſings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conqueſt,
And all thy peaceful days with ſure repoſe!
May'ſt thou be bleſt with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy eaſe forget the loſt Iſmena!
Farewell, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Iſmena, ſtay,
Stay, hear me ſpeak, or by th' infernal powers
I'll not ſurvive the minute you depart.

ISMENA.

What would you ſay? Ah! don't deceive my weakneſs.

HIPPOLITUS.

Deceive thee! Why, Iſmena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender ſoul with harſh ſuſpicion?
Oh! by thoſe charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor ſpoke, deſign'd nor promiſ'd
To love, or wed the queen.

ISMENA.

Speak on, my lord,
My honeſt ſoul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then thus. I came and ſpake, but ſcarce of love;
The eaſy queen receiv'd my faint addreſs
With eager hope and unſuſpicious faith.
Lycon with ſeeming joy diſmiſs'd my guards,
My generous ſoul diſdain'd the mean deceit,
But ſtill deceiv'd her to obey Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh, pardon me,
Pardon the errors of a ſilly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealouſy;
For ſtill that fear, that jealouſy, was love.
Haſte then, my lord, and ſave yourſelf by flight;
And when you're abſent, when your god-like form
Shall ceaſe to chear forlorn Iſmena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your conſtant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends
(For ſure thoſe friends ſhall have my tendereſt wiſhes);
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, ſpeak very much, and ſtill ſpeak on.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh! thy dear love ſhall ever be my theme,
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Taſting the odours of thy fragrant boſom.
Come then to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come haſte with me to leave this fatal ſhore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight, a hundred luſty rowers
Have wav'd their ſinewy arms, and call'd Hippolitus;
The looſen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the ſea whitens with auſpicious gales.

ISMENA.

Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee;
Fly, ere inſidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondneſs take thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

HIPPOLITUS.

But not from my Iſmena.
Why do you force me from your heavenly ſight,
With thoſe dear arms that ought to claſp me to thee?

ISMENA.

Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear poſſeſs'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now ſnatch thee to my breaſt,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go——Ye gods, if I ſhould go,
What would fame ſay? If I ſhould fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my ſoul?

HIPPOLITUS.

Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endleſs joys the youth that lov'd you.
O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the bleſt hours I've languiſh'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

ISMENA.

Hide me, ye powers; I never ſhall reſiſt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Will you refuſe me? Can I leave behind me
All that inſpires my ſoul, and chears my eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my doom.
Come, raving Phædra, bloody Lycon come!
I offer to your rage this worthleſs life,
Since 'tis no longer my Iſmena's care.

ISMENA.

O! haſte away, my lord; I go, I fly
Through all the dangers of the boiſterous deep.
When the wind whiſtles through the crackling maſts,
When through the yawning ſhip the foaming ſea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll claſp thee faſt,
And in tranſporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander through the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlaſting ſnow:
There, when the horrid darkneſs ſhall encloſe us,
When the bleak wind ſhall chill my ſhivering limbs,
Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant ſun,
And chear my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

HIPPOLITUS.

Come, let's away, and like another Jaſon
I'll bear my beauteous conqueſt through the ſeas:
A greater treaſure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, ſleep in peace,
Ye monſters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Tranſporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows ſcatter'd, and his bow unſtrung:
Obſcure in coverts lye his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble ſounds.
For nobler ſports he quits the ſavage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields.

ACT III.

Enter LYCON.

LYCON.

HEAVEN is at laſt appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wiſhes, and auſpicious Jove
Smiles on his native iſle; for Phædra lives,
Reſtor'd to Crete, and to herſelf, ſhe lives;
Joy with freſh ſtrength inſpires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks

Spreads a freſh roſy bloom, as kindly ſprings
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its ſmiling face with gaudy flowers.
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter PHÆDRA.

How her eyes ſparkle! How their radiant beams
Confeſs their ſhining anceſtor the ſun!
Your charms to-day will wound deſpairing crowds,
And give the pains you ſuffer'd: Nay, Hippolitus
The fierce, the brave, th' inſenſible Hippolitus
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore——

PHÆDRA.

'Tis flattery all;
Yet when you name the prince, that flattery's pleaſing.
You wiſh it ſo, poor good old man, you wiſh it.
The fertile province of Cydonia 's thine;
Is there aught elſe? Has happy Phædra aught,
In the wide circle of her far-ſtretch'd empire?
Aſk, take, my friend, ſecure of no repulſe:
Let ſpacious Crete through all her hundred cities
Reſound her Phædra's joy. Let altars ſmoke,
And richeſt gums, and ſpice, and incenſe, roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying Heaven,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathſome dungeons
Give up the meagre ſlaves that pine in darkneſs,
And waſte in grief, as did deſpairing Phædra:
Let them be chear'd, let the ſtarv'd priſoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.—Let ſorrow ceaſe.
Let none be wretched, none, ſince Phædra 's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal paſſion
Rewards my flame, and ſprings into my arms!

Enter MESSENGER.

Say, where 's the prince?

MESSENGER.

He 's no where to be found.

PHÆDRA.

Perhaps he hunts.

MESSENGER.

He hunted not to-day.

PHÆDRA.

Ha! Have you ſearch'd the walks, the courts, the temples?

MESSENGER.

Search'd all in vain.

PHÆDRA.

Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
My heart miſgives me.

LYCON.

So indeed doth mine.

PHÆDRA.

Could he deceive me? Could that god-like youth
Deſign the ruin of a queen that loves him?
Oh! he's all truth; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmoſt thoughts.—He comes!
Ha! Who art thou? Whence com'ſt thou? Where's Hippolitus?

MESSENGER.

Madam, Hippolitus with fair Iſmena
Drove toward the port——

PHÆDRA.

With fair Iſmena!
Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curs'd her charms,
Curs'd all her ſoothing, fatal, falſe endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodneſs
Could ſee me tortur'd with deſpairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monſtrous ſufferings,
While her baſe malice plotted my deſtruction.

LYCON.

A thouſand reaſons crowd upon my ſoul,
That evidence their love.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, yes, they love;
Why elſe ſhould he refuſe my proffer'd bed?
Why ſhould one warm'd with youth, and thirſt of glory,
Diſdain a ſoul, a form, a crown like mine?

LYCON.

Where, Lycon, where was then thy boaſted cunning
Dull, thoughtleſs wretch!

PHÆDRA.

O pains unfelt before!
The grief, deſpair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of diſtracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how, did their firſt paſſion riſe?
Where did they breathe their ſighs? What ſhady groves?
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not; the well-pleas'd ſun
With all his beams ſurvey'd their guiltleſs flame;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted ſighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the ſhame of nature, hid in darkneſs,
Far from the balmy air and chearing light,
Preſt down my ſighs, and dry'd my falling tears;
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

LYCON.

Now ceaſe that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majeſtic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, ſacrifice the villain.
Then haſte, ſend forth your miniſters of vengeance,
To ſnatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful preſence.

PHÆDRA.

O rightly thought!——Diſpatch th' attending guards,
Bid them bring forth their inſtruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And hurl ſwift vengeance on the perjur'd ſlave.
Where am I, gods? What is 't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone! Ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
With ſounding ſtrokes divide the ſparkling waves,

And happy gales aſſiſt their ſpeedy flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expoſe my weakneſs and my crimes:
Now to the ſporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter CRATANDER.

CRATANDER.

Sir, as I went to ſeize the perſons order'd
I met the prince, and with him fair Iſmena;
I ſeiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

PHÆDRA.

Haſte, bring him in.

LYCON.

Be quick, and ſeize Iſmena.

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

PHÆDRA.

Couldſt thou deceive me? Could a ſon of Theſeus
Stoop to ſo mean, ſo baſe a vice as fraud?
Nay, act ſuch monſtrous perfidy, yet ſtart
From promis'd love?

HIPPOLITUS.

My ſoul diſdain'd a promiſe.

PHÆDRA.

But yet your falſe equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your every motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falſhoods.
Look down, O Theſeus, and behold thy ſon,
As Sciron faithleſs, as Procruſtes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monſters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
Behold them all in thy own ſon reviv'd.

HIPPOLITUS.

Touch not my glory, leſt you ſtain your own;
I ſtill have ſtrove to make my glorious father
Bluſh, yet rejoice to ſee himſelf outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theſeus juſt, and as Camilla chaſte.

PHÆDRA.

The godlike Theſeus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas ſome monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the ſcourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaſte Camilla.
Camilla chaſte! An Amazon and chaſte!
That quits her ſex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaſte matron mount the neighing ſteed;
In ſtrict embraces lock the ſtruggling warrior,
And chooſe the lover in the ſturdy foe.

Enter MESSENGER, *and ſeems to talk earneſtly with* LYCON.

HIPPOLITUS.

No; ſhe refus'd the vows of godlike Theſeus,
And choſe to ſtand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge ſtrokes reſound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to diſtant ſhores,
Whilſt ſhe alone ſupported all his war:
Nor till ſhe ſunk beneath his thundering arm,
Beneath which, warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honeſt wiſh'd for love.

PHÆDRA.

Not ſo her ſon;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one deſcended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's perſon and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The laſt of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce ſucceſſive hatred reign'd
Between your ſires: in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the bluſhing earth.

HIPPOLITUS.

In vain indeed, ſince now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for ſlaughter paſt.

PHÆDRA.

Your future offspring.
Heavens! What a medley's this? What dark confuſion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy 't had been to old diſabled Theſeus,
When he ſhould take thy offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And he upbraided with his grandſire's fate.
Oh barbarous youth!

LYCON.

Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps even now his faction 's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her ſon,
And give the crown to him and his Iſmena:
But I'll prevent it. [*Exit* Lycon.

ISMENA *brought in.*

PHÆDRA.

What! the kind Iſmena
That nurs'd me, watch'd my ſickneſs! Oh ſhe watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark! Hark, my little infant cries for juſtice!
Oh! be appeas'd my babe, thou ſhalt have juſtice.
Now all the ſpirits of my god-like race
Enflame my ſoul, and urge me on to vengeance.
Arſamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging ſun,
Inſpire my fury, and demand my juſtice.
Oh! ye ſhall have it: thou, Minos, ſhalt applaud it;
Yes thou ſhalt copy it in their pains below.
Gods of revenge, ariſe.——He comes! He comes!
And ſhoots himſelf through all my kindling blood.
I have it here.—Now baſe perfidious wretch,
Now ſigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Iſmena ſhall appeaſe my vengeance.
Iſmena dies: And thou her pitying lover
Doom'dſt her to death.—Thou too ſhalt ſee her bleed;

See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
And laugh at dying Phædra!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh Ismena!

ISMENA.

Alas! My tender soul would shrink at death,
Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains,
In any cause but this.——But now I'm steel'd,
And the near danger lessens to my sight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields,
And there enquire of each descending ghost
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour.
That dear remembrance will improve the bliss;
Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heaven more happy.

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh heavenly virgin! [*Aside.*]—O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, oh! spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think, with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you;
Think, how she serv'd and watch'd you in your sickness!
How ev'ry rising and descending sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

ISMENA.

Oh! by those powers, to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of Heaven
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by every female art,
Wrought his disdaining soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud,
'Twas woman all.

PHÆDRA.

I see 'twas woman all.
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me;
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the gods so pleas'd; had bounteous Heaven
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
So had I given my life with joy to save him.

HIPPOLITUS.

And can you doom her death? Can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
Are not you Phædra? Once the boast of fame,
Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

PHÆDRA.

Am I that Phædra? No.—Another soul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjust? Then, why was Phædra
Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
Why did you raise me to the heighth of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

ISMENA.

Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death.

PHÆDRA.

Confin'd and doom'd to death—O cruel Lycon!
Could I have doom'd thy death?—Could thefe fad eyes
That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou could'ſt see me die without concern,
Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
Else could you chuse to trust the warring winds,
The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
And all the raging monsters of the deep!
Oh! think you see me on the naked shore.
Think how I scream and tear my scatter'd hair;
Break from the embraces of my shrieking maids,
And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom:
Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

HIPPOLITUS.

O, dismal state! My bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tenderest pity.

PHÆDRA.

If you can pity, O! refuse not love;
But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
And nursery of gods.——A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crowds
Struggle for passage through the spacious streets;
Where thousand ships o'ershade the lessening main,
And tire the labouring wind. The suppliant nations
Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

HIPPOLITUS.

Then let me march their leader, not their priest;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians,
Brandish this far fam'd sword of conquering Theseus;
That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright ancestor the sun may shine
On nought but Phædra's empire.

PHÆDRA.

Why not thine?
Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,
As to refuse my crown?——O, cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul!
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me;
O! ease, at least once more delude, my fortune.

r your dear ſake! 've loſt my darling honour;
r you, but now I gave my ſoul to death:
r you I 'd quit my crown, and ſtoop beneath
ie happy bondage of an humble wife.
ith thee I 'd climb the ſteepy Ida's ſummit,
id in the ſcorching heat and chilling dews,
er hills, o'er vales, purſue the ſhaggy lion;
releſs of danger and of waſting toil;
pinching hunger and impatient thirſt;
d find all joys in thee.

HIPPOLITUS.

Why ſtoops the queen
) aſk, intreat, to ſupplicate and pray,
) proſtitute her crown and ſex's honour,
) one whoſe humble thoughts can only riſe
) be your ſlave, not lord?

PHÆDRA.

And is that all?
ods! Does he deign to force an artful groan?
call a tear from his unwilling eyes,
ard as his native rocks, cold as his ſword,
erce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?
hates the tyrant, and the ſuppliant ſcorns.
Heaven! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
) ye not bluſh at my degenerate weakneſs!
ence lazy, mean, ignoble paſſion, fly;
ence from my ſoul—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
nd Heaven inſpires my thoughts with righteous vengeance.
hou ſhalt no more deſpiſe my offer'd love;
o more Iſmena ſhall upbraid my weakneſs.
[*Catches* Hipp. *ſword to ſtab herſelf.*
ow all ye kindred gods look down and ſee,
ow I'll revenge you, and myſelf, on Phædra.

Enter LYCON, *and ſnatches away the ſword.*

LYCON.

Horror on horror! Theſeus is return'd.

PHÆDRA.

Theſeus! Then what have I to do with life?
lay I be ſnatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
ather than view the face of injur'd Theſeus.
Now wider ſtill my growing horrors ſpread,
ly ſame, my virtue, nay, my frenzy's fled:
hen view thy wretched blood, imperial Jove,
crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
n me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
le if your anger ſpares, your pity ſhould deſtroy.
[*Runs off.*

LYCON.

This may do ſervice yet.
[*Exit* LYCON, *carries off the ſword.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying gods.
ſhall I again behold his awful eyes?
gain be folded in his loving arms?
et in the midſt of joy I fear for Phædra;
fear his warmth and unrelenting juſtice.
! ſhould her raging paſſion reach his ears,
is tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
o burning rage; as ſoft Cydonian oil,

Whoſe balmy juice glides o'er th' untaſting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hotteſt flames will blaze.
But oh ye powers! I ſee his godlike form.
O extaſy of joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my lord? My father? Oh! 'tis he:
I ſee him, touch him, feel his known embraces,
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Enter THESEUS, *with others.*

Where have you been, my lord? What angry demon
Hid you from Crete? From me?—What god has ſav'd you?
Did not Philotas ſee you ſail? O anſwer me!
And then I'll aſk a thouſand queſtions more.

THESEUS.

No: But to ſave my life I feign'd my death;
My horſe and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther ſearch. This honeſt Greek
Conceal'd me in his houſe, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a veſſel; and, to bleſs me more,
Accompany'd my flight———
But this at leiſure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondneſs; let me ſnatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, ſuch, was I
[*Embraces* Hippolitus.
When firſt I ſaw thy mother, chaſte Camilla;
And much ſhe lov'd me.—Oh! Did Phædra view me
With half that fondneſs!—But ſhe 's ſtill unkind;
Life haſty joy had brought her to theſe arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life;
And make that life a bleſſing. Come, my ſon,
Let us to Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

Pardon me, my lord.

THESEUS.

Forget her former treatment; ſhe 's too good
Still to perſiſt in hatred to my ſon.

HIPPOLITUS.

O! Let me fly from Crete,——from you, [*Aſide.*
and Phædra.

THESEUS.

My ſon, what means this turn? this ſudden ſtart?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?

HIPPOLITUS.

Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown:
To quell the monſters that eſcap'd your ſword,
And make the world confeſs me Theſeus' ſon.

THESEUS.

What can this coldneſs mean? Retire, my ſon,
[*Exit* Hippolitus.
While I attend the queen.——What ſhock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?
Where 's now the joy, the extaſy, and tranſport,
That warm'd my ſoul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
O! had I never lov'd her, I 'd been bleſt.
Sorrow and joy, in love, alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliſs, diſtracting is the pain.

So when the Nile its fruitful deluge ſpreads,
And genial heat informs its ſlimy beds;
Here yellow harveſts crown the fertile plain,
There monſtrous ſerpents fright the labouring ſwain:
A various product fills the fatten'd ſand,
And the ſame floods enrich and curſe the land.

ACT IV.

Enter LYCON *ſolus.*

LYCON.

THIS may gain time till all my wealth's embark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finiſh mine,
And ſhake that empire which I can't poſſeſs.
But then the queen——She dies——Why let her die;
Let wide deſtruction ſeize on all together,
So Lycon live.——A ſafe triumphant exile,
Great in diſgrace, and envy'd in his fall.
The queen!—then try thy art, and work her paſſions.

Enter PHÆDRA *and Attendants.*

Draw her to act what moſt her ſoul abhors,
Poſſeſs her whole, and ſpeak thyſelf in Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Off, let me looſe; why, cruel barbarous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge
That ſpreads its hoſpitable arms for all?
Why muſt I drag th' inſufferable load
Of foul diſhonour, and deſpairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I ſo often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I ſo oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its eaſe?

LYCON.

Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your inſulting foe?
Then ſhall he triumph o'er your blaſted name:
Ages to come, the univerſe, ſhall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your ſoul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your ſhame, ſhall ſink beneath your faults;
Inherit your diſgrace, but not your crown.

PHÆDRA.

Muſt he too fall, involv'd in my deſtruction,
And only live to curſe the name of Phædra?
Oh dear, unhappy babe! muſt I bequeath thee
Only a ſad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unleſs they reach my infant's guiltleſs head?
Oh loſt eſtate! when life's ſo ſharp a torment,
And death itſelf can't eaſe! Aſſiſt me, Lycon,
Adviſe, ſpeak comfort to my troubled ſoul.

LYCON.

'Tis you muſt drive that trouble from your ſoul;
As ſtreams, when dam'd, forget their ancient current,
And wondering at their banks, in other channels flow;
So muſt you bend your thoughts from hopeleſs love,
So turn their courſe to Theſeus' happy boſom,
And crown his eager hopes with wiſh'd enjoyment:
Then with freſh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Diſplay the beauties firſt inſpir'd his ſoul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

PHÆDRA.

Impoſſible! What woo him with theſe eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theſeus!
This tongue ſo us'd to ſound another name;
What! take him to my arms! Oh awful Juno!
Touch, love, careſs him! while my wandering fancy
On other objects ſtrays? A lewd adulteſs
In the chaſte bed? And in the father's arms,
(Oh horrid thought! Oh execrable inceſt!)
Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the ſon?

LYCON.

Yet you muſt ſee him, leſt impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a ſearch,
And ill-tim'd abſence ſhould diſcloſe your crime.

PHÆDRA.

Could I, when preſent to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild diſorders of my ſoul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my ſpeech, betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'art not betray'd!
Live, live ſecure, adoring Crete conceals thee:
Thy pious love, and moſt endearing goodneſs,
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to ſilence.
Oh wretched Phædra! oh ill-guarded ſecret!
To foes alone diſclos'd!

LYCON.

I needs muſt fear them,
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

PHÆDRA.

Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail!
I too have ſworn, ev'n at the altar ſworn
Eternal love and endleſs faith to Theſeus;
And yet am falſe, forſworn: The hallow'd ſhrine,
That heard me ſwear, is witneſs to my falſehood:
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he ſhall tell the fault himſelf inſpir'd;
The fatal eloquence, that charm'd my ſoul,
Shall laviſh all its art to my deſtruction.

LYCON.

Oh he will tell it all!—Deſtruction ſeize him!—
With ſeeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuſe your folly;
Falſe tears ſhall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful ſighs ſhall heave:
Then Theſeus—How will indignation ſwell
His mighty heart! How his majeſtic frame
Will ſhake with rage too fierce, too ſwift for vent!
How he 'll expoſe you to the public ſcorn,
And loathing crowds ſhall murmur out their horror!
Then the fierce Scythian——Now methinks I ſee
His fiery eyes with ſullen pleaſures glow,
Survey your tortures, and inſult your pangs;
I ſee him, ſmiling on the pleas'd Iſmena,
Point out with ſcorn the once proud tyrant Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

Curſt be his name! May infamy attend him!
May ſwift deſtruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of thoſe he moſt adores!

LYCON.

By Heaven, prophetic truth inſpires your tongue!
He ſhall endure the ſhame he means to give;
And all the torments which he heaps on you,
With juſt revenge, ſhall Theſeus turn on him.

PHÆDRA.

Is 't poſſible? Oh Lycon! Oh my refuge!
Oh good old man! Thou oracle of wiſdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

LYCON.

Accuſe him firſt.

PHÆDRA.

Oh Heavens! Accuſe the guiltleſs!

LYCON.

Then be accus'd; let Theſeus know your crime;
Let laſting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preſerve your glory, and ſecure your vengeance:
He yours the fruit, ſecurity, and eaſe;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour, mine.

PHÆDRA.

Heavens! Theſeus comes!

Enter THESEUS.

LYCON.

Declare your laſt reſolves.

PHÆDRA.

Do you reſolve, for Phædra can do nothing.
[*Exit* Phædra.

LYCON.

Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raiſe his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quaſh them with deſpair;
Work his tumultuous paſſions into frenzy;
Incite them all, then turn them on the foe.

THESEUS.

Was that my queen, my wife, my idol, Phædra?
Does ſhe ſtill ſhun me? Oh injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you ſave me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?

LYCON.

Her hatred! No, ſhe loves you with ſuch fondneſs,
As none but that of Theſeus e'er could equal?
Yet ſo the gods have doom'd, ſo Heaven will have it,
She ne'er muſt view her much-lov'd Theſeus more.

THESEUS.

Not ſee her! By my ſufferings but I will,
Though troops embattled ſhould oppoſe my paſſage,
And ready death ſhould guard the fatal way.
Not ſee her! Oh I 'll claſp her in theſe arms,
Break through the idle bands that yet have held me,
And ſeize the joys my honeſt love may claim.

LYCON.

Is this a time for joy? when Phædra's grief——

THESEUS.

Is this a time for grief? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting Phædra flew,
With open arms, to welcome my return,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my raſhneſs,
And made me ſwear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm ſoul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untaſted joys;
New pleaſures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were loſt.
And does ſhe now avoid my eager love,
Purſue me ſtill with unrelenting hatred,
Invent new pains, deteſt, loath, ſhun my ſight,
Fly my return, and ſorrow for my ſafety?

LYCON.

O think not ſo! for, by th' unerring gods,
When firſt I told her of your wiſh'd return,
When the lov'd name of Theſeus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name ſhe rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watery eyes, to Heaven,
To bleſs the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempeſt of her grief was calm'd;
Her ſighs were huſh'd, and tears forgot to flow.

THESEUS.

Did my return bring comfort to her ſorrow?
Then haſte, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
O I will kiſs the pearly drops away?
Suck from her roſy lips the fragrant ſighs;
With other ſighs her panting breaſt ſhall heave,
With other dews her ſwimming eyes ſhall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart ſhall beat,
And all her ſorrows ſhall be loſt in love.

LYCON.

Does Theſeus burn with ſuch unheard of paſſion?
And muſt not ſhe with out-ſtretch'd arms receive him,
And with an equal ardour meet his vow,
The vows of one ſo dear! O righteous gods!
Why muſt the bleeding heart of Theſeus bear
Such torturing pangs; while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with acculing eyes on angry Heaven
Stedfaſtly gazes, and upbraids the gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble ſhame,
Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burſt with ſwelling anguiſh, rends the ſkies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs?

THESEUS.

Wrong'd! Is ſhe wrong'd? and lives he yet who wrong'd her?

LYCON.

He lives, ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
That Phædra ſcarce can hope, ſcarce wiſh revenge.

THESEUS.

Shall Theſeus live, and not revenge his Phædra?
Gods! ſhall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,

For quelling tyrants, and redreſſing wrongs,
Now fail? now firſt, when Phædra 's injur'd, fail?
Speak, Lycon, haſte, declare the ſecret villain,
The wretch ſo meanly baſe to injure Phædra,
So raſhly brave to dare the ſword of Theſeus.

LYCON.

I dare not ſpeak; but ſure her wrongs are mighty:
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her ſighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me ſuſpect her monſtrous grief will end her.

THESEUS.

End her; end Theſeus firſt, and all mankind;
But moſt that villain, that deteſted ſlave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch!

LYCON.

O noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when in the midſt of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming ſorrows,
She, groaning, ſtill invok'd, ſtill call'd on Theſeus.

THESEUS.

Did ſhe then name me! Did the weeping charmer
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theſeus?
Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.
Why then this ſtay? I come, I fly, oh Phædra!
Lead on—Now, dark diſturber of my peace,
If now thou 'art known, what luxury of vengeance—
Haſte, lead, conduct me.

LYCON.

Oh! I beg you ſtay.

THESEUS.

What! ſtay when Phædra calls?

LYCON.

Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you ſtay;
As you reſpect your peace, your life, your glory:
As Phædra's days are precious to your ſoul;
By all your love, by all her ſorrows, ſtay.

THESEUS.

Where lies the danger? wherefore ſhould I ſtay?

LYCON.

Your ſudden preſence would ſurprize her ſoul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her ſorrow, indignation, ſhame;
And all your ſon would ſtrike her from your eyes.

THESEUS.

My ſon!——But he's too good, too brave to wrong her.
——Whence then that ſhocking change, that ſtrong ſurprize;
That fright that ſeiz'd him at the name of Phædra!

LYCON.

Was he ſurpriz'd? that ſhew'd at leaſt remorſe.

THESEUS.

Remorſe! for what? By Heavens, my troubled thoughts
Preſage ſome dire attempt.——Say, what remorſe!

LYCON.

I would not——yet I muſt.——This you command;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faultering tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty ſcene to Theſeus:
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my ſpeed, and chid my raſh obedience,
Leſt the unwelcome tale ſhould wound your peace.
At laſt, with looks ſerenely ſad, ſhe cry'd,
Go, tell it all; but in ſuch artful words,
Such tender accents, and ſuch melting ſounds,
As may appeaſe his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his ſon
A grievous fault, but ſtill a fault of love.

THESEUS.

Of love! what ſtrange ſuſpicions rack my ſoul?
As you regard my peace, declare, what love!

LYCON.

So urg'd, I muſt declare; yet, pitying Heaven,
Why muſt I ſpeak? Why muſt unwilling Lycon
Accuſe the prince of impious love to Phædra?

THESEUS.

Love to his mother! to the wife of Theſeus!

LYCON.

Yes, at the moment firſt he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His eaſy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he preſt her with his paſſion.

THESEUS.

Then 't was for this ſhe baniſh'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all: O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heaven; forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in ſecret have condemn'd thy juſtice.
Oh! 't was all juſt, and Theſeus ſhall revenge,
Ev'n on his ſon, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

LYCON.

What eaſy tools are theſe blunt honeſt heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the ſtateſman's art prepares,
And poſt to ruin!——Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd juſtice on thy ſon,
Next on thyſelf, and both make way for Lycon. [Aſide.

THESEUS.

Ha! am I ſure ſhe 's wrong'd? perhaps 't is malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your accuſation,
Or treble fury ſhall revenge my ſon.

LYCON.

Am I then doubted! and can faithful Lycon
Be thought to forge ſuch execrable falſehoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you ſuſpect her truth? O godlike Theſeus!
Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra!
Is this her hop'd-for aid! Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heaven
With thy vain ſorrows; ſince relentleſs Theſeus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theſeus, will not hear thee!

THESEUS.

Not hear my Phædra! Not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom 's as fix'd
As when Jove ſpeaks, and high Olympus ſhakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

LYCON.

Bear witneſs, Heaven!
With what reluctance I produce this ſword,
This fatal proof againſt th' unhappy prince,
Leſt it ſhould work your juſtice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force, as well as inceſt.

THESEUS.

Gods! 't is illuſion all! Is this the ſword
By which Procruſtes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling ſon
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly haſt fulfill'd
Thy generous promiſe. O moſt injur'd Phædra!
Why did I truſt to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy juſtice, or ſuſpect thy truth.

LYCON.

Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her diſhevel'd hair,
That weapon glittering o'er her trembling boſom,
Whilſt ſhe with ſcreams refus'd his impious love,
Entreating death, and riſing to the wound.
Oh! had you ſeen her, when the frighted youth
Retir'd at your approach: had you then ſeen her,
In the chaſte tranſports of becoming fury,
Seize on the ſword to pierce her guiltleſs boſom,
Had you ſeen this, you could not doubt her truth.

THESEUS.

Oh impious monſter! Oh forgive me, Phædra!
And may the gods inſpire my injur'd ſoul
With equal vengeance that may ſuit his crimes.

LYCON.

For Phædra's ſake, forbear to talk of vengeance;
That with new pains would her tender breaſt:
Send him away from Crete, and by his abſence
Give Phædra quiet; and afford him mercy.

THESEUS.

Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor Phædra's mercy.——Oh moſt barbarous traitor!
To wrong ſuch beauty, and inſult ſuch goodneſs.
Mercy! what 's that? a virtue ſcorn'd by villains;
Who praiſe the weakneſs which ſupports their crimes.
Be mute, and fly, leſt when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyſelf in vain implore my mercy.

LYCON.

Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou doſt,
More than I do the juſtice thou 'rt ſo fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boaſt thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon. [*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

THESEUS.

Yet can it be?——Is this th' inceſtuous villain?
How great his preſence, how erect his look,
How every grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
Oh Neptune! Oh, great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with ſuch a godlike look?
Why wears he not ſome moſt deteſted form,
Baleful to ſight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my juſtice without grief,
Puniſh the villain, nor regret the ſon?

HIPPOLITUS.

May I preſume to aſk, what ſecret care
Broods in your breaſt, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes thoſe angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus, they us'd to cheer?

THESEUS.

Anſwer me firſt: when call'd to wait on Phædra,
What ſudden fear ſurpriz'd your troubled ſoul?
Why did your ebbing blood forſake your cheeks?
Why did you haſten from your father's arms,
To ſhun the queen your duty bids you pleaſe?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, to pleaſe the queen, I'm forc'd to ſhun her,
And keep this hated object from her ſight.

THESEUS.

Say, what 's the cauſe of her inveterate hatred?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, as yet I never gave her cauſe.

THESEUS.

Oh were it ſo! [*Aſide.*] When laſt did you attend her?

HIPPOLITUS.

When laſt attend her?——Oh unhappy queen
Your error 's known, yet I diſdain to wrong you.
Or to betray a fault myſelf have caus'd. [*Aſide.*
When laſt attend her?——

THESEUS.

Anſwer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, this very morn I ſaw the queen.

THESEUS.

What paſs'd?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aſk'd permiſſion to retire.

THESEUS.

And was that all?

HIPPOLITUS.

My lord, I humbly beg,
With the moſt low ſubmiſſions, aſk no more.

THESEUS.

Yet you don't anſwer with your low ſubmiſſions.
Anſwer, or never hope to ſee me more.

HIPPOLITUS.

Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd and loſt for ever.
[*Aſide.*

THESEUS.

He changes, gods! and faulters at the queſtion:
His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.
[*Aſide.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Why do you frown my lord? Why turn away,
As from some loathsome monster, not your son?

THESEUS.

Thou art that monster, and no more my son.
Not one of those of the most horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

HIPPOLITUS.

Where am I, gods? Is that my father Theseus?
Am I awake? Am I Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Thou art that fiend — Thou art Hippolitus.
Thou art!—Oh fall! Oh fatal stain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee!
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just!
Sometimes it led me through the maze of war;
There it survey'd thee ranging through the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction:
Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;
While you——

HIPPOLITUS.

With all my father's soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt through bloody fields the chase of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! How that warm'd me! How my throbbing heart
Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you should strain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confess your son!
How did I think my glorious toil o'er-paid?
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conquest crown'd? Go on, Hippolitus,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practise the strictest and austerest virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theseus, thy father Theseus, will reward thee.

THESEUS.

Reward thee?——Yes, as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? And did Minos,
The great, the good, the just, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inspire adultery, force, and incest?

ISMENA *appears.*

ISMENA.

Ha! What 's this? [*Aside.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Incest?——

THESEUS.

Incest with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

HIPPOLITUS.

This charge so unexpected, so amazing,
So new, so strange, impossible to thought,
Stuns my astonish'd soul, and ties my voice.

THESEUS.

Then let this wake thee, this once glorious sword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpose. Oh abandon'd slave!
Oh early villain! Most detested coward!
With this my instrument of youthful glory!
With this!——Oh noble entrance into arms!
With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour!
Phædra! My life! My better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whose just defence
The gods would claim thy sword.

HIPPOLITUS.

Amazement! Death!
Heavens! Durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of Theseus
Against his queen, against my mother's bosom.

THESEUS.

If not, declare when, where, and how you kill'd it!
How Phædra gain'd it? Oh all the gods! He's silent.
Why was it bar'd? Whose bosom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! monstrous villain

HIPPOLITUS.

Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light?
No clue to guide me through this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
None! None, ye powers! And must I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul dishonour?
Must Theseus suffer such unheard-of torture!
Theseus, my father! No, I 'll break through all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,
I give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord!
Hear your wrong'd son. The sword——Oh fatal vow!
Ensnaring oaths; and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
To bind thyself in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
Beneath disgrace, though infamous yet honest.
Yet hear me, father, may the righteous gods
Shower all their curses on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!—

THESEUS.

Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The sword, the sword! Now swear, and call to witness
Heaven, hell, and earth. I mark it not from one,
That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

HIPPOLITUS.

Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus fierce,
With eyes erect, and visage unappall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I stand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the downcast haggard eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

THESEUS.

This is for raw, untaught, unfinish'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom haſt reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection:
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous ſtamp (oh Heavens!) of faultleſs virtue,
While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
Oh harden'd fiend, can't ſuch tranſcending crimes
Diſturb thy ſoul, or ruffle thy ſmooth brow?
What, no remorſe! No qualms! No pricking pangs!
No feeble ſtruggle of rebelling honour!
O 'twas thy joy! thy ſecret hoard of bliſs,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought:
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing miſers
Brood o'er their precious ſtores of ſecret gold.

HIPPOLITUS.

Muſt I not ſpeak? Then ſay, unerring Heaven,
Why was I born with ſuch a thirſt of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my diſhonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

THESEUS.

Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And ſuch a father (Oh immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory;
When thou ſhould'ſt rend the ſkies with clamorous grief,
Beat thy ſad breaſt, and tear thy ſtarting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid luſt t' inſult my yet warm urn;
Make me the ſcorn of hell, and ſport for fiends!
Theſe are the funeral honours paid to Theſeus,
Theſe are the ſorrows, theſe the hallow'd rites,
To which you 'd call your father's hovering ſpirit.

Enter ISMENA.

ISMENA.

Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom:
[*Turning to* Theſeus.
Hear one that comes to ſhield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

THESEUS.

Though thou 'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Though ev'n thy beauty 's loathſome to my eyes,
Yet juſtice bids me hear thee.

ISMENA.

Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*
Then know, miſtaken prince, his honeſt ſoul
Could ne'er be ſway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles ſubdued his ſtruggling heart;
For long his duty ſtruggled with his love.

THESEUS.

Speak, is this true? On thy obedience, ſpeak.

HIPPOLITUS.

So charg'd, I own the dangerous truth; I own,
Againſt her will, I lov'd the fair Iſmena.

THESEUS.

Canſt thou be only clear'd by diſobedience,
And juſtify'd by crimes?——What! love my foe!
Love one deſcended from a race of tyrants,
Whoſe blood yet reeks on my avenging ſword!
I 'm curſt each moment I delay thy fate:
Haſte to the ſhades, and tell the happy Pallas
Iſmena's flames, and let him taſte ſuch joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghoſts, and hiſſing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell ſound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra and Iſmena.

Enter CRATANDER.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty ſword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at leaſt, like Theſeus' ſon.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

HIPPOLITUS.

Heavens! How that ſtrikes me! How it wounds my ſoul!
To think of your unutterable ſorrows,
When you ſhall find Hippolitus was guiltleſs!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you ſhall mourn your ſon's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beſeech you by the love you bore me,
With my laſt words (my words will then prevail)
Oh for my ſake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theſeus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys ſurvive,
Freſh in your breaſt, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd ſtill, but not deplor'd.

THESEUS.

Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
Oh blooming hypocrite! Oh young diſſembler!
Well haſt thou ſhewn the care thou tak'ſt of Theſeus.
Oh all ye gods! how this inflames my fury!
I ſcarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, diſhonour'd Theſeus!
Blot not thy fame with ſuch a monſter's blood.
Snatch him away.

HIPPOLITUS.

Lead on. Farewell, Iſmena.

ISMENA.

Oh! take me with him, let me ſhare his fate.
Oh awful Theſeus! Yet revoke his doom:
See, ſee the very miniſters of death,
Though bred to blood, yet ſhrink, and wiſh to ſave him.

THESEUS.

Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her arms off.

ISMENA.

Oh! tear me, cut me, till my fever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and ſhare the pains he ſuffers.

THESEUS.

Villains, away.

ISMENA.

O Theſeus! Hear me, hear me.

THESEUS.

Away, nor taint me with thy loathſome touch.
Off, woman.

ISMENA.

Stay, oh ſtay! I 'll tell you all. [*Exit* Theſeus.
Already gone!——Tell it, ye conſcious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Reſound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapleſs youth! All Heaven conſpires againſt you.
The conſcious walls conceal the fatal ſecret:
Th' untainted winds refuſe th' infecting load:
And fame itſelf is mute.——Nay, ev'n Iſmena,
Thy own Iſmena 's ſworn to thy deſtruction.
But ſtill, whate'er the cruel gods deſign,
In the ſame fate our equal ſtars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces mine.

ACT V.

Enter PHÆDRA *and* LYCON.

LYCON.

ACCUSE yourſelf? Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal meſſage.
Heavens! Will you ſtand the dreaded rage of Theſeus?
And brand your fame, and work your own deſtruction?

PHÆDRA.

By thee I 'm branded, and by thee deſtroy'd:
Thou boſom ſerpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet ſhan't you boaſt the miſeries you cauſe,
Nor 'ſcape the ruin you have brought on all.

LYCON.

Was it not your command? Has faithful Lycon
E'er ſpoke, e'er thought, deſign'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done aught without the queen's conſent?

PHÆDRA.

Plead'ſt thou conſent to what thou firſt inſpir'dſt?
Was that conſent? O ſenſeleſs politician!
When adverſe paſſions ſtruggled in my breaſt,
When anger, fear, love, ſorrow, guilt, deſpair,
Drove out my reaſon, and uſurp'd my ſoul,
Yet this conſent you plead, O faithful Lycon!
Oh! only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what 's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine? Thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wiſe, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

LYCON.

Oh! 'twas ſo black, my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own ſound, and horror ſhook my ſoul.
Yet ſtill, though pierc'd with ſuch amazing anguiſh,
Such was my zeal, ſo much I lov'd my queen,
I broke through all, to ſave the life of Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

What 's life? Oh all ye Gods! Can life atone
For all the monſtrous crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh ſoul of honour!
Oh early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd.
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the ſordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies Oh perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature ſallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs diſtort his lovely form;
His roſy beauties fade, his ſtarry eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing beams;
Now in ſhort gaſps his labouring ſpirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his faultering tongue,
And ſtruggles into ſound. Hear, monſter, hear,
With his laſt breath he curſes perjur'd Phædra:
He ſummons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee,
Whole hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuffering Phædra
Shall find ſome eaſe to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.

LYCON.

Oh all ye powers! Oh Phædra! Hear me, hear me,
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By thoſe unhappy crimes I wrought to ſerve you,
By theſe old wither'd limbs and hoary hairs,
By all my tears!—Oh heavens! She minds me not,
She hears not my complaints. Oh wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reſerv'd?

PHÆDRA.

Reſerv'd to all
The ſharpeſt, ſloweſt pains that earth can furniſh,
To all I wiſh—On Phædra—Guards, ſecure him.
[Lycon *carried off.*
Ha! Theſeus, gods! My freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, deſigns, and words are loſt.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Doſt thou at laſt repent? Oh lovely Phædra!
At laſt with equal ardour meet my vows;
O dear-bought bleſſing! Yet I 'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.—Then haſte, my charmer,
Let 's feaſt our famiſh'd ſouls with amorous rist,
With fierceſt bliſs atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we 've loſt.

PHÆDRA.

Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the diſtant ſkies or deepeſt center.

THESEUS.

Amazement! Death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a deteſtation,
So ſtrong abhorrence!—Speak, exquiſite tormentor!
Was it for this your ſummons fill'd my ſoul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous tranſports!
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliſs.

)id I for this obey my Phædra's call,
ınd fly with trembling haſte to meet her arms?
ınd am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Vas it for this you rouz'd my drowſy ſoul
rom the dull lethargy of hopeleſs love?
nd doſt thou only ſhew thoſe beauteous eyes
o wake deſpair, and blaſt me with their beams?

PHÆDRA.

Oh! were that all to which the gods have doom'd me;
ıt angry Heaven has laid in ſtore for Theſeus
ich perfect miſchief, ſuch tranſcendent woe,
hat the black image ſhocks my frighted ſoul,
ıd the words die on my reluctant tongue.

THESEUS.

Fear not to ſpeak it; that harmonious voice
ill make the ſaddeſt tale of ſorrow pleaſing,
ıd charm the grief it brings.—Thus let me hear it,
ıus in thy ſight; thus gazing on thoſe eyes,
ian ſupport the utmoſt ſpite of fate,
ıd ſtand the rage of Heaven.—Approach, my fair!

PHÆDRA.

Off, or I fly for ever from thy ſight:
all I embrace the father of Hippolitus?

THESEUS.

Forget the villain, drive him from your ſoul.

PHÆDRA.

Can I forget, or drive him from my ſoul?
ı! he will ſtill be preſent to my eyes;
is words will ever echo in my ears;
ill will he be the torture of my days,
ine of my life, and ruin of my glory.

THESEUS.

And mine and all.—Oh moſt abandon'd villain!
h laſting ſcandal to our godlike race!
hat could contrive a crime ſo foul as inceſt.

PHÆDRA.

Inceſt! Oh name it not!——
ie very mention ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul:
ie gods are ſtartled in their peaceful manſions,
ıd nature ſickens at the ſhocking ſound.
ıou brutal wretch! Thou execrable monſter!
› break through all the laws that early flow
om untaught reaſon, and diſtinguiſh man;
ix like the ſenſeleſs herd with beſtial luſt,
other and ſon prepoſterouſly wicked;
› baniſh from thy ſoul the reverence due
› honour, nature, and the genial bed,
ıd injure one ſo great, ſo good as Theſeus.

THESEUS.

To injure one ſo great, ſo good as Phædra;
ı ſlave! to wrong ſuch purity as thine,
ch dazzling brightneſs, ſuch exalted virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Virtue! All-ſeeing gods, you know my virtue!
uſt I ſupport all this? O righteous Heaven!
n't I yet ſpeak? Reproach I could have borne,
inted his ſatyrs ſtings, and edg'd his rage,
t to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are ſlight to what I ſuffer
And hell itſelf 's relief.

THESEUS.

What 's hell to thee?
What crimes could'ſt thou commit? Or what reproaches
Could innocence ſo pure as Phædra's fear.
Oh, thou 'rt the chaſteſt matron of thy ſex,
The faireſt pattern of excelling virtue.
Our lateſt annals ſhall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each ſkilful artiſt ſhall expreſs thy form,
In animated gold.——The threatening ſword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy ſnowy boſom;
Such heavenly beauty on thy face ſhall bloom,
As ſhall almoſt excuſe the villain's crime;
But yet that firmneſs, that unſhaken virtue,
As ſtill ſhall make the monſter more deteſted,
Where-e'er you paſs, the crowded way ſhall ſound
With joyful cries, and endleſs acclamations:
And when aſpiring bards, in daring ſtrains,
Shall raiſe ſome heavenly matron to the powers,
They 'll ſay, ſhe 's great, ſhe 's true, ſhe 's chaſte as Phædra.

PHÆDRA.

This might have been.——But now, oh cruel ſtars!
Now, as I paſs, the crowded way ſhall ſound
With hiſſing ſcorn, and murmuring deteſtation:
The lateſt annals ſhall record my ſhame;
And when th' avenging Muſe with pointed rage
Would ſink ſome impious woman down to hell,
She 'll ſay, ſhe 's falſe, ſhe 's baſe, ſhe 's foul as Phædra.

THESEUS.

Hadſt thou been foul, had horrid violation
Caſt any ſtains on purity like thine,
They 're waſh'd already in the villain's blood:
The very ſword, his inſtrument of horror,
Ere this time drench'd in his inceſtuous heart,
Has done thee juſtice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead—I ſaw Cratander
Give him a ſword.—I ſaw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breaſt,
With ſteady hands, and with diſdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but ſcorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamour follow'd:
And the ſurrounding ſoldiers hid from ſight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

PHÆDRA.

Is he then dead?

THESEUS.

Yes, yes, he 's dead; and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful juſtice,
I 'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

PHÆDRA.

Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.—Oh happy Theseus!
Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste thee, let 's join our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

THESEUS.

Wretched! For what? For what the world must praise me.
For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death?

PHÆDRA.

Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike sire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

THESEUS.

What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous Phædra;
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?

PHÆDRA.

Canst thou not guess?——
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Could'st thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
Could'st thou not find it in the generous truth,
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'st not perceive it in the chaste reserve?
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Could'st thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?

THESEUS.

Guiltless! Oh all ye gods! What can this mean?

PHÆDRA.

Mean! That the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son;
And when deny'd, with impious accusation
Sully'd the lustre of his shining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to shake.

THESEUS.

Is he then guiltless?
Guiltless! Then what art thou? And oh just Heaven!
What a detested parricide is Theseus!

PHÆDRA.

What am I? What indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son. O impious Lycon!
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

THESEUS.

Lycon! Here, guards!—Oh most abandon'd villain!
Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter GUARDS.

GUARDS.

Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high displeasure?

THESEUS.

Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon!
Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon!
Where! Wretched Theseus! in thy bed and heart,
The very darling of my soul and eyes!
Oh beauteous fiend! But trust not to thy form.
You too, my son, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) to your destruction.
You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you dy'd. Oh impious Phædra!
Incestuous fury! Execrable murth'ress!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
Ev'n endless torture which thou shalt not suffer?

PHÆDRA.

And is there aught on earth I would not suffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crime,
Thou need'st not claim it, most unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine: I'd avenge thy fate.
I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for torments;
And Phædra's sufferings should atone for thine;
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

LYCON *brought in.*

THESEUS.

Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I 'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.

LYCON.

O! mercy, mercy!

THESEUS.

Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve,
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor Hippolitus.

LYCON.

Oh chain me! whip me! Let me be the scorn
Of sordid rabbles, and insulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

PHÆDRA.

Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

THESEUS.

Oh abject villain! Yet it gives me joy
To see the fears that shake thy guilty soul,

hance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
, how thou 'lt howl thy fearful soul away;
ile laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
d make thy pains their sport! Haste, hence,
away with him,
g him to all the torments earth can furnish;
him be rack'd and gash'd, impal'd alive;
en let the mangled monster, fix'd on high,
n o'er the shouting crowds, and glut their
vengeance.
d is this all? And art thou now appeas'd?
ll this atone for poor Hippolitus!
angorg'd appetite! Oh ravenous thirst
a son's blood! What not a day, a moment!

PHÆDRA.

A day! A moment! Oh! thou should'st have
staid
urs, ages, all the round of circling time,
touch'd the life of that consummate youth.

THESEUS.

And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
isted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
t this I promis'd to his dying mother,
ien in her mortal pangs she sighing gave me
e last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
d reach'd her feeble wandering hands to mine;
en her last breath, now quivering at her mouth,
plor'd my goodness to her lovely son;
her Hippolitus. He, alas! descends
early victim to the lazy shades,
h heaven and earth!) by Theseus doom'd,
descends.

PHÆDRA.

He 's doom'd by Theseus, but accus'd by Phædra,
Phædra's madness, and by Lycon's hatred.
t with my life I expiate my frenzy,
d die for thee, my headlong rage destroy'd:
ee I pursue (oh great ill-fated youth!)
rsue thee still, but now with chaste desires;
ee through the dismal waste of gloomy death;
ee through the glimmering dawn, and purer
day,
rough all th' Elysian plains: O righteous Minos!
sian plains! There he and his Ismena
ll sport for ever, shall for ever drink
mortal love; while I far off shall howl
lonely plains; while all the blackest ghosts
rink from the baleful sight of one more mon-
strous,
d more accurs'd than they.

THESEUS.

I too must go;
o must once more see the burning shore
livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
hence no Alcides will release me now.

PHÆDRA.

Then why this stay? Come on, let 's plunge
together:
hell sets wide its adamantine gates,
through the sable gates the black Cocytus
smoky circles rowls its fiery waves:
ar, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
e din of rattling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing shrieks,
That wide through all its gloomy world resound.
How huge Mægara stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!
Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos.
See how the awful judges of the dead
Lour stedfast hate, and horrible dismay!
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage chokes his struggling words: the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand: O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here! Oh execrable villain!
Then am I still on earth? By hell I am,
A fury now, a scourge preferr'd for Lycon!
See, the infernal beings offer to my vengeance
That impious slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge;
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here.—I 'll steal it to his
heart.

[*Mistaking* Theseus *for* Lycon, *offers to stab him.*

GUARDS.

Heavens! 'tis your lord.

PHÆDRA.

My lord! O equal Heaven!
Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
And sallying life go off in parricide?
Then trust not thy slow drugs. Thus sure of death
[*Stabs herself.*
Compleat thy horrors—And if this suffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the rest.

THESEUS.

At length she 's quiet,
And earth now bears not such a wretch as Theseus;
Yet I 'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantines,
With clashing shields, and braying trumpets,
drown'd
The cries of infant Jove—I 'll stifle conscience,
And nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? For whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
An endless round of still returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse?
What torment 's this?——Therefore, O greatly
thought,
Therefore do justice on thyself—and live;
Live above all most infinitely wretched.
Ismena too—Nay, then, avenging Heaven

ISMENA *enters.*

Has vented all its rage.—O wretched maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted soul
The sad remembrance of my god-like son,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

ISMENA.

Ruin'd!——O all ye powers! O awful Theseus!
Say, where's my lord? say, where has fate dis-
pos'd him?
Oh speak! the fear distracts me.

THESEUS.

Gods! Can I speak?
Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?
Oh lovely maid! Could'st thou admit of comfort,
Thou should'st for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
For thee alone, my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease;
Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son:
For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
Restore the crown of which it robb'd your race:
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd
Beneath thy easy yoke with pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

ISMENA.

Must I then reign? Nay, must I live without him?
Not so, oh godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena;
You for her sake refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease.
And thus I find it. [*Offers to stab herself.*

Enter HIPPOLITUS.

HIPPOLITUS.

O forbear, Ismena!
Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom;
Oh heaven and earth! should she resolve to die,
And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods! she 'd fall a victim?
Was it for me she 'd die? O heavenly virgin!
See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

ISMENA.

Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead! is this Elysium!
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus——Ar't well?
Ar't thou not wounded?

THESEUS.

Oh unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd thee?
Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,
My sword, into thy breast?

HIPPOLITUS.

I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;
The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wish, and brought me to the king:
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.

THESEUS.

Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Ismena's arms,
Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence, and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

ISMENA.

Oh killing joy!

HIPPOLITUS.

Oh extasy of bliss!
Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid, oh pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my sufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I 've had!
Since 't was to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus.
Yet there 's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra.

THESEUS.

Deep was her anguish; for the wrongs she felt
She chose to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

HIPPOLITUS.

I 've heard it all.
O! had not passion sully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre;
So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.

ISMENA.

Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying powers,
No other way to crown Ismena's love?
Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

THESEUS.

O tender maid! forbear, with ill-tim'd grief,
To damp our blessings, and incense the gods:
But let 's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought:
That Heaven, whose mercy rescued erring Theseus
From execrable crimes, and endless woe.
Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world,
With equal poize let steady justice sway,
And flagrant crimes, with certain vengeance pay,
But, till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.

HIPPOLITUS.

The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodness which themselves inspire.
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser lies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ON THE

BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES*.

JAM non vulgares, Isis, mollire triumphos,
Augustos Isis nunquam tacitura Stuartas.
Tu quoties crebris cumulâsti altaria donis
Multa rogans numen, cui victa jugalia cura!

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* From the "Strenæ Natalitiæ Academiæ
"Oxoniensis in celsissimum Principem. Ex
"è Theatro Sheldoniano. An. Dom. 1688."

it jam votivam Superis ſuſpende tabellam;
unt rata vota tibi, fævique oblita doloris
mplexu parvi gaudet Regina Jacobi.
anguentes dudum priſcus vigor afflat ocellos,
afans et caræ ſuſpenſus in oſcula Matris
lumine jam ſpirat blando, viſumque tenellum
liſcet parva quidem, ſed vivida Patris imago.
etiam patrio vivat celebratus honore,
ivat canitie terris venerandus eâdem!
men habet certè ſuperâ quod veſcitur aurâ
um primum, lætos æſtas cum pandat honores,
mnia cum vireant, cum formoſiſſimus annus,
t Vos felices optatâ prole Parentes!
uos nunc Parca piis reſpexit mota querelis:
o! veſtræ valuêre preces; victrixque Deorum
ata movet pietas, quamvis nolentia flecti:
roles chara datur ſenio, inconceſſa juventæ.
i citiùs ſoboles nullo miranda daretur
rodigio, ſanctis vix digna Parentibus eſſet:
quæ vita dabit, cui dat miracula partus?
I, Princeps, olim patrios imitare triumphos,
t ſemper magni veſtigia Patris adora:
lic primâ nondum indutus lanugine malas
Invictis orbem per totum inclaruit armis.
Illius ad tonitru Batavi tremuêre; Jacobum
Agnovit dominum ſummiſſis navita velis.
Te quoque Belga tremat, metuat rediviva Jacobi
Fulmina, cujus adhuc miſerè conſervat hiantes
Ore cicatrices, vaſtæ et monumenta ruinæ.
Subjectus famulas Nereus Tibi porrigat undas:
Ipſe tuo dà jura mari.
Cumque Pater tandem divis miſcebitur ipſe
Divus (at ô! tardè ſacra ducite ſtamina, Parcæ,)
Aſſere tu noſtri jus immortale Monarchæ;
Tu rege ſubjectum patriis virtutibus orbem.

EDMUNDUS SMITH, *Ædis Chriſti Commenſalis.*

ON THE INAUGURATION OF

KING WILLIAM AND QUEEN MARY*.

MAURITII ingentis celſo de ſanguine natum,
Mauritioque parem, ſolenni dicere verſu
Te, Gulielme, juvat: nunc ô! mihi pectora flammâ
Divinâ caleant, nunc me furor excitet idem,
Qui Te, ingens heros, bello tot adire labores
Inſtigat, medioſque ardentem impellit in hoſtes.
Te tenero latè jactabat fama ſub ævo:
Cæpiſti, quâ finis erat; maturaque virtus
Edidit ante diem fructus, tardèque ſequentes
Annos præcurrit longè, et poſt terga reliquit.
Jam Te, jam videor flagrantes cernere vultus,
Dum primas ducis fervens in prælia turmas:
Jam cerno oppoſitas acies, quanto impete præceps
Tela per et gladios raperis; quo fulmine belli
Adverſum frangis cuneum, et media agmina miſces.
Num ferus invadit Belgas Turennius heros,
Invictis ſemper clarus Turennius armis,
Et, quacunque ruit, ferro bacchatur et igni?
Tu primo vernans jucundæ flore juventæ
Congrederis, ducente Deo, Deus ipſe Batavis.
Congrederis; non Te Gallorum immania terrent
Agmina, non magni Turennius agminis inſtar.
Heu quas tam ferro ſtrages, quæ funera latè
Edideris, quantoſque viros demiſeris orco!
Sic cum congeſtos ſtruxêre ad ſidera montes
Terrigenæ fratres, ſuperos detrudere cœlo
Aggreſſi, poſito tum plectro intonſus Apollo
Armatâ ſumpſit fatalia ſpicula dextrâ:
Tunc audax ruit in bellum, et furit acer in armis,
Et Martem, atque ipſas longè anteit fulminis alas.
Extremos ô quàm vellem memorare labores!
Quàm vellem ſævi ſuperata pericula ponti!
Cui meritò nunc jura dabis: quam flebile fatum
Triſteſque illorum exequias, quos obruit æquor
Immeritos, cancre; at jamjam ſub pondere tanto
Deficio, heroemque ſequor non paſſibus æquis.
Sed feſſo memoranda dies, quâ regna Britannûm

The uncommon excellence of Edmund Smith's productions muſt enſure them a favourable reception; eſpecially when it is conſidered that at the time of their compoſition he was only one remove from a ſchool-boy. Had Dr. Johnſon ſeen the firſt of theſe publications, he would not have been at a loſs to determine, in the excellent life he has given the world of Smith, whether the latter was admitted ih the univerſity in the year 1689, as he would thence have been enabled to pronounce with certainty that he was in 1688 a Member of Chriſt Church. I take this to have been the year of Smith's admiſſion; and that he was then juſt come off from Weſtminſter, in time to ſignaliſe his abilities by writing on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, when a FRESHMAN (according to the univerſity phraſe) and before he was appointed to a Studentſhip; for his name is ſubſcribed to that Copy of Verſes, with the addition of COMMONER. The great ſuperiority of genius that is diſplayed in this firſt—School-boy's—production of Smith, beyond what Addiſon has diſcovered in his firſt performance—the Paſtoral on the Inauguration of King William and Queen Mary—ſufficiently ſerves to account for Smith's being, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, "one of the murmurers at fortune; and wondering why he was ſuffered to be poor, when Addiſon was careſſed and preferred." Smith could not but be conſcious of the greater degree of literary merit he himſelf poſſeſſed even in the very department to which Addiſon owed the earlier part of his fame, THE WRITING OF LATIN VERSE;—and on comparing their juvenile performances, it is evident that Smith had reaſon enough for that conſciouſneſs.—Addiſon firſt recommended himſelf to notice by his dedication of the *Muſa Anglicana* to Lord Halifax, and by the poems of his own therein inſerted. But what are his poems in compariſon of SMITH's?

KYNASTON.

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* From the "Vota Oxonienſia pro ſereniſſimis "Guilhelmo Rege et Maria Regina M. Britan- "niæ, &c. nuncupata. Oxonii, è Theatro Shel- "doniano. An. Dom. 1689."

Debita, quâ ſacros ſceptri regalis honores
Accipies, cingeſque aureo diademate frontem.
Anglos ſervaſti; da jura volentibus Anglis.
Sic gravis Alcides humeris ingentibus olim
Fulcivit patrium, quem mox poſſedit, Olympum.

E. SMITH, *Ædis Chriſti Alumnus.*

ON THE RETURN OF

KING WILLIAM FROM IRELAND,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE *.

O INGENS Heros! O tot defuncte periclis!
Ergo iterum victor noſtris allaberis oris?
Atque os belligerum, totvumque in prælia numen
Exuis, et blandâ componis regna quiete?
Ergo iterum placidâ moderaris voce Senatum?
Oraque divinum ſpirant jam mitia lumen?
Non ſic cum trepidos ageres violentus Hibernos;
Cum bello exultans fremeres, enſemque rotares
Immani gyro, rubris bacchatus in arvis
Invitus: (neque enim crudeles edere ſtrages
Te juvat, aut animis Ditem ſatiare Tuorum.)
Sic olim amplexus Semeles petiiſſe Tonantem
Fama eſt, terrribilem nigranti fulmine et igni:
Maluit hic caris accumbere mitior ulnis,
Inque ſuam invitum trahit inſcia Nympha ruinam.
Tu tamen, ô toties Wilhelmi aſſueta triumphis
Calliope, ô nunquam Heroum non grata labori,
Wilhelmi immenſos iterum enumerare triumphos
Incipe, et in notas iterum te attollere laudes.
Ut requiem, fœdæque ingloria tædia pacis
Exoſus, rurſuſque ardens in Martia caſtra,
Sanguineaſque acies, fulgenteſque ære catervas,
In bellum ruit, atque iterum ſe miſit in arma.
Gallus enim ſævit, miſeroſque cruentus Hibernos
Servitio premit, et victâ dominatur Ierne.
Hinc Furcæ, Tormenta, Cruces, tractæque Catenæ
Horrendum ſtrident: iterumque reſurgere credas
Macquirum ſquallentem, atque Anglo ſanguine fœdum,
Exultantem immane, et vaſtâ clade ſuperbum.
O Gens lethifero nequicquam exempta veneno!
Fruſtra Buſo tuis, et Aranea ceſſit ab oris,
Dum pecus Ignati inviſum, fœdique cuculli,
Et Monachi ſanctè protenſo abdomine tardi
Vipeream inſpirant animam, inficiuntque veneno.
Aſſurgit tandem Schombergus, et emicat armis,
Qui juga captivo exutiat ſervilia collo:
Sed fruſtra; ſecuro hoſtis munimine valli
Aut latet, aut errat vagus, eluditque ſequentem.
Augendis reſtat Gulielmi Celta triumphis;
Vindiciis ſemper Gulielmi fata reſervant
Et vincla eripere, et manibus divellere nodos.
Sic fruſtra Atrides, fruſtra Telamonius heros,
Ad Trojam fruſtra pugnarunt mille cariæ,
Nec niſi Achilleâ funduntur Pergama dextrâ.
Ergo, Boanda, tuis ſplendet Gulielmus in arvis,
Magna Boanda, ipſi famâ haud ceſſura Medeæ.
Ut major graditur bello, ut jam gaudia in igne
Scintillant oculis, et toto pectore fervent!
Quantum olli jubar affulget, quam gratia frontis
Purpurei metuenda, et non imanabilis horror!
Sic cum dimiſſum fertur per nubila fulmen,
Et juvat, et nimiâ perſtrungit lumina flammâ.
Ut volat, ut longè primus rapidum inſilit alveum!
Turbine quo præceps cunctantem tendit in hoſtes
Dum vaſtas ſtrages et multa cadavera paſſim
Amnis purpureo latè devolvit in alveo:
Dum pergenti obſtat moles immenſa ſuorum,
Et torpet miſto concretum ſanguine Flumen.
Pergit atrox Heros; fruſtra olli tempora circum
Spicula millè canunt, luduntque in vertice ſummo
Fruſtra haſtatæ acies obſtant, firmæque phalanges;
Fruſtra acres Celtæ: furit Ille, æquat ſuppar hoſtes
Et ſagat, et ſternit, totoque agit agmina campo.
Verſus retro hoſtis trepidè fugit, inque paludes
Torpenteſque lacus cæno, horrendoque recluſa
Dumorum; et cæci prodeſt injuria cæli.
Attamen ô, non ſic fauſto movet alite bella
Schombergus; non ſic nobis favet alta Mavors.
Occidit heu! Schombergus iniqui crimine cæli,
Non illum veruans circum ſua tempora laurus
Conſervat, non arcet inevitabile fulmen.
At nunc ad cœlum fugit, et pede ſidera calcat,
Spectat et Heroes, ipſe et ſpectandus ab illis.
Hunc dicet veniens ætas, ſerique nepotes,
Et quicunque Anglum audierint rugire Leonem.
Cœpit enim rugire, et jamjam ad mœnia victor
Caletana fremit trux, Dunkirkumque repoſtit.
Creſſeas iterum lauros magnique tropæa
Henrici repetit: media Lodoicus in aulâ
Jamdudum tremit, et Gulielmi ad nomina pallet.

EDM. SMITH, *Ædis Chr. Alum.*

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* From the "Academiæ Oxonienſis Gratulatio "pro exoptato ſereniſſimi Regis Gulielmi ex "Hibernia reditu. Oxoniæ, è Theatro Shel-"doniano. Anno Dom. 1690."

A POEM

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

TO A FRIEND.

SIR,

SINCE our Iſis ſilently deplores
The Bard who ſpread her fame to Albion ſhores;
Since nobler pens their mournful lays ſuſpend,
My honeſt zeal, if not my verſe, commend;
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend!
Your care had long his fleeting life reſtrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear ſake long reſtleſs nights you bear,
While rattling coughs his heaving veſſels tear,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no ſummons from the noiſy town
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauſeous town,

'hy love had o'er the dull diſeaſe prevail'd,
'hy mirth had cur'd where baffled phyſic fail'd;
ut ſince the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
'o thy kind care my worthleſs lines ſucceed;
ruitleſs our hopes, though pious our eſſays,
ours to preſerve a friend, and mine to praiſe.
Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verſe,
'ith ſtrains like thoſe he ſung on Glo'ſter's herſe;
ut with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
nd, wanting ſtrength to riſe, deſcend to rhyme.
With other fire his glorious Blenheim ſhines,
nd all the battle thunders in his lines;
lis nervous verſe great Boileau's ſtrength tran-
ſcends,
nd France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.
O! various bard, you all our powers control,
'ou now diſturb, and now divert the ſoul:
ilton and Butler in thy muſe combine,
love the laſt thy manly beauties ſhine;
or as I 've ſeen, when rival wits contend,
ne gayly charge, one gravely wiſe defend;
his on quick turns and points in vain relies,
his with a look demure, and ſteady eyes,
'ith dry rebukes, or ſneering praiſe, replies.
o thy grave lines extort a juſter ſmile,
each Butler's fancy, but ſurpaſs his ſtyle;
le ſpeaks Scarron's low phraſe in humble ſtrains,
thee the ſolemn air of great Cervantes reigns.
What ſounding lines his abject themes expreſs!
'hat ſhining words the pompous Shilling dreſs!
'here, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
he frailer piles which o'er its ruins riſe.
n her beſt light the Comic Muſe appears,
'hen ſhe, with borrow'd pride, the buſkin wears.
So when nurſe Nokes, to act young Ammon tries,
'ith ſhambling legs, long chin, and fooliſh eyes;
'ith dangling hands he ſtrokes th' Imperial robe,
nd, with a cuckold's air, commands the globe;
he pomp and ſound the whole buffoon diſplay'd,
nd Ammon's ſon more mirth than Gomez made.
Forgive, dear ſhade, the ſcene my folly draws,
'hy ſtrains divert the grief thy aſhes cauſe:
'hen Orpheus ſings, the ghoſts no more complain,
us, in his lulling muſic, loſe their pain:
o charm the fallies of thy Georgic Muſe,
o calm our ſorrows, and our joys infuſe;
lere rural notes a gentle mirth inſpire,
lere lofty lines the kindling reader fire,
ike that fair tree you praiſe, the poem charms,
ools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Bleſt clime, which Vaga's fruitful ſtreams improve,
truria's envy, and her Coſmo's love;
edſtreak he quaffs beneath the Chiant vine,
ives Tuſcan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
nd ev'n his Taſſo would exchange for thine.
iſe, riſe, Roſcommon, ſee the Blenheim Muſe
he dull conſtraint of monkiſh rhyme refuſe;
ee, o'er the Alps his towering pinions ſoar,
Where never Engliſh poet reach'd before:
ee mighty Coſmo's counſellor and friend,
ly turns on Coſmo and the Bard attend;
lich in the coins and buſts of ancient Rome,
n him he brings a nobler treaſure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes deſign'd,
In him the ſoul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind:
To him for eaſe retires from toils of ſtate,
Not half ſo proud to govern, as tranſlate.
Our Spenſer, firſt by Piſan poets taught,
To us their tales, their ſtyle, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuſcan bards deſcend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenſer lend,
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme diſdain;
They firſt on Engliſh bards impos'd the chain,
Firſt by an Engliſh bard from rhyme their freedom gain.
Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the ſoft, the florid, and ſublime;
Some ſay this chain the doubtful ſenſe decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgement guides;
I 'm ſure in needleſs bonds it poets ties
Procruſtes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled ſenſe, or ſtretch it into ſize:
At beſt a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the cloſe,
Oft riſe to ſuſtian, or deſcend to proſe.
Your judgement, Philips, rul'd with ſteady ſway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muſe to ſtay,
To ſtop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or ſecurely ſoar.
So the ſtretch'd cord the ſhackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to riſe;
When freed he moves, the ſturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleaſure, and ſecure deſcends;
Now dropping ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.
Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, freſh cant, or modiſh air;
Rail on at Milton's ſon, who wiſely bold
Rejects new phraſes, and reſumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenſer's ſtrains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns;
The ancient words the majeſty compleat,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit 's dreſt,
Old myſtic emblems grace th' imperial veſt,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna ſtands confeſt.
A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's, and Batſon's, and through Smithfield, prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold Oxford bard, forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic ſoars,
But paints in ſuſtian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's ſtyle prophanes heroic ſongs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels ſtrain,
And in low proſe dull Lucifer complain;
His envious Muſe, by native dulneſs curſt,
Damns the beſt poems, and contrives the worſt.
Beyond his praiſe or blame thy works prevail
Compleat where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes ſubſides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakneſs hides;

You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble Isis crowns!
Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the heaven-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame;
Like her sweet voice, is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.
Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
How opening Heavens their happy regions show;
And yawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow;
And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below:
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.
Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound;
Through streams of smoke, and adverse fire, he rides,
While every shot is level'd at his sides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near great Argyle.
Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd,
Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd:
Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though admir'd:
Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd.
To all sincere, though earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles, his own:
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason join'd.
Judicious physic's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping master foil'd,
Nor goodness now, nor learning aught avail'd;
Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save:
Else could he bear unmov'd, the fatal gust,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast,
Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain!
Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display,
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, immortal shade,
And view the honours to thy ashes paid;
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:
Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores:
He to thy loss each mournful air applies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies,
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows rise.
But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore;
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that 's blest above, immortaliz'd below.

CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamos labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs nostris potiúsve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto salutem?
Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle*,
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa dicit
Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
Puribus prædam, mediumque belli impune fictisse.

aucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
anne ? Ierneis potiora Gazis,
an, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta superfunt ?
ui legis nostras, relegisque chartas ?
ui meam laudas generositatem ?
uem meis verbis, mea nescientem,
Mane salutas.

PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes
uum sacras primum subit aut relinquit
Isidis arces,
ualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
æva, quùm cantu propriore strident
Missiles, & jam moneant adesse
Cornua, chartas,
ale per nostrum jecur & medullas
audium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
bvios fures, uti fama verax
ettulit, sensi pavidus tremensque ;
ed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera sospes.
cire si sylvam cupias pericli
Consciam, & tristes nemoris tenebras,
Consulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum*.
Flebilis legi miseranda docti
Fata pictoris, sed & hôc iniqua
Damna consolor, superest perempto
Rixone Wildgoose.
Scribe securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novorum
*Dawkes*que *Dyer*que.
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
Funere *Rixon*.
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitræ* ;
Narrat immersam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
Narrat——at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
Nuncius *Prichet* redit, avocat me
Sherwin, & scribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.

* * * * * * * *

Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet ? munus vetulæ parentis,
Anna præstabit, nisi fors Ierni
Hospita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, simùl ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davy*
Mitto salutem.

Jenny, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,
Nec vetat *Uxor*.
Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ
Lesbia vatis numeros secutus ;
Si novi quid sit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedestris.
P. S.
" Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
" Multa qui de te memorant cubulbe
" Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,
" Crus tibi mittunt."

POCOCKIUS*.

DUM cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis,
Manésque Musam fastuosam
Sollicitant pretiosiores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donáque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor ferendæ, sanctaque Veritas
Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes
Præcipitant Asiæ misertum :
Cohors catenis quâ pia stridulis
Gemunt onusti, vel sude trans sinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulive
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt sibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro
Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quà stetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Hausta rubrâ, pluviisque flammis ;
Quòd ista tellus si similes tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
Adhuc stetisset, nec vibrato
Dextra Dei tonuisset igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
Immane opus, crescentibúsque
Vertice sideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam : Amici disparibus sonis
Eludit aures nescius artifex,
Linguáque miratur recentes
In patriis peregrinus oris.
Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
Quot tu, Pococki, dissimilis tui
Orator effers, quot vicissim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam senex
Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
Non jam superbis, & verendis
Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.

* See Dr. Johnson's Life of Smith.

Quis corda pulſans tunc pavor hauſerat
Dolor quis arſit non ſine gaudio,
Cum buſta Chriſti provolutus
Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa POCOCKIO,
Locóſque monſtrans inquiet accola.
Hæc quercus Hoſeam ſupinum,
Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Moſen, inde POCOCKIUM
Non ore, non annis minorem,
Atque ſuam didicere linguam.
Ac ſicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, & cineres ſinu
Eructat ardenti, & pruinis
Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas;
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
Sequi reluctantem Ioëlem
Per tonitru, aëreáſque nubes
Annon paveſcis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
Caligat aſtrum, atque incubanti
Terra nigrans tegitur ſub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma ſequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis ſtrepitantium
Flictus rotarum eſt! O POCOCKI
Egregie, O animoſe Vatis
Interpres abſtruſi, O ſimili ferè
Correpte flammâ, te, quot imagine
Crucis notantur, te, ſubacto
Chriſticolæ gravis Ottomannus
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
Plorat revulſis, & fragoſos
Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quâ Geſta nondum cognita Cæſaris,
Quâ nec Matronis ſcripta, POCOCKIUS
Ploratur ingens, & dolenda
Neſtoreæ brevitas ſenectæ.

O D E,

FOR THE YEAR 1705.

I.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes,
So bright a ſcene of triumph riſe?
Did ever Greece or Rome ſuch laurels wear,
As crown'd the laſt auſpicious year?
When firſt at Blenheim Anne her enſigns ſpread,
And Marlborough to the field the ſhouting ſquadrons led.
In vain the hills and ſtreams oppoſe,
In vain the hollow ground in faithleſs hillocks roſe.
To the rough Danube's winding ſhore,
His ſhatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

II.

They ſee with ſtaring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows riſe;
Amaz'd, aghaſt, they turn, but find,
In Marlborough's arms, a ſurer fate behind.
Now his red ſword aloft impends,
Now on their ſhrinking heads deſcends:
Wild and diſtracted with their fears,
They juſtling plunge amidſt the ſounding deeps;
The flood away the ſtruggling ſquadrons ſweeps,
And men, and arms, and horſes, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the ſea retreats,
The Danube ſoon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

III.

Rooks on the ſeas aſſerts her ſway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of ſmoke involve the day.
Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its diſtant ſhore.
The French, unequal in the fight,
In force ſuperior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquiſh'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign ſurvey,
Which ſhall o'er France her arms diſplay,
And kingdoms now her own ſubdue.
Lewis, for oppreſſion born;
Lewis in his turn, ſhall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy ſwains,
Shall hug their eaſy wiſh'd-for chains.
Others, enſlav'd by victory,
Their ſubjects, as their foes, oppreſs;
ANNA conquers but to free,
And governs but to bleſs.

O D E*.

ORMOND's glory, Marlborough's arms,
All the mouths of Fame employ;
And th' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleaſing ſound:
Their courage warms;
Their conduct charms;
Yet the univerſal joy
Feels a ſenſible alloy!

Mighty George †, the Senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's prayer!
While the ſtroke of fate we dread
Impending o'er thy ſacred head,
The Britiſh youth for thee ſubmit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noiſe of war and joy
Rend again the trembling ſky;

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* This Ode and that which follows it were publiſhed anonymouſly at the time when they were written, and are now aſcribed to Mr. Smith on the authority of a note in MS. by one of his contemporaries. See the "Select Collection of "Miſcellany Poems, 1780." Vol. IV. p. 62. N.

† George Prince of Denmark, huſband to the Queen. N.

Great George revives to calm our fears,
With proſpect of more glorious years:
Deriv'd from Anne's auſpicious ſmiles,
ore chearful airs refreſh the Britiſh Iſles.

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum:
Tremble France; we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms;
We feel the full, the powerful charms
Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

IN FIVE PARTS,

OR THE DEGREE OF BATCHELOR OF MUSIC;

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD,

ON FRIDAY THE ELEVENTH OF JULY,

1707.

MUSIC, ſoft charm of Heaven and Earth,
Whence didſt thou borrow thy auſpicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date?
ire to thyſelf, thyſelf as old as Fate,
Ere the rude ponderous maſs
f earth and waters from their chaos ſprang
The morning ſtars their anthems ſang,
nd nought in Heaven was heard but melody and love.

Myriads of ſpirits, forms divine,
The Seraphin, with the bright hoſt
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
Worſhip before th' Eternal Shrine;
heir happy privilege in hymns and anthems boaſt,
n love and wonder paſs their bliſsful hours.

Nor let the lower world repine
The maſſy orb in which we ſluggards move
As if ſequeſter'd from the arts divine:
Here 's Muſic too,
As ours a rival were to th' world above.

CHORUS, FIVE VOICES.

Hark how the feather'd choir their mattins chant,
And purling ſtreams ſoft accent vent,
And all both time and meaſure know.
Ere ſince the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and foreſts how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature ſtrives to bear a part;
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Muſic yield.

But ſtay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peeviſh, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debaſe;
Perhaps becauſe the ſacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perverſely wiſe.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who ſay the Prophet's Harp e'er ſpoil'd the Poet's Song!

GRAND CHORUS, FIVE PARTS.

To Athens now, my Muſe, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And in that ſafe and ſweet retreat
Amongſt Apollo's ſons enquire,
And ſee if any friend of thine be there:
But ſure ſo near the Theſpian ſpring
The humbleſt Bard may ſit and ſing:
Here reſt my Muſe, and dwell for ever here.

THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD DUKE.

THE REVIEW.

" Longa eſt injuria, longæ
" Ambages; ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum."
VIRG.

HOW have we wander'd a long diſmal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light!
Now plung'd in mire, now by ſharp brambles torn,
With tempeſts beat, and to the winds a ſcorn!
Loſt, weary'd, ſpent! but ſee the Eaſtern ſtar
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
Bright goddeſs, hail! while we by thee ſurvey
The various errors of our painful way;
While, guided by ſome clew of heavenly thread,
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
Through rulers' avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
Perverſe cabals, and winding turns of ſtate,
The ſenate's rage, and all the crooked lines
Of incoherent plots and wild deſigns;
Till, getting out where firſt we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.

As, after Winter, Spring's glad face appears,
As the bleſt ſhore to ſhipwreck'd mariners,
Succeſs to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the ſick, or freedom to the ſlave;
Such was great Cæſar's day! the wondrous day,
That long in Fate's dark boſom hatching lay,
Heaven to abſolve, and ſatisfaction bring,
For twenty years of miſery and ſin!
What ſhouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breaſt, did every tongue employ,
With rays direct, whilſt on his people ſhone
The King triumphant from the martyr's throne!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of earth and care of heaven!
Under the preſſure of unequal fate,
Of ſo erect a mind and ſoul ſo great!
So full of meekneſs, and ſo void of pride,
When borne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
Mercy, like heaven, 's his chief prerogative,
His joy to ſave, and glory to forgive.
All ſtorms compos'd, and tempeſts rage aſleep,
He, Halcyon like, ſat brooding o'er the deep.
He ſaw the royal bark ſecurely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide;
And he who, when the winds and ſeas were high,
Oppos'd his ſkill, and did their rage defy,
No diminution to his honour thought,
T' enjoy the pleaſure of the calm he brought.
(Should he alone be ſo the people's ſlave
As not to ſhare the bleſſings that he gave?
But not till, full of providential care,
He choſe a pilot in his place to ſteer:
One in his father's councils and his own
Long exercis'd, and grey in buſineſs grown;
Whoſe confirm'd judgment and ſagacious wit
Knew all the ſands on which raſh monarchs ſplit;
Of riſing winds could, ere they blew, inform,
And from which quarter to expect the ſtorm.
Such was, or ſuch he ſeem'd, whom Cæſar choſe,
And did all empire's cares in him repoſe;
That, after all his toils and dangers paſt,
He might lie down and taſte ſome eaſe at laſt.

Now ſtands the ſtateſman of the helm poſſeſt,
On him alone three mighty nations reſt:
* Byrſa his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
And ſkill'd in arms of that litigious war;
But more to Wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muſes' friend;
Him every Muſe in every age had ſung,
His eaſy flowing wit and charming tongue,
Had not the treacherous voice of power inſpir'd
His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd;
Diſdaining leſs alliances to own,
He now ſets up for kinſmen of the throne;
And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
Back'd with great Cæſar's abſolute command,
On falſe pretence of former contracts made,
Is forc'd on brave † Britannicus's bed.

Thus rais'd, his inſolence his wit outvy'd,
And meaneſt avarice maintain'd his pride:

* Earl of Clarendon.
† Duke of York.

hen Cæſar, to confirm his infant ſtate,
own'd in oblivion all old names of hate,
threatening many, but excepting none
at paid the purchaſe of oblivion.
rſa his maſter's free-given mercy ſold,
d royal grace retail'd for rebel gold:
at new ſtate-maxim he invented firſt,
'o aged Time's laſt revolution curſt)
at teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,
d their beſt friends to beggary expoſe;
r theſe, he ſaid, would ſtill beg on and ſerve;
is the old badge of loyalty to ſtarve;
t harden'd rebels muſt by bribes be won,
d paid for all the mighty ills they 've done:
hen wealth and honour from their treaſons flow,
ow can they chuſe but very loyal grow?
his falſe ungrateful maxim Byrſa taught,
aſt ſums of wealth from thriving rebels brought;
tles and power to thieves and traitors ſold,
rell'd his ſtretch'd coffers with o'er-flowing gold.
ence all theſe tears—in theſe firſt ſeeds was ſown
is country's following ruin, and his own.
Of that accurſt and ſacrilegious crew,
hich great by merit of rebellion grew,
d all unactive periſh'd and unknown,
he falſe * Antonius had ſuffic'd alone,
o all ſucceeding ages to proclaim
f this ſtate principle the guilt and ſhame.
ntonius early in rebellious race
riſtly ſet out, nor ſlackening in his pace,
he ſame ambition that his youthful heat
rg'd to all ills, the little daring brat
ſith unabated ardour does engage
he loathſome dregs of his decrepit age;
old, full of native and acquir'd deceit,
f ſprightly cunning and malicious wit;
eſtleſs, projecting ſtill ſome new deſign,
ill drawing round the government his line,
old on the walls, or buſy in the mine:
ewd as the ſtews, but to the blinded eyes
f the dull crowd as Puritan preciſe;
efore their ſight he draws the juggler's cloud
f public intereſt, and the people's good.
he working ferment of his active mind,
his weak body's caſk with pain confin'd,
'ould burſt the rotten veſſel where 'tis pent,
ut that 'tis tapt to give the treaſon vent.
Such were the men that from the ſtateſman's hand,
lot pardon only, but promotion gain'd:
ll offices of dignity or power
heſe ſwarming locuſts greedily devour;
reſerr'd to all the ſecrets of the ſtate,
heſe ſenſeleſs ſinners in the council ſate,
their unjuſt deceitful balance laid,
he great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.
This wiſe † Loviſius knew, whoſe mighty mind
lad univerſal empire long deſign'd;
nd when he all things found were bought and ſold,
hought nothing there impoſſible to gold:
With mighty ſums, through ſecret channels brought,
On the corrupted counſellors he wrought:
Againſt the neighbouring Belgians they declare
A hazardous and an expenſive war.
Their freſh affronts and matchleſs inſolence
To Cæſar's honour made a fair pretence;
Mere outſide this, but, ruling by his pay,
Cunning Loviſius did this project lay,
By mutual damages to weaken thoſe
Who only could his vaſt deſigns oppoſe.
But Cæſar, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon their bold pretences to the main,
Sent forth his royal brother from his ſide,
To laſh their inſolence and curb their pride:
Britannicus, by whoſe high virtues grac'd,
The preſent age contends with all the paſt;
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform,
In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight,
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight:
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Did equal harveſts of bright glory yield.
No leſs each civil virtue him commends,
The beſt of ſubjects, brothers, maſters, friends;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and conſtant to his friend:
What 's well reſolv'd as bravely he purſues,
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuſe.
Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
And Virtue came by nature, not by art:
Where glory calls, and Cæſar gives command,
He flies; his pointed thunder in his hand.
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain:
Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
Like doves that the exalted eagle ſpy,
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high:
He, Neptune like, when, from his watery bed
Above the waves lifting his awful head,
He ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main:
And now returns, the watery empire won,
At Cæſar's feet to lay his trident down.
But who the ſhouts and triumphs can relate
Of the glad iſle that his return did wait?
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand.
A joy too great to be by words expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt:
So joy the many, but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view,
The grateful ſenate his high acts confeſs
In a vaſt gift, but than his merit leſs.
Britannicus is all the voice of Fame,
Britannicus! ſhe knows no other name;
The people's darling, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
Shall he, ſhall ever he, who now commands
So many thouſand hearts, and tongues, and hands;
Shall ever he, by ſome ſtrange crime of fate,
Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate?
Who knows? the turns of Fortune who can tell?
Who fix her globe, or ſtop the rolling wheel?
The crowd 's a ſea, whoſe wants run high or low,
According as the winds, their leaders, blow.

* Earl of Shafteſbury.

† French King.

All calm and ſmooth, till from ſome corner flies
An envious blaſt, that makes the billows riſe:
The blaſt, that whence it comes, or where it goes,
We know not; but where-e'er it liſts it blows.
Was not of old the Jewiſh rabble's cry
Hoſanna firſt, and after crucify?
Now Byrſa with full orb illuſtrious ſhone,
With beams reflected from his glorious ſon;
All power his own, but what was given to thoſe
That counſellors by him from rebels roſe;
But, rais'd ſo far, each now diſdains a firſt,
The taſte of power does but inflame the thirſt.
With envious eyes they Byrſa's glories ſee,
Nor think they can be great, while leſs than he.
Envy their cunning ſharpen'd, and their wit,
Enough before from treacherous councils ſit:
T' accuſe him openly not yet they dare,
But ſubtly by degrees his fall prepare:
They knew by long-experienc'd deſert
How near he grew rooted to Cæſar's heart;
To move him hence, requir'd no common ſkill,
But what is hard to a reſolved will?
They found his public actions all conſpire,
Wiſely apply'd, to favour their deſire:
But one they want their venom to ſuggeſt,
And make it gently ſlide to Cæſar's breaſt:
Who fitter than * Villerius for this part?
And him to gain requir'd but little art,
For miſchief was the darling of his heart.
A compound of ſuch parts as never yet
In any one of all God's creatures met:
Not ſick men's dreams, ſo various or ſo wild,
Or of ſuch diſagreeing ſhapes compil'd;
Yet, through all changes of his ſhifting ſcene,
Still conſtant to buffoon and harlequin,
As if he 'ad made a prayer, than his of old
More fooliſh, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold.
God granted him to play th' eternal fool,
And all he handled turn to ridicule.
Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
And ſhews, through all diſguiſe, his aſſes ears.
Did he the weightieſt buſineſs of the ſtate
At council or in ſenate-houſe debate,
King, country, all, he for a jeſt would quit,
To catch ſome little flaſh of paltry wit:
How full of gravity ſoe'er he ſtruts,
The ape in robes will ſcramble for his nuts:
Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,
Blaſpheme his God, or give his king the lye;
Adultery, murders, or ev'n worſe, commit,
Still 'twas a jeſt, and nothing but ſheer wit:
At laſt this edg'd tool wit, his darling ſport,
Wounded himſelf, and baniſh'd him the court:
Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
All his tricks ſhewn, he was kick'd out of doors.
Not chang'd in humour by his change of place,
He ſtill found company to ſuit his grace;
Mountebanks, quakers, chemiſts, trading varlets,
Pimps, players, city ſheriffs, and ſuburb harlots;
War his averſion, once he heard it roar,
But, "Damn him if he ever hear it more!"
And there you may believe him, though he ſwore.

But with play-houſes, wars, immortal wan,
He wag'd, and ten years rage produc'd a * farce:
As many rolling years he did employ,
And hands almoſt as many, to deſtroy
Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy.
Once more, ſays Fame, for battle he prepares,
And threatens rhymers with a ſecond farce:
But, if as long for this as that we ſtay,
He 'll finiſh Clevedon ſooner than his play.
This precious tool did the new ſtatesmen ſit
In Cæſar's breath their whiſpers to infuſe:
Suſpicion 's bred by gravity, beard, and gown;
But who ſuſpects the madman and buffoon?
Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
And all his jeſts ſober impreſſions made:
Beſides, he knew to chuſe the ſofteſt hour,
When Cæſar for a while forgot his power,
And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.
'Twas then he play'd the ſly ſucceſsful fool,
And ſerious miſchief did in ridicule.
Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.
With a grave mien, diſcourſe, and decent ſtate,
He pleaſantly the ape could imitate,
And ſoon as a contempt of him was bred,
It made the way for hatred to ſucceed.
——— Gravities diſguiſe
The greateſt jeſt of all, "he 'd needs be wiſe—"

[Here the writer left off.]

* Duke of Buckingham.

OVID, BOOK I. ELEGY V.

'TWAS noon, when I, ſcorch'd with the double fire
Of the hot ſun and my more hot deſire,
Stretch'd on my downy couch at eaſe was laid,
Big with expectance of the lovely maid.
The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
Such as in ſhades of thickeſt groves is ſeen;
Such as remains when the ſun flies away,
Or when night 's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modeſt maids muſt be allow'd,
Where ſhame may hope its guilty head to ſhroud.
And now my love, Corinna, did appear,
Looſe on her neck fell her diviſed hair;
Looſe as her flowing gown, that wanton'd in the air.
In ſuch a garb, with ſuch a grace and mien,
To her rich bed approach'd th' Aſſyrian queen.
So Laïs look'd, when all the youth of Greece
With adoration did her charms confeſs.
Her envious gown to pull away I try'd
But ſhe reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill deny'd;
But ſo reſiſted, that ſhe ſeem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the victory.
So I at laſt an eaſy conqueſt had,
Whilſt my fair combatant herſelf betray'd:

* The Rehearſal.

s, when she naked stood before my eyes,
ds! with what charms did she my soul surprize!
hat snowy arms did I both see and feel!
ith what rich globes did her soft bosom swell!
amp as ripe clusters, rose each glowing breast,
arting the hand, and sueing to be prest!
every limb what various charms were spread,
here thousand little Loves and Graces play'd!
e beauty did through her whole body shine.
w, admir'd, and press'd it close to mine,
e rest, who knows not? Thus entranc'd we lay,
ll in each other's arms we dy'd away:
give me such a noon (ye gods) to every day.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV.*

LUSH not, my friend, to own the love
Which thy fair captive's eyes do move:
chilles, once the fierce, the brave,
oop'd to the beauties of a slave;
:emessa's charms could overpower
ax her lord and conqueror;
reat Agamemnon, when success
id all his arms with conquest bless,
hen Hector's fall had gain'd him more
hat ten long rolling years before,
r a bright captive virgin's eyes
r'n in the midst of triumph dies.
ou know not to what mighty line
he lovely maid may make you join;
e but the charms her sorrow wears,
o common cause could draw such tears:
hose streams sure that adorn her so
r loss of royal kindred flow:
h! think not so divine a thing
ould from the bed of commons spring;
Those faith could so unmov'd remain,
nd so averse to sordid gain,
'as never born of any race
hat might the noblest love disgrace.
er blooming face, her snowy arms,
er well-shap'd legs, and all her charms
f her body and her face,
poor I, may safely praise.
spect not, Love, the youthful rage
rom Horace's declining age;
ut think remov'd, by forty years,
ll his flames and all thy fears.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VIII.

F ever any injur'd power,
By which the false Bariné swore,
alse, fair Bariné, on thy head
lad the least mark of vengeance shed;
If but a tooth or nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy perjury,
I should believe thy vows; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
Of all our youth the public care,
Nor half so false as thou art fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead mother's sacred urn,
By heaven and all the stars that shine
Without, and every god within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty vows does smile,
Her nymphs all smile, her little son
Does smile, and to his quiver run;
Does smile, and fall to whet his darts,
To wound for thee fresh lovers hearts.
See all the youth does thee obey,
Thy train of slaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former subjects thee,
Though oft they threaten to be free,
Though oft with vows false as thine are,
Their forsworn mistress they forswear.
Thee every careful mother fears
For her son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal sires, thee the young bride
In Hymen's fetters newly ty'd,
Lest thou detain by stronger charms
Th' expected husband from her arms.

* See another Imitation of this Ode in Yalden's Poems.

HORACE AND LYDIA.

BOOK III. ODE IX.

HORACE.

WHILST I was welcome to your heart,
In which no happier youth had part,
And, full of more prevailing charms,
Threw round your neck his dearer arms,
I flourish'd richer and more blest
Than the great monarch of the east.

LYDIA.

Whilst all thy soul with me was fill'd,
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,
Lydia, the celebrated name,
The only theme of verse and fame,
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,
Whose godlike son our Rome did found.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom every Muse
And every Grace adorns, subdues;
For whom I 'd gladly die, to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calais does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire:
For whom I twice would die, to save
His youth more precious from the grave.

HORACE.

What if our former loves return,
And our first fires again should burn
If Chloe 's banish'd, to make way
For the forsaken Lydia?

LYDIA.

Though he is ſhining as a ſtar,
Conſtant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as cork, rough as the ſea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

THE CYCLOPS.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLL. XI.

INSCRIBED TO DR. SHORT.

O SHORT, no herb, no ſalve was ever found
To eaſe a lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No medicine this prevailing ill ſubdues,
None, but the charms of the condoling Muſe:
Sweet to the ſenſe, and eaſy to the mind,
The cure; but hard, but very hard, to find.
This you well know, and ſurely none ſo well,
Who both in Phyſic's ſacred art excel,
And in Wit's orb among the brighteſt ſhine,
The love of Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine.
Thus ſweetly ſad of old, the Cyclops ſtrove
To ſoften his uneaſy hours of love.
Then, when hot youth urg'd him to fierce deſire,
And Galatea's eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old arts and beaten paths of love;
Nor flowers nor fruits ſent to oblige the fair,
Nor more to pleaſe curl'd his neglected hair;
His was all rage, all madneſs; to his mind
No other cares their wonted entrance find.
Oft from the field his flock return'd alone,
Unheeded, unobſerv'd: he on ſome ſtone,
Or craggy cliff, to the deaf winds and ſea,
Accuſing Galatea's cruelty;
Till night, from the firſt dawn of opening day,
Conſumes with inward heat, and melts away.
Yet then a cure, the only cure, he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding wound;
From a ſteep rock, from whence he might ſurvey
The flood (the bed where his lov'd ſea-nymph lay),
His drooping head with ſorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful ſong.

" Fair Galatea, why is all my pain
" Rewarded thus?—ſoft love with ſharp diſdain?
" Fairer than falling ſnow or riſing light,
" Soft to the touch as charming to the ſight;
" Sprightly as unyok'd heifers, on whoſe head
" The tender creſcents but begin to ſpread;
" Yet, cruel, you to harſhneſs more incline,
" Than unripe grapes pluck'd from the ſavage vine.
" Soon as my heavy eye-lids ſeal'd with ſleep,
" Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
" But, when ſleep leaves me, you together fly,
" And vaniſh ſwiftly from my opening eye,
" Swift as young lambs when the fierce wolf they ſpy.
" I well remember the firſt fatal day
" That made my heart your beauty's eaſy prey,
" 'Twas when the flood you, with my mother, left,
" Of all its brightneſs, all its pride, bereft,
" To gather flowers from the ſteep mountain's top;
" Of the high office proud, I led you up;
" To hyacinths and roſes did you bring,
" And ſhew'd you all the treaſures of the ſpring.
" But from that hour my ſoul has known no reſt,
" Soft peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd breaſt:
" I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
" Not the leaſt ſign of melting pity ſhew:
" No; by the gods that ſhall revenge my pain!
" No; you, the more I love, the more diſdain.
" Ah! nymph, by every grace adorn'd, I know
" Why you deſpiſe and fly the Cyclops ſo!
" Becauſe a ſhaggy brow from ſide to ſide,
" Stretch'd in a line, does my large forehead hide;
" And under that one only eye does ſhine,
" And my flat noſe to my big lips does join.
" Such though I am, yet know, a thouſand ſheep,
" The pride of the Sicilian hills, I keep,
" With ſweeteſt milk they fill my flowing pails,
" And my vaſt ſtock of cheeſes never fails;
" In ſummer's heat, or winter's ſharpeſt cold,
" My loaded ſhelves groan with the weight they hold.
" With ſuch ſoft notes I the ſhrill pipe inſpire,
" That every liſtening Cyclops does admire;
" While with it often I all night proclaim
" Thy powerful charms, and my ſucceſsful flame.
" For thee twelve does, all big with fawn, I feed;
" And four bear-cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
" Ah! come to me, fair nymph! and you ſhall find
" Theſe are the ſmalleſt gifts for thee deſign'd.
" Ah! come, and leave the angry waves to roar,
" And break themſelves againſt the ſounding ſhore:
" How much more pleaſant would thy ſlumbers be
" In the retir'd and peaceful cave with me!
" There the ſtreight cypreſs and green laurel join,
" And creeping ivy claſps the cluſter'd vine;
" There freſh, cool rills, from Ætna's pureſt ſnow,
" Diſſolv'd into ambroſial liquor, flow.
" Who the wild waves and blackiſh ſea could chuſe,
" And theſe ſtill ſhades and theſe ſweet ſtreams refuſe?
" But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
" Without a fire defy the winter air,
" Know I have mighty ſtores of wood, and know
" Perpetual fires on my bright hearth do glow.
" My ſoul, my life itſelf ſhould burn for thee,
" And this one eye, as dear as life to me.
" Why was not I with fins, like fiſhes, made,
" That I, like them, might in the deep here play'd?
" Then would I dive beneath the yielding tide,
" And kiſs your hand, if you your lips deny'd.
" To thee I 'd lilies and red poppies bear,
" And flowers that crown each ſeaſon of the year.
" But I 'm reſolv'd I 'll learn to ſwim and dive
" Of the next ſtranger that does here arrive,
" That th' undiſcover'd pleaſures I may know
" Which you enjoy in the deep flood below.
" Come forth, O nymph! and coming forth forget,
" Like me that on this rock unmindful ſit
" (Of all things elſe unmindful but of thee),
" Home to return forget, and live with me.

With me the ſweet and pleaſing labour chuſe,
To feed the flock, and milk the burthen'd ewes,
To preſs the cheeſe, and the ſharp runnet to infuſe.
My mother does unkindly uſe her ſon,
By her neglect the Cyclops is undone;
For me ſhe never labours to prevail,
Nor whiſpers in your ear my amorous tale.
No; though ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
And ſees my body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
But I more ills than what I feel will feign,
And of my head and of my feet complain;
That, in her breaſt if any pity lie,
She may be ſad, and griev'd, as well as I.
O Cyclops, Cyclops, where 's thy reaſon fled?
If your young lambs with new-pluck'd boughs you fed,
And watch'd your flock, would you not ſeem more wiſe;
Milk what is next, purſue not that which flies.
Perhaps you may, ſince this proves ſo unkind,
Another fairer Galatea find.
Me many virgins as I paſs invite
To waſte with them in love's ſoft ſports the night;
And, if I but incline my liſtening ear,
New joys, new ſmiles, in all their looks appear.
Thus we, it ſeems, can be belov'd; and we,
It ſeems, are ſomebody as well as ſhe!"
Thus did the Cyclops fan his raging fire,
And ſooth'd with gentle verſe his fierce deſire;
Thus paſs'd his hours with more delight and eaſe,
Than if the riches of the world were his.

TO CÆLIA.

FLY ſwift, ye hours; ye ſluggiſh minutes, fly;
Bring back my love, or let her lover die.
Haſte haſte, O ſun, and to my eyes once more,
My Cælia brighter than thyſelf reſtore.
In ſpite of thee, 'tis night when ſhe 's away,
Her eyes alone can the glad beams diſplay,
That make my ſky look clear, and guide my day.
When will ſhe lift up her ſacred light,
And chaſe away the flying ſhades of night!
With her how faſt the flowing hours run on!
But oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone!
How ſlowly time when clogg'd with grief does move;
How ſwift when borne upon the wings of love!
Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt;
Yet 'tis an age ſince I beheld her laſt.
O, my auſpicious ſtar, make haſte to riſe,
To charm our hearts, and bleſs our longing eyes!
O, how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And chear my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirſty ſoul does long,
To hear the charming muſic of thy tongue!
Where pointed wit with ſolid judgment grows,
And in one eaſy ſtream united flows.
Whene'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
How you call up every ſoul to every ear!
Nature 's too prodigal to womankind,
Ev'n where ſhe does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes mankind with joy and pride obey.
But, oh! when wit and ſenſe with beauty 's join'd,
The woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind;
When nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix
The moſt engaging charms of either ſex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not human but divine,
What 's her command, but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our zeal thy anger to create,
Since love 's thy debt, nor is our choice, but fate.
Where nature bids, worſhip I 'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the liberty to diſobey;
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a poet make,
She gives him verſe but for thy beauty's ſake.
Had I a pen that could at once impart
Soft Ovid's nature and high Virgil's art,
Then the immortal Sachariſſa's name
Should be but ſecond in the liſt of fame;
Each grove, each ſhade, ſhould with thy praiſe be fill'd,
And the fam'd Penſhurſt to our Windſor yield.

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,

IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT.

THOU equal partner of the royal bed,
That mak'ſt a crown ſit ſoft on Charles's head;
In whom, with greatneſs virtue takes her ſeat,
Meekneſs with power, and piety with ſtate;
Whoſe goodneſs might ev'n factious crowds reclaim,
Win the ſeditious, and the ſavage tame;
Tyrants themſelves to gentleſt mercy bring,
And only uſeleſs is on ſuch a king?
See, mighty princeſs, ſee how every breaſt
With joy and wonder is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the joy which the firſt mortals knew,
When gods deſcended to the people's view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe powers they had unſeen ador'd,
But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
Could ſhed more bleſſings on the earth than you:
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds diſdain,
To make reception for ſo great a train:
Here may your ſacred breaſt rejoice to ſee
Your own age ſtrive with ancient piety;
Soon now, ſince bleſt by your auſpicious eyes,
To full perfection ſhall our fabric riſe.
Leſs powerful charms than yours of old could call
The willing ſtones into the Theban wall,
And ours, which now its riſe to you ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great name ſhall grow.

FLORIANA.

A PASTORAL,

UPON THE DEATH OF HER GRACE MARY DUCHESS OF SOUTHAMPTON, 1680.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Thyrsis, tell thy Damon, why
Does my lov'd swain in this sad posture lie?
What mean these streams still falling from thine eyes,
Fast as those sighs from thy swoln bosom rise?
Has the fierce wolf broke through the fenced ground?
Have thy lambs stray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?

THYRSIS. The wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he may:
Have thy lambs stray'd? let them for ever stray:
Dorinda frown'd? No, she is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:
Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely maid
None had the fatal tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then, shepherd, tell me, canst thou find
As long as thou art true, and she is kind,
A grief so great, as may prevail above
Ev'n Damon's friendship, or Dorinda's love?

DAM. Sure there is none. THYR. But, Damon, there may be.
What if the charming Floriana die?

DAM. Far be the omen! THYR. But suppose it true?

DAM. Then should I grieve, my Thyrsis, more than you.
She is—THYR. Alas! she was, but is no more:
Now, Damon, now, let thy swoln eyes run o'er:
Here to this turf by thy sad Thyrsis grow,
And, when my streams of grief too shallow flow,
Let-in thy tide to raise the torrent high,
Till both a deluge make, and in it die.

DAM. Then, that to this wish'd height the flood might swell, { will tell,
Friend, I will tell thee.—THYR. Friend, I thee
How young, how good, how beautiful she fell.
Oh! she was all for which fond mothers pray,
Blessing their babes when first they see the day.
Beauty and she were one, for in her face
Sat sweetness temper'd with majestic grace:
Such powerful charms as might the proudest awe,
Yet such attractive goodness as might draw
The humblest, and to both give equal law.
How was she wonder'd at by every swain!
The pride, the light, the goddess of the plain!
On all she shin'd, and spreading glories cast
Diffusive of herself, where-e'er she past,
There breath'd an air sweet as the winds that blow
From the blest shores where fragrant spices grow:
Ev'n me sometimes she with a smile would grace,
Like the sun shining on the vilest place.
Nor did Dorinda bar me the delight
Of feasting on her eyes my longing sight:
But to a being so sublime, so pure,
Paid my devotion, of my love secure.

DAM. Her beauty such: but Nature did design
That only as an answerable shrine
To the divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her soul shin'd through, and made her seem as bright,
As clouds are gilt by the sun's piercing light.
In her smooth forehead we might read expell'd
The even calmness of her gentle breast:
And in her sparkling eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful wit.
Each beauty of the body or the face
Was but the shadow of some inward grace.
Gay, sprightly, chearful, free, and uncontrol'd,
As innocence could make it, was her mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
Like those who, being dull, would grave appear;
Who out of guilt do chearfulness despise,
And, being sullen, hope men think them wise.
How would the listening shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming tongue!
She all with her own spirit and soul inspir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Ev'n mighty Pan, whose powerful hand raises
The sovereign crook that mildly awes the plains
Of all his cares made her the tenderest part,
And great Louisa lodg'd her in her heart.

THYR. Who would not now a solemn mourning keep,
When Pan himself and fair Louisa weep?
When those blest eyes, by the kind gods design'd
To cherish nature, and delight mankind,
All drown'd in tears, melt into gentler showers
Than April drops upon the springing flowers!
Such tears as Venus for Adonis shed,
When at her feet the lovely youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her Cestos, and unyok'd her doves.

DAM. Come, pious nymphs, with fair Louisa come,
And visit gentle Floriana's tomb;
And, as ye walk the melancholy round,
Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
With your chaste hands fresh flowers and sweets shed
About her last obscure and silent bed;
Still praying, as ye gently move your feet,
"Soft be her pillow, and her slumber sweet!"

THYR. See where they come, a mournful lovely train
As ever wept on fair Arcadia's plain:
Louisa, mournful far above the rest,
In all the charms of beauteous sorrow dress'd:
Just are her tears, when she reflects how lost
A beauty, second only to her own,
Flourish'd, look'd gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

DAM. O, she is gone! gone like a new-blown flower,
That deck'd some virgin queen's delicious bower,
Torn from the stalk by some untimely blast,
And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast!
Yet flowers return, and coming springs display
The lily whiter, and more fresh the rose;

: no kind ſeaſon back her charms can bring,
d Floriana has no ſecond ſpring.
THYR. O, ſhe is ſet! ſet like the falling ſun;
'kneſs is round us, and glad day is gone!
s! the ſun that 's ſet, again will riſe,
d gild with richer beams the morning-ſkies;
beauty, though as bright as they it ſhines,
en its ſhort glory to the Weſt declines,
there 's no hope of the returning light;
all is long oblivion, and eternal night!

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL*.

THOUGHT, forgive my ſin, the boaſted fire
Of poets' ſouls did long ago expire;
folly or of madneſs did accuſe
e wretch that thought himſelf poſſeſt with Muſe;
ugh'd at the god within, that did inſpire
th more than human thoughts the tuneful choir;
t ſure 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
rhymers ſlumbering by the Muſes' ſtream.
ne livelier ſpark of heaven, and more refin'd
om earthy croſs, fills the great Poet's mind:
itneſs theſe mighty and immortal lines,
rough each of which th' informing genius ſhines:
ree a divine flame inſpir'd the King,
whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing:
t David's ſelf could in a nobler verſe
s glorioufly-offending Son rehearſe;
ough in his breaſt the Prophet's fury met,
e Father's fondneſs, and the Poet's wit.
Here all conſent in wonder and in praiſe,
id to the UNKNOWN POET altars raiſe:
hich thou muſt needs accept with equal joy
when Æneas heard the wars of Troy,
rapt up himſelf in darkneſs, and unſeen
toll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
re thou already art ſecure of fame.
r want'ſt new glories to exalt thy name:
hat Father elſe would have refus'd to own
great a Son as godlike Abſalom?

EPITHALAMIUM

UPON THE

MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

" Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena,
" Arma virumque cano."

I, he, who ſung of humble Oates before,
Now ſing a Captain and a Man of WAR.

GODDESS of Rhyme, that didſt inſpire
The Captain with poetic fire,
Adding freſh laurels to that brow
Where thoſe of victory did grow,
And ſtatelier ornaments may flouriſh now!
If thou art well recovered ſince
" The Excommunicated Prince *;"
For that important tragedy
Would have kill'd any Muſe but thee;
Hither with ſpeed, Oh! hither move;
Pull buſkins off, and, ſince to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.
See where he comes, and by his ſide
His charming fair angelic bride:
Such, or leſs lovely, was the dame
So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,
With whom of old Tully did join
Then when his art did undermine
The horrid Popiſh plot of Catiline.
Oh faireſt nymph of all Great Britain!
(Though thee my eyes I never ſet on)
Bluſh not on thy great lord to ſmile,
The ſecond ſaviour of our iſle;
What nobler Captain could have led
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage-bed:
For know that thy all-daring Will is
As ſtout a hero as Achilles;
And as great things for thee has done,
As Palmerin or th' Knight of th' Sun,
And is himſelf a whole romance alone.
Let conſcious Flanders ſpeak, and be
The witneſs of his chivalry.
Yet that 's not all, his very word
Has ſlain as many as his ſword:
Though common bullies with their oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
And ſave the pains of drawing ſteel.
This hero thy reſiſtleſs charms
Have won to fly into thy arms;
For think not any mean deſign,
Or the inglorious itch of coin,
Could ever have his breaſt control'd,
Or make him be a ſlave to gold;
His love 's as freely given to thee
As to the king his loyalty,
Then, oh, receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wiſhing eyes,
Kiſs that dear face, where may be ſeen
His worth and parts that ſkulk within;
That face, that juſtly ſtyl'd may be
As true a diſcoverer as he.
Think not he ever falſe will prove,
His well-known truth ſecures his love;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have reſpite now a while,
From kindling the mad rabble's zeal:
Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may find,
In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkneſs too.
But to his bed be ſure be true
As he to all the world and you,

---

* Dryden publiſhed it without his name.

* A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, 1681.

He all your plots will elſe betray
All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
He all deſigns, you know, has found,
Though hatch'd in hell or under ground;
Oft to the world ſuch ſecrets ſhew
As ſcarce the plotters themſelves knew;
Yet, if by chance you hap to ſin,
And Love, while Honour 's napping, ſhould creep in,
Yet be diſcreet, and do not boaſt
O' the treaſon by the common poſt.
So ſhalt thou ſtill make him love on;
All virtue's in diſcretion.
So thou with him ſhalt ſhine, and be
As great a patriot as he;
And when, as now in Chriſtmas, all
For a new pack of cards do call,
Another Popiſh pack comes out
To pleaſe the cits, and charm the rout:
Thou, mighty queen, ſhalt a whole ſuit command,
A crown upon thy head, and ſceptre in thy hand!

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK,

AND THE

LADY ANNE.

'TWAS Love conducted through the Britiſh main,
On a more high deſign the royal Dane,
Than when of old with an invading hand
His fierce foreſathers came to ſpoil the land:
And Love has gain'd him by a nobler way,
A braver conqueſt and a richer prey.
For battles won, and countries ſav'd renown'd,
Shaded with laurels, and with honours crown'd,
From fields with ſlaughter ſtrew'd, the hero came,
His arms neglected, to purſue his flame.
Like Mars returning from the noble chace
Of flying nations though the plains of Thrace,
When, deck'd with trophies and adorn'd with ſpoils,
He meets the goddeſs that rewards his toils!
But, oh! what tranſports did his heart invade
When firſt he ſaw the lovely, royal maid!
Fame, that ſo high did her perfections raiſe,
Seem'd now detraction, and no longer praiſe!
All that could nobleſt minds to love engage,
Or into ſoftneſs melt the ſoldier's rage,
All that could ſpread abroad reſiſtleſs fire,
And eager wiſhes raiſe, and fierce deſire,
All that was charming, all that was above
Ev'n poets fancies, though refin'd by love,
All native beauty dreſt by every grace
Of ſweeteſt youth ſat ſhining in her face!
Where, where is now the generous fury gone,
That through thick troops urg'd the wing'd warrior on?
Where now the ſpirit that aw'd the liſted field;
Created to command, untaught to yield,
It yields, it yields, to Anna's gentle ſway,
And thinks it above triumphs to obey.
See at thy feet, illuſtrious princeſs, thrown
All the rich ſpoils the mighty hero won!
His fame, his laurels, are thy beauties due,
And all his conqueſts are outdone by you:
Ah! lovely nymph, accept the noble prize,
A tribute fit for thoſe victorious eyes!
Ah! generous maid, paſs not relentleſs by,
Nor let war's chief by cruel beauty die!
Though unexperienc'd youth ſtand ſcrupling now,
And bluſhes riſe but at the name of love:
Though over all thy thoughts and every look
The guard is plac'd of virgin innocence;
Yet from thy father's generous blood we know
Reſpect for valour in thy breaſt does glow.
'Tis but agreeing to thy royal birth,
To ſmile on virtue and heroic worth,
Love, in ſuch noble ſeeds of honour ſown,
The chaſteſt virgin need not bluſh to own.
Whom would thy royal father ſooner find,
In thy lov'd arms to his high lineage join'd,
Than him, whom ſuch exalted virtues move,
That he might think them copy'd from his own?
Who to the field equal deſires did bring,
Love to his brother, ſervice to his king.
Who Denmark's crown, and the anointed head,
Reſcued at once, and back in triumph led,
Forcing his paſſage through the ſlaughter'd Swede.
Such virtue him to thy great ſire commends,
The beſt of princes, ſubjects, brothers, friends,
The people's wonder, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
What can ſuch charms reſiſt? The royal maid,
Loth to deny, is yet to grant afraid;
But love, ſtill growing as her fears decay,
Conſents at laſt, and gives her heart away.
Now with loud triumphs are the nuptials crown'd,
And with glad ſhouts the ſtreets and palace ſound.
Illuſtrious pair! ſee what a general joy
Does the whole land's united voice employ!
From you they omens take of happier years,
Recall loſt hopes, and baniſh all their fears!
Let boding planets threaten from above,
And ſullen Saturn join with angry Jove:
Your more auſpicious flames, that here ſhine,
Vanquiſh the malice of their mingled light!
Heaven of its bounties now ſhall lavish grow,
And in full tides unenvy'd bleſſings flow!
The ſhaken throne more ſurely fix'd ſhall ſtand,
And curs'd rebellion fly the happy land!
At your bleſt union civil diſcords ceaſe,
Confuſion turns to order, rage to peace!
So, when at firſt in Chaos and old Night
Hot things with cold, and moiſt with dry did fight,
Love did the warring ſeeds to union bring,
And over all things ſtretch'd his peaceful wing,
The jarring elements no longer ſtrove,
And a world ſtarted forth, the business of Love!

ON THE DEATH OF

ING CHARLES THE SECOND,

AND THE INAUGURATION OF

KING JAMES THE SECOND.

F the indulgent Muſe (the only cure
For all the ills afflicted minds endure,
hat ſweetens ſorrow, and makes ſadneſs pleaſe,
nd heals the heart by telling its diſeaſe)
ouchſafe her aid, we alſo will preſume
ith humble verſe t' approach the ſacred tomb;
here flowing ſtreams of pious tears will ſhed,
weet incenſe burn, freſh flowers and odours ſpread,
ur laſt ſad offerings to the royal dead!
Dead is the king, who all our lives did bleſs!
ur ſtrength in war, and our delight in peace!
as ever prince like him to mortals given!
o much the joy of earth, and care of heaven?
nder the preſſure of unequal fate,
f ſo erect a mind and ſoul ſo great!
o full of meekneſs and ſo void of pride,
hen borne aloft by Fortune's higheſt tide!
is kindly beams on the ungrateful ſoil
f this rebellious, ſtubborn, murmuring iſle
latch'd plenty; eaſe and riches did beſtow,
nd made the land with milk and honey flow!
eſs bleſt was Rome when mild Auguſtus ſway'd,
nd the glad world for love, not fear, obey'd.
ercy, like heaven's, his chief prerogative!
is joy to ſave, and glory to forgive!
ho lives, but felt his influence, and did ſhare
is boundleſs goodneſs and paternal care?
nd, whilſt with all th' endearing arts he ſtrove
n every ſubject's heart to ſeal his love,
hat breaſt ſo hard, what heart of human make,
ut, ſoftening, did the kind impreſſion take?
elov'd and loving! with ſuch virtues grac'd,
s might on common heads a crown have plac'd!
ow ſkill'd in all the myſteries of ſtate!
ow fitting to ſuſtain an empire's weight!
ow quick to know! how ready to adviſe!
ow timely to prevent! how more than ſenates wiſe!
is words how charming, affable, and ſweet!
ow juſt his cenſure! and how ſharp his wit!
ow did his charming converſation pleaſe
he bleſt attenders on his hours of eaſe;
hen graciouſly he deign'd to condeſcend,
leas'd to exalt a ſubject to a friend!
o the moſt low how eaſy of acceſs!
illing to hear, and longing to redreſs!
is mercy knew no bounds of time or place,
is reign was one continued act of grace!
ood Titus could, but Charles could never ſay,
f all his royal life, "he loſt a day."
xcellent prince! O once our joy and care,
ow our eternal grief and deep deſpair!
father! or if aught than father 's more,
ow ſhall thy children their ſad loſs deplore?
ow grieve enough, when anxious thoughts recall
he mournful ſtory of the ſovereign's fall?
Oh! who that ſcene of ſorrow can diſplay;
When, waiting death, the fearleſs monarch lay!
Though great the pain and anguiſh that he bore,
His friends' and ſubjects' grief afflict him more!
Yet even that, and coming fate, he bears;
But ſinks and faints to ſee a brother's tears!
The mighty grief, that ſwell'd his royal breaſt,
Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words expreſt!
Grief for himſelf! for grief for Charles is vain,
Who now begins a new triumphant reign,
Welcom'd by all kind ſpirits and ſaints above,
Who ſee themſelves in him, and their own likeneſs love!
What godlike virtues muſt that prince adorn,
Who can ſo pleaſe, while ſuch a prince we mourn!
Who elſe, but that great He, who now commands
Th' united nation's voice, and hearts, and hands,
Could ſo the love of a whole people gain,
After ſo excellent a monarch's reign!
Mean Virtues after Tyrants may ſucceed
And pleaſe; but after Charles a James we need!
This, this is he, by whoſe high actions grac'd
The preſent age contends with all the paſt:
Him heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to adviſe, but eager to perform:
In council calm, fierce as a ſtorm in fight!
Danger his ſport, and labour his delight.
To him the fleet and camp, the ſea and field,
Do equal harveſts of bright glory yield!
Who can forget, of royal blood how free,
He did aſſert the empire of the ſea?
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempeſt of his fury to ſuſtain;
Shatter'd and torn before his flag they fly
Like doves, that the exalted eagle ſpy
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high.
He, Neptune-like (when from his watery bed
Serene and calm he lifts his awful head,
And ſmiles, and to his chariot gives the rein),
In triumph rides o'er the aſſerted main!
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the ſtrand,
Loud as the ſea, and numerous as the ſand;
So joy the many: but the wiſer few
The godlike prince with ſilent wonder view;
A joy, too great to be by voice expreſt,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breaſt;
They ſaw him deſtin'd for ſome greater day,
And in his looks the omens read of his imperial ſway!
Nor do his civil virtues leſs appear,
To perfect the illuſtrious character;
To merit juſt, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and faithful to his friend!
What 's well reſolv'd, as firmly he purſues;
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to chuſe!
Honour was born, not planted in his heart;
And virtue came by nature, not by art.
Albion! forget thy ſorrows, and adore
That prince, who all the bleſſings does reſtore,
That Charles, the ſaint, made thee enjoy before!
'Tis done; with t rrets crown'd, I ſee her riſe,
And tears are wip'd for ever from her eyes!

PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the ſtage
Groan'd under perſecuting critics' rage,
But with the ſound of railing and of rhyme,
Like bees united by the tinkling chime,
The little ſtinging inſects ſwarm the more,
Their buzzing greater than it was before.
But, oh! ye leading voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do ſeduce,
And with your malice poiſon half the houſe;
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary ſway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuſe,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muſe;
Women, for ends of government more fit,
Women ſhall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give laws to Love, and influence to Wit.
Find me one man of ſenſe in all your roll,
Whom ſome one woman has not made a fool.
Ev'n buſineſs, that intolerable load
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they could manage would they pleaſe;
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of eaſe.
For, ſpite of art, more wit in them appears,
Though we boaſt ours, and they diſſemble theirs;
Wit once was ours, and ſhot up for a while,
Set ſhallow in a hot and barren ſoil;
But when tranſplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found.
And 'tis but juſt they ſhould our wit invade,
Whilſt we ſet up their painting patching trade;
As for our courage, to our ſhame 'tis known,
As they can raiſe it, they can pull it down.
At their own weapons they our bullies awe,
Faith! let them make an anti-ſalick law;
Preſcribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the bays.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

A DETESTATION OF CIVIL WAR.

FROM HORACE, EPOD. VII.

OH! whither do ye ruſh, and thus prepare
To rouze again the ſleeping war?
Has then ſo little Engliſh blood been ſpilt
On ſea and land with equal guilt?
Not that again we might our arms advance,
To check the inſolent pride of France;
Not that once more we might in fetters bring
An humble captive Gallic king?
But, to the wiſh of the inſulting Gaul,
That we by our own hands ſhould fall.
Nor wolves nor lions bear ſo fierce a mind;
They hurt not their own ſavage kind:
Is it blind rage, or zeal, more blind and ſtrong,
Or guilt, yet ſtronger, drives you on?
Anſwer: but none can anſwer; mute and pale
They ſtand; guilt does o'er words prevail:
'Tis ſo: heaven's juſtice threatens us from high;
And a king's death from earth does cry;
E'er ſince the martyr's innocent blood was ſhed,
Upon our fathers, and on ours, and on our children's head.

TO MR. CREECH,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

WHAT to begin would have been matter thought,
Exceeds our praiſe when to perfection brought;
Who could believe Lucretius' lofty ſong
Could have been reach'd by any modern tongue?
Of all the ſuitors to immortal fame,
That by tranſlations ſtrove to raiſe a name,
This was the teſt, this the Ulyſſes' bow,
Too tough by any to be bent but you.
Carus himſelf of the hard taſk complains,
To fetter Grecian thoughts in Roman chains;
Much harder thine, in an unlearned tongue
To hold in bonds, ſo eaſy yet ſo ſtrong,
The Greek philoſophy and Latin ſong.
If then he boaſts that round his ſacred head
Freſh garlands grow, and branching laurels ſpread,
Such as not all the mighty Nine before
E'er gave, or any of their darlings wore:
What laurels ſhould be thine, what crowns thy due,
What garlands, mighty Poet, ſhould be grac'd by you!
Though deep, though wondrous deep, his ſtyle does flow,
Thy ſhining ſtyle does all its riches ſhow;
So clear the ſtream, that through it we deſcry
All the bright gems that at the bottom lie:
Here you the troublers of our peace remove,
Ignoble fear, and more ignoble love:
Here we are taught how firſt our race began,
And by what ſteps our fathers climb'd to man;
To man as now he is—with knowledge fill'd,
In arts of peace and war, in manners ſkill'd,
Equal before to fellow-grazers of the field!
Nature's firſt ſtate, which, well tranſlated and
own'd
(For owners in all ages have been found),
Has made a * modern wit ſo much renown'd,
When thee we read, we find to be no more
Than what was ſung a thouſand years before.
Thou only for this noble taſk were fit,
To ſhame thy age to a juſt ſenſe of wit,
By ſhewing how the learned Romans writ.
To teach fat heavy clowns to know their trade,
And not turn wits, who were for porters made;

* Hobbes.

But quit falſe claims to the poetic rage,
For ſquibs and crackers, and a Smithfield ſtage.
Had Providence e'er meant that, in deſpight
Of art and nature, ſuch dull clods ſhould write,
Bavius and Mævius had been ſav'd by Fate
For Settle and for Shadwell to tranſlate,
As it ſo many ages has for thee
Preſerv'd the mighty work that now we ſee.

VIRGIL's FIFTH ECLOGUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mopſus and Menalcas, two very expert ſhepherds at a ſong, begin one by conſent to the memory of Daphnis, who is ſuppoſed by the beſt critics to repreſent Julius Cæſar. Mopſus laments his death: Menalcas proclaims his divinity. The whole Eclogue conſiſting of an Elegy, and an Apotheoſis.

MENALCAS.

MOPSUS, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
Why ſit we not beneath this ſecret ſhade,
By elms and hazels mingling branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your age commands reſpect; and I obey.
Whether you in this lonely copſe will ſtay,
Where weſtern winds the bending branches ſhake,
And in their play the ſhades uncertain make:
Or whether to that ſilent cave you go,
The better choice! ſee how the wild vines grow
Luxuriant round, and ſee how wide they ſpread,
And in the cave their purple cluſters ſhed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with Phœbus too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin; whether the mournful flame
Of dying Phillis, whether Alcon's fame,
Or Codrus' brawls, thy willing Muſe provoke;
Begin; young Tityrus will tend the flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I 'll begin, and the ſad ſong repeat,
That on the beech's bark I lately writ,
And ſet to ſweeteſt notes; yes, I 'll begin,
And after that, bid you, Amyntas, ſing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the moſt humble ſhrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous bluſhes of the roſe,
Or bending oſiers to the olive tree;
So much, I judge, Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this diſcourſe here put an end,
This is the cave; ſit, and my verſe attend.

MOPSUS.

When the ſad fate of Daphnis reach'd their ears,
The pitying nymphs diſſolv'd in pious tears.
Witneſs, ye hazels, for ye heard their cries;
Witneſs, ye floods, ſwoln with their weeping eyes,
The mournful mother (on his body caſt)
The ſad remains of her cold ſon embrac'd,
And of th' unequal tyranny they us'd,
The cruel gods and cruel ſtars accus'd.
Then did no ſwain mind how his flock did thrive,
Nor thirſty herds to the cold river drive;
The generous horſe turn'd from freſh ſtreams his head,
And on the ſweeteſt graſs refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death ev'n fierceſt lions mourn'd,
And hills and woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian tigers' fierceneſs broke,
And brought them willing to the ſacred yoke:
Daphnis to Bacchus' worſhip did ordain
The revels of his conſecrated train;
The reeling prieſts with vines and ivy crown'd,
And their long ſpears with cluſter'd branches bound.
As vines the elm, as grapes the vine adorn,
As bulls the herd, as fields the ripen'd corn;
Such grace, ſuch ornament, wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: ſince thy ſad fall
No more Apollo his glad preſence yields,
And Pales' ſelf forſakes her hated fields.
Oft where the fineſt barley we did ſow,
Barren wild oats and hurtful darnel grow;
And where ſoft violets did the vales adorn,
The thiſtle riſes, and the prickly thorn.
Come, ſhepherds, ſtrow with flowers the hallow'd ground,
The ſacred fountains with thick boughs ſurround;
Daphnis theſe rites requires: to Daphnis' praiſe,
Shepherds, a tomb with this inſcription raiſe—
"Here fam'd from earth to heaven I Daphnis lie;
"Fair was the flock I fed, but much more fair was I."

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my raviſh'd ears
Are the ſweet numbers of thy mournful verſe,
As to tir'd ſwains ſoft ſlumbers on the graſs;
As freſheſt ſprings that through green meadows paſs,
To one that 's parch'd with thirſt and ſummer's heat.
In thee thy maſter does his equal meet:
Whether your voice you try, or tune your reed,
Bleſt ſwain, 'tis you alone can him ſucceed!
Yet, as I can, I in return will ſing:
I too thy Daphnis to the ſtars will bring,
I too thy Daphnis to the ſtars, with you,
Will raiſe, for Daphnis lov'd Menalcas too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more deſire?
For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of Stimichon be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you.

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now, wondering at the glorious ſhow,
Through heaven's bright pavement does triumphant go,
And ſees the moving clouds, and the fix'd ſtars below:

Therefore new joys make glad the woods, the plains,
Pan and the Dryads, and the chearful swains:
The wolf no ambush for the flock does lay,
No cheating nets the harmless deer betray,
Daphnis a general peace commands, and Nature does obey.
Hark! the glad mountains raise to heaven their voice!
Hark! the hard rocks in mystic tunes rejoice!
Hark! through the thickets wondrous songs resound,
A God! A God! Menalcas, he is crown'd!
O be propitious! O be good to thine!
See! here four hallow'd altars we design,
To Daphnis two, to Phœbus two we raise,
To pay the yearly tribute of our praise:
Sacred to thee, they each returning year
Two bowls of milk and two of oil shall bear:
Feasts I 'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise
Thy votaries' exalted thoughts to raise,
Rich Chian wines shall in full goblets flow,
And give a taste of Nectar here below.
Damætas shall with Lictian Ægon join,
To celebrate with songs the rites divine.
Alphisibœus with a reeling gait
Shall the wild Satyrs' dancing imitate.
When to the nymphs we vows and offerings pay,
When we with solemn rites our fields survey,
These honours ever shall be thine: the boar
Shall in the fields and hills delight no more;
No more in streams the fish, in flowers the bee,
Ere, Daphnis, we forget our songs to thee:
Offerings to thee the shepherds every year
Shall, as to Bacchus and to Ceres, bear:
To thee, as to those Gods, shall vows be made,
And vengeance wait on those by whom they are not paid.

MOPSUS.

What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find?
Not the soft whispers of the Southern wind
So much delight my ear, or charm my mind;
Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor rivers that through flowry vallies glide.

MENALCAS.

First you this pipe shall take; and 'tis the same
That play'd poor Corydon's * unhappy flame:
The same that taught me Melibœus' † sheep.

MOPSUS.

You then shall for my sake this sheephook keep,
Adorn'd with brass, which I have oft deny'd
To young Antigenes in his beauty's pride:
And who could think he then in vain could sue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

* Virg. Ecl. ii.

† Ecl. iii.

TO MR. WALLER,

UPON

THE COPY OF VERSES MADE BY HIMSELF ON THE LAST COPY IN HIS BOOK *.

WHEN flame, for all my foolish youth had writ,
Advis'd 'twas time the rhyming trade to quit,
Time to grow wise, and be no more a wit—
The noble fire, that animates thy age,
Once more inflam'd me with poetic rage.
Kings, heroes, nymphs, the brave, the fair, the young,
Have been the theme of thy immortal lays:
A nobler argument at last thy Muse,
Two things Divine, Thee and Herself, does raise.
Age, whose dull weight makes vulgar spirits sink,
Gives wings to thine, and bids it upward soar:
No more confin'd, above the starry skies,
Out from the body's broken cage it flies.
But, oh! vouchsafe, not wholly to retire,
To join with and compleat th' etherial choir!
Still here remain; still on the threshold stand;
Still at this distance view the promis'd land;
Though thou may'st seem, so heavenly is thy face,
Not going thither, but new come from thence.

A SONG.

I.

AFTER the fiercest pangs of hot desire,
Between Panthea's rising breasts
His bending breast Philander rests:
Though vanquish'd, yet unknowing to retire:
Close hugs the charmer, and asham'd to yield,
Though he has lost the day, yet keeps the field.

II.

When, with a sigh, the fair Panthea said,
What pity 'tis, ye gods, that all
The noblest warriors soonest fall!
Then with a kiss she gently rear'd his head;
Arm'd him again to fight, for noble she
More lov'd the combat than the victory.

III.

But, more enrag'd for being beat before,
With all his strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the war;
Nor ceas'd he till the noble prize he bore:
Ev'n her such wondrous courage did surprize;
She hugs the dart that wounded her, and dies.

A SONG.

I.

THROUGH mournful shades, and solemn groves,
Fann'd with the sighs of unsuccessful loves,

* See Waller's Poems.

Wild with deſpair, young Thyrſis ſtrays,
inks over all Amyra's heavenly charms,
inks he now ſees her in another's arms;
Then at ſome willow's root himſelf he lays,
: lovelieſt, moſt unhappy ſwain;
d thus to the wild woods he does complain:

II.

w art thou chang'd, O Thyrſis, ſince the time
en thou could'ſt love and hope without a crime;
When Nature's pride and Earth's delight,
through her ſhady evening grove ſhe paſt,
d a new day did all around her caſt,
Could ſee, nor be offended at the ſight,
: melting, ſighing, wiſhing ſwain,
it now muſt never hope to wiſh again!

III.

hes and titles! why ſhould they prevail,
ere duty, love, and adoration, fail?
.ovely Amyra, ſhouldſt thou prize
e empty noiſe that a fine title makes;
the vile traſh that with the vulgar takes,
Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
kind! but pity the poor ſwain
ur rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the ſlain.

A SONG.

I.

EE what a conqueſt love has made!
Beneath the myrtle's amorous ſhade
e charming fair Corinna lies
All melting in deſire,
lenching in tears thoſe flowing eyes
That ſet the world on fire!

II.

hat cannot tears and beauty do?
ie youth by chance ſtood by, and knew
r whom thoſe cryſtal ſtreams did flow;
And though he ne'er before
) her eyes brighteſt rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

III.

when the heavens ſerene and clear,
lded with gaudy light appear,
ich craggy rock, and every ſtone,
Their native rigour keep;
it when in rain the clouds fall down,
The hardeſt marble weeps.

TO MR. HENRY DICKINSON,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF

"SIMON'S CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT."

WHAT ſenſeleſs loads have over-charg'd the preſs,
f French impertinence, in Engliſh dreſs!
How many dull tranſlators every day
Bring new ſupplies of novel, farce, or play!
Like damn'd French penſioners, with foreign aid
Their native land with nonſenſe to invade,
Till we 're o'er-run more with the wit of France,
Her nauſeous wit, than with her Proteſtants.
But, Sir, this noble piece obligeth more
Than all their traſh hath plagu'd the town before:
With various learning, knowledge, ſtrength of thought,
Order and art, and ſolid judgement fraught;
No leſs a piece than this could make amends
For all the trumpery France amongſt us ſends.
Nor let ill-grounded ſuperſtitious fear
Fright any but the fools from reading here.
The ſacred oracles may well endure
Th' exacteſt ſearch, of their own truth ſecure;
Though at this piece ſome noiſy zealots bawl,
And to their aid a numerous faction call
With ſtretch'd-out arms, as if the ark could fall;
Yet wiſer heads will think ſo firm it ſtands,
That, were it ſhook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," 1679.

AND will our Maſter Poet then admit
A young beginner in the trade of wit,
To bring a plain and ruſtic Muſe, to wait
On his in all her glorious pomp and ſtate?
Can an unknown, unheard-of, private name,
Add any luſtre to ſo bright a fame?
No! ſooner planets to the ſun may give
That light which they themſelves from him derive.
Nor could my ſickly fancy entertain
A thought ſo fooliſh, or a pride ſo vain.
But, as when kings through crowds in triumphs go,
The meaneſt wretch that gazes at the ſhow,
Though to that pomp his voice can add no more,
Than when we drops into the ocean pour,
Has leave his tongue in praiſes to employ
(Th' accepted language of officious joy):
So I in loud applauſes may reveal
To you, great King of Verſe, my loyal zeal,
May tell with what majeſtic grace and mien
Your Muſe diſplays herſelf in every ſcene;
In what rich robes ſhe has fair Creſſid dreſt,
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breaſt.
How when thoſe fading eyes her aid implor'd,
She all their ſparkling luſtre has reſtor'd,
Added more charms, freſh beauties on them ſhed,
And to new youth recall'd the lovely maid.
How nobly ſhe the royal brothers draws;
How great their quarrel, and how great their cauſe!
How juſtly rais'd! and by what juſt degrees,
In a ſweet calm does the rough tempeſt ceaſe!

Envy not now "the God-like Roman's rage;"
Hector and Troilus, darlings of our age,
Shall hand in hand with Brutus tread the stage.
Shakespeare, 'tis true, this tale of Troy first told,
But, as with Ennius Virgil did of old,
You found it dirt, but you have made it gold.
A dark and undigested heap it lay,
Like Chaos ere the dawn of infant day,
But you did first the chearful light display.
Confus'd it was as Epicutus' world
Of Atoms, by blind Chance together hurl'd,
But you have made such order through it shine
As loudly speaks the workmanship divine.
Boast then, O Troy! and triumph in thy flames,
That make thee sung by three such mighty names.
Had Ilium stood, Homer had ne'er been read,
Nor the sweet Mantuan swan his wings display'd,
Nor thou, the third, but equal in renown,
Thy matchless skill in this great subject shown.
Not Priam's self, nor all the Trojan state,
Was worth the saving at so dear a rate.
But they now flourish, by you mighty three,
In verse more lasting than their walls could be:
Which never, never shall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they;
Never till, our great Charles being sung by you,
Old Troy shall grow less famous than the New.

PARIS TO HELEN.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, having sailed to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertained by Menelaus, Helen's husband; but he, being called away to Crete, to take possession of what was left him by his grand-father Atreus, commends his guest to the care of his wife. In his absence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following epistle.

ALL health, fair nymph, thy Paris sends to thee,
Though you, and only you, can give it me.
Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown
To tell a passion that itself has shown?
Does not my love itself too open lay,
And all I think in all I do betray?
If not, oh! may it still in secret lie,
Till Time with our kind wishes shall comply;
Till all our joys may to us come sincere,
Nor lose their price by the allay of fear!
In vain I strive; who can that fire conceal,
Which does itself by its own light reveal?
But, if you needs would hear my trembling tongue
Speak what my actions have declar'd so long,
I love; you 've there the word that does impart
The truest message from my bleeding heart:
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confess
To you, my fair physician, my disease,
And with such looks this supplicant paper grace
As best become the beauties of that face.
May that smooth brow no angry wrinkle wear,
But be your looks as kind as they are fair.
Some pleasure 'tis to think these lines shall find
An entertainment at your hands so kind.
For this creates a hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that hope be true! nor I complain
That Venus promis'd you to me in vain:
For know, lest you through ignorance offend
The gods, 'tis heaven that me does hither send.
None of the meanest of the powers divine,
That first inspir'd, still favours my design.
Great is the prize I seek, I must confess,
But neither is my due or merit less:
Venus has promis'd she would you assign,
Fair as herself, to be for ever mine.
Guided by her, my Troy I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the dangers of the faithless sea.
She, with a kind and an auspicious gale,
Drove the good ship, and stretch'd out every sail:
For she, who sprung out of the teeming deep,
Still o'er the main does her wide empire keep.
Still may she keep it! and as she with ease
Allays the wrath of the most angry seas,
So may she give my stormy mind some rest,
And calm the raging tempest of my breast,
And bring home all my sighs and all my vows
To their wish'd harbour and desir'd repose!
Hither my flames I brought, not found them here;
I my whole course by their kind light did steer:
For I by no mistake or storm was toss't
Against my will upon this happy coast,
Nor as a merchant did I plow the main
To venture life, like sordid fools, for gain.
No; may the gods preserve my present store,
And only give me you to make it more!
Nor to admire the place come I so far;
I have towns richer than your cities are.
'Tis you I seek, to me from Venus due;
You were my wish, before your charms I knew.
Bright images of you my mind did draw,
Long ere my eyes the lovely object saw.
Nor wonder that, with the swift-winged dart,
At such a distance you could wound my heart:
So Fate ordain'd; and left you fight with Fate.
Hear and believe the truth I shall relate.
Now in my mother's womb shut up I lay,
Her fatal burthen longing for the day,
When she in a mysterious dream was told,
Her teeming womb a burning torch did hold:
Frighted she rises, and her vision she
To Priam tells, and to his prophets he:
They sing that I all Troy should set on fire:
But sure Fate meant the flames of my desire.
For fear of this, among the swains expos'd,
My native greatness every thing disclos'd.
Beauty, and strength, and courage, join'd in me,
Through all disguise, spoke me a monarch's race.
A place there is in Ida's thickest grove,
With oaks and fir-trees shaded all above,

ıe graſs here grows untouch'd by bleating flocks,
mountain goat, or the laborious ox.
om hence Troy's towers, magnificence, and pride,
aning againſt an aged oak, I ſpy'd.
hen ſtraight me thought I heard the trembling ground
ith the ſtrange noiſe of trampling feet reſound.
the ſame inſtant Jove's great meſſenger,
all his wings borne through the yielding air,
ghting before my wondering eyes did ſtand,
s golden rod ſhone in his ſacred hand:
ith him three charming goddeſſes there came,
no, and Pallas, and the Cyprian dame.
ith an unuſual fear I ſtood amaz'd,
ll thus the god my ſinking courage rais'd;
Fear not; thou art Jove's ſubſtitute below,
The prize of heavenly beauty to beſtow;
Contending goddeſſes appeal to you,
Decide their ſtriſe." He ſpake, and up he flew.
ien, bolder grown, I throw my fears away,
id every one with curious eyes ſurvey:
ch of them merited the victory,
id I their doubtful judge was griev'd to ſee,
iat one muſt have it, when deſerv'd by three.
t yet that one there was which moſt prevail'd,
id with more powerful charms my heart aſſail'd:
ı! would you know who thus my breaſt could move?
ho could it be but the fair Queen of Love?
ith mighty bribes they all for conqueſt ſtrive,
no will empires, Pallas valour give,
hilſt I ſtand doubting which I ſhould prefer,
upire's ſoft eaſe, or glorious toils of War;
t Venus gently ſmil'd, and thus ſhe ſpake:
They 're dangerous gifts: O do not, do not take!
I'll make thee Love's immortal pleaſures "know,
And joys that in full tides for ever flow.
For, if you judge the conqueſt to be mine,
Fair Leda's fairer daughter ſhall be thine."
e ſpake; and I gave her the conqueſt due,
th to her beauty, and her gift of you.
Meanwhile (my angry ſtars more gentle grown)
im acknowledg'd royal Priam's ſon.
ll the glad court, all Troy does celebrate,
ith a new feſtival, my change of fate.
nd as I now languiſh and die for thee,
did the beauties of all Troy for me.
n o'er a heart with ſovereign power do reign;
r which a thouſand virgins ſigh'd in vain:
r did queens only fly to my embrace,
t nymphs of form divine, and heavenly race.
ll their loves with cold diſdain repreſt,
nce hopes of you firſt fir'd my longing breaſt.
our charming form all day my fancy drew,
nd when night came, my dreams were all of you.
hat pleaſures then muſt you yourſelf impart,
hoſe ſhadows only ſo ſurpriz'd my heart!
nd oh! how did I burn approaching nigher,
hat was ſo ſcorch'd by ſo remote a fire!

For now no longer could my hopes refrain
From ſeeking their wiſh'd object through the main.
I fell the ſtately pine, and every tree
That beſt was fit to cut the yielding ſea,
Fetch'd from Gargarian hills, tall firs I cleave,
And Ida naked to the winds I leave,
Stiff oaks I bend, and ſolid planks I form,
And every ſhip with well-knit ribs I arm.
To the tall maſt I ſails and ſtreamers join,
And the gay poops with painted gods do ſhine.
But on my ſhip does only Venus ſtand
With little Cupid ſmiling in her hand,
Guide of the way ſhe did herſelf command.
My fleet thus rigg'd, and all my thoughts on thee,
I long to plow the vaſt Ægéan ſea;
My anxious parents my deſires withſtand,
And both with pious tears my ſtay command.
Caſſandra too, with looſe diſhevel'd hair,
Juſt as our haſty ſhips to ſail prepare,
Full of prophetic fury cries aloud,
" O whither fleets my brother through the flood?
" Little, ah! little doſt thou know or heed
" To what a raging fire theſe waters lead!"
True were her fears, and in my breaſt I feel
The ſcorching flames her fury did foretel.
Yet out I ſail, and, favour'd by the wind,
On your bleſt ſhore my wiſh'd-for haven find;
Your huſband then, ſo heaven, kind heaven ordains,
In his own houſe his rival entertains,
Shews me what'er in Sparta does delight
The curious traveller's enquiring ſight:
But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
Could taſte no pleaſure in the idle ſhew.
But at thy ſight, oh! where was then my heart!
Out from my breaſt it gave a ſudden ſtart,
Sprung forth and met half way the fatal dart.
Such or leſs charming was the Queen of Love,
When with her rival goddeſſes ſhe ſtrove.
But, faireſt, hadſt thou come among the three,
Ev'n ſhe the prize muſt have reſign'd to thee.
Your beauty is the only theme of fame,
And all the world ſounds with fair Helen's name;
Nor lives there ſhe whom pride itſelf can raiſe
To claim with you an equal ſhare of praiſe.
Do I ſpeak falſe? Rather Report does ſo,
Detracting from you in a praiſe too low.
More here I find than that could ever tell,
So much your beauty does your fame excel.
Well then might Theſeus, he who all things knew,
Think none was worthy of his theft but you;
I this bold theft admire; but wonder more
He ever would ſo dear a prize reſtore:
Ah! would theſe hands have ever let you go?
Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
No; ſooner I with life itſelf could part,
Than e'er ſee you torn from my bleeding heart.
But could I do as he, and give you back,
Yet ſure ſome taſte of love I firſt would take,
Would firſt, in all your blooming excellence
And virgin ſweets, feaſt my luxurious ſenſe;

Or if you would not let that treaſure go,
Kiſſes at leaſt you ſhould, you would beſtow,
And let me ſmell the flower as it did grow.
Come then into my longing arms, and try
My laſting, fix'd, eternal conſtancy,
Which never till my funeral pile ſhall waſte;
My preſent fire ſhall mingle with my laſt.
Sceptres and crowns for you I did diſdain,
With which great Juno tempted me in vain.
And when bright Pallas did her bribes prepare,
One ſoft embrace from you I did preſer
To courage, ſtrength, and all the pomp of war.
Nor ſhall I ever think my choice was ill,
My judgment 's ſettled, and approves it ſtill.
Do you but grant my hopes may prove as true,
As they were plac'd above all things but you.
I am, as well as you, of heavenly race,
Nor will my birth your mighty line diſgrace.
Pallas and Jove our noble lineage head,
And them a race of godlike kings ſucceed,
All Aſia's ſceptres to my father bow,
And half the ſpacious Eaſt his power allow.
There you ſhall ſee the houſes roof'd with gold,
And temples glorious as the gods they hold.
Troy you ſhall ſee, and walls divine admire,
Built to the concert of Apollo's lyre.
What need I the vaſt flood of people tell,
That over its wide banks does almoſt ſwell?
You ſhall gay troops of Phrygian matrons meet,
And Trojan wives ſhining in every ſtreet.
How often then will you yourſelf confeſs
The emptineſs and poverty of Greece!
How often will you ſay, one palace there
Contains more wealth than do whole cities here!
I ſpeak not this, your Sparta to diſgrace,
For whereſoe'er your life began its race
Muſt be to me the happieſt, deareſt place.
Yet Sparta's poor; and you, that ſhould be dreſt
In all the riches of the ſhining Eaſt,
Should underſtand how ill that ſordid place
Suits with the beauty of your charming face;
That face with coſtly dreſs and rich attire
Should ſhine, and make the gazing world admire.
When you the habit of my Trojans ſee,
What, think you, muſt that of their ladies be?
Oh! then be kind, fair Spartan, nor diſdain
A Trojan in your bed to entertain.
He was a Trojan, and of our great line,
That to the gods does mix immortal wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her roſy bed
The goddeſs of the Morning bluſhing led;
So was Anchiſes of our Trojan race,
Yet Venus' ſelf to his deſir'd embrace,
With all her train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his arms learn'd for a while to lie.
Nor do I think that Menelaus can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater man.
I 'm ſure my father never made the ſun
With frighted ſteeds from his dire banquet run:
No grandfather of mine is ſtain'd with blood,
Or with his crime names the Myrtoan flood.
None of our race does in the Stygian lake
Snatch at thoſe apples he wants power to take.
But ſtay; ſince you with ſuch a huſband join,
Your father Jove is forc'd to grace his line.

He (gods!) a wretch unworthy of thoſe charms
Does all the night lie melting in your arms,
Does every minute to new joys improve,
And riots in the luſcious ſweets of love.
I but at table one ſhort view can gain,
And that too, only to encreaſe my pain:
O may ſuch feaſts my worſt of foes attend,
As often I at your ſpread table find.
I loath my food, when my tormented eye
Sees his rude hand in your ſoft boſom lie.
I burſt with envy when I him behold
Your tender limbs in his looſe robe infold.
When he your lips with melting kiſſes ſeal'd,
Before my eyes I the large goblet held.
When you with him in ſtrict embraces cloſe,
My hated meat to my dry'd palate grows.
Oft have I ſigh'd, then ſigh'd again, to ſee
That ſigh with ſcornful ſmiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with wine would quench my hot deſire
In vain; for ſo I added fire to fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my head in vain,
You ſtraight recall'd my longing eyes again.
What ſhall I do? Your ſports with grief I ſee,
But it 's a greater, not to look on thee.
With all my art I ſtrive my flames to hide,
But through the thin diſguiſe they are deſcry'd.
Too well, alas! my wounds to you are known,
And O that they were ſo to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping eyes away,
Leſt he the cauſe ſhould aſk, and I betray!
What tales of love tell I, when warm'd with wine,
To your dear face applying every line!
In borrow'd names I my own paſſion ſhew:
They the feign'd lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes, more freedom in diſcourſe to gain,
For my excuſe I drunkenneſs would feign.
Once I remember your looſe garment fell,
And did your naked, ſwelling breaſts reveal,
Breaſts white as ſnow, or the falſe down of Jove,
When to your mother the kind Swan made love:
Whilſt, with the ſight ſurpriz'd, I gazing ſtand,
The cup I held dropt from my careleſs hand.
If you your young Hermione but kiſs,
Straight from her lips I ſnatch the envy'd bliſs.
Sometimes ſupinely laid, love ſongs I ſing,
And wafted kiſſes from my fingers fling.
Your women to my aid I try to move
With all the powerful rhetorick of love;
But they, alas! ſpeak nothing but deſpair,
And in the midſt leave my neglected prayer.
Oh! that by ſome great prize you might be won,
And your poſſeſſion might the victor crown,
As Pelops his Hippodamia won:
Then had you ſeen what I for you had done:
But now I 've nothing left to do but pray,
And myſelf proſtrate at your feet to lay.
O thou, thy houſe's glory, brighter far
Than thy two ſhining brothers' friendly ſtar,
O worthy of the bed of Heaven's great King,
If aught ſo fair but from himſelf could ſpring!
Either with thee I back to Troy will fly,
Or here a wretch'd baniſh'd lover die.
With no ſlight wound my tender breaſt does ſmart,
My bones and marrow feel the piercing dart;

find my ſiſter true did propheſy,
with a heavenly dart ſhould wounded die;
)eſpiſe not then a love by heaven deſign'd,
o may the gods ſtill to your vows be kind!
Much I could ſay; but what, will beſt be known
n your apartment, when we are alone.
ſou bluſh, and, with a ſuperſtitious dread,
ear to defile the ſacred marriage bed:
ih! Helen, can you then ſo ſimple be,
'o think ſuch beauty can from faults be free?
)r change that face, or you muſt needs be kind;
eauty and Virtue ſeldom have been join'd.
ove and bright Venus do our theſts approve,
uch theſts as theſe gave you your father Jove.
And if in you aught of your parents laſt,
'an Jove and Leda's daughter well be chaſte?
'et then be chaſte when we to Troy ſhall go
For ſhe who ſins with one alone, is ſo).
ut let us now enjoy that pleaſing ſin,
Then marry, and be innocent again.
!v'n your own huſband doth the ſame perſuade,
ilent himſelf, yet all his actions plead:
'or me they plead, and he, good man! becauſe
Ie 'll ſpoil no ſport, officiouſly withdraws.
Had he no other time to viſit Crete?
)h! how prodigious is a huſband's wit!
Ie went; and, as he went, he cry'd, "My dear,
Inſtead of me, you of your gueſt take care!"
But you forget your lord's command, I ſee,
Nor take you any care of Love or Me.
And think you ſuch a thing as he does know
The treaſure that he holds in holding you?
No; did he underſtand but half your charms,
Ie durſt not truſt them in a ſtranger's arms.
f neither his nor my requeſt can move,
We 're forc'd by opportunity to love;
We ſhould be fools, ev'n greater fools than he,
ſhould ſo ſecure a time unactive be.
Alone theſe tedious winter nights you lie
n a cold widow'd bed, and ſo do I.
Let mutual joys our willing bodies join,
That happy night ſhall the mid-day out-ſhine.
Then will I ſwear by all the powers above,
And in their awful preſence ſeal my love.
Then, if my wiſhes may aſpire ſo high,
with our flight ſhall win you to comply;
But, if nice honour little ſcruples frame,
The force I 'll uſe ſhall vindicate your fame.
)f Theſeus and your brothers I can learn,
No precedents ſo nearly you concern:
You Theſeus, they Leucippus' daughter ſtole;
I 'll be the fourth in the illuſtrious roll.
Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my fleet does
ſtay,
And waiting winds murmur at our delay.
Through Troy's throng'd ſtreets you ſhall in triumph go,
Ador'd as ſome new goddeſs here below.
Where'er you tread, ſpices and gums ſhall ſmoke,
And victims fall beneath the fatal ſtroke.
My father, mother, all the joyful court,
All Troy, to you with preſents ſhall reſort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have ſaid;
What there you 'll find, ſhall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, leſt war purſue our haſty flight,
And angry Greece ſhould all her force unite.
What raviſh'd maid did ever wars regain?
Vain the attempt, and fear of it as vain.
The Thracians Orithya ſtole from far,
Yet Thracians ne'er heard the noiſe of following war.
Jaſon too ſtole away the Colchian maid,
Yet Colchos did not Theſſaly invade.
He who ſtole you, ſtole Ariadne too,
Yet Minos did not with all Crete purſue.
Fear in theſe caſes than the danger's more,
And, when the threatening tempeſt once is o'er,
Our ſhame 's then greater than our fear before.
But ſay from Greece a threaten'd war purſue,
Know I have ſtrength and wounding weapons too.
In men and horſe more numerous than Greece
Our empire is, nor in its compaſs leſs.
Nor does your huſband Paris aught excel
In generous courage, or in martial ſkill.
Ev'n but a boy, from my ſlain foes I gain'd
My ſtolen herd, and a new name attain'd;
Ev'n then, o'ercome by me, I could produce
Deïphobus and great Ilioneus.
Nor hand to hand more to be fear'd am I,
Than when from far my certain arrows fly.
You for his youth can no ſuch actions feign,
Nor can he e'er my envy'd ſkill attain.
But could he, Hector 's your ſecurity,
And he alone an army is to me.
You know me not, nor the hid proweſs find
Of him that heaven has for your bed deſign'd.
Either no war from Greece ſhall follow thee,
Or, if it does, ſhall be repell'd by me.
Nor think I fear to fight for ſuch a wife,
That prize would give the coward's courage life.
All after-ages ſhall your fame admire,
If you alone ſet the whole world on fire.
To ſea, to ſea, while all the gods are kind,
And all I promiſe, you in Troy ſhall find.

THE EPISTLE
OF
ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

THE ARGUMENT.

Acontius in the temple of Diana at Delos (famous for the reſort of the moſt beautiful virgins of all Greece) fell in love with Cydippe, a lady of quality much above his own; not daring therefore to court her openly, he found this device to obtain her: he writes, upon the faireſt apple that could be procured, a couple of verſes to this effect:

"I ſwear, by chaſte Diana, I will be
"In ſacred wedlock ever join'd to thee:"

and throws it at the feet of the young lady; ſhe, ſuſpecting not the deceit, takes it up and reads it, and therein promiſes herſelf in marriage to Acontius;

there being a law there in force, that whatever any perſon ſhould ſwear in the temple of Diana of Delos, ſhould ſtand good, and be inviolably obſerved: but her father, not knowing what had paſt, and having not long after promiſed her to another, juſt as the ſolemnities of marriage were to be performed, ſhe was taken with a ſudden and violent fever, which Acontius endeavours to perſuade her was ſent from Diana, as a puniſhment of the breach of the vow made in her preſence. And this, with the reſt of the arguments which on ſuch occaſion would occur to a lover, is the ſubject of the following epiſtle.

READ boldly this; here you ſhall ſwear no more,
For that 's enough which you have ſworn before.
Read it; ſo may that violent diſeaſe,
Which thy dear body, but my ſoul doth ſeize,
Forget its too-long practis'd cruelty,
And health to you reſtore, and you to me.
Why do you bluſh? for bluſh you do, I fear,
As when you firſt did in the temple ſwear:
Truth to your plighted faith is all I claim,
And truth can never be the cauſe of ſhame:
Shame lives with guilt; but you your virtue prove
In favouring mine, for mine 's a huſband's love.
Ah! to yourſelf thoſe binding words repeat
That once your wiſhing eyes ev'n long'd to meet,
When th' apple brought them dancing to your feet.
There you will find the ſolemn vow you made,
Which if your health or mine can aught perſwade,
You to perform ſhould rather mindful be,
Than great Diana to revenge on thee.
My fears for you increaſe with my deſire,
And Hope blows that already raging fire;
For hope you gave, nor can you this deny,
For the great Goddeſs of the fane was by;
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd ſhrine
A ſudden kind auſpicious light did ſhine:
Her ſtatue ſeem'd to nod its awful head,
And give its glad conſent to what you ſaid;
Now, if you pleaſe, accuſe my proſperous cheat,
Yet ſtill confeſs 'twas Love that taught me it:
In that deceit what did I elſe deſign
But with your own conſent to make you mine?
What you my crime, I call my innocence,
Since loving you has been my ſole offence.
Nor Nature gave me, nor has practice taught,
The nets with which young virgins' hearts are caught.
You my accuſer taught me to deceive,
And Love, with you, did his aſſiſtance give;
For Love ſtood by, and ſmiling bad me write
The cunning words he did himſelf indite:
Again, you ſee, I write by his command,
He guides my pen, and rules my willing hand,
Again ſuch kind, ſuch loving words I ſend,
As makes me fear that I again offend:
Yet, if my love 's my crime, I muſt confeſs,
Great is my guilt, but never ſhall be leſs.
Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove,
In finding out new paths to reach thy love!
A thouſand ways to that ſteep mountain lead,
Though hard to find, and difficult to tread.
All theſe will I find out, and break through all,
For which, my flames compar'd, the danger ſmall.
The gods alone know what the end will be,
Yet, if we mortals any thing foreſee,
One way or other you muſt yield to me.
If all my arts ſhould fail, to arms I 'll fly,
And ſnatch by force what you my prayers deny:
I all thoſe heroes mighty acts applaud,
Who firſt have led me this illuſtrious road.
I too—but hold, death the reward will be;
Death be it then!——
For to loſe you is more than death to me.
Were you leſs fair, I 'd uſe the vulgar way
Of tedious courtſhip, and of dull delay.
But thy bright form kindles more eager fires,
And ſomething wondrous as itſelf inſpires;
Thoſe eyes that all the heavenly lights out-ſhine,
(Which, oh! may'ſt thou behold and love as mine!)
Thoſe ſnowy arms, which on my neck ſhould fall,
If you the vows you made regard at all,
That modeſt ſweetneſs and becoming grace,
That paints with living red your bluſhing face,
Thoſe feet, with which they only can compare
That through the ſilver flood bright Thetis bare;
Do all conſpire my madneſs to excite,
With all the reſt that is deny'd to ſight:
Which could I praiſe, alike I then were bleſt,
And all the ſtorms of my vex'd ſoul at reſt:
No wonder then if, with ſuch beauty fir'd,
I of your love the ſacred pledge deſir'd.
Rage now, and be as angry as you will,
Your very frowns all others' ſmiles excel;
But give me leave that anger to appeaſe,
By my ſubmiſſion that my love did raiſe.
Your pardon proſtrate at your feet I 'll crave,
The humble poſture of your guilty ſlave.
With falling tears your fiery rage I 'll cool,
And lay the riſing tempeſt of your ſoul.
Why in my abſence are you thus ſevere?
Summon'd at your tribunal to appear
For all my crimes, I 'd gladly ſuffer there:
With pride whatever you inflict receive,
And love the wounds thoſe hands vouchſafe to give.
Your fetters too—but they, alas! are vain,
For Love has bound me, and I hug my chain:
Your hardeſt laws with patience I 'll obey,
Till you yourſelf at laſt relent, and ſay,
When all my ſufferings you with pity ſee,
"He that can love ſo well, is worthy me!"
But, if all this ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Diana claims for me your promis'd love.
O may my fears be falſe! yet ſhe delights
In juſt revenge of her abuſed rites.
I dread to hide, what yet to ſpeak I dread,
Leſt you ſhould think that for myſelf I plead.
Yet out it muſt:—'Tis this, 'tis ſurely this,
That is the fuel to your hot diſeaſe:
When waiting Hymen at your porch attends,
Her fatal meſſenger the goddeſs ſends;
And when you would to his kind call conſent,
This fever does your perjury prevent.

bear, forbear, thus to provoke her rage,
ich you ſo eaſily may yet aſſuage:
bear to make that lovely charming face
: prey to every envious diſeaſe:
ſerve thoſe looks to be enjoy'd by me,
ich none ſhould ever but with wonder ſee:
that freſh colour to your cheeks return,
oſe glowing flame did all beholders burn:
let on him, th' unhappy cauſe of all
: ills that from Diana's anger fall,
greater torments light than thoſe I feel,
en you, my deareſt, tendereſt part, are ill.
, oh! with what dire tortures am I rack'd,
om different griefs ſucceſſively diſtract!
metimes my grief from this does higher grow,
think that I have caus'd ſo much to you.
n, great Diana's witneſs, how I pray
t all our crimes on me alone ſhe 'd lay!
metimes to your lov'd doors diſguis'd I come,
d all around them up and down I roam;
I your woman coming from you ſpy,
th looks dejected, and a weeping eye.
th ſilent ſteps, like ſome ſad ghoſt, I ſteal
ſe up to her, and urge her to reveal
re than new queſtions ſuffer her to tell:
w you had ſlept, what diet you had us'd?
d oft the vain phyſician's art accus'd.
every hour (oh, were I bleſt as he!)
es all the turns of your diſtemper ſee.
y ſit not I by your bed-ſide all day,
r mournful head in your warm boſom lay,
l with my tears the inward fires decay?
y preſs not I your melting hand in mine,
d from your pulſe of my own health divine?
t, oh! theſe wiſhes all are vain; and he
om moſt I fear, may now ſit cloſe by thee,
'getful as thou art of heaven and me.
that lov'd hand doth preſs, and oft doth feign
ne new excuſe to feel thy beating vein.
en his bold hand up to your arm doth ſlide,
d in your panting breaſt itſelf does hide;
ſſes ſometimes he ſnatches too from thee,
r his officious care too great a fee.
bber, who gave thee leave to taſte that lip,
d the ripe harveſt of my kiſſes reap?
r they are mine, ſo is that boſom too,
hich, falſe as 'tis, ſhall never harbour you:
ke, take away thoſe thy adulterous hands,
r know, another lord that breaſt commands.
s true, her father promis'd her to thee,
t heaven and ſhe firſt gave herſelf to me:
d you in juſtice therefore ſhould decline
ur claim to that which is already mine.
is is the man, Cydippe, that excites
na's rage, to vindicate her rites.
mmand him then not to approach thy door;
is done, the danger of your death is o'er.
r fear not, beauteous maid, but keep thy vow,
hich great Diana heard, and did allow.
d ſhe who took it, will thy health reſtore,
d be propitious as ſhe was before.
" 'Tis not the ſteam of a ſlain heifer's blood
That can allay the anger of a God:
'Tis truth, and juſtice to your vows, appeaſe
Their angry deities; and without theſe
" No ſlaughter'd beaſt their fury can divert,
" For that 's a ſacrifice without a heart."
Some, bitter potions patiently endure,
And kiſs the wounding lance that works their cure:
You have no need theſe cruel cures to feel,
Shun being perjur'd only, and be well.
Why let you ſtill your pious parents weep,
Whom you in ignorance of your promiſe keep?
Oh! to your mother all our ſtory tell,
And the whole progreſs of our love reveal:
Tell her how firſt, at great Diana's ſhrine,
I fix'd my eyes, my wondering eyes, on thine:
How like the ſtatues there I ſtood amaz'd,
Whilſt on thy face intemperately I gaz'd.
She will herſelf, when you my tale repeat,
Smile, and approve the amorous deceit.
Marry, ſhe 'll ſay, whom heaven commends to thee,
He, who has pleas'd Diana, pleaſes me.
But ſhould ſhe aſk from what deſcent I came,
My country, and my parents, and my name;
Tell her, that none of theſe deſerve my ſhame.
Had you not ſworn, you ſuch a one might chuſe;
But, were he worſe, now ſworn, you can't refuſe.
This in my dreams Diana bade me write,
And when I wak'd, ſent Cupid to indite.
Obey them both, for one has wounded me,
Which wound if you with eyes of pity ſee,
She too will ſoon relent that wounded thee.
Then to our joys with eager haſte we'll move,
As full of beauty you, as I of love:
To the great temple we 'll in triumph go,
And with our offerings at the altar bow.
A golden image there I 'll conſecrate,
Of the falſe Apple's innocent deceit;
And write below the happy verſe that came
The meſſenger of my ſucceſsful flame.
" Let all the world this from Acontius know,
" Cydippe has been faithful to her vow."
More I could write! but, ſince thy illneſs reigns,
And racks thy tender limbs with ſharpeſt pains,
My pen falls down for fear, leſt this might be,
Although for me too little, yet too much for thee.

JUVENAL, SAT. IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this ſatire firſt brings in Criſpinus, whom he had a laſh at in his firſt ſatire, and whom he promiſes here not to be forgetful of for the future. He expoſes his monſtrous prodigality and luxury, in giving the price of an eſtate for a barbel: and from thence takes occaſion to introduce the principal ſubject and true deſign of this ſatire, which is grounded upon a ridiculous ſtory of a turbot preſented to Domitian, of ſo vaſt a bigneſs, that all the Emperor's ſcullery had not a diſh large enough to hold it: Upon which the ſenate in all haſte is ſummoned, to conſult in this exigency, what is fitteſt to be done. The Poet gives us a particular of the ſenators' names, their diſtinct

characters, and speeches, and advice; and, after much and wise consultation, an expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the senate, and concludes the satire.

ONCE more Crispinus call'd upon the stage
(Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my rage:
A monster, to whom every vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his fame.
Feeble and sick, yet strong in lust alone,
The rank adulterer preys on all the town,
All but the widows' nauseous charms go down.
What matter then how stately is the arch
Where his tir'd mules slow with their burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the shade
Through which he is by sweating slaves convey'd?
How many acres near the city walls
Or new-built palaces, his own he calls?
No ill man 's happy; least of all is he
Whose study 'tis to corrupt chastity;
Th' incestuous brute, who the veil'd vestal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd,
Who for his crime, if laws their course might have,
Ought to descend alive into the grave *.
But now of slighter faults; and yet the same
By others done, the censor's justice claim,
For what good men ignoble count and base,
Is virtue here, and does Crispinus grace:
In this he 's safe, whate'er we write of him,
The person is more odious than the crime.
And so all satire's lost. The lavish slave
Six thousand pieces † for a barbel gave:
A sesterce for each pound it weigh'd, as they
Gave out, that hear great things, but greater say.
If, by this bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare
Some sapless usurer that wants an heir,
Or if this present the sly courtier meant
Should to some punk of quality be sent,
That in her easy chair in state does ride,
The glasses all drawn up on every side,
I'd praise his cunning; but expect not this,
For his own gut he bought the stately fish.
Now even Apicius ‡ frugal seems, and poor,
Outvy'd in luxury unknown before.
Gave you, Crispinus, you this mighty sum;
You that, for want of other rags, did come
In your own country paper wrapp'd, to Rome?
Do scales and fins bear price to this excess?
You might have bought the fisherman for less.
For less some provinces whole acres sell;
Nay, in Apulia §, if you bargain well,
A manor would cost less than such a meal.

What think we then of this luxurious lord?
What banquets loaded that imperial board?
When, in one dish, that, taken from the rest,
His constant table would have hardly miss'd,
So many sesterces were swallow'd down,
To stuff one scarlet-coated court buffoon,
Whom Rome of all her knights now chiefly greets,
From crying stinking fish about her streets.
Begin, Calliope, but not to sing:
Plain, honest truth we for our subject bring.
Help then, ye young Pierian maids, to tell
A downright narrative of what befell.
Afford me willingly your sacred aids,
Me that have call'd you young, me that have styl'd you maids.
When he, with whom the Flavian race decay'd †,
The groaning world with iron sceptre sway'd,
When a bald Nero ‡ reign'd, and servile Rome obey'd,
Where Venus' shrine does fair Ancona grace,
A turbot taken, of prodigious space,
Fill'd the extended net, not less than those
That dull Mæotis does with ice inclose;
Till, conquer'd by the sun's prevailing ray,
It opens to the Pontic Sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their greatness,
Fat with long ease, and a whole winter's sloth.
The wise commander of the boat and lines,
For our high priest § the stately prey designs;
For who that lordly fish durst sell or buy,
So many spies and court-informers nigh?
No shore but of this vermin swarms does bear,
Searchers of mud and sea-weed! that would swear
The fish had long in Cæsar's ponds been fed,
And from its lord undutifully fled;
So, justly ought to be again restor'd:
Nay, if you credit sage Palphurius' ‖ word,
Or dare rely on Armillatus' ‖ skill,
Whatever fish the vulgar fry excel
Belong to Cæsar, whereso'er they swim,
By their own worth confiscated to him.
The boatman then shall a wise present make,
And give the fish before the seizers take.
Now sickly Autumn to dry frosts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and fresh preserv'd the prey:
Yet with such haste the busy fishes flew,
As if a hot south-wind corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the lake, where what remains
Of Alba still her ancient rites retains,
Still worships Vesta, though an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd Trojan fire decay.

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* Crispinus had seduced a vestal virgin; and, by the law of Numa, should have been buried alive.

† Roman Sestertii.

‡ Famous for gluttony, even to a proverb. See Dr. King's "Art of Cookery."

§ Where land was remarkably cheap.

* Domitian.

† Domitian was the last and worst of the family.

‡ Domitian, from his cruelty, was called a second Nero; and, from his baldness, Calvus.

§ A title often assumed by the Emperors.

‖ Both of consular degree, yet spies and informers.

he wondering crowd, that to ſtrange ſights reſort,
l choak'd a while his paſſage to the court,
ength gives way; ope flies the palace-gate,
turbot enters in, without the Fathers * wait;
boatman ſtraight does to Atrides preſs,
l thus preſents his fiſh, and his addreſs:
ccept, dread Sir, this tribute from the main,
great for private kitchens to contain.
your glad genius ſacrifice this day,
common meats reſpectfully give way.
le to unload your ſtomachs, to receive
a turbot, that for you did only live.
ong preſerv'd to be imperial food,
d of the net, and to be taken proud.
low fulſome this! how groſs! yet this takes well,
l the vain Prince with empty pride does ſwell.
hing ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
with belief and joy is entertain'd,
en to his face the worthleſs wretch is prais'd,
om vile court-flattery to a god has rais'd.
ut oh, hard fate! the palace ſtores no diſh
ord, capacious of the mighty fiſh.
ſage debate are ſummon'd all the peers,
truſty and much-hated counſellors,
whoſe pale looks that ghaſtly terror ſat,
t haunts the dangerous friendſhips of the great.
he loud Liburnian †, that the ſenate call'd,
un, run; he 's ſet, he 's ſet!" no ſooner bawl'd,
with his robe ſnatcht up in haſte, does come
aſus ‡, bailiff of affrighted Rome.
at more were præfects then? The beſt he was,
l faithfulleſt expounder of the laws.
in ill times thought all things manag'd beſt,
en Juſtice exercis d her ſword the leaſt.
ld Criſpus § next, pleaſant though old, appears,
wit nor humour yielding to his years.
temper mild, good-nature join'd with ſenſe,
l manners charming as his eloquence.
o fitter for a uſeful friend than he,
the great Ruler of the earth and ſea,
as his thoughts were juſt, his tongue were free?
t were ſafe to vent his generous mind
Rome's dire plague, and terror of mankind;
ruel Power could ſoftening counſel bear.
what 's ſo tender as a tyrant's ear;
th whom whoever, though a favourite, ſpake,
every ſentence ſet his life at ſtake,
ough the diſcourſe were of no weightier things,
an ſultry ſummers, or unhealthful ſprings?
is well he knew, and therefore never try'd,
th his weak arms to ſtem the ſtronger tide.

Nor did all Rome, grown ſpiritleſs, ſupply
A man that for bold truth durſt bravely die.
So, ſafe by wiſe complying ſilence, he
Ev'n in that court did fourſcore ſummers ſee.
Next him Acilius, though his age the ſame,
With eager haſte to the grand-council came:
With him a youth, unworthy of the fate
That did too near his growing virtues wait,
Urg'd by the tyrant's envy, fear, or hate.
(But 'tis long ſince old age began to be
In noble blood no leſs than prodigy,
Whence 'tis I 'd rather be of giants' birth *,
A pigmy brother to thoſe ſons of earth:)
Unhappy youth! whom from his deſtin'd end,
No well-diſſembled madneſs could defend;
When naked in the Alban theatre,
In Libyan bears he fixt his hunting ſpear.
Who ſees not now through the Lord's thin diſguiſe,
That long ſeem'd fool, to prove at laſt more wiſe?
That ſtale court trick is now too open laid:
Who now admires the part old Brutus play'd †?
Thoſe honeſt times might ſwallow this pretence,
When the King's beard was deeper than his ſenſe.
Next Rubrius came, though not of noble race,
With equal marks of terror in his face.
Pale with the gnawing guilt and inward ſhame
Of an old crime that is not fit to name.
Worſe, yet in ſcandal taking more delight,
Than the vile Pathick ‡ that durſt ſatire write.
Montanus' belly next, advancing ſlow
Before the ſweating ſenator, did go.
Criſpinus after, but much ſweeter comes,
Scented with coſtly oils and Eaſtern gums,
More than would ſerve two funerals for perfumes.
Then Pompey, none more ſkill'd in the court game
Of cutting throats with a ſoft whiſper, came.
Next Fuſcus §, he who many a peaceful day
For Dacian vultures was reſerv'd a prey,
Till, having ſtudy'd war enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy arms of Rome.
Cunning Vejento next, and by his ſide
Bloody Catullus leaning on his guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious lover he,
And deeply ſmit with charms he could not ſee.
A monſter, that ev'n this worſt age outvies,
Conſpicuous, and above the common ſize.
A blind baſe flatterer, from ſome bridge or gate ‖,
Rais'd to a murdering miniſter of ſtate.
Deſerving ſtill to beg upon the road,
And bleſs each paſſing waggon and its load.
None more admir'd the fiſh; he in its praiſe
With zeal his voice, with zeal his hands did raiſe;

' The Senate, or *Patres Conſcripti*.
' The Roman criers were uſually of this ntry.
A learned lawyer, and præfect of Rome.
Who made the jeſt on Domitian's killing k.

* Of an obſcure and unknown family.
† In counterfeiting madneſs.
‡ Nero, who charged his own crimes on Quintianus.
§ Cornelius Fuſcus, who was ſlain in Dacia.
‖ The common ſtands for beggars.

But to the left all his fine things did ſay,
Whilſt on his right the unſeen turbot lay.
So he the fam'd Cilician Fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with wonder ſeem'd amaz'd:
So did the ſcenes and ſtage machines admire,
And boys that flew through canvas clouds in wire.
Nor came Vejento ſhort; but, as inſpir'd
By thee, Bellona, by thy fury fir'd,
Turns prophet. See the mighty omen, ſee,
He cries, of ſome illuſtrious victory!
Some captive king thee his new lord ſhall own;
Or from his Britiſh chariot headlong thrown
The proud Arviragus come tumbling down!
The monſter's foreign. Mark the pointed ſpears
That from thy hand on his pierc'd back he wears!
Who nobler could, or plainer things preſage?
Yet one thing 'ſcap'd him, the prophetic rage
Shew'd not the turbot's country, nor its age.
At length by Cæſar the grand queſtion 's put:
My lords, your judgement; ſhall the fiſh be cut?
Far be it, far from us, Montanus cries;
Let 's not diſhonour thus the noble prize!
A pot of fineſt earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some ſkilful quick Prometheus muſt provide.
Clay and the forming wheel prepare with ſpeed.
But, Cæſar, be it from henceforth decreed,
That potters on the royal progreſs wait,
T' aſſiſt in theſe emergencies of ſtate.
This counſel pleas'd; nor could it fail to take,
So fit, ſo worthy of the man that ſpake.
The old court riots he remember'd well;
Could tales of Nero's midnight ſuppers tell,
When Falern wines the labouring lungs did fire,
And to new dainties kindled falſe deſire.
In arts of eating, none more early train'd,
None in my time had equal ſkill attain'd.
He, whether Circe's rock his oyſters bore,
Or Lucrine lake, or the Rutupian ſhore,
Knew at firſt taſte, nay at firſt ſight could tell
A crab or lobſter's country by its ſhell.
They riſe; and ſtraight all, with reſpectful awe,
At the word given, obſequiouſly withdraw,
Whom, full of eager haſte, ſurprize, and fear,
Our mighty prince had ſummon'd to appear;
As if ſome news he 'd of the Catti tell,
Or that the fierce Sicambrians did rebel:
As if expreſſes from all parts had come
With freſh alarms threatening the fate of Rome.
What folly this! But, oh! that all the reſt
Of his dire reign had thus been ſpent in jeſt;
And all that time ſuch trifles had employ'd
In which ſo many nobles he deſtroy'd;
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, Patrician race!
But, when he dreadful to the rabble grew,
Him, whom ſo many lords had ſlain they ſlew.

DAMON AND ALEXIS.

DAMON.

TELL me, Alexis, whence theſe ſorrows grow?
From what hid ſpring do theſe ſalt torrents flow?
Why hangs the head of my afflicted ſwain?
Like bending lilies over-charg'd with rain!

ALEXIS.

Ah, Damon, if what you already ſee,
Can move thy gentle breaſt to pity me;
How would thy ſighs with mine in concert join,
How would thy tears ſwell up the tide of mine!
Couldſt thou but ſee (but, oh, no light is there,
But blackeſt clouds of darkneſs and deſpair!)
Couldſt thou but ſee the torments that within
Lie deeply lodg'd, and view the horrid ſcene!
View all the wounds, and every fatal dart
That ſticks and rankles in my bleeding heart!
No more, ye ſwains, Love's harmleſs anger fear,
For he has empty'd all his quiver here.
Nor thou, kind Damon, aſk me why I grieve,
But rather wonder, wonder that I live.

DAMON.

Unhappy youth! too well, alas! I know
The pangs deſpairing lovers undergo!

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA AND DORINDA.

WHEN firſt the young Alexis ſaw
Cælia to all the plain give law,
The haughty Cælia, in whoſe face
Love dwelt with Fear, and Pride with Grace;
When every ſwain he ſaw ſubmit
To her commanding eyes and wit,
How could th' ambitious youth aſpire
To periſh by a nobler fire?
With all the power of verſe he ſtrove
The lovely ſhepherdeſs to move:
Verſe, in which the Gods delight,
That makes nymphs love, and heroes fight;
Verſe, that once rul'd all the plain,
Verſe, the wiſhes of a ſwain.
How oft has Thyrſis' pipe prevail'd,
Where Egon's flocks and herds have fail'd!
Fair Amaryllis, was thy mind
Ever to Damon's wealth inclin'd;
Whilſt Lycidas's gentle breaſt,
With Love, and with a Muſe poſſeſt,
Breath'd forth in verſe his ſoft deſire,
Kindling in thee his gentle fire?

[*Imperfect.*]

CÆLIA's SOLILOQUY.

MISTRESS of all my ſenſes can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfin'd as light;
Queen of a thouſand ſlaves that fawn and bow,
And, with ſubmiſſive fear, my power allow,
Should I exchange this noble ſtate of life
To gain the vile deteſted name of Wife;
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord, who at my footſtool lay?

: thanks, kind heaven, that haſt my ſoul employ'd,
h my great ſex's uſeful virtue, Pride.
t generous pride, that noble juſt diſdain,
t ſcorns the ſlave that would preſume to reign.
the raw amorous ſcribbler of the times
me his Cælia in inſipid rhymes;
:e and ſcorn you all, proud that I am
evenge my ſex's injuries on man.
ipar'd to all the plagues in marriage dwell,
ere preferment to lead apes in hell.

'O SOME DISBANDED OFFICERS,

UPON THE

'E VOTE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

'AVE we for this ſerv'd full nine hard campaigns?
is the recompence for all our pains?
e we to the remoteſt parts been ſent,
ely expos'd our lives, and fortunes ſpent,
ie undone at laſt by Parliament?
l colonels and corporals now be equal made,
flaming ſword turn'd pruning knife and ſpade?
—b, S——, F——, and thouſands more,
l new return to what they were before.
nore in glittering coaches ſhall they ride,
nore the feathers ſhew the coxcombs' pride.
thee, poor ——! my Muſe does kindly weep,
ee diſbanded colonels grown ſo cheap.
ounger brothers with fat jointures fed,
leſpicable, once their widows dead.
hip, by tempeſt from her anchor torn,
ılf ſo loſt a thing, and ſo forlorn.
:very ſtall, in every broker's ſhop,
g up the plumes of the diſmantled fop;
phies like theſe we read not of in ſtory,
ther ways the Romans got their glory.
in this, as in all things, there 's a doom,
e die i' th' field, and others ſtarve at home.

TO A

MAN CATHOLICK UPON MARRIAGE.

ENSURE and penances, excommunication,
Are bug bear words to fright a bigot nation;
'tis the Church's more ſubſtantial curſe,
lamn us all for better and for worſe.
ctly your Church ſeven ſacraments does frame,
ance and Matrimony are the ſame.

A FRAGMENT.

AND yet he fears to uſe them, and be free;
Yet ſome have ventur'd, and why ſhould not all?
Let villains, perjur'd, envious, and malicious,
The wretched miſer and the midnight murderer;
Betrayers of their country, or their friend,
(And every guilty breaſt) fear endleſs torment,
Blue lakes of brimſtone, unextinguiſh'd fires,
Scorpions and whips, and all that guilt deſerves;
Let theſe, and only theſe, thus plague themſelves.
For though they fear what neither ſhall nor can be,
'Tis puniſhment enough it makes them live,
Live, to endure the dreadful apprehenſion
Of Death, to them ſo dreadful; but why dreadful,
At leaſt to virtuous minds?——To be at reſt,
To ſleep, and never hear of trouble more,
Say, is this dreadful? Heart, wouldſt thou be at quiet?
Doſt thou thus beat for reſt, and long for eaſe,
And not command thy friendly hand to help thee?
What hand can be ſo eaſy as thy own,
To apply the medicine that cures all diſeaſes!

AN EPISTLE* TO MR. OTWAY.

DEAR Tom, how melancholy I am grown
Since thou haſt left this learned dirty town †,
To thee by this dull letter be it known.
Whilſt all my comfort, under all this care,
Are duns, and puns, and logic, and ſmall beer.
Thou ſeeſt I 'm dull as Shadwell's men of wit,
Or the top ſcene that Settle ever writ:
The ſprightly Court that wander up and down
From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
All, all are fled; but them I well can ſpare,
For I 'm ſo dull I have no buſineſs there.
I have forgot whatever there I knew,
Why men one ſtocking tye with ribbon blue:
Why others medals wear, a fine gilt thing,
That at their breaſts hang dangling by a ſtring;
(Yet ſtay, I think that I to mind recal,
For once ‡ a ſquirt was rais'd by Windſor wall.)
I know no officer of court; nay more,
No dog of court, their favourite before.
Should Veny fawn, I ſhould not underſtand her,
Nor who committed inceſt for Legander.
Unpoliſh'd thus, an arrant ſcholar grown,
What ſhould I do but ſit and coo alone,
And thee, my abſent mate, for ever moan.
Thus 'tis ſometimes, and ſorrow plays its part,
Till other thoughts of thee revive my heart.
For, whilſt with wit, with women, and with wine,
Thy glad heart beats, and noble face does ſhine,
Thy joys we at this diſtance feel and know;
Thou kindly wiſheſt it with us were ſo.

* In anſwer to one in Otway's Poems.

† Mr. Duke was then at Cambridge.

‡ Sir Samuel Morcland. DUKE.

Then thee we name; this heard, cries James, For him,
Leap up, thou ſparkling wine, and kiſs the brim:
Croſſes attend the man who dares to flinch,
Great as that man deſerves who drinks not Finch.
But theſe are empty joys, without you two,
We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
My dear, whom I more cheriſh in my breaſt
Than by thy own ſoft Muſe can be expreſt;
True to thy word, afford one viſit more,
Elſe I ſhall grow, from him thou lov'dſt before,
A greaſy blockhead fellow in a gown,
(Such as is, Sir, a couſin of your own;)
With my own hair, a band, and ten long nails,
And wit that a quibble never fails.

AD THOMAM OTWAY.

MUSARUM noſtrûmque decus, chariſſime Thoma,
O animæ melior pars, Otoæe, meæ;
Accipe quæ ſacri triſtes ad littora Cami
Avulſi veſtro flevimus à gremio.
Quot mihi tunc gemitus ex imo pectore ducti,
Perque meas lacrymæ quot cecidere genas,
Et ſalices teſtes, & plurima teſtis arundo,
Et Camus pigro triſtior amne fluens.
Audiit ipſe etenim Deus, & miſerata dolores
Lubrica pauliſper conſtitit unda meos.
Tunc ego; vos nymphæ viridi circumlita muſco
Atria quæ colitis, tuque, verende Deus,
Audite O qualem abſentem ploramus amicum,
Audite ut lacrymis auctior amnis eat.
Pectoris is candore nives, conſtantibus arcti
Stellam animis, certâ fata vel ipſa fide;
Ille & Amore columbas, ille & Marte leones
Vincit, Pierias ingenioque Deas,
Sive vocat jocus, & charites, & libera vini
Gaudia, cumque ſuâ matre ſonandus Amor.
Ille poteſt etiam numeros æquare canendo
Sive tuos, Ovidi, ſive, Catulle, tuos.
Sive admirantis moderatur fræna theatri,
Itque cothurnato Muſa ſuperba pede,
Fulmina vel Sophoclis Lycophrontæſve tenebras,
Carminis aut faſtus, Æſchyle magne, tui,
Vincit munditiis & majeſtate decorâ,
Tam bene naturam pingere docta manus,
Hæc ego, cum ſpectans labentia flumina, verſis
Venere in mentem, magne poeta tui.

"Who for Preferments," &c. [ſee Otway's Poems.]

"Premia quis meritis ingratâ expectet ab Aulâ,
Omnis ubi exiguam raptat ſimul Aulicus eſcam
Gobio? quis piſcis ſapientior illa vadoſa
Fulminis anguſti coleret loca, piſciculorum
Eſurientem inter, trepidantemque inter acervos,
Qui dum quiſque micat, medicatam ut ſumat offam,
Truduut, impellunt, truduntur, & impellitur;
Nec potius, latum gremio quâ flumen aperto
Invitat, totis pinnarum remigat alis,
Et requiem, & muſcos virides, pulchramque recatus
Ad libertatem prono delabitur alveo?"

Quos tibi pro tali perſolvam carmine grates,
O animi interpres, magne Poeta, mei!
Nos neque ſolicitæ Natura effinxit ad urbis
Officia, aut fraudes, Aula doloſa, tuas:
Nos procul à cœno, & ſtrepitu, fumoque remoti,
Cum Venere & Muſis myrtea ſcena tegat!
Nos paribus cantare animis permittat Apollo
Flammas meque tuas, teque, Otoæe, meas.
Ergone me penitus veſtris hærere medullis,
Ergone ſincerus me tibi junxit Amor?
Tu quoque, tu noſtris habitas, mea vita, medullis,
Teque meo æternus pectore figit Amor.

In another Place.

Qualia tu ſcribis, vel qualia Carolus ille
Noſter, amor Phœbi, Pieridumque decus.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM KING, LL. D.

STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, ADVOCATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS, &c. &c.

THE

ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

Occaſioned principally by the Title of a Book publiſhed by the Doctor, being the Works of Apicius Coelius, *concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients*. With an Extract of the greateſt Curioſities contained in that Book. Humbly Inſcribed to the Honourable Beef-steak Club. Firſt printed in 1708.

OF Dr. Liſter's book only 120 copies were printed in 1705. It was reprinted at Amſterdam, in 709, by Theod. Janſ. Almeloveen, under the title of "Apicii Cœlii de Opſoniis & Condimentis, ſive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem. Cum Annotationibus Martini Liſter, è Medicis Domeſticis Sereniſſimæ Majeſtatis Reginæ Annæ, & Notis ſelectioribus, variiſque Lectionibus integris, Humelbergii, Barthii, Reineſii, A Van Der Linden, & aliorum, ut & variarum Lectionum Libello. Editio Secunda." Dr. Aſkew had a copy of each edition. N.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is now-a-days the hard fate of ſuch as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be maſters of their own works; for, if ſuch papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a ſervant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookſeller, he never conſiders whether it be for the perſon's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his ſentiments, whether to his ſtyle or correctneſs, or whether he has for ſome time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, ſo he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be ſo uſed, and printed with as much imperfection and as many miſtakes as a Bookſeller that has common ſenſe could imagine ſhould paſs upon the town, eſpecially in an age ſo polite and critical as the preſent.

Theſe following Letters and Poem were at the preſs ſome time before the other paper pretending to the ſame title was crept out: and they had elſe, as the Learned ſay, groaned under the preſs till ſuch time as the ſheets had one by one been peruſed and corrected, not only by the Author, but his friends; whoſe judgment as he is ſenſible he wants, ſo is he proud to own that they ſometimes condeſcend to afford him.

For many faults, that at firſt ſeem ſmall, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verſe turns upon the hairſhneſs of a ſyllable; and the laying a ſtreſs upon improper words will make the moſt correct piece ridiculous. Falſe concord, tenſes and grammar, nonſenſe, impropriety, and confuſion, may go down with ſome perſons; but it ſhould not be in the power of a Bookſeller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You did write all this: I have got it; and you ſhall ſtand to the ſcandal, and I will "have the benefit." Yet this is the preſent caſe, notwithſtanding there are more threeſcore faults of this nature; verſes tranſpoſed, ſome added, others altered, or rather that ſhould have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value himſelf upon the whole; but, if he ſhews his eſteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke perſons to read ſo uſeful a treatiſe; if he ſhews his averſion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old Britiſh hoſpitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muſkets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chace" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he deſires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all ſuch Bookſellers as are before ſpoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS TO DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

THE happineſs of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I muſt confeſs, moſt of my other friends are ſo much taken up with politicks or ſpeculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leiſure to peruſe ſuch parts of learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the cloſets of the curious. How bleſt are you at London, where you have new books of all ſorts! whilſt we at a greater diſtance, being deſtitute of ſuch improvements, muſt content ourſelves with the old ſtore, and thumb the Claſſicks as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr. Liſter, which you ſay is a Treatiſe *De Condimentis & Opſoniis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to uſe an expreſſion which, though vulgar, yet upon this occaſion is juſt and proper: You have made my mouth water, but have not ſent me wherewithal to ſatisfy my appetite.

I have raiſed a thouſand notions to myſelf, only from the title. Where could ſuch a treaſure lay hid? What Manuſcripts have been collated? Under what Emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in ſome things fantaſtical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of eating?

Conſider, dear ſir, in what uncertainties we muſt remain at preſent. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary. I ſhewed him your letter; which

threw him into such a dubiousness, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durst not put any *catchup* in his *fish-sauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, lest, before he had seen Dr. Lister's Book, he might transgress in using something not common to the Ancients.

Dispatch it, therefore, to us with all speed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the first place, it will, in some measure, remove the barbarity of our present education: for what hopes can there be of any progress in Learning, whilst our Gentlemen suffer their sons, at Westminster, Eaton, and Winchester, to eat nothing but *salt* with their *mutton*, and *vinegar* with their *roast-beef*, upon holidays? what extensiveness can there be in their souls; especially when, upon their going thence to the University, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is seldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the same; and as to *sauces*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wished, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, besides his being Groom, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would see that he is endued with a greater accomplishment; for, according to our ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you have, so many Cooks you may depend upon;" which is very useful, where there is a numerous issue. And I doubt not but, with such tutors, and good house-keepers to provide *cake* and *sweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to see that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and austere Clergy; and such Persons of Quality, in all stations, as may best undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleet* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break-off abruptly; for I am going to Monsieur D'Avaux, a person famous for easing the tooth-ach by *avulsion*. He has promised to shew me how to strike a lancet into the jugular of a *carp*, so as the blood may issue thence with the greatest effusion, and then will instantly perform the operation of stewing it in its own blood, in the presence of myself and several more Virtuosi. But, let him use what *claret* he will in the performance, I will secure enough to drink your health and the rest of your friends. I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER II.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promise, in your last obliging letter, to obtain the happiness of my correspondence with Dr. Lister; and to that end have sent you the inclosed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

LETTER III.

To Dr. LISTER, PRESENT.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments; but I must tell you that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients concerning *dentiscalps*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to have come from the instinct of Nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philosophical and Mathematical observations: they searched into all the springs of action; and, though I must condemn their superstition, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vast district that worshipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whose jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation

and buſineſs lying moſt in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *whitſters* * in Southwark, had a very good ſtomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and conſequently the opportunity of waſhing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occaſion for other inſtruments to cleanſe his teeth, which are ſerrate, or like a ſaw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is ſo maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, ſeeing ſuch an uſeful ſagacity in the *crocodile*, which they ſo much reverenced, ſoon began to imitate it, great examples eaſily drawing the multitude; ſo that it became their conſtant cuſtom to pick their teeth, and waſh their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marſham's "Dynaſties," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon," what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) ſo venerable an uſage firſt began: for it is the fault of great Philologers, to omit ſuch things as are moſt material. Whether Seſoſtris, in his large conqueſts, might extend the uſe of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of thoſe ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public uſe of them came in about the ſame time that the Egyptians made uſe of *juries*. I find, in the Preface to the "Third Part of Modern Reports," that "the "Chaldees had a great eſteem for the number TWELVE, becauſe there were ſo many "ſigns of the Zodiack; from them this number came to the Egyptians, and ſo to "Greece, where Mars himſelf was tried for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *ſtone* that I have ſeen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is moſt likely that he did; for he was a quarrelſome ſort of a perſon, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningſmark. Now the cuſtom of *juries* dining at an eating-houſe, and having glaſſes of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion ſwimming at the top, being ſtill continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at leaſt as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed ſo groſsly, that they ſeem to have had more occaſion for *ſkewers* than *gooſe-quills*. He is very tedious in deſcribing a Smith's forge and an anvil: whereas he might have been more polite, in ſetting out the *tooth-pick-caſe* or painted *ſnuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been ſo barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but conſider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flouriſhed moſt in ſumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Auguſtus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curioſities and *toy-ſhops*; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the univerſe like *raffling* ſometimes at Colonel Parſons's. Although the Egyptians often extended their conqueſts into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Cafre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made uſe of any ſuch inſtrument; nor does Ludolphus, though very exact as to the Abyſſinian empire, give any account of a matter ſo important; for which he is to blame, as I ſhall ſhew in my Treatiſe of "Forks and Napkins," of which I ſhall ſend you an Eſſay with all expedition. I ſhall in that Treatiſe fully illuſtrate or confute this paſſage of Dr. Heylin, in the Third Book of his "Coſmography," where he ſays of the Chineſe, "That they eat their meat with two ſticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; "not touching it with their hands at all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. The "uſe of ſilver forks with us, by ſome of our ſpruce gallants taken-up of late, came "from hence into Italy, and from thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of theſe particulars. For, firſt, the uſe of theſe *ſticks* is not ſo much *to ſave linen*, as out of pure neceſſity; which ariſes from the length of their nails, which perſons of great quality in thoſe countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all poſſibility of working, or being ſerviceable to themſelves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not eaſily feed themſelves with thoſe claws; and I

* Whoſe tenter-grounds are now almoſt all built upon.

have very good authority, that in the Eaſt, and eſpecially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Beſides, theſe ſticks are of no uſe but for *their* ſort of meat, which, being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But what would thoſe ſticks ſignify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef?* therefore our *forks* are of quite different ſhape: the ſteel ones are bidental, and the ſilver generally reſembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into the Eaſt Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatneſs in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife* before he returned them to their reſpective repoſitories. I could wiſh Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would ſhow us how much we are improved ſince Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are ſuffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewiſe of *ſilver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the deſſert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indiſpenſable neceſſity of a *ſilver knife* at the ſide-board, to mingle *ſallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatiſe called Acetaria, concerning "Dreſſing of Sallads." A noble Work! But I tranſgreſs—

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almoſt forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is ſo remarkable. I think I may be poſitive, from this verſe of Juvenal, where he ſpeaks of the Egyptians,

"Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morſu;"

that it was "ſacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonſtration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's ſauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which ſauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull-inn in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, which runs thus:

"Take ſeven ſpoonfuls of ſpring-water; ſlice two onions of moderate ſize into a "large ſaucer, and put in as much ſalt as you can hold at thrice betwixt your fore-"finger and thumb, if large, and ſerve it up." *Probatum eſt.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy perſon remains ſtill at that inn; and I dare ſay, not only Hobſon, but old Birch, and many others of that muſical and delightful profeſſion, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increaſe of Learning, and more eſpecially your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I AM now very ſeriouſly employed in a Work that, I hope, may be uſeful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the "Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art "of Poetry," inſcribed to Dr. Liſter, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live ſo long. I have in the mean time ſent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to ſupper, which is the Fifth Epiſtle of his Firſt Book. Perhaps you will find ſo many faults in this, that you may ſave me the trouble of my other propoſal; but, however, take it as it is:

If Bellvill can his generous ſoul confine
To a ſmall room, few diſhes, and ſome wine,
I ſhall expect my happineſs at nine.

Two bottles of ſmooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight;
Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely aſk;
But the Champaigne is to each man his flaſk,
I tell you with what force I keep the field;
And, if you can exceed it, ſpeak; I'll yield.
The ſnow-white damaſk enſigns are diſplay'd,
And glittering ſalvers on the ſide-board laid.
Thus we 'll diſperſe all buſy thoughts and cares,
The General's counſels, and the Stateſman's fears:
Nor ſhall ſleep reign in that precedent night,
Whoſe joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to Britiſh worth in Blenheim's fight.
The bleſſings of good-fortune ſeem refus'd,
Unleſs ſometimes with generous freedom us'd.
'Tis madneſs, not frugality, prepares
A vaſt exceſs of wealth for ſquandering heirs.
Muſt I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
Leſt the cenſorious world ſhould call me rake?
Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
E'er ſpoke bold truths, or fram'd a great deſign?
That makes us fancy every face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms;
Sees care diſburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wiſh enjoy'd.
This I 'll perform, and promiſe you ſhall ſee
A cleanlineſs from affectation free:
No noiſe, no hurry, when the meat 's ſet on,
Or, when the diſh is chang'd, the ſervants gone:
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
Whate'er you want is in the Maſter's reach.
Then for the company, I 'll ſee it choſe;
Their emblematic ſignal is the Roſe.
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd;
What can you hope for better from a crowd?
But I ſhall not preſcribe. Conſult your eaſe,
Write back your men, and number, as you pleaſe:
Try your back-ſtairs, and let the lobby wait:
A ſtratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

To Mr. ——

I HERE ſend you what I promiſed, "A Diſcourſe of Cookery," after the manner which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery of precepts for any art or *ſcience*. He is indeed ſevere upon our ſort of learning in ſome of his *Satires*; but even there he inſtructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

" Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
" Ut ſucci melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
" Ponere: namque marem cohibent calloſa vitellum."

" Chooſe eggs oblong; remember they 'll be found
" Of ſweeter taſte, and whiter than the round:
" The firmneſs of that ſhell includes the male."

m much of his opinion, and could only wiſh that the world was thoroughly in-med of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roaſted* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *ſhell*. You can-imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much eaſier they ſit upon your ſtomach. The worthy perſon who recommended it to me made many ſelytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether un-ceeſsful.

I have in this Poem uſed a plain, eaſy, familiar ſtyle, as moſt fit for precept; neither ve I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himſelf directs. I have not con-lted any of his Tranſlators; neither Mr. Oldham, whoſe copiouſneſs runs into Para-raſe; nor Ben Jonſon, who is admirable for his cloſe following of the original; nor t the Lord Roſcommon, ſo excellent for the beauty of his language, and his pene-ation into the very deſign and ſoul of that Author. I conſidered that I went upon a w undertaking; and though I do not value myſelf upon it ſo much as Lucretius did, t I dare ſay it is more innocent and inoffenſive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and ſententious, I have ſo far taken berty as to paſs over ſome of them; for I conſider the nature and temper of Cooks, ho are not of the moſt patient diſpoſition, as their under-ſervants too often experience. wiſh I might prevail with them to moderate their paſſions, which will be the greater onqueſt, ſeeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidſt the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which one of the moſt accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a cret connexion in reality, though he doth not expreſs it too plainly; and therefore is Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If ſuch as ſhall condeſcend to read this oem would at the ſame time conſult Horace's original Latin, or ſome of the afore-entioned Tranſlators, they would find at leaſt this benefit, that they would recollect oſe excellent inſtructions which he delivers to us in ſuch elegant language.

I could wiſh the Maſter and Wardens of the Cooks' Company would order this Poem be read with due conſideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, ſeeing it contains any uſeful inſtructions for human life. It is true, that ſome of theſe rules may ſeem ore principally to reſpect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the utler. But the Cook being the principal perſon, without whom all the reſt will be tle regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being deſigned for the univerſal ood, it will accompliſh ſome part of its intent, if thoſe ſort of people will improve r it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be ſome terms not ob-ous to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a juſt ea of a *ſwoled mutton*, which is a ſheep roaſted in its wool, to ſave the labour of flay-g. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are ſomething unuſual; but, ſince *ſprout-tarts* and *piſtachio-rts* are much the ſame thing, and to be ſeen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," oſe perſons who have a deſire for them may eaſily find the way to make them. As for *out*, it is an old Daniſh diſh; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient Family of eigh, to carry a diſh of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf-pye* was prepared for King mes the Firſt, when Jeffery his dwarf roſe out of one armed with a ſword and buckler; id is ſo recorded in hiſtory, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fiſh*, *ppocras*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not ſo ual, being a ſilver veſſel filled with the moſt coſtly dainties, after the manner of an

eglio. A *ſurprize* is likewiſe a diſh not ſo very common; which, promiſing little from its firſt appearance, when open abounds with all ſorts of variety; which I cannot better reſemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Leſt *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Taliefſin*, and *Boſſu*, ſhould be taken for diſhes of rarities; it may be known, that Monteth was a gentleman with a ſcalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's-inn-fields, Taliefſin was one of the moſt ancient Bards amongſt the Britons, and Boſſu one of the moſt certain inſtructors in criticiſm that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other perſons. I am ſure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the firſt pretences to literature have been very liberal, and ſent in their contributions very largely. They have been very ſerviceable both to *ſpit* and *oven*; and for theſe twelve months paſt, whilſt Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending *pye-cruſt* from ſcorching, his dear Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "Phalaris, has been ſinging of *capons*. Not that this was occaſioned by any ſuperfluity or tedioufneſs of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by ſome worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two Doctors*, as far as poſſible, to become uſeful to the publick.

Indeed, Cookery has an influence upon men's actions even in the higheſt ſtations of human life. The great Philoſopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verſes," ſhews himſelf to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abſtain from *beans*. The nobleſt foundations of honour, juſtice, and integrity, were found to lie hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambaſſadors came thither to him with a large bribe, and found him dreſſing *turnips* for his repaſt, they immediately returned with this ſentence, "That it was impoſſible to prevail upon him that could be "contented with ſuch a *ſupper*." In ſhort, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made uſe of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime miniſters of ſtate, and conductor of armies: ſo true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people, "that there was equal "ſkill required to bring an army into the field, and to ſet forth a magnificent entertain-"ment; ſince the one was as far as poſſible to annoy your enemy, and the other to "pleaſure your friend." In ſhort, as for all perſons that have not a due regard for the learned, induſtrious, moral, upright, and warlike profeſſion of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Iſlands, where, they being ſo barbarous as to make the moſt *contemptible* perſon to be their *butcher*, they had likewiſe their *meat* ſerved up *raw*, becauſe they had no fire to dreſs it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conſcience!

As this ſmall eſſay finds acceptance, I ſhall be encouraged to purſue a great deſign I have in hand, of publiſhing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the "Cook's Complete Li-"brary," which ſhall begin with a tranſlation, or at leaſt an epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian Feaſt. He ſhall be publiſhed, with all his *comments*, *uſeful gloſſes*, and *indexes*, of a vaſt copiouſneſs, with cuts of the *baſting-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *ſubterranean* kitchery. I deſign to have all Authors in all languages upon that ſubject; therefore pray conſult what Oriental Manuſcripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Locman's Fables (whom I take to be the ſame perſon with Æſop), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *four mill*, that is, the *bunny children*, of the Arabians. I ſhould be glad to know how Mahomet uſed to have his *shoulder of mutton* dreſſed. I have heard he was a great lover of that joint; and that a maid of an Inn poiſoned him with one, ſaying, "If he is a Prophet, he will diſcover it; if he is an "impoſtor, no matter what becomes of him." I ſhall have occaſion for the aſſiſtance

all my friends in this great work. I ſome poſts ago deſired a friend to enquire what anuſcripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He ys, he finds among his executors ſeveral admirable *bills of fare* for *Ariſtotle* ſuppers, and tertainments of country ſtrangers, with certain prices, according to their ſeveral ſea-ns. He ſays, ſome pages have large black croſſes drawn over them; but for the greater rt the Books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to ſearch Cooks' Hall, what Manuſcripts they may have in eir Archives. See what in Guildhall: what account of *cuſtard* in the Sword-bearer's ſice: how many tun He, a Common Cryer, or a Common Hunt, may eat in their e-time. But I tranſgreſs the bounds of a Letter, and have ſtrayed from my ſubject, hich ſhould have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined be moſt favourable to your friend; for elſe they will never be able to endure your juſt nſure. I rely upon your good-nature; and I am

Your moſt obliged, &c.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the diſcourſe I had with you the other day, and, upon ſe-ous conſideration, find that the true underſtanding of the whole "Art of Cookery" ill be uſeful to all perſons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and eſpecially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of eir maſters, that Poets are not ſo well acquainted with good eating, as otherwiſe they ight be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's preſence, this I would bound to ſay, "That a good dinner is brother to a good poem:" only it is ſome-ing more ſubſtantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

I have known a ſupper make the moſt diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton, "The Libertine*," has ſet very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have ſeen como very merry, and eat very heartily of peaſe and buttered eggs, under the table. he Hoſt, in "The Villain†," who carries tables, ſtools, furniture, and proviſions, l about him, gives great content to the ſpectators, when from the crown of his hat he roduces his cold capon: ſo Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The hearſal," with her wine in her ſpear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that obbers his beard with ſack-poſſet, in "The Man 's the Maſter‡;" have, in my opi-ion, made the moſt diverting part of the action. Theſe embelliſhments we have re-eived from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas ery merry with the recollection of the unuſual entertainments and diſhes given him by ſaſidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of etronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the moſt lively deſcription of ero's luxury. Juvenal ſpends a whole Satire about the price and dreſſing of a ſingle ſh, with the judgment of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether ſerious r jocoſe, good eating is made the ſubject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Epiſodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the reateſt nicety of art; and ſo it is the ſame thing at a good table: and yet I have ſeen very good Epiſode (give me leave to call it ſo) made by ſending out the leg of a gooſe, r the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Criticks with a good omach have been offended that the unity of action ſhould be ſo far broken. And yet, s in our Plays, ſo at our common tables, many Epiſodes are allowed, as ſlicing of cu-umbers, dreſſing of ſallads, ſeaſoning the inſide of a ſurloin of beef, breaking lobſters' laws, ſtewing wild ducks, toaſting of cheeſe, legs of larks, and ſeveral others.

* A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.
† A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.
‡ A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

A Poet, who, by proper expreſſions and pleaſing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of neceſſary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarouſly, unleſs he has ſome knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progreſs of it. Would it not ſound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his cannon to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces?* or to have Statius talk of *tapeſtry-hangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death firſt hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falſtaff complain of having dirtied his *ſilk ſtockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the firſt that had her *coach*, or wore *ſilk ſtockings?* Neither can a Poet put *hops* in an Engliſhman's drink before *hereſy* came in: nor can he ſerve him with a diſh of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the Firſt a diſh of *aſparagus* upon his firſt coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor preſent Queen Catharine with a *ſugar-loaf*, whereas he might as eaſily have given her a diamond as large, ſeeing the *icing* of *cakes* at Wood-ſtreet Corner, and the *refining* of *ſugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years ſtanding, and before that time our Anceſtors ſweetened and garniſhed all with *honey*, of which there are ſome remains in *Windſor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *ſimnels*, ſent for preſents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would ſhew his reading, if the Poet put a *hen-turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore I would adviſe it in Hamlet, inſtead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more ſatisfaction to the actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the ſiſters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their ſtateline ſs of gait, reſervedneſs in converſation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the moſt improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and diſtreſs require a different ſort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleaſed to ſay, "that, if ſhe were upon a ſtrange road, "and driven to great neceſſity, ſhe believed ſhe might for once be able to ſup upon a "*ſack-poſſet* and a *fat capon*."

I am ſure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely choſen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would ſhew the ſame regret that I do, to hear perſons of ſome rank and quality ſay, "Pray cut up that gooſe. Help me to "ſome of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not conſidering how indiſcreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whoſe proper terms are, "*Break that Gooſe*;"—"*fruſt that Chicken*;"—"*ſpoil that Hen*;"—"*ſauce that Capon*;" "*mince that Plover*." If they are ſo much out in common things, how much more will they be with *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks?* But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unleſs we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greateſt Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made uſe of the myſteries of this Art in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has ſhewn his greateſt art, and proved moſt ſucceſsful. I had not ſeen the Play for ſome years, before I hit upon almoſt the ſame words that he has in the following Prologue to "All for Love:"

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
"As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
"Half-wits are fleas, ſo little and ſo light,
"We ſcarce could know they live, but that they bite.
"But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feaſts,
"For change, become their next poor tenant's gueſts,
"*Drink hearty draughts of Ale from plain brown bowls,*
"*And ſnatch the homely Roaſter from the coals*;
"So you, retiring from much better cheer,
"For once may venture to do penance here;

" And, ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
" Whoſe grapes and peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
" Take in good part from our poor Poet's board
" Such ſhriveled fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops* and *fleas* ſhould come together, I cannot eaſily account for; but I doubt ot but his *ale*, *raſher*, *grapes*, *peaches*, and *ſhriveled apples*, might " Pit, Box, and Gallery," it well enough. His Prologue to " Sir Martin Mar-all" is ſuch an exquiſite 'oem, taken from the ſame Art, that I could wiſh it tranſlated into Latin, to be prexed to Dr. Lifter's Work. The whole is as follows:

PROLOGUE.

" Fools, which each man meets in his diſh each day,
" Are yet the great regalia of a play;
" In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
" To prize that higheſt which coſt them ſo dear.
" Fops in the town more eaſily will paſs,
" One ſtory makes a ſtatutable aſs:
" But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
" Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
" Obſerving Poets all their walks invade,
" As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade;
" And, when they have enough for Comedy,
" They 'ſtow their ſeveral bodies in a pye.
" The Poet 's but the Cook to faſhion it,
" For, Gallants, you yourſelves have found the wit.
" To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong:
" None welcome thoſe who bring their *cheer** along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is ſo extremely lively, and well ainted, that methinks I ſee the whole audience with a diſh of buttered eggs in one and, and a woodcock-pye in the other. I hope I may be excuſed, after ſo great an xample; for I declare I have no deſign but to encourage Learning, and am very far rom any deſigns againſt it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who ſaid that he " Journey to London" ought to be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book, hat, if received, would diſcourage ingenuity, would be pleaſed not to make his bonfire it the upper end of Ludgate-ſtreet, for fear of endangering the Bookſellers' ſhops and he Cathedral.

I have abundance more to ſay upon theſe ſubjects; but I am afraid my firſt courſe is ſo tedious, that you will excuſe me both the ſecond courſe and the deſſert, and call for pipes and a candle. But conſider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and ſpare them out of compaſſion to, Sir, &c.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I am no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappineſs in the loſs of you here. The occaſion of this is, to deſire your aſſiſtance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of ſome friends; but, unleſs they help me, it will be impoſſible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to—write; but, what is worſe, I have never conſidered whether any one would read.

* Some Criticks read it *Chair*. KING.

Nay, I have been ſo very bad as to deſign to print; but then a wicked thought runs acroſs me with "Who will buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will deſtroy it: "The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry; with ſome familiar Letters to Dr. Liſter and others, occaſioned principally by the Title of a Book, publiſhed by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and "Sauces of the Ancients." To this a Beau will cry, "Phough! what have I to do "with Kitchen-ſtuff?" To which I anſwer, "Buy it, and give it to your Servants." For I hope to live to ſee the day when every Miſtreſs of a family, and every Steward, ſhall call up their children and ſervants with, "Come, Miſs Betty, how much have you "got of your *Art of Cookery?*"—"Where did you leave off, Miſs Iſabel?"—"Miſs "Kitty, are you no farther than *King Henry and the Miller?*"—"Yes, Madam, I am "come to

"— His name ſhall be enroll'd
"In Eſtcourt's Book, whoſe gridiron 's fram'd of gold."

"Pray, Mother, is that our Maſter Eſtcourt?" "Well, child, if you mind this, you "ſhall not be put to your *Aſſembly Catechiſm* next Saturday." What a glorious ſight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to ſee the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping Houſekeeper! I am told that, if a Book is any thing uſeful, the Printers have a way of printing on one another, and printing other perſons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then ſhall I be forced to come out with, "The True Art of Cookery is only to be had "at Mr. Pindar's, a Patten-maker's, under St. Dunſtan's Church, with the Author's "Seal at the Title-page, being Three Sauce-pans, in a Bend Proper, on a Cook's "Apron, Argent. Beware of Counterfeits." And be forced to put out Advertiſements, with "Strops for Razors, and the beſt Spectacles, are to be had only at the "Archimedes, &c."

I deſign propoſals, which I muſt get delivered to the Cooks' Company, for the making an order that every apprentice ſhall have the "Art of Cookery" when he is bound, which he ſhall ſay by heart before he is made free; and then he ſhall have Dr. Liſter's Book of "Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindneſs you may ſhew me, I ſhall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power. I am yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your peruſal a late exquiſite Comedy, called "The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" which piece has its peculiar embelliſhments, and is a Poem carefully framed according to the niceſt rules of the "Art of Cookery;" for the Play opens with a ſcene of good Houſewifery, where Favourite the Houſe-keeper makes this complaint to Lady Bonona.

"Fav. The laſt mutton killed was lean, Madam. Should not ſome fat ſheep be "bought in?

"Bon. What ſay you, Let-acre, to it?

"Let. This is the worſt time of the year for ſheep. The freſh graſs makes them fall "away, and they begin to taſte of the wool; they muſt be ſpared a while, and Favourite muſt caſt to ſpend ſome ſalt-meat and fiſh. I hope we ſhall have ſome fat "calves ſhortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the "Art of Cookery," where our Author s,

" But though my edge be not too nicely fet,
" Yet I another's appetite may whet;
" May teach him when to buy, when ſeaſon paſt,
" What's ſtale, what 's choice, what 's plentiful, what waſte,
" And lead him through the various maze of taſte.

In the Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's ſon, the conſummate character of the y, having in the Firſt Act loſt his Hawk, and conſequently his way, *benighted and , and ſeeing a light in a diſtant houſe, comes to the thrifty widow Furioſa's* (which is ctly according to the rule, "A Prince, who in a Foreſt rides aſtray!") *where he s the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment, ilſt the maid is ſpinning. Peg reaches a chair; ſack is called for; and in the mean time good old gentlewoman complains ſo of rogues, that ſhe can ſcarce keep a gooſe or a turkey afety, for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-ioned glaſs, fills and gives her mother; ſhe drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, ſhe to him in, he to Furioſa, who ſets it down on the table. After a ſmall time, the old lady cries,* Well, it is my bed-time; but my daughter will ſhew you the way to yours: for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her rement, (ſee the great judgment of the Poet!) ſhe being an old gentlewoman that it to bed, he ſuits the following regale according to the age of the perſon. Had s been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the *gooſe* to the fire:" but here s otherwiſe; for, after ſome intermediate diſcourſe, he is invited to a repaſt; when modeſtly excuſes himſelf with, "Truly, Madam, I have no ſtomach to any meat, out to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is deſir-ible already." *The Lady tells him,* "cold Supper is better than none;" *ſo he ſits at table, offers to eat, but cannot.* I am ſure, Horace could not have prepared himſelf re exactly; for (according to the rule, "A Widow has cold Pye"), though Valen-; being love-ſick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet's. But, en Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furioſa, and Madam rida, with other good company, to his mother the hoſpitable Lady Bonona's (who, the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this Verſe "Mangoes, Potargo, Chamnons, Caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite the houſe keeper makes theſe moſt important uiries:

'FAV. Miſtreſs, ſhall I put any Muſhrooms, Mangoes, or Bamboons, into the Sallad?
'BON. Yes, I pr'ythee, the beſt thou haſt.
'FAV. Shall I uſe Ketch-up or Anchovies in the Gravy?
'BON. What you will."

But, however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of e perſons is, makes her excuſe for it, with, "Well, Gentlemen, can ye ſpare a little ime to take a ſhort dinner? I promiſe you, it ſhall not be long." It is very pro-le, though the Author does not make any of the gueſts give a relation of it, that lentine, being a great ſportſman, might furniſh the table with game and wild-fowl. ere was at leaſt one Pheaſant in the Houſe, which Valentine told his mother of the rning before. "Madam, I had a good flight of a Pheaſant-cock, that, after my Hawk ſeized, made head as if he would have fought; but my Hawk plumed him preſently." Now it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe that, Vally lying abroad that night, old gentlewoman under that concern would have any ſtomach to it for her own per. However, to ſee the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs.

Candia making (though innocently) a preſent of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his miſtreſs grows jealous, and reſolves to leave him, and run away with an odd ſort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appeaſe her, ſends a meſſage to her by a boy, who tells her, "His maſter, to ſhew the trouble he took by her miſapprehenſion, had "ſent her ſome viſible tokens, the Hawk torn to-pieces with his own hands;" and *then pulls out of the baſket the wings and legs of a fowl.* So we ſee the poor bird *demoliſhed*, and all hopes of wild-fowl deſtroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would ſtop here. But, the cruel Beauty refuſing to be appeaſed, Valentine takes a ſudden reſolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *bruſh-off*, and *quit his habitation.* However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Maſter real, and Valentine having threatened the Houſe-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it ſeems they made but ſlender proviſion for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interpoſed, before we find diſtreſſed Valentine in the moſt miſerable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to repreſent him. There is a Scene of the greateſt horror, and moſt moving to compaſſion, of any thing that I have ſeen amongſt the Moderns; "Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or biſks of Fish" is nothing to it; for here we ſee an innocent perſon, unleſs puniſhed for his Mother and Houſekeeper's extravagance, as was ſaid before, in their Muſhrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons, Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *meat without bread*, and having no other drink but water. *For he and his boy, with two ſaddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confuſed trees, where an owl hooted, a bear and leopard walk acroſs the deſert at a diſtance, and yet they venture in;* where Valentine accoſts his boy with theſe lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

"Hang up thy wallet on that tree
"And creep thou in this hollow place with me,
"Let 's here repoſe our wearied limbs till they more wearied be!

"BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheeſe. What ſhall we "do for bread?

"VAL. When we have ſlept, we will ſeek out
"Some roots that ſhall ſupply that doubt.

"BOY. But no drink, Maſter?

"VAL. Under that rock a ſpring I ſee,
"Which ſhall refreſh my thirſt and thee."

So the Act cloſes; and it is diſmal for the Audience to conſider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it ſeems, had a coming ſtomach, ſhould continue there all the time the muſick was playing, and longer. But, to eaſe them of their pain, by an invention which the Poets call *cataſtrophe*, Valentine, though with a *long beard*, and very *weak* with faſting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, ſays, "I doubt "I have offended him too much; but I will attend him home, cheriſh him with "cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wiſh ſhe had Dr. Liſter's Book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and be a nurſe, a tender nurſe to "him." Nor do bleſſings come alone; for the good Mother, having *refreſhed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the houſe*, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the beſt entertainment ſhe ever yet provided, to conſider what "ſhe has and what ſhe wants, and to get all ready in few hours." And ſo this moſt regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some perſons may admire your meagre Tragedies; but give me a Play where there is a proſpect of good meat and good wine ſtirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before e "Art of Cookery" was thought of, and I had never read it till the other Poem s very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to good work, or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make use of so good an example. loubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we shall observe it.

I have just now met with a surprizing happiness; a Friend that has seen two of Dr. ster's Works, one "De Buccinis Fluviatilibus et Marinis Exercitatio," an Exercitation Sea and River Shell-fish; in which, he says, some of the chiefest rarities are the *pizzle* l *spermatic vessels* of a Snail, delineated by a microscope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its oat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *subcrocean testicle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, lsus, Farnelius, and Harvey, were never masters of. The other curiosity is the mirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opsoniis & Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of okery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this so important affair is t sufficiently communicative. My Friend says, he has a promise of leave to read it. hat Remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as ll as his

Most humble servant, &c.

THE

ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE's ART OF POETRY.

TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf;
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!
Such is, good Sir, the figure of a Feast,
By some rich Farmer's wife and sister drest;
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
That Syllabubs come first, and Soups the last.
Not but that Cooks and Poets still were free,
To use their power in nice variety;
Hence Mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,
Though dress'd with incoherent Gooseberries.
Crabs, Salmon, Lobsters, are with Fennel spread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards salt Pork with Orange-peel,
Or garnishes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel.
A Cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd:
What signify Scotcht-collops to a Feast?
Or you can make whipp'd Cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef;
Who, lately shipwreck'd, never can have ease,
Till re-establish'd in his Pork and Pease?
When once begun, let industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your Dessert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in Plate.
Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of Cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults fresh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried:
Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,
Prepare you Muttons swol'd, and Oxen whole.
To vary the same things, some think is art:
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,
The taste is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.
In Covent Garden did a Taylor dwell,
Who might deserve a place in his own Hell.
Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't;
A vest, or breeches, singly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit:
Rather than frame a Supper like such cloaths,
I'd have fine eyes and teeth without my nose.
You that from Pliant Paste would fabricks rail
Expecting thence to gain immortal praise,
Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Chuse your materials right, your seasoning fix,
And with your Fruit resplendent Sugar mix:
From thence of course the figure will arise,
And elegance adorn the surface of your Pies.
Beauty from order springs: the judging eye
Will tell you if one single plate 's away.
The Cook must still regard the present time;
T' omit what 's just in season is a crime.
Your infant Pease t' Asparagus prefer,
Which to the Supper you may best defer.
Be cautious how you change old hills of fare.
Such alterations should at least be rare;
Yet credit to the Artist will accrue,
Who in known things still makes th' appearance new.
Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
And now by constant use familiar grown.
What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare
Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd Ancestors find fault,
For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Moment
Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
The Seasons change us all. By Autumn's frost,
The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost.
But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
And from the teeming Earth new buds arise.
So Stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
Upon the spit; next May produces Green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What Cavalier would know St. James's Park*?
For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
And Wild-ducks quack where Grasshoppers did sing;
A Princely Palace on that space does rise,
Where Sedley's noble Muse found Mulberries†.

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* In the time of king Henry VIII. the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II.; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds for water-fowl. The "Lime-trees or Tilia," whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," published in 1661.—The improvements lately made from some measure to have brought it into the form it was in before the Restoration; at least, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Grasshoppers. N.

† A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden." N.

ince Places alter thus, what conſtant thought
of filling various diſhes can be taught?
or he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix thoſe things where Faſhion is a rule.
King Hardicnute, midſt Danes and Saxons ſtout,
Carouz'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout;
Which diſh its priſtine honour ſtill retains,
And, when each Prince is crown'd, in ſplendour reigns.
By Northern cuſtom, duty was expreſs'd,
To friends departed, by their Funeral Feaſt.
Though I've conſulted Holinſhed and Stow,
find it very difficult to know
Who, to refreſh th' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret firſt or Naples-biſcuit gave.
Trotters from Quince and Apples firſt did frame
A Pye, which ſtill retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet, with white Sugar ſtrow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodneſs is allow'd.
As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty ſprang from Peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and Pleaſures found increaſe.
'Twas uſual then the banquet to prolong
By Muſick's charm, and ſome delightful ſong;
Where every youth in pleaſing accents ſtrove
To tell the ſtratagems and cares of Love;
How ſome ſucceſsful were, how others croſt;
Then to the ſparkling glaſs would give his toaſt,
Whoſe bloom did moſt in his opinion ſhine,
To reliſh both the Muſick and the Wine.
Why am I ſtyl'd a Cook, if I 'm ſo loth
To marinate my Fiſh, or ſeaſon Broth,
Or ſend up what I roaſt with pleaſing froth;
If my Maſter's *guſto* won't diſcern,
But, through my baſhful folly, ſcorn to learn?
When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious Feaſt prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reaſon therefore you ſhould ſpare,
When, as their future Burgeſs, you prepare
For a fat Corporation and their Mayor.
All things ſhould find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that diſgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have exceſſive doings at their wake:
Ev'n Taylors at their yearly Feaſts look great,
And all their Cucumbers are turn'd to Meat.
A Prince, who in a foreſt rides aſtray,
And, weary, to ſome cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or biſks of Fiſh,
But, hungry, ſups his Cream ſerv'd up in earthen diſh;
Quenches his thirſt with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the haſty Raſher from the coals:
Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free,
Who thought himſelf as good a man as he.
Unleſs ſome ſweetneſs at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye?
If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be ſo yourſelf, or ſo at leaſt appear.
The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowneſs or largeneſs of our ſoul.
Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep;
The tender Lettuce brings on ſofter ſleep;
Eat Beef or Pye-cruſt if you'd ſerious be;
Your Shell-fiſh raiſes Venus from the Sea;
For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nouriſhes our paſſions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom ſhe much has given, and much denied:
With abſtinence all delicates he ſees,
And can regale himſelf with Toaſt and Cheeſe:
Your Betters will deſpiſe you, if they ſee
Things that are far ſurpaſſing your degree;
Therefore beyond your ſubſtance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in ſmall fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and ſee the flowing cup go round.
A Widow has cold Pye; Nurſe gives you Cake;
From generous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon take.
The Farmer has brown Bread as freſh as day,
And Butter fragrant as the dew of May.
Cornwall Squab-pye, and Devon White-pot brings;
And Leiceſter Beans and Bacon, food of Kings!
At Chriſtmas-time, be careful of your fame,
See the old Tenants' table be the ſame;
Then, if you would ſend up the Brawner's head,
Sweet Roſemary and Bays around it ſpread:
His foaming tuſks let ſome large Pippin grace,
Or midſt thoſe thundering ſpears an Orange place;
Sauce like himſelf, offenſive to its foes,
The roguiſh Muſtard, dangerous to the noſe.
Sack and the well-ſpic'd Hippocras the Wine,
Waſſail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with Plums, and Turkeys with the Chine.
If you perhaps would try ſome diſh unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
Like ancient ſailors ſtill regard the coaſt,
By venturing out too far you may be loſt.
By roaſting that which your Forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roaſted, much is ſpoil'd.
That Cook to Britiſh palates is complete,
Whoſe ſavoury hand gives turns to common meat.
Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceneſs of their ſubject, few have writ.
In what an awkward ſound that Ballad ran,
Which with this bluſtering paragraph began:
THERE WAS A PRINCE OF LUBBERLAND,
A POTENTATE OF HIGH COMMAND,
TEN THOUSAND BAKERS DID ATTEND HIM,
TEN THOUSAND BREWERS DID BEFRIEND HIM:
THESE BROUGHT HIM KISSING-CRUSTS, AND THOSE
BROUGHT HIM SMALL-BEER, BEFORE HE ROSE.
The Author raiſes mountains ſeeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool*:
So, if you ſue a Beggar for a houſe,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louſe!
Homer, more modeſt, if we ſearch his Books,
Will ſhew us that his Heroes all were Cooks;

How Iov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the Ox, and ſpit the loins.
Oh could that Poet live! could he rehearſe
Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verſe!
MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND MUSHROOMS KNOW!
Oh, how would Homer praiſe their dancing Dogs,
Their ſtinking Cheeſe, and Fricaſee of Frogs!
He 'd raiſe no fables, ſing no flagrant lye,
Of Boys with Cuſtard choak'd at Newberry;
But their whole courſes you 'd entirely ſee,
How all their parts from firſt to laſt agree.
If you all ſorts of perſons would engage,
Suit well your Eatables to every age.
The favourite Child, that juſt begins to prattle,
And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,
Is very humourſome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter:
He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell Mammy what he'd have, or why.
The ſmooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians choſe,
From Play-houſe ſteps to Supper at the Roſe,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muſt be little, coſtly, nice.
Maturer Age, to this delight grown ſtrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour riſing from a Sheriff's wealth:
Unleſs he ſome Inſurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by ſtill intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Moroſe, perverſe in humour, diffident,
The more he ſtill abounds, the leſs content;
His Larder and his Kitchen too obſerves,
And *new*, leſt he ſhould want hereafter, ſtarves;
Thinks ſcorn of all the preſent age can give,
And none theſe threeſcore years knew how to live.
But now the Cook muſt paſs through all degrees,
And by his art diſcordant tempers pleaſe,
And miniſter to Health and to Diſeaſe.
Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be diſgrac'd.
In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
And from your Eels their ſlimy ſubſtance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the ſight.
Next, let diſcretion moderate your coſt,
And, when you treat, three courſes be the moſt.
Let never freſh machines your Paſtry try,
Unleſs Grandees or Magiſtrates are by:
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye.
Or, if you 'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Paſty lodge a living Hare;
Then midſt their graveſt Furs ſhall mirth ariſe,
And all the Guild purſue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than ſeven, and never leſs than three.
'Tis the Deſſert that graces all the Feaſt,
For an ill end diſparages the reſt:
A thouſand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your tranſparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice:
And let your various Creams incircled be
With ſwelling Fruit juſt raviſh'd from the tree.
Let Plates and Diſhes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth tranſparent wrought.
The Feaſt now done, diſcourſes are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth purſued.
The cheerful Maſter, 'midſt his jovial friends,
His glaſs "to their beſt wiſhes" recommends.
The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health,
And to his Country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of grace,
Each man that pleaſes re-aſſumes his place;
While at his gate, from ſuch abundant board,
He ſhowers his god-like bleſſings on the poor.
In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
Expecting ſturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their Beef they often in their murrions dreſs'd,
And in their Baſket-hilts their Beverage bore'd.
Some Officer perhaps might give conſent,
To a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every Soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conqueſts were extenſive grown,
And through the world our Britiſh worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace.
Their Champaign ſparkled equal with their Lace:
Quails, Beccafico's, Ortolans, were ſeen
To grace the levee of a General's tent;
In their gilt Plate all delicates were ſeen,
And what was Earth before became a rich Terrine.
When the young Players once get to ſtaging,
They fondly think that all the world 's their own:
Prentices, Pariſh-clerks, and Hectors meet:
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the Treat.
Their talk is looſe; and o'er the brewing Ale
At Conſtables and Juſtices they rail;
Not thinking Cuſtard ſuch a ſerious thing,
That Common-council-men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With ſoftening Mead and Cheeſe-cake ends the ſtrife.
Ev'n Squires come there, and, with their mean diſcourſe,
Render the Kitchen, which they ſit in, worſe.
Midwives demure, and Chamber-maids and Joy,
Foremen that pick the box and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In Cream and Codlings revelling with delight.
What theſe approve the great men will diſdain:
But here 's the art, if you the palate ſtrike,
By management of common things to make
That what was thought the meaneſt ſhall be taſte,
While others ſtrive in vain, all perfect own
Such diſhes could be dreſs'd by you alone.
When ſtraiten'd in your time, and ſervants few,
You 'll rightly then compoſe an *ambigu*:

There first and second Course, and your Dessert,
All in one single table have their part.
From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.
Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footsteps tread:
The French our relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by decency.
Our Fathers most admir'd their Sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for Sugar with their Meat;
They butter'd Currants on fat Veal bestow'd,
And Rumps of Beef with Virgin-honey strew'd.
Insipid Taste, old Friend, to them who Paris know,
Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.
Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
And drove about his Turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would please,
And from the same machine sell Pecks of Pease;
Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
And Oranges in Whimsey-boards went round;
Less Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a stall;
Her Currants there and Gooseberries were spread,
With the enticing gold of Ginger-bread:
But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
And every sound and every voice was tried.
At last the Law this hideous din suppress'd,
And order'd that the Sunday should have rest;
And that no Nymph her noisy food should sell,
Except it were new Milk or Mackarel.
There is no dish but what our Cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not French Kickshaws, or Oglio's brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their brain;
But Pudding, Brawn, and White-pots, own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.
Our British Fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Could they take time; would they with leisure work,
With care would salt their Beef, and cure their Pork;
Could boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
THEIR CONQUEST HALF IS TO THE VICTUALLER DUE.
Because that thrift and abstinence are good,
As many things if rightly understood;
Old Cross condemns all persons to be Fops,
That can't regale themselves with Mutton-chops.
He often for stuff Beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean Rummer, as the Pest-house, shuns.
Sometimes Poor Jack and Onions are his dish,
And then he saints those Fryars who stink of Fish.
As for myself, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season 's past,
What 's stale, what choice, what plentiful, what waste,
And lead him through the various maze of taste.
The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks THE RELISH call;
For, when the market sends in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till *that* makes them good.
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You 'd please a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
A testy Father, or a haughty Mother;
Would mollify a Judge, would cram a Squire,
Or else some smiles from Court you may desire?
Or would, perhaps, some hasty Supper give,
To shew the splendid state in which you live.
Pursuant to that interest you propose,
Must all your Wine and all your Meat be chose.
Let men and manners every dish adapt:
Who 'd force his Pepper where his guests are *clapt?*
A cauldron of fat Beef and stoop of Ale
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the nicest art
Ragouts of Peacocks brains, or Filbert-tart.
The French by Soups and *Haut-gouts* glory raise,
And their desires all terminate in praise.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is, to save all the money they can touch:
"Hans," cries the Father, "see a Pin lies there;
"A Pin a day will fetch a Groat a year.
"To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings more;
"And they, if added, make your Halfpence Four!"
Thus may your stock by management increase,
Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,
What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale?
Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill:
Clog not your constant meals; for dishes few
Increase the appetite, when choice and new.
Ev'n they, who will Extravagance profess,
Have still an inward hatred for Excess:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
Or that fantastic dish some call *surprize*.
When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,
That Cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like SUR-LOIN'S KNIGHTHOOD, flies;
Immortal made, as KIT-CAT by his Pies.
Good-nature must some failings overlook,
Not wilfulness, but errors of the Cook.
A string wen't always give the sound design'd
By the Musician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the destin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the dish,
Or no fried Parsley scatter'd on the Fish;
Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
For things which carelessness might oversee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?

I with compaſſion once may overlook
A Skewer ſent to table by my Cook:
But think not therefore tamely I 'll permit
That he ſhould daily the ſame fault commit,
For fear the Raſcal ſend me up the Spit!
Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would ſubmit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all; yet never could excel
In any thing but ſtuffing of his Veal:
But, when that diſh was in perfection ſeen,
And that alone, would it not move your ſpleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, ſoft ſlumbers creep,
And gently ſink the Artiſt into ſleep.
Ev'n Lamb himſelf, at the moſt ſolemn feaſt,
Might have ſome chargers not exactly dreſt.
Tables ſhould be like pictures to the light,
Some diſhes caſt in ſhade, ſome ſpread in light,
Some at a diſtance brighten, ſome near hand,
Where eaſe may all their *delicate* command:
Some ſhould be mov'd when broken; others laſt
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taſte.
Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldeſt Son:
"Though wiſe thyſelf," ſays he, "though taught
"by me,
"Yet fix this ſentence in thy memory:
"There are ſome certain things that don't excel,
"And yet we ſay are *tolerably well*:
"There 's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
"Whom they diſtinguiſh as of *middle* ſize,
"For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books;
"But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
"From whoſe myſterious art true pleaſure ſprings
"To *ſtall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
"A ſimple ſcene, a diſobliging ſong,
"Which no way to the main deſign belong,
"Or were they abſent never would be miſs'd,
"Have made a well-wrought Comedy be hiſs'd:
"So in a Feaſt no intermediate fault
"Will be allow'd; but, if not beſt, 'tis naught."
He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abſtains;
Cudgels avoids, and ſhuns the Wreſtling-place,
Leſt Vinegar reſound his loud diſgrace.
But every one to Cookery pretends;
Nor Maid nor Miſtreſs e'er conſult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roaſt a Pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We 'll ſee when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout:
But, if it lies too long, the crackling 's pall'd,
Not by the Drudging-box to be recall'd.
Our Cambrian Fathers, ſparing in their Food,
Firſt broil'd their hunted Goats on bars of wood.
Sharp Hunger was their ſeaſoning, or they took
Such Salt as iſſued from the native rock.
Their Sallading was never far to ſeek,
The poignant Water-graſs, or ſavoury Leek;
Until the Britiſh Bards adorn'd this Iſle,
And taught them how to roaſt, and how to boil:
Then Taliesſin roſe, and ſweetly ſtrung
His Britiſh Harp, inſtructing whilſt he ſung:
Taught them that honeſty they ſtill poſſeſs,
Their truth, their open heart, their ſcorn of lies,
Duty to kindred, conſtancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends
Contempt of wealth and pleaſure, to appear
To all mankind with hoſpitable cheer.
In after-ages, Arthur taught his Knights
At his Round Table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monſters ſubdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd.
Inſpir'd that Cambrian ſoul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future Heroes due example ſet,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the ſpirits riſe, and ſtrength of war.
The preſent age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vaſt improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er Beef-ſteaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Eſſcourt's Book *, whoſe Gridiron's ſtrew'd o'
Gold.
Scorn not theſe lines, deſign'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow.
'Tis a ſage queſtion, if the Art of Cooks
Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whoſe whole dependence lies in ſome Receipt:
Then by pure Nature every thing is ſpoil'd,
She knows no more than ſtew'd, bak'd, roaſt, and
boil'd.
When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
Some nice *Ragout*, or charming *Fricaſee*.
The lad that would his genius ſo advance,
That on the rope he might ſecurely dance,
From tender years enures himſelf to pain,
To Summer's parching heat, and Winter's rain,
And from the fire of Wine and Love abſtains;
No Artiſt can his Hautboy's ſtops command,
Unleſs ſome ſkilful Maſter form his hand:
But Gentry take their Cooks though never taught,
It ſeems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus ſhew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at ſchool.
Ox-cheek when hot, and Wardens bak'd, are
cry;
But 'tis with an intention men ſhould buy.
Others abound with ſuch a plenteous ſtore,
That, if you 'll let them treat, they 'll aſk no more.

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* That is, "he admitted a member of The "Beef-ſteak Club."—Richard Eſſcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as poſſeſſed of a ſprightly wit, and an eaſy and natural politeneſs. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-ſteak Club was firſt inſtituted, he had the office of Providore aſſigned him; and, as a mark of diſtinction, uſed to wear a ſmall gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ribband. He died in the year 1713. N.

id 'tis the vaſt ambition of their ſoul,
ſee their Port admir'd, and Table full.
t then, amidſt that cringing fawning crowd,
ho talk ſo very much, and laugh ſo loud,
ho with ſuch grace his Honour's actions praiſe,
w well he fences, dances, ſings, and plays;
ll him his Livery 's rich, his Chariot 's fine,
w choice his Meat, and delicate his Wine;
rounded thus, how ſhould the Youth deſcry
e happineſs of Friendſhip from a Lye?
ends act with cautious temper when ſincere;
t flattering Impudence is void of care!
at an Iriſh Funeral appears
train of Drabs with mercenary tears;
lo, wringing oft' their hands, with hideous moan,
ow not his name for whom they ſeem to groan;
ile real Grief with ſilent ſteps proceeds,
d Love unfeign'd with inward paſſion bleeds.
rd fate of Wealth! Were Lords as Butchers wiſe,
ey from their meat would baniſh all the *Flies!*
e Perſian Kings, with Wine and maſſy Bowl,
rch'd to the dark receſſes of the ſoul;
at, ſo laid open, no one might pretend,
leſs a man of worth, to be their Friend.
: now the Gueſts their Patrons undermine;
d ſlander them, for giving them their Wine.
at men have dearly thus companions bought:
leſs by theſe inſtructions they 'll be taught,
ey ſpread the net, and will themſelves be caught.
Were Horace, that great Maſter, now alive,
caſt with wit and judgment he 'd contrive.
thus:—Suppoſing that you would rehearſe
abour'd Work, and every Diſh a Verſe;
'd ſay, "Mend this, and t'other Line, and this"
after trial it were ſtill amiſs,
'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
ſet ſome Diſh more curious in its place.
ou perſiſt, he would not ſtrive to move
paſſion ſo delightful as Self-love.
We ſhould ſubmit our Treats to Criticks' view,
every prudent Cook ſhould read Boſſu.
gment provides the Meat in ſeaſon fit,
ich by the genius dreſt, its ſauce is Wit.
od Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
ne up to the decorum of the Stage.

The Critick ſtrikes out all that is not juſt;
And 'tis ev'n ſo the Butler chips his cruſt.
Poets and Paſtry-cooks will be the ſame,
Since both of them their images muſt frame.
Chimæras from the Poet's fancies flow:
The Cook contrives his ſhapes in real Dough.
When Truth commands, there 's no man can offend,
That with a modeſt love corrects his Friend,
Though 'tis in toaſting Bread, or buttering Peaſe,
So the reproof has temper, kindneſs, eaſe.
But why ſhould we reprove when faults are ſmall?
Becauſe 'tis better to have none at all.
There 's often weight in things that ſeem the leaſt,
And our moſt trifling follies raiſe the jeſt.
'Tis by his cleanlineſs a Cook muſt pleaſe;
A Kitchen will admit of no diſeaſe.
The Fowler and the Huntſman both may run
Amidſt that dirt which he muſt nicely ſhun.
Empedocles, a Sage of old, would raiſe
A Name immortal by unuſual ways;
At laſt his fancies grew ſo very odd,
He thought by *roaſting* to be made a God.
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy ſtuff
In Ætna's flames, ſo to have Fire enough.
Were my Cook fat, and I a ſtander-by,
I'd rather than himſelf his Fiſh ſhould fry.
There are ſome perſons ſo exceſſive rude,
That to your private Table they 'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to faſt;
Turn like a Fox, they 'll catch you at the laſt.
You muſt, ſince bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your houſe as in a peſtilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he 'll approach,
And, as you 're ſcampering, ſtop you in your Coach.
Then think of all your ſins, and you will ſee
How right your guilt and puniſhment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw ſome debtor into gaol.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curſe,
You are detain'd by ſomething that is worſe.
Were it in my election, I ſhould chuſe,
To meet a ravenous Wolf or Bear got looſe.
He 'll eat and talk, and talking ſtill will eat,
No quarter from the Paraſite you 'll get;
But, like a Leech well fix'd, he 'll ſuck what 's good,
And never part till ſatisfied with Blood.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ——

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happiness to you, because you are so much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I some days ago met with an old Acquaintance, of whom I enquired if he had seen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says, that it is a very handsome Octavo; for, ever since the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author strangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, English Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monster vomited up by a Baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it seems, no manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend says, he does not believe contrived it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would set himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, "That, whatever Manuscripts there might have been, they must have "been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being written out by the Cooks themselves "or some of their Friends or Servants, who are not always the most accurate." And then, as my Friend observed, if the Cook had used it much, it might be soiled; the Cook, perhaps, not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the State to order a select Scrivener to transcribe Receipts, lest ignorant women and Housekeepers should impose upon future ages by ill-spelt and uncorrected Receipts for potting of Lobsters, or pickling of Turkeys. Cælius Apicius, it seems, passes for the Author of this Treatise; whose science, learning, and discipline, were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans: and so lay neglected till the inferior ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Physick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, says, that "the Kitchen is a Handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman was introduced as making use of three Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merriman. They are reported to be excellent Physicians; and, if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to "Eating," and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of Aumulets and Plum-cakes. Nor were Emperors less contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Heliogabalus, whose Imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the last of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of first making Sausages of Shrimps, Crabs, Oysters, Sprawns, and Lobsters. And these Sausages being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who glories in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And, it seems, under his administration, a person that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Dr.

or Dampier might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend says, the Editor tells us of unheard of-dainties; how, "Æsopus had a supper of the tongues of Birds that could speak;" and that "his daughter regaled on Pearls," though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how "Hortensius left ten thousand Pipes of Wine in "his Cellar, for his Heir's drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his Fish-ponds with "Man's Flesh;" and how "Cæsar bought six thousand weight of Lampreys for his Triumphal Supper." He says, the Editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were ordered by their Physicians; and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook, as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills, to a modern Apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Western Empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of Cheese and Venison without those additional Sauces, which the Physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus's Book of *Endive*, Glaucus, Lorrensis of *Cow-heel*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionysius of *Sugar-sops*, Agis of *Pickled Broom-buds*, Epimetus of *Sack-posset*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegesippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced Mackarel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of *Hog's harslet*, Acestius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hickesius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Sweet-breads*, and Philistion of *Oat cakes*, and several other such Authors, the great Humelbergius composed his annotations upon Apicius; whose Receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of Transylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. Latinus Latinius finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our Editor defends that great person, by shewing the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says, "the Ancients used no Pepper," whereas all, or at least five or six hundred, of Apicius's Delicates were seasoned with it. For we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from Salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of Hops in our common drink: and therefore we should not be averse to Rue, Cummin, Parsley-seed, Marsh-mallows, or Nettles, with our common Meat; or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raisins, Mustard and Oil, Rue, Mastick, and Cardamums, strown promiscuously over our Dinner when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully, as, that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of Custard: that the "*Tetrapharmacon*, a dish much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander "Severus, was made of Pheasant, Peacock, a wild Sow's Hock and Udder, with a "Bread Pudding over it; and that the name and reason of so odd a dish are to be "sought for amongst the Physicians."

The Work is divided into Ten Books; of which the First treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongst other things shews that Sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny; that Gordian used a glass of Bitter in a Morning; that the Ancients scalded their Wine; and that burnt Claret, as now practised, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brawn* was a Roman Dish, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its Sauce then was Mustard and Honey, before the frequent use of Sugar: nor were Sowced Hogs-feet, Cheeks, and Ears, unknown to those ages. It is very probable, they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas. It were worth a dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain: and it is strange he should take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's flesh; that the Ancients used to *marinate* their Fish, by frying them in Oil, and, the moment they were taken out, pouring boiling Vinegar upon them. The Learned Annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the Liquor in Oysters

is, by laying the deep ſhell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oyſters to Tiberius when in Parthia; a noble invention, ſince made uſe of at Colcheſter with moſt admirable ſucceſs! What eſtates might Brawn or Locket have got in thoſe days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new faſhion, deſervedly came into the good graces of Druſus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The Firſt Book having treated of Sauces or ſtanding Pickles for Reliſh, which are uſed in moſt of the ſucceeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious ſubject, of Sauſages, both with ſkins and without, which contains matters no leſs remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their Eating prepared their own Muſhrooms with an Amber, or at leaſt a Silver Knife; where the Annotator ſhews elegantly, againſt Hardouinus, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, leſt the ruſtineſs of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of ſuch Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans uſed *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator ſhews our Salt-petre at preſent to differ from the ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them firſt with Oil and Salt, and ſo boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the preſent Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and ſo not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is a moſt extraordinary obſervation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Ruſſian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and ſtones are uſed by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being ſo very high they could not otherwiſe reach it, rather out of kindneſs to themſelves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Aſparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to riſe in the Stomach, unleſs pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey; that the Egyptians would drink hard without any diſturbance, becauſe it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their firſt diſh at Supper: that the beſt way to roaſt Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, becauſe they, working at the fire, are generally coſtive: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who ſold the *Agreſte Olus* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to thoſe who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in ſpringtime very wholeſome.

The Fourth Book contains the univerſal Art of Cookery. As Matthæus Sylvaticus compoſed the Pandects of Phyſic, and Juſtinian thoſe of Law; ſo Apicius has done the Pandects of his Art, in this book which bears that inſcription. The Firſt Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruiſe in a Mortar Parſley-ſeed, dried Peneryal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raiſins ſtoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cacabulum*; three Crudes of Pycentine Bread, the Fleſh of a Pullet, Goat Stones, Veſtine Cheeſe, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced ſmall; pour a Soup over it, garniſh it with Snow, and ſend it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unuſual veſſel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was eaſily perſuaded, from the whimſicalneſs of the compoſition, and the fantaſtical uſe of Snow for its garniture, that the propereſt veſſel for a Phyſician to preſcribe, to ſend to table upon that occaſion, might be a Bed-pan. There are ſome admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the Second Chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Aſellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between Muſhrooms, *Chats*, or *Beccoſico's*, Oyſters, and Redwings; a Work that ought to be publiſhed: for the ſame Annotator obſerves, that this Iſland is not deſtitute of Redwings, though coming to us only in the hardeſt weather, and therefore ſeldom brought fat to our tables; that

he *Chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africk; that xperience ſhews us they may be kept in cages, fed with Beef or Wether Mutton, Figs, Grapes, and minced Filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of ſuch as would preſerve our Britiſh diſhes; the firſt delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forced Meats, Juſſels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines nd Barons; and thence our terms of Art, both as to Dreſſing and Carving, become ery different; for they, lying upon a ſort of Couch, could not have carved thoſe liſhes which our Anceſtors when they ſat upon Forms uſed to do. But, ſince the ſe of Cuſhions and Elbow-chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it nay be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been omething to blame; and I believe few of us have ſeen a diſh of Capon-ſtones at table Lamb-ſtones is acknowledged by the learned Annotator that we have): for the art of naking Capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman Antiquary, ells us how to do it by burning of their ſpurs; which, occaſioning their ſterility, nakes them Capons in effect, though thoſe parts thereby became more large and ender.

The Fifth Book is of Peaſe-porridge; under which are included, Frumetary, Watergruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, Flumary, Stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Auſprios*; but my Friend was pleaſed to entitle it *Pantagruel*, a Name uſed by Rabelais, an eminent Phyſician. There are ſome very remarkable things in it; as, The Emperor Julianus had ſeldom any thing but Spoon-meat at Supper: that the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oil, and Wine, was a Roman Dainty; upon which the Annotator obſerves, that it is not uſed in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterneſs that it has; and that it is plainly a Phyſical Diet, that will give a ſtool; and that, mixed with Oats, it is the beſt Purge for Horſes: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be loſt; for what he Lord did not eat, he might ſend to his Stable!

The Sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl; how to dreſs Oſtridges (the biggeſt, groſſeſt, nd moſt difficult of digeſtion, of any Bird), Phœnicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The Seventh Book treats of things *ſumptuous*, and *coſtly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog meat*; in which the Romans came to that exceſs, that the Laws forbad he uſage of Hogs-harſlet, Sweet-breads, Cheeks, &c. at their public Suppers; and Cato, when Cenſor, ſought to reſtrain the extravagant uſe of Brawn, by ſeveral of his orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we ſee it took place in the thoughts of the wiſeſt men, and bore a part in their moſt important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our preſent age is ſuch, that I believe few beſides the Annotator know the excellency of a Virgin Sow, eſpecially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the moſt of her Liver, Lights, Brains, and Pettitoes; and to vary her into thoſe fifty diſhes which, Pliny ſays, were uſually made of that delicious Creature. Beſides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies: "That fellow that eats Bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wreſtle, "ſhall be much ſtronger than if he ſhould eat the beſt Roaſt Beef or Bag Pudding "in the Pariſh."

The Eighth Book treats of ſuch Dainties as *fourfooted* Beaſts afford us; as, 1. the *Wild Boar*, which they uſed to boil with all its briſtles on. 2. The *Deer*, dreſſed with Broth made with Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oil, and ſtewed Damſons, &c. 3. The *Wild Sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in the Mountains of Yorkſhire and "Weſtmorland, that will let nobody handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be ſent up with an "elegant Sauce, preſcribed after a phyſical manner, in form of "an Electuary, made of Pepper, Rue, Parſley-ſeed, Juniper, Thyme dried, Mint, "Peneryal, Honey, &c." with which any Apothecary in that country can furniſh you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion Sauce, and commended by Celſus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, becauſe the Greeks ſcarce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering-tubs* were in very few Families: for Phyſicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwiſe Galen would ſcarce have found out that young Foxes were in ſeaſon

in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boiled in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its Blood being the sweetest of any Animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a Pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one coming meal, which must have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite Animal was reserved for the last Chapter; and that was the *Dormouse*, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from Cook and Physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hog's-guts*, and so boiled for Sausages. In ancient times, people made it their business to fatten them: Aristotle rightly observes, that sleep fattened them; and Martial from them too poetically tells us that sleep was their only nourishment. But the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the Winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This Dormouse, according to the Author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do so, I cannot tell, because Bambouselbergius's Treatise "of Fattening Dormice" is lost. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with Poppies and Honey; which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as Owl pye to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, "the Censorian Laws, and Marcus Scaurus in his Cen-"ship, got them prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise, that "*scales* were brought to "table in those ages, to weigh curious Fishes, Birds, and Dormice," to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occasion, to shew "of how great use scales would be at the tables of our Nobility," especially upon the bringing up of a dish of Wild-fowl: "For, if twelve Larks (says he) should weigh "below twelve ounces, they would be very lean, and scarce tolerable; if twelve, and "down-weight, they would be very well; but, if thirteen, they would be fat to per-"fection." We see upon how nice and exact a balance the happiness of Eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, at such exactness and such dainties, and told my Friend, that those scales would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable; and that, if the Annotator had not prescribed his Dormouse, I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting-days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My Friend said, there remained but Two Books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fish, in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his memory began to fail him almost as much as my patience.

> "'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
> "And gently sink the Artist into sleep*;"

especially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fish, where, amongst other learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having spent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were Lobsters of a vast and unwieldy bigness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day; and, having suffered much at sea, came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man coming had landed before him, and all the Fishermen sailed out to meet him, and pre-

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

ain with their faireſt Lobſters. He aſked, if they had no larger. They anſwered, "Their ſea produced nothing more excellent than what they had brought." This honeſt freedom of theirs, with his diſappointment, ſo diſguſted him, that he took pet, and bade the Maſter return home again immediately: and ſo, it ſeems, Africa loſt the breed of one monſter more than it had before *. There are many Receipts in the Book, to dreſs Cramp-fiſh, that numb the hands of thoſe that touch them; the Cuttle-fiſh, whoſe blood is like ink; the Pourcontrel, or Many-feet; the Seaurchin, or Hedge-hog; with ſeveral others, whoſe Sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us Moderns, the Ancients often ate their Oyſters alive, and ſpread hard Eggs minced over their Sprats as we do now over our Salt-fiſh. There is one thing very curious concerning Herrings: It ſeems, the Ancients were very fantaſtical, in making one thing paſs for another; ſo, at Petronius's Supper, the Cook ſent up a fat Gooſe, Fiſh, and Wild-fowl of all ſorts to appearance, but ſtill all were made out of the ſeveral parts of one ſingle Porker. The great Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook: the King was extremely affected with freſh Herrings; (as indeed who is not?) but, being far up in Aſia from the ſea-coaſt, his whole wealth could not have purchaſed one; but his Cook contrived ſome ſort of meat, which, put into a frame, ſo reſembled a Herring, that it was extremely ſatisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *guſto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had ſeen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail ſo neatly laid, that it ſurprized him. He ſays, many of the *ſpecies* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent reliſh to Burton Ale, and not coſting above ſix-pence, an inconſiderable price for ſo imperial a dainty!

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fiſh Sauces*, which conſiſt of variety of ingredients, amongſt which is generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any perſon who would boil Fiſh exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at preſent is ſaid to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It ſeems, Seneca the Philoſopher (a man from whoſe moroſe temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third Book of Natural Queſtions, correcting the luxury of the times, ſays, the Romans were come to that daintineſs, that they would not eat a Fiſh unleſs upon the ſame day it was taken, "that "it might taſte of the Sea," as they expreſſed it; and therefore had them brought by perſons who rode poſt, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an uſual expreſſion for a Roman to ſay, "In other "matters I may confide in you; but in a thing of this weight, it is not conſiſtent with "my gravity and prudence. I will truſt nothing but my own eyes. Bring the Fiſh "hither, let me ſee him breathe his laſt." And, when the poor Fiſh was brought to table ſwimming and gaſping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying "Mullet!" My Friend ſays, the Annotator looks upon theſe "as jeſts made by the "Stoicks, and ſpoken abſurdly and beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the ſame time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fiſhermen ſhould not waſh their Fiſh, but bring them as they came out of the ſea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wiſh their Friends no longer life, than till they ſee London ſerved with live Herrings and gaſping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite ſo barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into ſcalding water, and tie our Lobſters to the ſpit to hear them ſqueak when they are roaſted; our Eels uſe the ſame periſtaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their ſkin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occaſion to the admirable remark of ſome perſons' folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend ſaid, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, "That they who amongſt the Sybarites would ſiſh for Eels, or ſell them,

* Lord Lyttleton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the Dead" (perhaps the moſt humourous in that admirable collection) ſeems to have been entirely founded on the hints ſuggeſted by Dr. King. N.

"should be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a History, shewing how they deservedly banished Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the Rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their Horses to dance; and so their enemies, coming against them with *guitars* and *harpsichords*, set them so upon their *Round O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman, Littleton, and several other good Authors affirm. I told my Friend, I had much overstayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another Friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Dishes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, should be a Salacacaby, a Dish of Fenugreek, a Wild-sheep's head and appurtenance with a suitable Electuary, a *ragout* of Capon's Stones, and some Dormouse Sausages.

If, as Friends do with one another at a Venison-pasty, you should send for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

THE

ART OF LOVE:

IN IMITATION OF

OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.

BY W. KING, LL. D.

he virtuous diſpoſition of our Author is no where more remarkably diſtinguiſhed than in this piece; wherein both the ſubject and the example ſo naturally lead into ſome leſs chaſte images, ſome looſer love which ſtands in need of a remedy. BIOG. BRIT.

TO THE

LORD HERBERT*,

Eldeſt Son of his Excellency the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; Baron Herbert of Caerdiff, Roſs of Kendal, Parr, Fitzhugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland; Knight of the Garter, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a ſubject that will naturally be protected by the goodneſs and temper of your Lordſhip: for, as the advantages of your mind nd perſon muſt kindle the flames of Love in the coldeſt breaſt; ſo you are of an age noſt ſuſceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all thoſe accompliſhments t home, which others are forced to ſeek abroad; and have given the world aſſurance, y ſuch beginnings, that you will ſoon be qualified to fill the higheſt Offices of the Crown with the ſame univerſal applauſe that has conſtantly attended your illuſtrious Father in the diſcharge of them. For the good of your Poſterity, may you ever be appy in the choice of what you love! And though theſe rules will be of ſmall uſe o you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them o your ſervice, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordſhip; and that I am moſt entirely

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

WILLIAM KING.

* Henry Lord Herbert ſucceeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749. N.

PREFACE.

IT is endeavoured, in the following Poems, to give the Readers of both ſexes ſome ideas of the Art of Love; ſuch a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and whoſe deſires terminate in preſent happineſs and that of poſterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Ancients, amongſt whom none has touched the paſſion more tenderly and juſtly than Ovid. He knew that he bore the maſterſhip in that Art; and therefore, in the Fourth Book De Triſtibus, when he would give ſome account of himſelf to future ages, he calls himſelf "Tenerorum Luſor Amorum," and he gloried principally in the deſcriptions he had made of that paſſion.

The preſent imitation of him is at leaſt ſuch a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be "an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the "ſame ſubject; that is, not to tranſlate his words, or be confined to his ſenſe, but only "to ſet him as a pattern, and to write as he ſuppoſes that Author would have done, "had he lived in our age and in our country. But he dares not ſay that Sir John Den-"ham*, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this Libertine way, as the latter calls it, ſo far "as this definition reaches." But, alas! the preſent Imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar, to deal with, who both wrote upon laſting foundations: but the preſent ſubject being Love, it would be unreaſonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the paſſion and grounds of it will continue the ſame through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, faſhions, and graces, ways of complaiſance and addreſs, entertainments and diverſions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and perſons will write, and the Ancients have ſo great a ſtock of Learning; whom can the Moderns take better to copy than ſuch originals? It is not likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thouſand to one but their imitation is better than any clumſy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reaſon to underſtand the true ſcope, genius, and force of the expreſſions of his Author, as a literal Tranſlator: and, after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and, if there is any thing that may ſeem pardonable, the Latin † at the bottom ſhews to whom he is engaged for it. An Imitator and his Author ſtand much upon the ſame terms as Ben does with his Father in the Comedy ‡:

"What thof he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'en."

There were many reaſons why the Imitator tranſpoſed ſeveral Verſes of Ovid, and has divided the whole into Fourteen Parts, rather than keep it in Three Books. The first may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the reſt, ſome were, that matters of the ſame ſubject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthenſome; and therefore (if ſmall matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his "Georgicks," ſo here moſt of the parts end with ſome remarkable Fable which carries with it ſome Moral: yet, if any perſons pleaſe to take the Six firſt Parts as the Firſt Book, and divide the Eight laſt, they may make Three Books of them again. There have by chance ſome twenty lines crept into the Poem out of the "Remedy of "Love," which (as inanimate things are generally the moſt wayward and provoking) ſince they would ſtay, have been ſuffered to ſtand there. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be preſcribed for it, but the ſpeedy obtaining of what it deſires. Should the Imitator's ſtyle ſeem not to be ſufficiently reſtrained, ſhould he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be conſidered, that perhaps even in that he deſired to imitate his Author, and would not peruſe them; leſt, as ſome of Ovid's Works were, ſo theſe might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the Reader to do if he pleaſes, when he has bought them.

* Dryden alludes to "The Deſtruction of Troy, &c." N.

† In the firſt editions of the "Art of Cookery," and of the "Art of Love," Dr. King printed the original under the reſpective pages of his tranſlations. N.

‡ Congreve's Love for Love. N.

THE

ART OF LOVE.

PART I.

VHOEVER knows not what it is TO LOVE,
Let him but read these verses, and improve.
ft ships are rul'd by art, and oars, and sails:
l guides our chariots; Wit o'er Love prevails.
omedon with reins let loose could fly;
hys with Argo's ship cut waves and sky.
ove-affairs I 'm charioteer of Truth,
l surest pilot to incautious youth.
e's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy;
then consider he is but a boy.
on with pleasing harp Achilles tam'd,
l his rough manners with soft musick fram'd:
ugh he'd in council storm, in battle rage,
bore a secret reverence for age.
on's command with strict obedience ties
sinewy arm by which brave Hector dies:
t was *his* task, but fiercer Love is mine:
y both are boys, and sprung from race divine.
stiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke submit,
l the most fiery courser champs the bit.
ove shall yield. I own, I've been his slave;
conquer'd where my enemy was brave:
l now he darts his flames without a wound,
l all his whistling arrows die in sound.
will I raise my fame by hidden art;
hat I teach, sound reason shall have part:
nature's passion cannot be destroy'd,
moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd.
still 'twill be convenient to remove
tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
y infant Chastity, grave matron's pride,
arent's wish, and blushes of a bride,
ect this Work; so guard it, that no rhyme
yllable or thought may vent a crime!
Soldier, that Love's armour would defy,
l find his greatest courage is to fly:
n Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
only conquest then is to retreat:
if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
present death unless you quit the field.
lst youth and vanity would make you range,
k on some beauty may prevent your change:
such by falling skies are never caught;
happiness is found but what is sought.
huntsman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
where the foaming boar secures his brawn.
fowler's low-bell robs the lark of sleep;
they who hope for fish must search the deep:
he, that fuel seeks for chaste desire,
t search where Virtue may that flame inspire.
oreign parts there is no need to roam:
blessing may be met with nearer home.
n India some, others from neighbouring France,
g tawny skins, and puppets that can dance.
Seat of British Empire does contain
ties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
suitful fields with plenty bless the sight,
as the milky way adorns the night;
So *that* does with those graceful nymphs abound,
Whose dove-like softness is with roses crown'd.
There tenderest blooms inviting softness spread,
Whilst by their smallest twine the captive 's led.
There youth advanc'd in majesty does shine,
Fit to be mother to a race divine.
No age in matrons, no decay appears;
By prudence only there you guess at years.
Sometimes you 'll see these Beauties seek the shade,
By lofty trees in royal gardens made;
Or at St. James's, where a noble care
Makes all things pleasing like himself appear;
Or Kensington, sweet air and blest retreat
Of him, that owns a Sovereign, though most great *.
Sometimes in wilder groves, by chariots drawn,
They view the noble stag and tripping fawn.
On Hyde-Park's circles if you chance to gaze,
The lights revolving strike you with amaze.
To Bath and Tunbridge they sometimes retreat,
With waters to dispel the parching heat:
But youth with reason there may oft' admire
That which may raise in him a nobler fire;
Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
Caus'd at that water which all others cures.
Sometimes at marriage rites you may espy
Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
Where to blest musick they in dances move,
With innocence and grace commanding love.
But yearly when that solemn night returns,
When grateful incense on the altar burns,
For closing the most glorious day e'er seen,
That first gave light to happy Britain's Queen;
Then is the time for noble youth to try
To make his choice with a judicious eye.
Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddesses of old,
Equal those beauties who that circle frame;
A subject fit for never-dying fame:
Whose gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
Yet still can add no lustre to their own.
But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
And they make up the grandeur of the show;
Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cause;
Lest the submissive part should fall to you,
And they who suppliants help be forc'd to sue,
Then may their yielding hearts compassion take,
And grant your wishes, for your country's sake:
Ease to their beauties' wounds may goodness give;
And, since you make all happy, let you live.
Sometimes these Beauties on Newmarket plains,
Ruling their gentle pads with silken reins,

* George Prince of Denmark, consort to the Queen, greatly admired these fine gardens.—They were purchased by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch; were enlarged by Queen Mary; and improved by Queen Anne, who was so pleased with the place, that she frequently supped during the summer in the Green-house. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their present size, three miles and a half in compass. N.

Behold the conflicts of the generous steeds,
Sprung from true blood, and well-attested breeds.
There youth may justly with discerning eye
Through riding Amazonian habit spy
That which his swiftest courser cannot fly.
It is no treacherous or base piece of art,
T'approve the side with which the Fair takes part:
For equal passion equal minds will strike,
Either in commendation or dislike.
For, when two fencers ready stand to fight,
And we're spectators of the bloody fight,
Our nimble passion Love has soon design'd
The man to whom we must and will be kind.
We think the other is not fit to win:
This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
If danger dares approach him, how we start!
Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
He takes the wounds, but we endure the smart.
And Nature by such instances does prove,
That we fear most for that which most we love.
Therefore, if chance should make her saddle slide,
Or any thing should slip, or be untied,
Oh, think it not a too officious care
With eagerness to run and help the Fair.
We offer small things to the powers above?
'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.
So when Eliza, whose propitious days
Revolving Heaven does seem again to raise;
Whose ruling genius shew'd a master-stroke
In every thing she did, and all she spoke;
Was stepping o'er a passage, which the rain
Had fill'd, and seem'd as stepping back again;
Young Raleigh scorn'd to see his Queen retreat,
And threw his velvet-cloak beneath her feet.
The queen approv'd the thought, and made him great *.
Mark when the Queen her thanks divine would give
Midst acclamations, that she *long may live*;
To whom kind Heaven the blessing has bestow'd,
To let her arms succeed for Europe's good;
No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns,
Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains;
But all declare the British subjects' ease,
And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
Then, whilst the pomp of Majesty proceeds
With stately steps, and eight well-chosen steeds,
From every palace Beauties may be seen,
That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen.
Then, if kind chance a lovely Maid has thrown
Next to a Youth with graces like her own,
Much she would learn, and many questions ask;
The answers are the Lover's pleasing task.
" Is that the *man* who made the French to fly?
" What place is Blenheim? is the Danube nigh?
" Where was't that he with sword victorious stood,
" And made their trembling squadrons chuse the flood?
" What is the *gold* adorns this royal state?
" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate?
" Don't it require a most prodigious care
" To manage treasures in the height of war?
" Must he not be of calmest truth possest,
" Presides o'er councils of the Royal breast?
" Sea-fights are surely dismal scenes of war!
" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar?
" Has not the Emperor got some Envoy here?
" Won't Danish, Swedish, Prussian Lords appear?
" Who represents the Line of Hanover?
" Don't The States General assist them all?
" Should we not be in danger, if they fall?
" If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet
" In this solemnity, 'twould be complete.
" Think you that Barcelona could have stood
" Without the hazard of our noblest blood?
" At Ramilies what ensigns did you get?
" Did many towns in Flanders then submit?
" Was it the Conqueror's business to destroy,
" Or was he met by all of them with joy?
" Oh, could my wish but fame eternal give,
" The laurel on those brows should ever live!"
The British worth in nothing need despair,
When it has such assistance from the Fair.
As Virtue merits, it expects regard:
And Valour flies, where Beauty 's the reward.

PART II.

IN Love-affairs the Theatre has part,
That wise and most instructing scene of art,
Where Vice is punish'd with a just reward,
And Virtue meets with suitable regard;
Where mutual Love and Friendship find return,
But treacherous Insolence is hiss'd with scorn,
And Love 's unlawful wiles in torment burn.
This without blushes whilst a virgin sees,
Upon some brave spectator Love may seize,
Who, till *she* sends it, never can have ease.
As things that were the best at first
By their corruption grow the worst;
The modern Stage takes liberties
Unseen by our forefathers' eyes.
As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants;
So swarm the females and gallants,
All crowding to the Comedy,
For to be seen, and not to see.
But, though these females are to blame,
Yet still they have some native shame:
They all are silent till they 're ask'd;
And ev'n their impudence is mask'd:
For Nature would be modest still,
And there's reluctancy in will.
Sporting and Plays had harmless been,
And might by any one be seen,
Till Romulus began to spoil them,
Who kept a Palace, call'd Asylum;
Where Bastards, Pimps, and Thieves, and Pandars,
Were lifted all to be commanders.
But then the rascals were so poor,
They could not change a Rogue for Whore:

* Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his rise at court. N.

And neighbouring Jades reſolv'd to tarry,
Rather than with ſuch Scrubs they 'd marry.
But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
They knaviſhly a farce contriv'd.
No gilded pillars there were ſeen,
Nor was the cloth they trod on green.
No Ghoſts came from the cellar crying,
Nor Angels from the garret flying.
The Houſe was made of ſticks and buſhes,
And all the Floor was ſtrew'd with ruſhes:
The Seats were rais'd with turf and ſods,
Whence Heroes might be view'd, and Gods.
Paris and Helen was the Play,
And how both of them ran away.
Romulus bade his varlets go
Invite the Sabines to his ſhow.
Unto this Opera no rate is;
They all were free to come in *gratis*:
And they, as girls will ſeldom miſs
A merry meeting, came to this.
There was much wiſhing, ſighing, thinking,
Not without whiſpering, and winking.
Their pipes had then no ſhaking touch:
Their ſong and dance were like the Dutch:
The whole performance was by men,
Becauſe they had no Eunuchs then.
But, whilſt the muſick briſkly play'd,
Romulus at his cue diſplay'd,
The ſign for each man to his maid.
"Huzza!" they cry; then ſeize: ſome tremble
In real fact, though moſt diſſemble.
Some are attempting an eſcape,
And others ſoftly cry, "A rape!"
Whilſt ſome bawl out, "That they had rather
"Than twenty pound loſe an old father."
ome look extremely pale, and others red,
ome wiſh they 'd ne'er been born, or now were dead,
nd others fairly wiſh themſelves a-bed.
Some rant, tear, run; whilſt ſome ſit ſtill,
o ſhew they 're raviſh'd much againſt their will.
Thus Rome began; and now at laſt,
After ſo many ages paſt,
Their rapes and lewdneſs without ſhame;
Their vice and villainy's the ſame.
ll be their fate who would corrupt the Stage,
nd ſpoil the true corrector of the age!

PART III.

NOW learn thoſe arts which teach you to obtain
Thoſe beauties which you ſee divinely reign.
Though they by Nature are tranſcendent bright,
And would be ſeen ev'n through the gloom of night;
Yet they their greateſt luſtre ſtill diſplay,
In the meridian pitch of calmeſt day.
Tis then we purple view, and coſtly gem,
And with more admiration gaze on them.
Faults ſeek the dark; they who by moon-light woo,
May find their Fair-one as inconſtant too.
When Modeſty ſupported is by Truth,
There is a boldneſs that becomes your youth.
In gentle ſounds diſcloſe a Lover's care,
'Tis better than your ſighing and deſpair.
Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's voice.
But harden'd Impudence ſometimes will try
At things which Juſtice cannot but deny.
Then, what that ſays is Inſolence and Pride,
Is Prudence, with firm Honour for its guide.
The Lady's counſels often are betray'd
By truſting ſecrets to a ſervile Maid,
The whole intrigues of whoſe inſidious brain
Are baſe, and only terminate in gain.
Let them take care of too diffuſive mirth;
Suſpicions thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been deſtroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean ſongs, and free diſcourſe,
With fly inſinuations, may prove worſe
To tender Females than the Trojan Horſe.
Take care how you from Virtue ſtray;
For Scandal follows the ſame way,
And more than Truth it will deviſe.
Old Poets did delight in lies,
Which modern ones now call *ſurprize*.
Some ſay that Myrrha lov'd her Father,
That Byblis lik'd her Brother rather.
And in ſuch tales old Greece did glory:
Amongſt the which, pray take this Story.
Crete was an Iſle, whoſe fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,
And there upon Mount Ida ſtood
A venerable ſpacious wood,
Within whoſe centre was a grove
Immortalized by birth of Jove:
In vales below a Bull was fed,
Whom all the Kine obey'd as head;
Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,
But all the reſt of him was driven ſnow.
(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)
At the ſame time one Juſtice Minos,
That liv'd hard-by, was married lately;
And, that his bride might ſhew more ſtately,
When through her pedigree he run,
Found ſhe was daughter to the Sun.
Her name Paſiphaë was hight,
And, as her Father, ſhe was bright.
This Lady took up an odd fancy,
That with this Bull ſhe fain would dance ye.
She'd mow him graſs, and cut down boughs,
On which his ſtatelineſs might browſe.
Whilſt thus ſhe hedges breaks and climbs,
Sure Minos muſt have happy times!
She never car'd for going fine,
She'd rather trudge among the Kine.
Then at her Toilet ſhe would ſay,
"Methinks I look *bizarre* to-day.
"Surely my glaſs lies, I'm not ſo fair:
"Oh, were this face o'ergrown with hair!
"I never was for top-knots born;
"My favourites ſhould each be horn.
"But now I'm liker to a Sow
"Than, what I wiſh to be, a Cow—
"What would I give that I could lough!

" My Bull-y cares for none of thoſe
" That are afraid to ſpoil their cloaths:
" Did he but love me, he'd not fail
" To take me with my draggle-tail."
Then tears would fall, and then ſhe'd run,
As would the Devil upon Dun.
When ſhe ſome handſome Cow did ſpy,
She'd ſcan her form with jealous eye;
Say, " How ſhe friſks it o'er the plain,
" Runs on, and then turns back again!
" She ſeems a Bear reſolv'd to prance,
" Or a She-aſs that tries to dance.
" In vain ſhe thinks herſelf ſo fine:
" She can't pleaſe Bull-y, for he's mine.
" But 'tis revenge alone aſſuages
" My envy when the paſſion rages.
" Here, Raſcal, quickly yoke that Cow,
" And ſee the ſhrivel'd carrion plough.
" But ſecond counſel's beſt: ſhe dies:
" I'll make immediate ſacrifice,
" And with the victim feaſt my eyes.
" 'Tis thus my Rivals I'll remove
" Who interpoſe 'twixt me and what I love.
" So in Egypt 's worſhip'd now,
" Since Jove transform'd her to a Cow.
" 'Twas on a Bull Europa came
" To that bleſt land which bears her name.
" Who knows what Fate 's ordain'd for me
" The languiſhing Paſiphae,
" Had I a Bull as kind as ſhe!"
When madneſs rages with unuſual fire,
'Tis not in Nature's power to quench deſire;
Then Vice transforms man's reaſon into beaſt,
And ſo the monſter's made the Poet's jeſt.

PART IV.

LET Youth avoid the noxious heat of Wine:
Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill deſign.
The grape, when ſcatter'd on the wings of Love,
So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move.
The boy, who otherwiſe would fleeting ſtray,
Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to ſtay.
Then courage riſes, when the ſpirit 's fir'd,
And rages to poſſeſs the thing deſir'd:
Care vaniſhes through the exalted blood,
And ſorrow paſſes in the purple flood;
Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a ſoul,
Whoſe thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
Plain ſimple truth from a diſſembling heart.
Then to ſome wanton paſſion he muſt run,
Which his diſcreeter hours would gladly ſhun;
Where he the time in thoughtleſs eaſe may paſs,
And write his *billet-doux* upon the glaſs;
Whilſt ſinking eyes with languiſhment profeſs
Follies his tongue refuſes to confeſs.
Then his good nature will take t'other ſup,
If ſhe'll firſt kiſs, that he may kiſs the cup.
Then ſomething nice and coſtly he could eat,
Suppoſing ſtill that ſhe will carve the meat.
But, if a Brother or a Huſband 's by,
Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a ſpy,
He thinks it not below him to pretend
The open-heartedneſs of a true friend;
Gives him reſpect ſurpaſſing his degree:
The perſon that is meant by all is *ſhe*.
'Tis thought the ſafeſt way to hide a paſſion,
And therefore call'd the friendſhip now in faſhion
By ſecret ſigns and enigmatic ſtealth,
She is the *toaſt* belongs to every health:
And all the Lover's buſineſs is to keep
His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from ſleep
He 'll laugh ye, dance ye, ſing ye, vault, be
gay,
And ruffle all the Ladies in his play.
But ſtill the Gentleman 's extremely fine;
There 's nothing apiſh in him but the wine.
Many a mortal has been bit
By marrying in the drunken fit.
To lay the matter plain before ye,
Pray hearken whilſt I tell my ſtory.
It happen'd about break of day
Gnoſſis a *girl* had loſt her way,
And wander'd up and down the Strand,
Whereabouts now York Buildings ſtand:
And half-awak'd ſhe roar'd as bad
As if ſhe really had been mad;
Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
And petticoats hung dangling down:
Her ſhoes were ſlipt, her ancles bare,
And all around her flew her yellow hair.
Oh, cruel Theſeus! can you go,
And leave your little Gnoſſis ſo?
You in your ſcull' did promiſe carriage,
And gave me proofs of future marriage;
But then laſt night away did creep,
And baſely left me faſt aſleep.
Then ſhe is falling in a fit:
But don't grow uglier one bit.
The flood of tears rather ſupplies
The native rheum about her eyes.
The bubbles then are beat again:
Women in paſſion feel no pain.
What will become of me? oh, what
Will come of me? oh, tell me that!
Bacco was Drawer at the Sun,
And had his belly like his tun:
For blubber-lips and cheeks all bloated,
And friz'zled pate, the youth was noted.
He, as his cuſtom was, got drunk,
And then went ſtrolling for a punk.
Six links and lanterns, 'cauſe 'twas dark
He preſs'd from Covent-Garden Market.
Then his next captives were the Waits,
Who play'd left he ſhould break their pates.
But, as long in ſtate he paſſes,
He met a fellow driving aſſes:
For there are ſeveral folks, whoſe trade is
To milk them for conſumptive ladies.
Nothing would ſerve but get aſtride,
And the old Bell-man too muſt ride.
What with their hooting ſhouting yell,
The ſcene had ſomething in 't of hell.
And who ſhould all this rabble meet,
But Gnoſſy drabbling in the ſtreet?
The fright deſtroy'd her ſpeech and colour,
And all remembrance of her ſculler.
Her conduct thrice bade her be flying:
Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.

Like bullrushes on side of brook,
Or aspin leaves, her joints all shook.
Bacco cry'd out, "I 'm come, my dear;
"I 'll soon disperse all thoughts of fear:
"Nothing but joys shall revel here."
Then, hugging her in brawny arm,
Protested, "She should have no harm:
"But rather would assure her, he
"Rejoic'd in opportunity
"Of meeting such a one as she:
"And that, encircled all around
"With glass and candles many a pound,
"She should with bells command the bar,
"And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star:
"That the good company were met,
"And should not want a wedding treat."
In short, they married, and both made ye,
He a free Landlord, she a kind Landlady.
The Spartan Lords their Villains would invite
To an excess of drink in children's sight.
The parents thus their innocence would save,
And to the load of Wine condemn the slave.

PART V.

THE season must be mark'd for nice address:
A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour less.
Not the wise Gardener more discretion needs
To manage tender plants and hopeful seeds,
To know when rain, when warmth, must guard his flowers,
Than Lovers do to watch their most auspicious hours.
As the judicious pilot views from far
The influences of each rising star,
Where signs of future calms or storms appear,
When fitting to be bold, and when to fear;
So Love's attendant by long art descries
The rise of growing passion from the eyes.
Love has its Festival as well as Fast,
Nor does its Carnival for ever last.
What was a visit, now is to intrude;
What 's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.
Small signs denote great things: the happy man
That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,
With grateful joy the benefit receives,
Whilst with desponding care his Rival grieves.
Whene'er it may seem proper you should write,
Let Ovid the prevailing words indite:
By Scrope *, by Duke, by Mulgrave, then be taught,
And Dryden's equal numbers tune your thought.

Submissive voice and words do best agree
To their hard fortune who must suppliants be.
It was by speech like this great Priam won
Achilles' soul, and so obtain'd his son.
Hope is an useful Goddess in your case,
And will increase your speed in Cupid's race.
Though in its promises it fail sometimes,
Yet with fresh resolution still it climbs,
Though much is lost at play; yet Hope at last
Drives on, and meets with some successful cast.
Why then make haste; on paper ting'd with gold,
By quill of dove, thy love-sick tale unfold.
Move sprightly, knowing 'tis for life you push:
Your Letter will not, though yourself might blush.
'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The British Youth—to study rules of speech:
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives secret strength to justice in a cause.
To that the crowd, the judge, the senate, yield:
'Gainst that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, though clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the first sight;
But from your shade rise by degrees of light.
Dress thoughts as if Love's silence first were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling passion spoke.
Suppose that your first Letter is sent back;
Yet she may yield upon the next attack.
If not; by art a Diamond rough in hue
Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
Soft water-drops the marble will destroy,
And ten years' siege prove conqueror of Troy.
Suppose th' has read, but then no answer gave:
It is sufficient she admits her slave.
Write on; for time the freedom may obtain
Of having mutual love sent back again.
Perhaps she writes, but 'tis to bid you cease,
And that your lines but discompose her peace;
This is a stratagem of Cupid's war:
She 'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
And by this art your constancy would try:
She 's nearest much when seeming thus to fly.
Pursue the fair disdain through every place
That with her presence she vouchsafes to grace.
If to the Play she goes, be there, and see
How Love rewarded makes the Comedy.
Fly to the Park, if thither she 'd retire;
Perhaps some gentle breeze may fan the fire.
But if to Court, then follow, where you 'll find
Majestic Truth with sacred Hymen join'd.
It is in vain some study to profess
Their inclination by too nice a dress,
As not content with manly cleanliness.
Mien, shape, or manner, no addition needs:
There 's something careless that all art exceeds.
Adonis from his lonely solitudes,
Rough Theseus landing from the briny floods,
Hippolitus fresh hunting from the woods,
O'er Heroines of race divine prevail'd,
Where powder'd wig and snuff-box might have fail'd.

* Sir Car Scrope, one of those writers in the reign of King Charles the Second, that Mr. Pope calls

"The mob of Gentlemen who write with ease."

He was created a Baronet, January 16, 1666. The greater part of his writings consist of Translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with some Love Songs and Lampoons. Some specimens of them are to be found in the "Select Collection of Miscellany Poems, 1780." He died some time in the year 1680. N.

No youth that 's wife will to his figure truſt,
As if ſo fine to be accoſted firſt.
Diſtreſs muſt aſk, and gratefully receive:
'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour, they can give.
There 's ſome have thought that looking pale and wan,
With a ſubmiſſion that is leſs than man,
Might gain their end; but ſunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.
Gain but admittance, half your ſtory 's told:
There 's nothing then remains but to be bold.
Venus and Fortune will aſſiſt your claim;
And Cupid dart the breaſt at which you aim.
No need of ſtudied ſpeech, or ſkilful rules:
Love has an eloquence beyond the ſchools;
Where ſofteſt words and accents will be found
All flowing in, to form the charming ſound.
Of her you love bright images you 'll raiſe:
When juſt, they are not flattery, but praiſe.
What can be ſaid too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food?
For nine years' ſpace Egypt had fruitleſs ſtood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood:
When Thraſius ſaid, "That bleſſing to regain,
"The Gods require a ſtranger ſhould be ſlain."
"Be thou the man," (the fierce Buſiris cries:)
"I 'll make th' adviſer his own ſacrifice;
"Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."
Perillus, firſt and laſt of 's trade,
For Phalaris a Bull had made:
With fire beneath, and water hot,
He put the braſier in the pot,
And gave him, like an honeſt fellow,
Precedence in his Bull to bellow.
The Tyrants both did right: No law more juſt
Than, "He that thinks of ill, ſhould feel it firſt."
Curſt be their arts, unſtudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falſehood would invade:
That can betray a friend or kinſman's names,
And by that covert hide unlawful flames:
Whoſe eager paſſion finds its ſure relief,
When terminating in another's grief!
Careleſs hereafter what they promiſe now,
To the Æolian winds commit their vow;
Then cite th' example of the faithleſs Jove,
Who laughs, they ſay, at perjury in Love.
They think they have a thouſand ways to pleaſe,
Ten thouſand more to rob the mind of eaſe.
For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
Their humour dances in fantaſtic rounds;
Like Proteus, can be Lion, River, Bear,
A Tree, or any thing that 's fram'd of air.
Thus they lay ſnares, thus they ſet off their bait
With all the fine allurements of deceit.
But they, who through this courſe of miſchief run,
Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE.
Achilles, a gigantic boy,
Was wanted at the ſiege of Troy:
His country's danger did require him,
And all the generals did deſire him:
For Diſcord, you muſt know, had thrown
An Apple where 'twas two to one;
But, if a ſtir was made about it,
Two of the three muſt go without it:
And ſo it was; for Paris gave it
To Venus, who reſolv'd to have it.
(The ſtory here would be too long:
But you may find it in the Song.)
Venus although not over-virtuous,
Yet ſtill deſigning to be courteous,
Reſolved to procure the varlet
A flaming and triumphant harlot;
Firſt fiol'n by one ſhe would not ſtay with,
Then married to be run away with.
Her Paris carried to his mother;
And thence in Greece aroſe that pother,
Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
And Chaucer, make us ſuch a cant.
It was a juſt and noble cauſe,
The breach of hoſpitable laws:
Though done to one, yet common grief
Made all unite to ſeek relief.
But, when they fought the country round,
There 's no Achilles could be found.
His mother was afraid t' have loſt him:
And therefore thus ſhe did accoſt him.
"My pretty dear, let me perſuade ye
"This once for to become a lady.
"This petticoat and mantua take,
"And wear this nightrail for my ſake.
"I 've made your knots all of the ſmalleſt,
"Becauſe you 're ſomething of the talleſt.
"I 'd have you never go unlac'd,
"For fear of ſpoiling of your waiſt.
"Now languiſh on me—ſcorn me now—
"Smile—frown—run—laugh—I ſee you
"do
"You'd perfect all you now begin,
"Only for poking out your chin."
Him thus inſtructed ſoon ſhe ſends
To Lycomede, and there pretends
It was a daughter of a Friend's,
Who, grown full large by country feeding,
Was ſent to her, to mend her breeding.
Herſelf had now no child, nor no man
To truſt but him, poor lonely woman!
That might reward him well hereafter,
If he would uſe her as his daughter.
In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
Pſyche and Phillis, ſhe took Zoe.
Th' old man receiv'd her, and expreſt
Much kindneſs for his topping gueſt:
Shew'd her his girls; ſaid, "Whilſt ſhe ſtay,
"His Zoe ſhould be us'd as they."
At firſt there much reſerv'dneſs paſt:
But, when acquaintance grew at laſt,
They'd jeſt, and every one would ſhew
Her works, which ſhe could never do.
One ſaid, her fingers were moſt fitting
For the moſt fiddling work of knitting.
Then one her wedding-bed would make,
And all muſt help her for love's ſake.
Zoe, undreſt in night-gown tawdry,
With clumſy fiſt muſt work embroidery;
Whilſt others try her greaſy clunches
With ſtoning currants in whole bunches.
But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
Miſtruſted ſomething by the by,

And, ſighing, thus one night ſhe ſaid,
" Why, Zoe may n't we go to bed?"
" Soon as you pleaſe, good Miſtreſs Ded."
The fleeting months ſoon roll about;
Time came when murder all muſt out.
Zoe, for fear of the old man,
Into the army quickly ran;
And ſav'd the ſlitting of his noſe,
By timely changing of her cloaths.
Thus, whilſt we Glory's dictates ſhun,
Into the ſnares of Vice we run;
And he that ſhould his country ſerve,
And beauty by his worth deſerve,
In female ſoftneſs wanton ſtays,
And what he ſhould adore betrays.

PART VI.

BUT now, O happy Youth, thy prize is found
nd all thy wiſhes with ſucceſs are crown'd.
ot Io Pæans, when Apollo 's prais'd;
ot trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
ot acclamations of exalted Rome.
o welcome Peace with her Auguſtus home;
an more delight a brave and generous mind,
han it muſt you to ſee a Beauty kind:
he bays to me with gratitude you 'll give,
ke Heſiod and like Homer make me live.
hus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
ippodamy, with his life's danger bought.
hus proſperous Jaſon, rich with golden fleece,
n Argos' vocal timber ſail'd to Greece.
But ſtay, fond Youth; the danger is not paſt:
ou 're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor caſt.
om you my heart may ſtill more bays deſerve,
what by me you gain'd, by me you ſhall preſerve.
or than the conqueſt is the glory leſs,
o fix the throne on that which you poſſeſs.
ow, Erato, divineſt, ſofteſt Muſe,
hoſe name and office both do Love infuſe,
ſiſt my great deſign: If Venus' Son,
hat vagabond, would from his mother run,
nd then, with ſoaring wings and body light,
hrough the vaſt world's extent would take his flight;
artful bonds let me ſecure his ſtay.
nd make his univerſal power obey.
Whilſt I my art would thus improve,
And fondly thought to ſhackle Love,
wo neighbours that were ſtanding by,
ormented both with jealouſy,
old me it was in vain to try.
hen one began his tale, as thus:
" Perhaps you 've heard of Dædalus,
" When Minos would have made him ſtay,
" How through the clouds he found his way.
" He was a workman wiſe and good,
" Building was what he underſtood.
" Like to the houſe where we act Plays,
" He made a turning winding maze,
" Fitting to harbour acts of ſin,
" And put a Whore and Baſtard in.
" I 've done your work; and now my truſt
" is,
" Good Sir, that you will do me juſtice.

" 'Tis true I hither fled for murther;
" Let my misfortunes go no further;
" Some end all puniſhments ſhould have,
" Birth to the wretch my country gave:
" Let it afford me now a grave.
" Diſmiſs my ſon; at leaſt, if rather
" You 'd keep the boy, diſmiſs his Father.
" This he might ſay, and more, or ſo;
" But Minos would not let him go.
" At this he was enrag'd, and cried,
" It is in danger wit is tried:
" Minos poſſeſſes Earth and Sea;
" The ſky and fire are left for me.
" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,
" If I approach your ſeats above.
" It is neceſſity that draws
" A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.
" Thus he began: Full many a feather
" With twine of thread he ſtitch'd together:
" (Abundance more than are enough
" To make your wife and mine a muff.)
" Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks
" To fix the whole, but melted wax:
" That was the work of the young boy,
" Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy;
" Not gueſſing, ere he was much older,
" He ſhould have one upon each ſhoulder.
" To whom his Father: Here's the Ship
" By which we muſt from Minos ſlip.
" Child, follow me, juſt as I fly on,
" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion:
" I 'll be your guide; and never fear,
" Conducted by a Father's care.
" The Virgin and Bootes ſhun.
" Take heed leſt you approach the Sun;
" His flaming influence will be felt,
" And the diffuſive wax will melt.
" The ſea by riſing fogs diſcover;
" O'er that, be ſure, you never hover:
" It would be difficult to drag
" Your wetted pinions, ſhould they flag.
" Between them both the ſky is fair,
" No winds or hurricanes are there,
" But you may fan the fleeting air.
" Thus ſpeaking, he with whipcord-ſtrings
" Faſtens, and then extends, the wings:
" And, when the youth 's completely dreſt,
" Juſt as the Eagle from her neſt
" By gentle flights her Eaglet tries
" To dare the ſun, and mount the ſkies;
" The Father ſo his Boy prepares,
" Not without kiſs and falling tears.
" In a large plain, a riſing height
" Gives ſome aſſiſtance to their flight.
" With a quick ſpring and fluttering noiſe,
" They in the ſky their bodies poiſe.
" Back on his Son the Father looks,
" Praiſing his ſwift and even ſtrokes.
" Now dreadleſs, with bold art ſupplied,
" He does on airy billows ride,
" And ſoar with an ambitious pride.
" Mortals, who by the limpid flood
" With patient angle long have ſtood,
" On the ſmooth water's ſhining face
" See the amazing creatures paſs,

" Look up aſtoniſh'd, whilſt the reed
" Drops from the hand whoſe ſenſe is dead,
" Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haſte
" They Samos now and Naxos paſt,
" Paros, and Delos bleſt abode
" And parent of the Clarian God:
" Lebinthus on their right hand lies,
" And ſweet Calydne's Groves ariſe,
" And fam'd Aſtypalæa's Fens
" Breed ſhoals of fiſh in owzy dens:
" When the unwary Boy, whoſe growing years
" Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
" Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might ſpy
" The lofty regions of a brighter ſky;
" Far from his Father's call and aid
" His wings in glittering fire diſplay'd,
" Whoſe ambient heat their plume involves,
" And all their liquid bands diſſolves.
" He ſees his looſen'd pinions drop;
" On naked arms lies all his hope.
" From the vaſt concave precipice he finds
" A ſwift deſtruction, ſinking with the winds.
" Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
" Whoſe womb is equally as ſteep.
" Then, " Father! Father!" he 'd have cried:
" Tempeſts the trembling ſounds divide,
" Whilſt diſmal fear contracts his breath,
" And the rough wave completes his death.
" My Son! my Son!" long might the Father cry:
" There is no track to ſeek him in the ſky.
" By floating wings his body found
" Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
" His art, though not ſucceſsful, has its fame,
" And the Icarian ſeas preſerve his name."
If men from Minos could eſcape,
And into Birds transform their ſhape,
And there was nothing that could hold them,
Provided feathers might be ſold them;
The thought from madneſs ſurely ſprings
To fix a God that 's born with wings.
Quoth t 'other man, " Sir, if you 'll tarry,
" I 'll tell you a tale of my Boy Harry,
" Would make a man afraid to marry.
" This Boy does oft' from paper white
" In miniature produce a Kite.
" With tender hands the wood he bends,
" On which the body he extends:
" Paſte made of flour with water mix'd
" Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
" Then ſciſſars from the maid he 'll borrow,
" With promiſe of return to-morrow.
" With thoſe he paper nicely cuts,
" Which on the ſides for wings he puts.
" The tail, that 's an eſſential part,
" He manages with equal art;
" With paper ſhreds at diſtance tied,
" As not too near, nor yet too wide,
" Which he to fitting length extends,
" Till with a tuft the fabrick ends.
" Next packthread of the eveneſt twine,
" Or ſometimes ſilk, he 'll to it join,
" Which, by the guidance of his hand,
" Its riſe or downfall may command;
" Or carry meſſengers to ſee
" If all above in orders be.
" Then wanton Zephyrs fan it till it riſe,
" And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure
" ſkies.
" Sometimes in ſilent ſhade of night
" He 'll make it ſhine with wondrous light
" By lantern with tranſparent folds,
" Which flaming wax in ſafety holds.
" This glittering with myſterious rays
" Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
" Then comes the Conjurer o' th' place.
" With legs aſquint and crooked face,
" Who with his ſpying pole from far
" Pronounces it a Blazing-ſtar:
" That wheat ſhall fall, and oats be dear,
" And barley ſhall not ſpring that year:
" That murrain ſhall infect all kine,
" And meaſles will deſtroy the ſwine:
" That fair maids' ſweethearts ſhall fall dead
" Before they loſe their maidenhead;
" And widows ſhall be forc'd to tarry
" A month at leaſt before they marry.
" But, whilſt the fool his thought enjoys,
" The whole contrivance was my Boy's.
" Now, mark me, 'twas from ſuch-like things
" The Poet fram'd out Cupid's wings.
" If a Child's nature thus can ſoar,
" And all this lies within his power,
" His mother ſurely can do more.
" Pray tell me what is to be done,
" If ſhe 'll with Cuckold-makers run.
" No watchful care of jealous eye
" Can hinder, if eſcape ſhe 'll try;
" The Kite will to her carrion fly."
Where native Modeſty the mind ſecures,
The Huſband has no need of locks and doors:
The ſpecious Comet, fram'd by Jealouſy,
Will prove deluſion all, and all a lye.

PART VII.

NOT all the Herbs by ſage Medea found,
Not Marſan drugs, though mixt with magick ſound,
Not philtres ſtudied by Theſſalian art,
Can fix the mind, and conſtancy impart.
Could theſe prevail, Jaſon had felt their charms,
Ulyſſes ſtill had died in Circe's arms.
Continue lovely, if you 'll be belov'd:
Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay;
By Time the blooming outſide will decay.
See Hyacinth again of form bereft,
And only thorns upon the roſe-tree left.
Then lay up ſtores of learning and of wit,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſcorn the Acherontic pit,
And, whilſt thoſe fleeting ſhadows vainly fly,
Adorn the better part which cannot die.
Ulyſſes had no magick in his face;
But then his eloquence had charming grace,
Such as could force itſelf to be believ'd,
And all the watery Goddeſſes deceiv'd:
To whom Calypſo from her widow'd ſhore
Sends him theſe ſighs, which furious tempeſts bore:
" Your paſſage often I by art delay'd
" Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd.

Here you have often on this rolling ſand
Deſcrib'd your ſcene of war with ſlender wand.
Here 's Troy, and this circumference its walls
Here Simois gently in the ocean falls:
Here lies my camp: theſe are the ſpacious
" fields
Where to this ſword the crafty Dolon yields.
This of Sithonian Rheſus is the tent.—
On with the pleaſing tale your language went,
When a tenth wave did with one flaſh deſtroy
The platform of imaginary Troy.
By fear like this I would enforce your ſtay,
To ſee what names the waters waſh'd away.
I took you caſt up helpleſs by the ſea:
Thouſands of happy hours you paſs'd with me:
No mention made of old Penelope.
On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.
Why then be gone, the ſeas uncertain truſt;
As I found *you*, ſo may you find them juſt.
Dying Calypſo muſt be left behind,
And all your vows be wafted with the wind."
Fond are the hopes he ſhould be conſtant now,
Who to his tendereſt part had broke his vow.
Artful charms the Miſtreſs ſtrives in vain
The looſe inconſtant wanderer to gain.
Lame is her entrance, and her end is pain.

PART VIII.

INDULGENCE ſoon takes with a noble mind:
Who can be harſh, that ſees another kind?
Oft times the greateſt art is to comply
granting that which juſtice might deny.
We form our tender plants by ſoft degrees,
And from a warping ſtem raiſe ſtately trees.
To cut th' oppoſing waves, we ſtrive in vain;
It, if we riſe with them, and fall again,
We wiſh'd for land with eaſe we may attain.
Each complaiſance will a rough humour bend;
And yielding to one failure ſave a friend.
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine,
To make ev'n paſſion with their nature join.
The Hawk we hate, as living ſtill in arms,
And Wolves aſſiduous in the Shepherd's harms.
The ſocial Swallow has no fears:
Upon our towers the Dove her neſt prepares,
And both of them live free from human ſnares.
Far from loud rage and echoing noiſe of fights
The ſofteſt Love in gentle ſound delights.
Smooth mirth, bright ſmiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
Are the companions of the Paphian boy:
Such as when Hymen firſt his mantle ſpread
All o'er the ſacred down which made the bridal bed.
Theſe blandiſhments keep Love upon the wing,
His preſence freſh, and always in the ſpring:
This makes a proſpect endleſs to the view,
With light that riſes ſtill, and ſtill is new;
At your approach, find every thing ſerene,
Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian Queen,
Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
With Muſes ſprung from Jove, and Graces Three.

Birds ſhot by you, Fiſh by your angle caught,
The Golden Apples from Heſperia brought,
The bluſhing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
Laid in freſh beds of flowers and ſcented greens,
Fair Lilies ſtrew'd with bloody Mulberries,
Or Grapes whoſe juice made Bacchus reach the ſkies,
May oftentimes a grateful preſent make,
Not for the value, but the giver's ſake.
Perhaps ſhe may at vacant hours peruſe
The happy product of your eaſy Muſe.
Far from intrigue and ſcandal be your verſe;
But praiſe of virgin-modeſty rehearſe;
Mauſolus by his conſort deified;
How for Admetus bleſt Alceſtis died.
Since Overbury's "Wife*," no Poets ſeem
T' have choſe a wiſer or a nobler theme.
You 'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer;
Pardon a ſervant, let all come from her.
Thus what you grant if ſhe muſt recommend,
'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
So, when pale Want is craving at the door,
We ſend our favourite ſon to help the poor;
Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
And find what heavenly pleaſure 'tis to give.
Praiſe all her actions, think her dreſs is fine;
Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join;
Your wealth does beſt, when plac'd on beauty, ſhine.
If ſhe in tabby waves encircled be,
Think Amphytritе riſes from the ſea.
If by her the purpureal velvet 's worn,
Think that ſhe riſes like the bluſh of morn.
And, when her ſilks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chineſe or in the Perſian loom,
Think that ſhe then like Pallas is array'd,
By whoſe myſterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which ſhe winds her bright and flowing hair.
With her when dancing, let your genius fly:
When in her ſong the note expires, then die.
If in the Autumn, when the waſting year
Its plenty ſhews, that ſoon muſt diſappear;
When ſwelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
And Pear and Apple, freſh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taſte perhaps invite
That which we ſeldom rule, our appetite;
When noxious heat and ſudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence preſides;
Her feveriſh blood ſhould pulſe unuſual find,
Or vaporous damps of ſpleen ſhould ſink her mind;
Then is the time to ſhew a Lover's cares:
Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears;
Give the ſalubrious draughts with your own hand;
Perſuaſion has the force of a command.

* This poem, ſuppoſed to have been written for the Earl of Somerſet, is the character of a good woman, juſt the reverſe of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through ſixteen editions in 1638. N.

Watch, and attend; then your reward will prove,
When she recovers, full increase of Love.
Far from this Love is haughty pride,
Which ancient Fables best deride;
Women imperious, void of shame,
And careless of their Lovers' fame,
Who of tyrannic follies boast,
Tormenting him that loves them most.
When Hercules, by labours done,
Had prov'd himself to be Jove's son,
By peace which he to Earth had given,
Deserv'd to have his rest in Heaven;
Envy, that strives to be unjust,
Resolv'd to mortify him first;
And, that he should enamour'd be
Of a proud jilt call'd Omphalé,
Who should his Heroship expose
By spinning hemp in women's cloaths,
Her mind she did vouchsafe one day
Thus to her Lover to display:
" Come quickly, Sir, off with this Skin:
" Think you I 'll let a Tanner in?
" If you of Lions talk, or Boars,
" You certainly turn out of doors.
" Your club 's abundantly too thick
" For one shall move a fiddle-stick.
" What should you do with all those arrows?
" I will have nothing kill'd but Sparrows.
" Heccy, this day you may remember;
" For you shall see a Lady's chamber.
" Let me be rightly understood:
" What I intend is for your good.
" In boddice I design to lace ye,
" And so among my Maids I 'll place ye.
" When you 're genteeler grown, and thinner,
" May be I 'll call you up to dinner.
" With arms so brawny, fists so red,
" You 'll scrub the rooms, or make the bed.
" You can't stick pins, or frieze my hair.
" Bless me! you 've nothing of an air.
" You 'll ne'er come up to working point:
" Your fingers all seem out of joint.
" Then, besides, Heccy, I must tell ye,
" An idle-hand has empty belly:
" Therefore this morning I 'll begin,
" Try how your clumsiness will spin.
" You are my shadow, do you see:
" Your hope, your thought, your wish, all be
" Invented and control'd by me.
" Look up whene'er I laugh; look down
" With trembling horror, if I frown.
" Say as I say: servants can't lie.
" Your truth is my propriety.
" Nay, you should be to torture brought,
" Were I but jealous you transgrest in thought;
" Or if from Jove your single wish should crave
" The fate of not continuing still my slave.
" There is no Lover that is wise
" Pretends to win at cards or dice.
" 'Tis for his Mistress all is thrown:
" Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.
" Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
" Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
" Whom every beauty did adorn
" Fresh as Aurora's blushing morn,
" Into the horrid woods is run,
" Where he ne'er sees the ray of sun,
" Nor to his palace dares return,
" Where he for Psyche's love did burn,
" And found correction at her hands
" For disobeying just commands;
" But must his silent penance do
" For once not buckling of her shoe:
" A good example, child, for you.
" Which shews you, when we have our fool,
" We 've policy enough to rule:
" I might have made you such a fellow,
" As should have carried my umbrella,
" Or bore a flambeau by my chair,
" And bade the mob not come too near;
" Or lay the cloth, or wait at table;
" Nay, been a helper in the stable.
" To my commands obedience pay
" At dead of night, or break of day.
" Speed is your province; if 'tis I
" That bid you run, you ought to fly.
" He that Love's nimble passion feels
" Will soon outstrip my chariot wheels.
" Through Dog-star's heat he 'll tripping go,
" Nor leaves he print upon the snow.
" The wind itself to him is slow.
" He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
" Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
" A bed of earth midst showers of rain,
" After no supper, are his gain.
" Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
" And in a little cottage lay:
" All this he did for fear of Jove;
" And who would not do more for Love?
" If entrance is by locks denied,
" Then through the roof or window slide.
" Leander each night swam the seas,
" That he might thereby Hero please.
" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to see
" Your life in danger, when for me.
" You 'll find my servants in a row;
" Remember then you make your bow;
" For they are your superiors now.
" No matter if you do engage
" My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,
" My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,
" Or any thing that does partake
" Of that admittance which you lack.
" But after all you may n't prevail,
" And your most glittering hopes may fail:
" For Ceres does not always yield
" The crop entrusted to the field.
" Fair gales may bring you to a coast
" Where you 'll by hidden rocks be lost.
" Love is tenacious of its joys,
" Gives small reward for great employ;
" But has as many griefs in store
" As shells by Neptune cast on shore;
" As Athos Hares, as Hybla Bees,
" Olives on the Palladian trees.
" And, when his angry arrows fall,
" They 're not found ting'd with common gall.
" You 're told I 'm not at home, 'tis true:
" I may be there, but not for you;
" And I may let you see it too.

" Perhaps I bid you come at night:
" If the door 's ſhut, ſtay till 'tis light.
" Perhaps my maid ſhall bid you go:
" A thing ſhe knows you dare not do.
" Your rival ſhall admiſſion gain,
" And laugh to ſee his foe in pain.
" All this and more you muſt endure,
" If you from me expect a cure.
" 'Tis fitting I ſhould ſearch the wound,
" Leſt all your danger be not ſound."
When eaſy fondneſs meets with women's pride,
Nothing which *that* can aſk muſt be denied,
He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
Appeas'd to ſeem a female and a ſlave:
The Hero, number'd with the gods before,
Is ſo debas'd as to be man no more.

PART IX.

NOT by the ſail with which you put to ſea
Can you where Thetis ſwells conducted be;
To the ſame port you 'll different paſſage find,
And fill your ſheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
You nurs'd the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous big,
And ſleep beneath the ſhade you knew a twig.
The bubbling ſpring, increas'd by floods and rain,
Rolls with impetuous ſtream, and foams the main:
So Love augments in juſt degrees; at length
By nutrimental fires it gains its ſtrength.
Daily till midnight let kind looks or ſong,
Or tales of love, the pleaſing hours prolong.
So wearineſs upon their bliſs attends
Whom marriage-vows have render'd more than friends.
So Philomels, of equal mates poſſeſt,
With a congenial heat, and downy reſt,
And care inceſſant hover o'er their neſt:
Hence from their eggs (ſmall worlds whence all things ſpring)
Produce a race by nature taught to ſing;
Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
Had their parental love ſtray'd far from home.
By a ſhort abſence mutual joys increaſe:
'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful ſhower reſtrains,
The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.
So let not grief too much diſturb thoſe hearts,
Which for a while the war or buſineſs parts.
'Twas hard to let Proteſilaus go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.
Ulyſſes made indeed a tedious ſtay,
Tis twenty winter's abſence was delay;
But happineſs revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with freſh incenſe burn:
Tales of his ſhip, her web, they both recount;
Deas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could ſurmount.
Make thou ſpeed back; haſte to her longing arms:
She may have real or impending harms.
There are no minutes in a Lover's fears:
They meaſure all their time by months and years.
Poets are always Virtue's friends,
'Tis what their Muſe ſtill recommends:
But then the fatal track it ſhows
Where devious vice through trouble goes.
They tell us, how a huſband's care
Neglected leaves a wife too fair
In hands of a young ſpark, call'd Paris;
And how the beauteous truſt miſcarries.
With kindneſs he receives the youth,
Whoſe modeſt looks might promiſe truth:
Then gives him opportunity
To throw the ſpecious vizard by.
The man had things to be adjuſted,
With which the wife ſhould not be truſted:
And, whilſt he gave himſelf the looſe,
Left her at home to keep the houſe.
When Helen ſaw his back was turn'd,
The devil a bit the Gipſy mourn'd.
Says ſhe, " 'Tis his fault to be gone;
" It ſha'n't be mine to lie alone.
" A vacant pillow 's ſuch a jeſt,
" That with it I could never reſt.
" He ne'er conſider'd his own danger,
" To leave me with a handſome ſtranger.
" Wolves would give good account of Sheep,
" Left to their vigilance to keep.
" Pray who, except 'twere Geeſe or Widgeons,
" Would hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons?
" Suppoſing then it might be ſaid
" That Menelaus now were dead:
" A pretty figure I ſhould make
" To go in mourning for his ſake.
" She that in widow's garb appears,
" Eſpecially when at my years,
" May ſeem to be at her laſt prayers.
" But I 'll ſtill have my heart divided
" 'Twixt one to loſe, and one provided.
" He that is gone, is gone: leſs fear
" Of wanting him that I have here."
The ſequel was the Fire of Troy
Brought to deſtruction by this Boy.
They tell us, how a Wife provok'd,
And to a bruiſh Huſband yok'd,
Who, by diſtracting paſſion led,
Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
When on her Rival ſhe has ſeiz'd,
Seems with a ſecret horror pleas'd.
They then deſcribe her like ſome Boar
Plunging his tuſk in Maſtiff's gore;
Or Lioneſs, whoſe raviſh'd whelp
Roars for his Mother's furious help;
Or Baſiliſk when rouz'd, whoſe breath,
Teeth, ſting, and eye-balls, all are death;
Like franticks ſtruck by magick rod
Of ſome deſpis'd avenging God:
Make her through blood for vengeance run,
Like Progne ſacrifice her ſon;
And like Medea dart thoſe fires
By which Creüſa's ghoſt expires.
Then let her with exalted rage
Her grief with the ſame crimes aſſuage.
To heighten and improve the curſe,
Becauſe he 's bad, they make her worſe.
So Tyndaris diſſolves in tears,
When firſt ſhe of Chryſeïs hears;
But, when Lyrneſſis captive 's led,
And raviſh'd to defile her bed,

Her patience leſſens by degrees;
But, when at laſt ſhe Priameïs ſees,
Revenge does to Ægyſtus fly for eaſe;
In his adulterous arms does plots diſcloſe,
Which fill Mycenæ with ſtupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.
Ye Heavenly Powers! the female truth preſerve,
And let it not from native goodneſs ſwerve;
And let no wanton toys become the cauſe
Why men ſhould break Hymen's eternal laws;
But let ſuch fables and ſuch crimes remain
Only as fictions of the Poets brain;
Yet marks ſet up to ſhun thoſe dangerous ſhelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themſelves!

PART X.

AT firſt, the ſtars, the air, the earth and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap;
Till Love Eternal did each being ſtrike
With voice Divine, to march, and ſeek its Like.
Then ſeeds of Heavens, then Air of vaporous ſound,
Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round,
On which the Bird, the Beaſt, the Fiſh, might move,
All center'd in that univerſal Love.
Then Man was fram'd with ſoul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler ſhare of Love than they:
To him was Women, crown'd with virtue, given,
The moſt immediate work and care of Heaven.
Whilſt thus my darling thoughts in rapture ſung,
Apollo to my ſight in viſion ſprung.
His lyre with golden ſtrings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flouriſh in his hands.
Says he, "You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
"Your art at Delphi you will beſt complete.
"There's a ſhort maxim, prais'd when underſtood,
"Uſeful in practice, and divinely good,
"LET EACH MAN KNOW HIMSELF: ſtrive to excel:
"The pleaſure of the bleſt is doing well.
"'Tis wiſdom to diſplay the ruling grace.
"Some men are happy in a charming face:
"Know it, but be not vain. Some manly ſhow
"By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
"There let them prove their ſkill; perhaps ſome heart
"May find that every ſhot is Cupid's dart.
"The prudent Lover, if his talent lies
"In eloquence, e'nt talkative, but wiſe;
"So mixes words delicious to the ear,
"That all muſt be perſuaded who can hear.
"He that can ſing, let him with pleaſing ſound,
"Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
"Let not a Poet my own art refuſe:
"I 'll come, and bring aſſiſtance to his Muſe."
But never by ill means your fortune puſh,
Nor raiſe your credit by another's bluſh.
The ſecret rites of Ceres none profane,
Nor tell what Gods in Samo-thracia reign.
'Tis virtue by grave ſilence to conceal
What talk without diſcretion would reveal.
For fault like this now Tantalus does lie
In midſt of fruits and water, ſtarv'd and dry.
But Cytherea's modeſty requires
Moſt care to cover all her lambent fires.
Love has a pleaſing turn, makes that ſeem beſt,
Of which our lawful wiſhes are poſſeſt.
Andromeda, of Libyc hue and blood,
Was chain'd a prey to monſters of the flood:
Wing'd Perſeus ſaw her beauty through that cloud.
Andromache had large majeſtic charms;
Therefore was fitteſt grace to godlike Hector's arms.
Beauties in ſmaller airs bear like commands,
And wondrous Magick acts by ſlendereſt wands.
Like Cybele ſome bear a mother's ſway,
Whilſt infant Gods and Heroines obey.
Some rule like ſtars by guidance of their eyes,
And others pleaſe when like Minervà wiſe.
Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy, raiſe
Something that may exalt its Conſort's praiſe.
There will be little jealouſies,
By which Love's art its ſubjects tries.
They think it languiſhes with reſt,
But riſes, like the palm, oppreſt.
And as too much proſperity
Often makes way for luxury,
Till we, by turn of fortune taught,
Have wiſdom by experience bought:
So, when the hoary aſhes grow
Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow:
And then its craftineſs is ſhewn,
To raiſe your cares, to hide its own;
And have you by a rival croſt,
Only in hopes you may n't be loſt.
Sometimes they ſay that you are faulty,
And that they know where you were naughty;
And then perhaps your eyes they 'd tear,
Or elſe dilacerate your hair,
Not ſo much for revenge as fear.
But ſhe perhaps too far may run,
And do what ſhe would have you ſhun,
Of which there 's a poetic ſtory
That, if you pleaſe, I 'll lay before you.
Old Juno made her Jove comply
For fear, not aſking when or why,
Unto a certain ſort of matter,
Marrying her ſon unto his daughter:
And ſo to bed the couple went,
Not with their own, but friends' conſent.
This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us,
That firſt invented tongs and bellows;
For breath and fingers did their works
(We 'd fingers long before we 'd forks);
Which made his hands both hard and brawny,
When waſh'd, of colour orange-tawny.
His whole complexion was a ſallow,
Where black had not deſtroy'd the yellow.
One foot was clump'd, which was the ſtronger,
T'other ſpiny, though much longer;
So both to the proportion come
Of the fore-finger and the thumb.
In ſhort, the whole of him was naſty,
Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, haſty:

Deformity alike took place
Both in his manner and his face.
Venus had perfect ſhape and ſize;
But then ſhe was not over-wiſe:
For ſometimes ſhe her knee is crimping,
To imitate th' old man in limping.
Sometimes his dirty paws ſhe ſcorns,
Whilſt her fair fingers ſhew his horns.
But Mars, the Bully of the place is
The chiefeſt ſpark in her good graces.
At firſt they 're ſhy, at laſt grow bolder,
And conjugal affection colder.
They car'd not what was ſaid or done,
Till impudence defy'd the Sun.
Vulcan was told of this; quoth he,
"Is there ſuch roguery? I 'll ſee!"
He then an iron net prepar'd,
Which he to the bed's teſter rear'd;
Which, when a pully gave a ſnap,
Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
All thoſe he plac'd in the beſt room,
Then feign'd that he muſt go from home;
For he at Lemnos forges had,
And none but he to mind the trade.
Love was too eager to beware
Of falling into any ſnare.
They went to bed and ſo were caught;
And then they of repentance thought.
The ſhow being ready to begin,
Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
Jove ſhould be there, that does make bold
With Juno, that notorious ſcold;
Neptune, firſt Bargeman on the water;
Thetis, the Oyſter-woman's daughter;
Pluto, that Chimney-ſweeping ſloven;
With Proſerpine hot from her oven;
And Mercury, that 's ſharp and cunning
In ſtealing cuſtoms and in running;
And Dy the Midwife, though a Virgin;
And Æſculapius, the Surgeon;
Apollo, who might be Phyſician,
Or ſerve them elſe for a Muſician;
The Piper Pan, to play her up;
And Bacchus, with his chirping cup;
And Hercules ſhould bring his club in,
To give the Rogue a luſty drubbing;
And all the Cupids ſhould be by,
To ſee their Mother's infamy.
One Momus cried, "You 're hugely pleas'd;
"I hope your mind will ſoon be eas'd:
"For, when ſo publickly you find it,
"People, you know, will little mind it.
"They love to tell what no one knows,
"And they themſelves only ſuppoſe.
"Not every huſband can afford
"To be a Cuckold on record;
"Nor ſhould he be a Cuckold ſtyl'd,
"That once or ſo has been beguil'd,
"Unleſs he makes it demonſtration,
"Then puts it in ſome proclamation,
"With general voice of all the nation."
The company were come, when Vulcan hopping,
And for his key in left-ſide pocket groping,
Cries, "'Tis but opening of that door,
"To prove myſelf a Cuckold, her a Whore."
They all deſir'd his leave that they might go;
They were not curious of ſo vile a ſhow:
Perſons concern'd might one another ſee,
And they 'd believe ſince witneſſes were three.
And they, thus prov'd to be ſuch fooliſh elves,
Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themſelves.
Diſcretion covers that which it would blame,
Until ſome ſecret bluſh and hidden ſhame
Have cur'd the fault without the noiſe of fame.
The work is done: and now let Ovid have
Some gratitude attending on his grave;
Th' aſpiring palm, the verdant laurel ſtrow,
And ſweets of myrtle-wreaths around it throw.
In Phyſick's Art as Podalirius ſkill'd,
Neſtor in Court, Achilles in the Field;
As Ajax had in ſingle Combat force,
And as Automedon beſt rul'd the Horſe;
As Chalcas vers'd in Prophecies from Jove;
So Ovid has the Maſterſhip of Love.
The Poet's honour will be much the leſs
Than that which by his means you may poſſeſs
In choice of Beauty's laſting happineſs.
But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
Let this be wrote on the triumphant ſhield,
That ſhe by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.
When Ovid's thoughts in Britiſh ſtyle you ſee,
Which mayn't ſo ſounding as the Roman be;
Yet then admittance grant: 'tis fame to me.

PART XI.

I WHO the art of war to Danaans gave,
Will make Penthefilea's force as brave;
That both, becoming glorious to the fight,
With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' ſhield,
My Amazonian darts ſhall make him yield.
A myrtle-crown with victory attends
Thoſe who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
When Beauty has ſo many arms in ſtore,
(Some men will ſay) why ſhould you give it more?
Tell me who, when Penelope appears
With conſtancy maintain'd for twenty years,
Who can the fair Laodamia ſee
In her Lord's arms expire as well as he:
Can view Alceſtis, who with joy removes
From earth, inſtead of him ſhe ſo much loves;
Can hear of bright Evadne, who, in fires
For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
When Virtue has itſelf a female name,
So Truth, ſo Goodneſs, Piety, and Fame,
Would headſtrong fight, and would not conquer'd be,
Or ſtoop to ſo much generoſity?
'Tis not with ſword, or fire, or ſtrength of bow,
That Female Warriors to their battle go:
They have no ſtratagem, or ſubtile wile;
Their native innocence can n'er beguile.
The Fox's various maze, Bear's cruel den,
They leave to fierceneſs and the craft of men.
'Twas Jaſon that transferr'd his broken vows
From kind Medea to another ſpouſe:
Theſeus left Gnoſſis on the ſands, to be
Prey to the birds, or monſters of the ſea:

Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
Return, and let his Phyllis name the ſhore.
Æneas wreckt, and hoſpitably us'd,
Fam'd for his piety, yet ſtill refus'd
To ſtay where lov'd, but left the dangerous ſword
By which ſhe died to whom he broke his word.
Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
If my inſtructions had not come to late:
For then their art and prudence had retain'd
What firſt victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
Whilſt thus I thought, not without grief to find
Defenceleſs Virtue meet with fate unkind,
Bright Cytherea's ſacred voice did reach
My tingling ears, and thus ſhe bade me teach:
"What had the harmleſs maid deſerv'd from thee?
"Thou haſt given weapons to her enemy;
"Whilſt in the field ſhe muſt defenceleſs ſtand,
"With want of ſkill, and more unable hand.
"Steſichorus, who would no ſubject find
"But harm to maids, was by the Gods ſtruck blind:
"But, when his ſong did with their glories riſe,
"He had his own reſtor'd, to praiſe their eyes.
"Be rul'd by me, and arms defenſive give;
"'Tis by the Ladies' favours you muſt live."
She then one myſtic leaf with berries four
(Pluckt from her myrtle-crown) bade me with ſpeed devour.
I find the power inſpir'd; through purer ſky
My breath diſſolves in verſe, to make young Lovers die.
Here Modeſty and Innocence ſhall learn
How they may truth from flattering ſpeech diſcern.
But come with ſpeed; loſe not the flying day.
See how the crowding waves roll down away,
And neither, though at Love's command, will ſtay.
Theſe waves and time we never can recall;
But, as the minutes paſs, muſt loſe them all.
Nor like what 's paſt are days ſucceeding good,
But ſlide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
Flora, although a Goddeſs, yet does fear
The change that grows with the declining year;
Whilſt gliſtering ſnakes, by caſting off their ſkin,
Freſh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.
The Eagles caſt their bills, the Stag its horn;
But Beauty to that bleſſing is not born.
Thus Nature prompts its uſe to forward Love,
Grac'd by examples of the Powers above.
Endymion pierc'd the chaſte Diana's heart,
And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

PART XII.

A PERSON of ſome quality
Happen'd, they ſay, in Love to be
With one who held him by delay,
Would neither ſay him No or Ay;
Nor would ſhe have him go his way.
This Lady thought it beſt to ſend
For ſome experienc'd truſty friend,
To whom ſhe might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own, and bind his heart;
A Tire-woman by occupation,
A uſeful and a choice vocation.
She ſaw all, heard all, never idle;
Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;
Diverting with a kind of wit,
Aiming at all, would ſometimes hit;
Though in her ſort of rambling way
She many a ſerious truth would ſay.
Thus in much talk among the reſt
The oracle itſelf expreſt:
"I 've heard ſome cry, Well, I profeſs
"There 's nothing to be gain'd by dreſs!
"They might as well ſay that a field,
"Uncultivated, yet would yield
"As good a crop as that which ſkill
"With utmoſt diligence ſhould till;
"Our vintage would be very fine,
"If nobody ſhould prune their vine!
"Good ſhape and air, it is confeſt,
"Is given to ſuch as Heaven has bleſt;
"But all folks have not the ſame graces:
"There is diſtinction in our faces.
"There was a time I 'd not repine
"For any thing amiſs in mine,
"Which, though I ſay it, ſtill ſeems fair
"Thanks to my art as well as care!
"Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore
"Their Fardingale and their Bandore,
"Their Pinners, Forehead-cloth, and R
"Content with their own cloth and ſtuff
"With Hats upon their pates like Hives
"Things might become ſuch Soldiers wi
"Thought their own faces ſtill would la
"In the ſame mould which Nature caſt t
"Dark Paper Buildings then ſtood thick;
"No Palaces of Stone or Brick:
"And then, alas! were no Exchanges:
"But ſee how time and faſhion changes!
"I hate old things and age. I ſee,
"Thank Heaven, times good enough fo
"Your Goldſmiths now are mighty neat
"I love the air of Lombard-ſtreet.
"Whate'er a Ship from India brings,
"Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty th
"The Cabinet, the Screen, the Fan,
"Pleaſe me extremely, if Japan:
"And, what affects me ſtill the more,
"They had none of them heretofore.
"When you 're unmarried, never load y
"With Jewels; they may incommode y
"Lovers mayn't dare approach; but no
"They 'll fear when married you 'll be
"Fine Rings and Lockets beſt are tried,
"When given to you as a Bride.
"In the mean time you ſhew your ſenſe
"By going fine at ſmall expence,
"Sometimes your Hair you upwards furl
"Sometimes lay down in favourite curl:
"All muſt through twenty fiddlings paſs
"Which none can teach you but your gl
"Sometimes they muſt diſhevel'd lie
"On neck of poliſh'd ivory:
"Sometimes with ſtrings of pearl th
"fix'd,
"And the united beauty mix'd;
"Or, when you won't their grace unfold
"Secure them with a bar of gold.

" Humour and fashions change each day;
" Not birds in forests, flowers in May,
" Would sooner number'd be than they.
" There is a sort of negligence,
" Which some esteem as excellence,
" Your art with so much art to hide,
" That nothing of it be descried;
" To make your careless tresses flow
" With so much air, that none should know
" Whether they had been comb'd or no.
" But, in this so neglected Hair,
" Many a Heart has found its share.
" Nature indeed has kindly sent
" Us many things; more we invent;
" Little enough, as I may say,
" To keep our Beauty from decay.
" As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
" Our curling tresses fall with age.
" But then by German herbs we find
" Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
" Sometimes we purchase Hair; and why?
" Is not all *that* our own we buy?
" You buy it publickly, say they:
" Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
" Of French *pomades* the town is full:
" Praise Heaven, no want of Spanish Wool!
" Let them look flusht, let them look dead,
" That can't afford the White and Red.
" In Covent Garden you buy posies,
" There we our Lilies and our Roses.
" Who would a charming Eyebrow lack,
" Who can get any thing that 's black?
" Let not these boxes open lie:
" Some folks are too much given to pry.
" Art not dissembled would disgrace
" The purchas'd beauties of our face:
" This if such persons should discover,
" 'Twould rather lose than gain a Lover.
" Who is there now but understands
" Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
" Though the idea 's not so taking,
" And the skin seems but odd in making,
" Yet, when 'twill with fresh lustre shine,
" Her spark will tell you 'tis divine.
" That Picture there your eye does strike;
" It is the work of great Van Dyck.
" Which by a Roman would be fainted:
" What was 't but canvas till 'twas painted?
" There 's several things should not be known
" O'er these there is a curtain drawn,
" Till 'tis their season to be shown.
" Your door on fit occasions keep
" Fast shut: who knows but you 're asleep?
" When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
" And what else at the toilet lies,
" Are all put on, we 're said to rise.
" There was a Lady whom I knew,
" That must be nameless 'cause 'tis true,
" Who had the dismalest mischance
" I 've heard of since I was in France:
" I do protest, the thoughts of it
" Have almost put me in a fit.
" Old Lady Meanwell's chamber-door,
" Just on the stairs of the first floor,
" Stood open: and pray who should come,
" But Knowall flouncing in the room?
" No single hair upon her head:
" I thought she would have fell down dead.
" At last she found a cap of hair,
" Which she put on with such an air,
" That every lock was out of place,
" And all hung dangling down her face.
" I would not mortify one so,
" Except some twenty that I know.
" Her carelessness and her defect
" Were laid to Mistress Prue's neglect;
" And much ill-nature was betray'd,
" By noise and scolding with the maid.
" The young look on such things as stuff,
" Thinking their bloom has art enough.
" When smooth, we matter it not at all;
" 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we squall.
" But, whate'er 'tis may be pretended,
" No face or shape but may be mended.
" All have our faults, and must abide them,
" We therefore should take care to hide them.
" You 're short; sit still, you 'll taller seem:
" You 're only shorter from the stem.
" By looser garb your leanness is conceal'd;
" By want of stays the grosser shape 's reveal'd.
" The more the blemishes upon the feet,
" The greater care the lace and shoes be neat.
" Some backs and sides are wav'd like billows:
" These holes are best made up with pillows.
" Thick fingers always should command
" Without the stretching out the hand.
" Who has bad teeth should never see
" A play, unless a Tragedy:
" For we can teach you how to simper,
" And when 'tis proper you should whimper.
" Think that your grace and wit is now
" Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
" Let room for something more than breath
" Just shew the ends of milk-white teeth.
" There is a *je n'sai quoi* is found
" In a soft smooth affected sound:
" But there 's a shrieking crying tone,
" Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done:
" And there are some, who laugh like men,
" As ne'er to shut their mouths again;
" So very loud and *mal-propos*,
" They seem like hautboys to a show.
" But now for the reverse: 'tis skill
" To let your tears flow when you will.
" It is of use when people die;
" Or else to have the spleen, and cry,
" Because you have no reason why.
" Now for your talk—Come, let me see:
" Here lose your *H*, here drop your *T*;
" Despise that *R*: your speech is better
" Much for destroying of one letter.
" Now lisp, and have a sort of pride
" To seem as if your tongue were tied:
" This is such a becoming fault,
" Rather than want, it should be taught.
" And now that you have learnt to talk,
" Pray let me see if you can walk.
" There 's many dancing-masters treat
" Of management of ladies feet,

" There 's ſome their mincing gait have choſe,
" Treading without their heel or toes.
" She that reads Taſſo, or Malherbe*,
" Chuſes a ſtep that is *ſuperbe*.
" Some giddy creatures, as if ſhunning
" Something diſlik'd, are always running.
" Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
" As our Life-guard-men, all aſtride.
" But each of theſe have decoration
" According to their affectation.
" That dance is graceful, and will pleaſe,
" Where all the motions glide with eaſe.
" We to the ſkilful theatre
" This ſeeming want of art prefer.
" 'Tis no ſmall art to give direction
" How to ſuit knots to each complexion,
" How to adorn the breaſt and head,
" With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red.
" As the morn riſes, ſo that day
" Wear purple, ſky-colour, or grey:
" Your black at Lent, your green in May;
" Your ſilamot when leaves decay.
" All colours in the ſummer ſhine:
" The nymphs ſhould be like gardens fine.
" It is the faſhion now-a-days,
" That almoſt every Lady plays.
" Baſſet and Piquet grow to be
" The ſubject of our Comedy:
" But whether we diverſion ſeek
" In theſe, in Comet, or in Gleek,
" Or Ombre, where true judgement can
" Diſcloſe the ſentiments of man;
" Let 's have a care how we diſcover,
" Eſpecially before a Lover,
" Some paſſions which we ſhould conceal,
" But heats of play too oft' reveal;
" For, be the matter ſmall or great,
" There 's like abhorrence for a cheat.
" There 's nothing ſpoils a Woman's graces
" Like peeviſhneſs and making faces:
" Then angry words and rude diſcourſe,
" You may be ſure, become them worſe.
" With hopes of gain when we 're beſet,
" We do too commonly forget
" Such guards as ſcreen us from thoſe eyes
" Which may obſerve us, and deſpiſe.
" I 'd burn the cards, rather than know
" Of any of my friends did ſo:
" I 've heard of ſome ſuch things; but I,
" Thanks to my ſtars, was never by.
" Thus we may paſs our time: the men
" A thouſand ways divert their ſpleen,
" Whilſt we ſit peeviſhly within;
" Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
" Fuddling, ſwimming, fencing, ſmoaking;
" And little thinking how poor we
" Muſt vent our ſcandal o'er our tea,

" I ſee no reaſon but we may
" Be briſk, and equally as gay.
" Whene'er our Gentlemen would range,
" We 'll take our chariot for the 'Change:
" If they 're diſpoſing for the Play,
" We 'll haſten to the Opera:
" Or when they 'll luſtily carouſe,
" We 'll ſurely to the Indian Houſe:
" And at ſuch coſt whilſt thus we roam,
" For cheapneſs ſake they 'll ſtay at home.
" Few wife men's thoughts e'er yet ſue
" ſued
" That which their eyes had never view'd:
" And ſo our never being ſeen
" Is the ſame thing as not t' have been.
" Grandeur itſelf and Poverty
" Were equal if no witneſs by:
" And they who always ſing alone
" Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
" Had Danae been ſhut up ſtill,
" She 'd been a Maid againſt her will,
" And might have grown prodigious old,
" And never had her ſtory told.
" 'Tis fit fair Maids ſhould run a-gadding,
" To ſet the amorous Beaux a-madding.
" To many a Sheep the Wolf has gone
" Ere it can neatly ſeize on one;
" And many a Partridge ſcapes away
" Before the Hawk can pounce its prey:
" And ſo, if pretty Damſels rove,
" They 'll find out *one* perhaps may love;
" If they no diligence will ſpare,
" And in their dreſſing ſtill take care.
" The Fiſher baits his hook all night,
" In hopes by chance ſome Eel may bite.
" Each with their different grace appears,
" Virgins with bluſh, Widows with tears,
" Which gain new Huſbands tender-hearted,
" To think how ſuch a couple parted.
" But then there are ſome foppiſh Beaux
" Like us in all things but their cloaths;
" That we may ſeem the more robuſt,
" And fitteſt to accoſt them firſt:
" With powder, paint, falſe locks, and hair,
" They give themſelves a female air;
" Who, having all their tale by rote,
" And harping ſtill on the ſame note,
" Will tell us that, and nothing more
" Than what a thouſand heard before.
" Though they all marks of Love pretend,
" There 's nothing which they leſs intend:
" And, 'midſt a thouſand hideous oaths,
" With jewels falſe and borrow'd cloaths,
" Our eaſineſs may give belief
" To one that is an errant thief."
The ſpark was coming; ſhe, undreſt,
Scuttles away as if poſſeſt.
The Governeſs cries, " Where d'ye run?"
" Why, Madam, I 've but juſt begun."
She bawls; the other nothing hears,
But leaves her prattling to the chairs.
Virtue, without theſe little arts,
At firſt ſubdues, then keeps, our hearts:
And though more gracefully it ſhows
When it from lovely perſons flows;

* By the manner in which Taſſo and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they ſeem not to have been the moſt faſhionable authors of that age. Our author has tranſlated what he calls " an admirable Ode of Malherbe." N.

Yet often Goodneſs moſt prevails,
When Beauty in perfection fails.
Though every feature mayn't be well,
Yet all together may excel.
There 's nothing but will eaſy prove,
When all the reſt 's made up by Love.

PART XIII.

VIRGINS ſhould not unſkill'd in Muſic be;
r what 's more like themſelves than Harmony?
t not Vice uſe it only to betray,
Syrens by their Songs entice their prey.
t it with ſenſe, with voice, and beauty join,
ateful to eyes and ear, and to the Mind Divine:
r there 's a double grace when pleaſing ſtrings
e touch'd by her that more delightful ſings.
us Orpheus did the rage of deſerts quell,
d charm'd the monſtrous inſtruments of Hell.
w walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
uilſt to the work officious marble ran.
us with his harp and voice Arion rode
the mute Fiſh ſafe through the rolling flood.
Nor are the eſſays of the Female wit
ſ charming in the verſes they have writ.
m ancient ages, Love has found the way
baſhful thoughts by Letters to convey;
ich ſometimes run in ſuch engaging ſtrain,
at pity makes the Fair write back again.
at 's thus intended, ſome ſmall time delay:
paſſion ſtrengthens rather by our ſtay.
en with a cautious wit your pen with-hold,
ſt a too free expreſſion make him bold.
ate a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
d in reproof let tenderneſs appear.
he deſerves it, give him hopes of life:
ruel Miſtreſs makes a froward Wife.
eſt not foreign words: Love will impart
gentle ſtyle more excellent than art.
rea's * lines flow on with ſo much eaſe,
at ſhe who writes like them muſt ſurely pleaſe.
nda's † works, with courtly graces ſtor'd,
e ſenſe in nice expreſſions will afford:

Whilſt Chudleigh's ‡ words ſeraphic thoughts expreſs
In lofty grandeur, but without exceſs.
Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound,
But it muſt pierce us with Poetic ſound;
Whilſt Phœbus ſuffers female powers to tear
Wreaths from his Daphne, which they juſtly wear!
If greater things to leſſer we compare,
The ſkill of Love is like the art of war.
The General ſays, "Let him the Horſe command:
"You by that Enſign, you that Cannon ſtand:
"Where danger calls, let t'other bring ſupplies."
With pleaſure all obey, in hopes to riſe.
So, if you have a ſervant ſkill'd in Laws,
Send him with moving ſpeech to plead your cauſe.
He that has native unaffected voice,
In ſinging what you bid him, will rejoice.
And wealth, as beauty orders it beſtow'd,
Would make ev'n Miſers in expences proud.
But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
The moſt ſuſceptible of Lovers' ſmarts,
And, like their God, ſo they feel Cupid's darts:
The Gods and Kings are by their labours prais'd;
And they again by them to honour rais'd:
For none to Heaven or Majeſty expreſt
Their duty well, but in return were bleſt.
Nor did the mighty Scipio think it ſcorn,
That Ennius, in Calabrian mountains born,
His wars, retirements, councils, ſhould attend,
In all diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Friend.
He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
Without conſulting Homer never ſlept.
The Poet's cares all terminate in fame;
As they obtain, they give, a laſting name.
Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia riſe,
And Berenice's hair adorns the ſkies.
The ſacred Bard no treacherous craft diſplays,
But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays.
Far from Ambition and Wealth's ſordid care,
In him good-nature and content appear:
And far from Courts, from ſtudious parties free,
He ſighs forth Laura's charms beneath ſome tree;
Deſpairing of the valued prize he loves,
Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.
Poets have quick deſire and paſſion ſtrong;
Where once it lights, there it continues long.
They know that Truth is the perpetual band,
By which the world and heaven of Love muſt ſtand.

A name aſſumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady ll known in the gay and poetical world in the ntious reign of King Charles II. She was thoreſs of ſeventeen Plays, two volumes of vels, ſeveral Tranſlations, and many Poems. N.

The poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, born in London 1631; was married to James ilips, of the Priory of Cardigan, eſq. about year 1647; and died in Fleet-ſtreet, in the nth of June 1664. Her poems have been eral times printed. She was alſo the writer of olume of Letters, publiſhed many years after death, to Sir Charles Cotterel, intituled, "Letſ from Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been nired.—Mrs. Philips was as much famed for friendſhip, as for her poetry; and had the od fortune to be equally eſteemed by the beſt poet and the beſt divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addreſſed his diſcourſe "on the nature "and effects of friendſhip" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an elegant Ode preſerved amongſt his Works. N.

* This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winſlade, in the county of Devon, eſq. She was born in the year 1656; became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, of Aſhton, in the ſame county, bart.; and died Dec. 15, 1710. Her Poems were twice printed in her lifetime in one volume, 8vo. the ſecond edition in 1709. She alſo publiſhed a volume of Eſſays upon ſeveral ſubjects in Proſe and Verſe, 1710. N.

The Poet's art ſoftens their tempers ſo,
That manners eaſy as their verſes flow.
Oh could they but juſt retribution find,
And as themſelves what they adore be kind!
In vain they boaſt of their celeſtial fire,
Whilſt there remains a Heaven to which they can't aſpire!
Apelles firſt brought Venus to our view,
With blooming charms and graces ever new,
Who elſe unknown to mortals might remain,
Hid in the caverns of her native main:
And with the Painter now the Poets join
To make the Mother and her Boy divine.
Therefore attend, and from their muſick learn
That which their minds inſpir'd could beſt diſcern.
Firſt ſee how Sidney, then how Cowley mov'd,
And with what art it was that Waller lov'd.
Forget not Dorſet, in whoſe generous mind
Love, ſenſe, wit, honour, every grace combin'd;
And if for me you one kind wiſh would ſpare,
Anſwer a Poet to his friendly prayer.
Take Stepney's verſe, with candour ever bleſt;
For Love will there ſtill with his aſhes reſt.
There let warm ſpice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlaſting ſweets perfume his urn.
Not that the living Muſe is to be ſcorn'd:
Britain with equal worth is ſtill adorn'd.
See Halifax, where ſenſe and honour mixt
Upon the merits juſt reward have fixt:
And read their works who, writing in his praiſe,
To their own verſe immortal laurels raiſe.
Learn Prior's lines; for they can teach you more
Than ſacred Ben, or Spenſer, did before:
And mark him well that uncouth Phyſick's art
Can in the ſofteſt tune of Wit impart.
See Paſtorella o'er Florello's grave,
See Tamerlane make Bajazet his ſlave;
And Phædra with her ancient vigour rave.
Through Rapin's nurſeries and gardens walk,
And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous colours talk.
Pomona ſee with Milton's grandeur riſe,
The moſt delicious fruit of Paradiſe,
With Apples might the firſt-born man deceive,
And more perſuaſive voice than tempting Eve,
Not to confine you here; for many more
Britain's luxuriant wealth has ſtill in ſtore,
Whom would I number up, I muſt outrun
The longeſt courſe of the laborious ſun.

PART XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance ſhould be;
They always candid, and the other free:
But, when our mind by anger is poſſeſt,
Our noble manhood is transform'd to beaſt.
No feature then its wonted grace retains,
When the blood blackens in the ſwelling veins:
The eye hails ſhot out fiery darts, would kill
Th' oppoſer, if the Gorgon had its will.
When Pallas in a river ſaw the flute
Deform'd her cheeks, ſhe let the reed be mute.
Anger no more will mortify the face,
Which in that paſſion once conſults her glaſs.
Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment ſeiz'd
But ever reſt ſerene, and ever pleas'd.
A dark and ſullen brow ſeems to reprove
The firſt advances that are made to Love,
To which there 's nothing more averſe than pride.
Men without ſpeaking often are denied:
And a diſdainful look too oft' reveals
Thoſe ſeeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.
When eyes meet eyes, and ſmiles to ſmiles return,
'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,
And by their mutual paſſion ſoon will know
That all are darts, and ſhot from Cupid's bow.
But, when ſome lovely form does ſtrike your eyes,
Be cautious ſtill how you admit ſurprize.
What you would love, with quick diſcretion view:
The object may deceive by being new.
You may ſubmit to a too haſty fate,
And would ſhake off the yoke when 'tis too late:
We often into our deſtruction ſink,
By not allowing time enough to think.
Reſiſt at firſt: for help in vain we pray,
When ills have gain'd full ſtrength by long delay.
Be ſpeedy; leſt perhaps the growing hour
Put what is now within, beyond our power.
Love, as a fire in cities finds increaſe,
Proceeds, and till the whole 's deſtroy'd won't ceaſe,
It with allurements does, like rivers, riſe
From little ſprings, enlarg'd by vaſt ſupplies.
Had Mirrha kept this guard, ſhe had not ſtood
A monumental crime in weeping wood.
Becauſe that Love is pleaſing in its pain,
We not without reluctance health obtain.
Phyſick may tarry till to-morrow's ſun,
Whilſt the cure'd poiſons through the vitals run.
The tree not to be ſhook has pierc'd the ground,
And death muſt follow the neglected wound.
O'er different ages Love bears different ſway,
Takes various turns to make all ſorts obey.
The Colt unback'd we ſooth with gentle trace;
We feed the Runner deſtin'd for the race;
And 'tis with time and maſters we prepare
The manag'd Courſers ruſhing to the war.
Ambitious Youth will have ſome ſparks of pride,
And not without impatience be denied.
If to his Love a Rival you afford,
You then preſent a trial for his ſword:
His eager warmth diſdains to be perplext,
And rambles to the beauty that is next.
Maturer years proceed with care and ſenſe,
And, as they ſeldom give, ſo ſeldom take offence:
For he that knows reſiſtance is in vain,
Knows likewiſe ſtruggling will increaſe his pain.
Like wood that 's lately cut in Paphian Grove,
Time makes him a fit ſacrifice for Love.
By ſlow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
Till perſeverance makes the flame aſpire.
This Love 's more ſure, the other is more gay;
But then he roves, whilſt this is forc'd to ſtay.
There are ſome tempers which you muſt oblige,
Not by a quick ſurrender, but a ſiege;
That moſt are pleas'd, when driven to deſpair
By what they 're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.
They think, unleſs their uſage has been hard,
Their conqueſt loſes part of its reward.

Thus ſome raiſe ſpleen from their abounding wealth,
And, clog'd with ſweets, from acids ſeek their health.
And many a boat does its deſtruction find
By having ſcanty ſails, too full of wind.
Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?
Is it not folly to afford
Our enemy a naked ſword?
Yet 'tis my weakneſs to confeſs
What puts men often in diſtreſs:
But then it is ſuch Beaux * as be
Poſſeſt with ſo much vanity,
To think that whereſoe'er they turn,
Whoever looks on them muſt burn.
What they deſire they think is true,
With ſmall encouragement from you.
They will a ſingle look improve,
And take civilities for love.
"We all expected you at play:
"Was't not a Miſtreſs made you ſtay?"
The Beau is fir'd, cries, "Now I find
"I out of pity muſt be kind:
"She ſigh'd, impatient till I came."
Thus, ſoaring to the lively flame,
We ſee the vain ambitious Fly
Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.
Both ſexes have their jealouſy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a ſudden vent to grief,
Occaſion'd by ſome perſons lying,
To ſet an eaſy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy caſe.
There is a Mount, Hymettus ſtyl'd,
Where Pinks and Roſemary are wild,
Where Strawberries and Myrtles grow,
And Violets make a purple ſhow;
Where the ſweet Bays and Laurel ſhine,
All ſhaded by the lofty Pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who Hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,
And all his duſty labour done,
In the meridian of the ſun,
Into ſome ſecret hedge would creep,
And ſing, and hum himſelf aſleep.
But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for ſome cooler cry;
"O now, if ſome
"Cooler would come!
"Deareſt, rareſt,
"Lovelieſt, faireſt,
"Cooler, come!
"Oh, AIR,
"Freſh and rare;
"Deareſt, rareſt,
"Lovelieſt, faireſt,
"Cooler, come; Cooler come; Cooler, come!"
A Woman, that had heard him ſing,
Soon had her malice on the wing:
For Females uſually don't want
A Fellow-goſſip that will cant;
Who ſtill is pleas'd with others ails,
And therefore carries ſpiteful tales.
She thought that ſhe might raiſe ſome ſtrife
By telling ſomething to his Wife:
That once upon a time ſhe ſtood
In ſuch a place, in ſuch a wood,
On ſuch a day, and ſuch a year,
There did, at leaſt there did appear
('Cauſe for the world ſhe would not lye;
As ſhe muſt tell her by the bye)
Her Huſband; firſt more loudly bauling,
And afterwards more ſoftly calling
A perſon not of the beſt fame,
And Miſtreſs Cooler was her name.
"Now, Goſſip, why ſhould ſhe come thither?
"But that they might be naught together?"
When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,
And though her heart within her burn'd,
And eyeballs ſent forth ſudden flaſhes,
Her cheeks and lips were pale as aſhes.
Then, "Woe the day that ſhe was born!"
The nightrail innocent was torn:
Many a thump was given the breaſt,
"And ſhe, oh, ſhe ſhould never reſt!
"She ſtrait would heigh her to the wood,
"And he 'd repent it—that he ſhould."
With eager haſte away ſhe moves,
Never regarding ſcarf or gloves:
Into the grotto ſoon ſhe creeps,
And into every thicket peeps,
And to her eyes there did appear
Two prints of bodies—that was clear:
"And now (ſhe cries) I plainly ſee
"How time and place, and all agree:
"But here 's a covert, where I 'll lie,
"And I ſhall have them by and by."
'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as laſt time,
Heated and ruffled with his paſtime,
Came to the very ſelf-ſame place
Where he was us'd to waſh his face:
And then he ſung, and then he hum'd,
And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.
When Criſſy found all matters fair,
And that he only wanted Air,
Saw what device was took to fool her,
And no ſuch one as Miſtreſs Cooler;
Miſtruſting then no future harms,
She would have ruſh'd into his arms;
But, as the leaves began to ruſtle,
He thought ſome beaſt had made the buſtle.
He ſhot, then cried, "I 've kill'd my Deer."
"Ay, ſo you have," (ſays Cris) "I fear."—
"Why, Criſſy, pray what made you here?"
"By Goſſip Trot, I underſtood
"You kept a ſmall Girl in this wood."
Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt die
"For this thy fooliſh jealouſy:

* It is obvious that this word conveys at preſent very different idea from its original ſignification; which was plainly that of *an accompliſhed gentleman.* E.

" For 'tis a paſſion that does move
" Too often from exceſs of love."
But, when they fought for wound full ſore,
The petticoat was only tore,
And ſhe had got a luſty thump,
Which in ſome meaſure bruis'd her rump.
Then home moſt lovingly they went:
Neither had reaſon to repent.
Their following years paſs'd in content;
And Criſſy made him the beſt wife
For the remainder of his life.
The Muſe has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
Leſt ſhe, by being tedious, ſhould be rude.
Unbrace Love's ſwans, let them unharneſs'd ſtray,
And eat Ambroſia through the milky way.
Give liberty to every Paphian Dove,
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.
But, when the Amazonian trophies riſe
With monuments of their paſt victories;
With what diſcretion and what art they fought;
Let them record, " They were by OVID taught."

AN

INCOMPARABLE ODE OF MALHERBE's*,

WRITTEN BY HIM WHEN THE MARRIAGE WAS ON FOOT BETWEEN THE KING OF FRANCE† AND ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

Cette Anne ſi belle,
Qu'on vante ſi fort,
Pourquoy ne vient elle?
Vrayment, elle a tort!
Son Louis ſoûpire
Apres ſes appas:
Que veut elle dire,
Que elle ne vient pas?
Si il ne la poſſéde,
Il s'en va mourir;
Donnons y remède,
Allons la querir.

Tranſlated by a great Admirer of the Eaſineſs of French Poetry.

This Anna ſo fair,
So talk'd of by fame,
Why don't ſhe appear?
Indeed, ſhe 's to blame!
Lewis ſighs for the ſake
Of her charms, as they ſay;
What excuſe can ſhe make
For not coming away?
If he does not poſſeſs,
He dies with deſpair;
Let 's give him redreſs,
And go find out the Fair.

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* The Tranſlator propoſed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactneſs; and he hopes he has been pretty juſt to Malherbe: only in the ſixth line he has made a ſmall addition of three words, " as they ſay;" which he thinks excuſeable, if we conſider the French Poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's paſſion, as if the king himſelf had owned it to him. The Tranſlator thinks it more mannerly and reſpectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearſay. KING.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE FURMETARY;

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM*,

IN THREE CANTO'S.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1699.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applauſe of the town: but he wholly diſowns it; for he writes only for the ublic good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well nown, that *grave Senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreſhed themſelves with arley-broth in a morning, which has had a very ſolid influence on their counſels; it therefore hoped that other perſons may uſe it with the like ſucceſs. No man can : ignorant, how of late years Coffee and Tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, Cold /aters have obtained their commendation; and Wells are ſprung up from Acton to lington, and croſs the water to Lambeth. Theſe liquors have ſeveral eminent cham- ons of all profeſſions. But there have not been wanting perſons, in all ages, that ive ſhewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as Water-gruel, ilk-porridge, Rice-milk, and eſpecially Furmetry both with Plums and without. To is end, ſeveral worthy perſons have encouraged the eating ſuch wholeſome diet in the orning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have deſired ſeveral Matrons to and at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted aces in the City, eſpecially at Fleet-ditch; there to *diſpenſe* Furmetry to labouring :ople, and the poor, at reaſonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a diſh, hich is not dear, the plums being conſidered.

The places are generally ſtyled Furmetaries, becauſe that food has got the general teem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the moſt remarkable, and therefore have ſtyled it, "The Furmetary;" and could eaſily have had a certificate of the efulneſs of this Furmetary, ſigned by ſeveral eminent Carmen, Gardeners, Journey- en-taylors, and Baſket-women, who have promiſed to contribute to the maintenance the ſame, in caſe the Coffee-houſes ſhould proceed to oppoſe it.

I have thought this a very proper ſubject for an Heroic Poem; and endeavoured to : as ſmooth in my verſe, and as inoffenſive in my characters, as was poſſible. It is my ıſe with Lucretius, that I write upon a ſubject not treated of by the Ancients. But, the greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I ſtand upon my own legs, without any ſup- ort from abroad. I therefore ſhall have more occaſion for the Reader's favour, who, om the kind acceptance of this, may expect the deſcription of other Furmetaries out this City, from his moſt humble ſervant,

AND PER SE AND.

* Written to pleaſe a Gentleman who thought nothing ſmooth or lofty could be written upon a ean ſubject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Diſpenſary," which has ſervedly gained a laſting reputation. KING.

THE FURMETARY.

IN THREE CANTO'S.

CANTO I.

NO sooner did the grey-ey'd Morning peep,
And yawning mortals stretch themselves from sleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly past,
And basket-women did to Market haste;
The Watchmen were but just returning home,
To give the thieves more liberty to roam;
When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
A stately pile was offer'd to the sight;
Three spacious doors let passengers go through,
And distant stones did terminate their view:
Just here, as ancient Poets sing, there stood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland stone,
Each side supported by a god-like son *:
But, underneath, all the three heroes shine,
In living colours, drawn upon a sign,
Which shews the way to Ale, but not to Wine.
Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
Where many mortals curse their cruel stars,
When brought by Usurers into distress,
For having little still must live on less:
Stern Avarice there keeps the relentless door,
And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
Hence Hunger rises, dismally he stalks,
And takes each single prisoner in his walks:
This duty done, the meagre monster stares,
Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:
" Thou, Goddess Famine, that canst send us blights,
" With parching heat by day, and storm by nights,
" Assist me now: so may all lands be thine,
" And shoals of orphans at thy altars pine!
" Long may thy reign continue on each shore,
" Where-ever Peace and Plenty reign'd before!
" I must confess, that to thy gracious hand
" I widows owe, that are at my command;
" I joy to hear their numerous children's cries;
" And bless thy power, to find they 've no supplies.
" I thank thee for those Martyrs, who would flee
" From superstitious rites and tyranny,
" And find their fullness of reward in me.
" But 'tis with much humility I own,
" That generous favour you have lately shown,
" When men, that bravely have their country serv'd,
" Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd
" And are preferred to me, and shall be starv'd.
" I can, but with regret, I can despise
" Innumerable of the London cries,
" When Pease, and Mackarel, with their lasher found,
" The tender organs of my ears confound;
" But that which makes my projects all miscarry,
" Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
" Not far from hence, just by the Bridge of Fleet,
" With Spoons and Porringers, and Napkins neat,
" A faithless Syren does entice the smell,
" By fumes of viands, which she does dispense
" To mortal stomachs, for rewarding pence;
" Whilst each man's earliest thoughts were banish me,
" Who have no other oracle but thee."

CANTO II.

WHILST such-like prayers keen Hunger would advance,
Fainting and weakness threw him in a trance:
Famine took pity on her careful slave,
And kindly to him this assistance gave.
She took the figure of a thin parch'd Maid,
Who many years had for a Husband staid;
And, coming near to Hunger, thus she said:
" My darling son, whilst Peace and Plenty smile,
" And Happiness would over-run this Isle,
" I joy to see, by this thy present care,
" I 've still some friends remaining from the war:
" In spite of us, A does on Venison feast,
" And Bread and Butter is for B decreed;
" C D combines with E F 's generous soul,
" To pass their minutes with the sparkling bowl.
" H I 's good-nature, from his endless store,
" Is still conferring blessings on the poor,
" For none, except 'tis K, regards them less.
" L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great.
" And squanders half his substance in a treat.
" Nice eating by R, S, is understood,
" T's supper, though but little, yet is good.
" U's conversation 's equal to his wine.
" You sup with W, whene'er you dine.
" X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd,
" Ramble to the next Eating-house they find;

* As Dr. King's description of Ludgate, though familiar to the present age, will be less intelligible to the rising generation, it may not be improper to observe, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has ascribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its situation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it.—So early as 1373, Ludgate was constituted a prison for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by Sir Stephen Forster, who, after having been himself confined there, became lord mayor of London, and established several benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above described by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the statue of Queen Elizabeth on the West front, and those of the pretended King Lud and his two sons on the East. This was pulled down in 1760, and the statue of Elizabeth placed against the church of St. Dunstan in the West. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouse in Bishopsgate-street. N.

Pleasant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
Sometimes with musick, and sometimes with " play,
Prolong their pleasures till th' approaching day.
AND PER SE AND alone, as Poets use,
The starving dictates of my rules pursues;
No swinging coachman does afore him shine,
Nor has he any constant place to dine,
But all his notions of a meal are mine.
Haste, haste, to him, a blessing give from me,
And bid him write sharp things on FURMETRY.
But I would have thee to Coffedro go,
And let Tobacco too thy business know;
With famous Teedrums in this case advise,
Rely on Sagoe, who is always wise.
Amidst such counsel, banish all despair;
Trust me, you shall succeed in this affair:
That project which they FURMETARY call,
Before next Breakfast-time shall surely fall!"
This said, she quickly vanish'd in a wind
d long within her body been confin'd.
us Hercules, when he his mistress found,
on knew her by her scent, and by her sound.

CANTO III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the blest command,
at FURMETARY should no longer stand;
ith speed he to Coffedro's mansion flies,
id bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly rise.
" Arise, my friend; for upon thee do wait
Dismal events and prodigies of Fate!
'Tis break of day, thy footy broth prepare,
And all thy other liquors for a war:
Rouse up Tobacco, whose delicious sight,
Illuminated round with beams of light,
To my impatient mind will cause delight.
How will he conquer nostrils that presume
To stand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
Let handsome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
For he has courage in the midst of charms:
Sagoe with counsel fills his wakeful brains,
But then his wisdom countervails his pains;
'Tis he shall be your guide, he shall effect
That glorious conquest which we all expect.
The brave Hectorvus shall command this " force;
He 'll meet Tubcarrio's Foot, or, which is " worse,
Oppose the fury of Carmanniel's Horse.
For his reward, this he shall have each day,
Drink Coffee, then strut out, and never pay."
it was not long ere the Grandees were met,
nd round *news-papers* in full order set.
en Sagoe, rising, said, " I hope you hear
Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
Our great design admits of no delay,
Famine commands, and we must all obey:
That Syren which does FURMETARY keep
Long since is risen from the bands of sleep;
Her Spoons and Porringers, with art display'd,
Many of Hunger's subjects have betray'd."
" To arms," Hectorvus cried: " Coffedro " stout,
Issue forth liquor from thy scalding spout!"

Great One-and all-i gives the first alarms;
Then each man snatches up offensive arms.
To Ditch of Fleet courageously they run,
Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
Hectorvus first Tubcarrio does attack,
And by surprize soon lays him on his back;
Thirsto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
Soon overthrow two magazines of Beer.
The innocent Syrena little thought
That all these arms against herself were brought;
Nor that in her defence the drink was spilt:
How could she fear, that never yet knew guilt?
Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plums,
She does *dispense* (with gold upon her thumbs):
Virgins and Youths around her stood; she sate,
Environ'd with a Wooden-chair of state.
In the mean time, Tobacco strives to vex
A numerous squadron of the tender sex;
What with strong smoak, and with his stronger breath,
He sunks Basketia and her son to death.
Coffedro men, with Teedrums and the band
Who carried scalding liquors in their hand,
Throw watery ammunition in their eyes;
On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
Carmannio straight drives up a bulwark strong,
And horse opposes to Coffedro's throng.
Coledrivio stands for bright Syrena's guard,
And all her rallied Forces are prepar'd;
Carmannio then to Teedrum's squadron makes,
And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
Not Teedrums' arts Carmannio could beseech,
But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
Syrena, though surpriz'd, resolv'd to be
The great Bonduca of her FURMETRY:
Before her throne courageously she stands,
Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
The numerous Plums like hail-shot flew about,
And Plenty soon dispers'd the *meagre* rout.
So have I seen, at Fair that 's nam'd from Horn,
Many a Ladle's blow by Prentice borne;
In vain he strives their passions to assuage,
With threats would frighten, with soft words engage;
Until, through Milky gauntlet soundly beat,
His prudent heels secure a quick retreat.
" Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
" Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere ve- " tustas!"

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN*.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

I.

MOUNTOWN†! thou sweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy Apples and thy Pears;

* It was taken for a State Poem, and to have many mysteries in it; though it was only made, as well as " Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diversion. KING.

† A pleasant villa to the South of Dublin, near the sea.

" E'en go to Hell yourſelf, and try
" Th' effect of Muſick's harmony;
" For you will hardly find a friend,
" Whom you in ſuch a caſe might ſend:
" Beſides, their Proſerpine has been
" The briſkeſt dancer on the green,
" Before old Pluto raviſh'd her,
" Took her to Hell—and you may ſwear,
" She had but little Muſick there;
" For, ſince ſhe laſt beheld the ſun,
" Her merry dancing days are done:
" She has a colt's-tooth ſtill, I warrant,
" And will not diſapprove your errand.
" Then your requeſt does reaſon ſeem,
" For what 's one ſingle ghoſt to them?
" Though thouſand *phantoms* ſhould invade ye,
" Paſs on—Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady!
" The bold a way will find, or make;
" Remember, 'tis for Dicé's ſake."
Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half ſo well,
As news that he muſt go to Hell
Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
As moſt folks ſeek their own undoing;
Ne'er thought of what he left behind;
Never conſider'd he ſhould find
Scarce any paſſenger beſide
Himſelf, nor could he hire a guide.
" Will Muſick do 't?" cried he. " Ne'er
" heed:
" My harp ſhall make the marble bleed;
" My harp all dangers ſhall remove,
" And dare all flames, but thoſe of Love."
Then kneeling begs, in terms moſt civil,
Urganda's paſſport to the Devil.
Her paſs ſhe kindly to him gave,
Then bade him 'noint himſelf with ſalve;
Such as thoſe hardy people uſe,
Who walk on fire without their ſhoes,
Who, on occaſion, in a dark hole,
Can gormandize on lighted Charcoal,
And drink eight quarts of flaming Fuel,
As men in flux do Water-gruel.
She bade him then go to theſe caves,
Where Conjurers keep Fairy ſlaves,
Such ſort of creatures as will baſte ye
A Kitchen-wench, for being naſty,
But, if ſhe neatly ſcour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t' her.
Orpheus went down a narrow hole,
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length ſome glimmering ſpy,
By which, at leaſt, he might deſcry
Ten thouſand little Fairy elves,
Who there were ſolacing themſelves.
All ran about him, cried, " Oh, dear!
" Who thought to have ſeen Orpheus here?
" 'Tis that Queen's birth-day which you ſee,
" And you are come as luckily:
" You had no Ballad but we bought it,
" Paid Dicé when ſhe little thought it;
" When you beneath the yew tree ſat,
" We 've come, and all danc'd round your
" Hat;
" But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
" She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."

" Theſe little chits would make one ſ
Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt diſdain and fear.
" And dare theſe Urchins jeer my croſſe
" And laugh at mine and Dicé's loſſes?
" Hands off—the monkeys hold the faſt
" Sirrahs, I 'm going to your Maſter"
" Good words," quoth Oberon: " doo
" For, every time you ſtir, I 'll pinch;
" But, if you decently ſit down,
" I 'll firſt equip you with a crown;
" Then for each dance, and for each ſon
" Our pence apiece the whole night long
Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of neceſſity;
Though all was out of tune, their dance
Would only hinder his advance.
Each note that from his finger fell
Seem'd to be Dicé's paſſing-bell;
At laſt, night let him eaſe his crupper,
Get on his legs, to go to ſupper.
Quoth Nab, " We here have ſtrangers
" But, Sir, to what we have you 're w
" Madam, they ſeem of light digeſtio
" Is it not rude to aſk a queſtion,
" What they may be, fiſh, fleſh, or fruit
" For I ne'er ſaw things ſo minute."

" SIR,
" A roaſted ant, that 's nicely done,
" By one ſmall atom of the ſun.
" Theſe are flies' eggs, in moon-ſhine p
" This a flea's thigh in collops ſcotch'd,
" 'Twas hunted yeſterday i' th' Park,
" And like t' have 'ſcap'd us in the dark.
" This is a diſh entirely new,
" Butterflies' brains diſſolv'd in dew;
" Theſe lovers' vows, theſe courtiers' he
" Things to be eat by microſcopes;
" Theſe ſucking mites, a glow-worm's h
" This a delicious rainbow-tart!"
" Madam, I find, they 're very nice,
" And will digeſt within a trice;
" I ſee there's nothing you eſteem,
" That 's half ſo groſs as our whipt-crea
" And I infer, from all theſe meats,
" That ſuch light ſuppers keep clean ſhee
" But, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " perhaps you 're
Then, ſpeaking to a Fairy by,
" You 've taken care, my dear Endia,
" All 's ready for my Ratifia."

" SIR,
" A drop of water, newly torn
" Freſh from the roſy finger'd Morn;
" A pearl of milk, that 's gently preſt
" From blooming Hebe's early breaſt;
" With half a one of Cupid's tears,
" When he in em[illegible]yo firſt appears;
" And honey from an infant bee:
" Makes liquor for the Gods and Me"
" Madam," ſays he, " an 't pleaſe your
" I 'm going to a droughty place;
" And, if I an't too bold, pray charge he
" The draught I have he ſomewhat larger
" Fetch me," ſaid ſhe, " a mighty bow
" Like Oberon's capacious ſoul,

" And then fill up the burnish'd gold
" With juice that makes the Britons bold,
" This from seven barley-corns I drew,
" Its years are seven, and to the view
" 'Tis clear, and sparkles fit for you.
" But stay—
" When I by Fate was last time hurl'd,
" To act my pranks in t' other world,
" I saw some sparks as they were drinking,
" With mighty mirth and little thinking,
" Their jests were *supernaculum*,
" I snatch'd the rubies from each thumb,
" And in this crystal have them here,
" Perhaps you 'll like it more than Beer."
Wine and late hours dissolv'd the feast,
And Men and Fairies went to rest.
The bed where Orpheus was to lie
Was all stuff'd full of Harmony:
Purling streams and amorous rills,
Dying sound that never kills,
Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,
Joy to slumber soft inviting.
Trembling sounds that make no noise,
And songs to please without a voice,
Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a Swan for love.
'Twas night, and Nature's self lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather bed;
The mountains seem'd to bend their tops,
And shutters clos'd the millinery' shops,
Excluding both the punks and sops,
No ruffled streams to mill do come,
The silent fish were still more dumb;
Look in the chimney, not a spark there,
And darkness did itself grow darker.
But Orpheus could not sleep a wink,
He had too many things to think:
But, in the dark, his harp he strung,
And to the listening Fairies sung.
Prince Prim, who pitied so much youth
Join'd with such constancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to understand;
" Sir, I last night receiv'd command
" To see you out of Fairy Land,
" Into the Realm of Nosnotbocai;
" But let not fear of sulphur choak ye;
" For he 's a Fiend of sense and wit,
" And has got many rooms to lett."
As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpse,
Out walk the Fidler and the Prince.
They soon arrive; find Bocai brewing
Of Claret for a Vintner's stewing.
" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.
" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai: " what from him?"
" Why, something strange; this honest man
" Had his wife died; now, if he can,
" He says, he 'd have her back again."
Then Bocai, smiling, cried, " You see,
" Orpheus, you 'd better stay with me,
" For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
" Although it has an ugly face,
" If to its value it were sold,
" Is worth ten thousand ton of gold;
" And very famous in all story,
" Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
" For, when some ages shall have run,
" And Truth by Falsehood be undone
" Shall rise the Whore of Babylon;
" And this same Whore shall be a Man,
" Who, by his lies and cheating, can
" Be such a trader in all evil,
" As to outdo our friend the Devil:
" He and his pimps shall say, that when
" A man is dying, thither then
" The Devil comes to take the soul,
" And carry him down to this hole;
" But, if a man have store of wealth,
" To get some prayers for his soul's health,
" The Devil has then no more to do,
" But must be forc'd to let him go.
" But we are no more fools than they,
" Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
" By these same pious Frauds and Lyes,
" Shall many Monasteries rise:
" Friars shall get good meat and beer,
" To pray folks out that ne'er came here;
" Pans, pots, and kettles, shall be given,
" To fetch a man from hence to Heaven.
" Suppose a man has taken purses,
" Or stolen sheep, or cows, or horses,
" And chances to be hang'd; you 'd cry,
" Let him be hang'd, and so good-by.
" Hold, says the Friar; let me alone,
" He 's but to Purgatory gone;
" And, if you 'll let our Convent keep
" Those purses, cows, horses, and sheep,
" The fellow shall find no more pain,
" Than if he were alive again."
Here Orpheus sigh'd, began to take on,
Cried, " Could I find the Whore you spake on,
" I 'd give him my best flitch of bacon:
" I 'd give him cake and sugar'd sack,
" If he would bring my Dicé back:
" Rather than she should longer stay,
" I 'd find some lusty man to *pray*.
" And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
" I dare say, would requite the Friar."
Great Nosnotbocai smil'd to see
Such goodness and simplicity.
Then kindly led them to a cell,
An outward granary of Hell;
A filthy place, that 's seldom swept,
Where seeds of villainy are kept.
" Orpheus," said he, " I 'd have you take
" Some of these seeds here, for my sake;
" Which, if they are discreetly hurl'd
" Throughout the parts of t' other world,
" They may oblige the Fiend you sue to,
" And fill the palace of old Pluto.
" Sow *pride-seed* uppermost; then above
" *Envy* and *scandal* plant *self-love*.
" Here take *revenge*, and *malice without cause*,
" And here *contempt of honesty and laws*;
" This hot seed 's *anger*, and this hotter *lust*,
" Best sown with *breach of friendship*, and *of trust*:
" These *storm*, *hail*, *plague*, and *tempest* seeds;
" And this a quintessence of weeds;
" This the worst sort of artichoke,
" A plant that Pluto has himself bespoke,

" Nouriſh it well, 'tis uſeful *treachery*;
" This is a choice though little ſeed, a *lye*:
" Here take ſome now from theſe prodigious loads,
" Of tender things that look like Toads:
" In future times, theſe, finely dreſt,
" Shall each invade a Prince's breaſt:
" 'Tis *flattery* ſeed; though thinly ſown,
" It is a mighty plant when grown,
" When rooted deep, and fully blown;
" Now ſee theſe things like bubbles fly;
" Theſe are the ſeeds of *vanity*.
" Take *tyrant acorns*, which will beſt advance,
" If ſown in Eaſtern climates, or in France;
" But theſe are things of moſt prodigious hopes,
" They 're *Jeſuit bulbs* tied up with ropes;
" And theſe the Devil's grafts for future popes.
" Which with Fanaticiſm are join'd ſo clean,
" You 'd ſcarce believe a knife had paſs'd between.
" *Falſe-witneſs* ſeed had almoſt been forgot,
" 'Twill be your making, ſhould there be a plot.
" And now, dear Orpheus, ſcatter theſe but well;
" And yon 'll deſerve the gratitude of Hell."
Quoth Orpheus, " You ſhall be obey'd
" In every thing that you have ſaid,
" For miſchief is the Poet's trade:
" And whatſoever they ſhall bring,
" You may aſſure yourſelf, I 'll ſing.
" But pray what Poets ſhall we have,
" At my returning from the grave?"
" Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai,—" let me ſee—
" But, ſince what I ſay cannot ſhame them,
" I 'll e'en reſolve to never name them."
" But now," ſays Bocai, " Sir, you may
" Long to be going on your way,
" Unleſs you 'll drink ſome Arſenick Claret
" 'Tis burnt, you ſee: but Sam can ſpare it,"
Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither;
" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither;
" But Love, and I an inſtance can be,
" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command
" A tune from a departing hand;
" The ſtyle and paſſion both are good,
" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood*."
He ſang; and pains themſelves found eaſe;
For griefs, when well expreſs'd, can pleaſe.
When he deſcrib'd the children's loſs,
And how the Robins cover'd them with moſs;
To hear the pity of thoſe birds,
Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words.
&c.

RUFINUS;

OR,

THE FAVOURITE*.

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

OFT, as I wondering ſtand, a ſecret doubt
Puzzles my reaſon, and diſturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by Chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
When I ſurvey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the ſame;
How ſtated bounds and ambient ſhores reſtrain
The rolling ſurges of the briny main;
How conſtant Time revolves the circling year;
How Day and night alternately appear:
Then am I well convinc'd ſome ſecret ſoul,
Some Firſt Informing Power directs the whole;
Some Great Intelligence, who turns the Spheres,
Who rules the ſteady motion of the Stars,
Who decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon,
And fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,
Who hangs the Earth amidſt ſurrounding ſkies,
And bids her various Fruits in various Seaſons riſe.
But, ſoon as I reflect on human ſtate,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate;
How *ill men*, crown'd with bleſſings, ſmoothly paſs
A golden circle of delightful days;
How *good men* bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endleſs cares, to endleſs ſtrife;
Then am I loſt again; Religion fails;
Then Epicurus' bolder *ſyſtems* prevails,
Which through the void makes wandering *atoms* dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance,
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the diſtant ſkies.
At length RUFINUS' fate my doubt removes,
And God's *exiſtence* and his *juſtice* proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The Wicked flouriſh, and triumphant reign;
Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To ruſh with greater ruin headlong down.
But here inſtruct thy Bard, Pierian Dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.
Alecto's breaſt with rage and envy glows,
To ſee the world poſſeſs'd of ſweet repoſe.
Down to the dreary realms below ſhe bends,
There ſummons a *cabal* of Siſter Fiends;
Thither unnumber'd Plagues direct their flight,
The curſed progeny of Hell and Night
Firſt, Diſcord rears her head, the nurſe of War;
Next, Famine fiercely ſtalks with haughty air;
Then Age ſcarce drags her limbs, ſcarce draws her breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Diſeaſe, with imbred tortures worn;
There Envy ſnarls, and others' good does mourn;
There Sorrow ſighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear ſkulks behind, and trembling hides her face.
But Raſhneſs headlong thruſts her front of brass;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profuſely ſhines,
Whilſt Want, attending in a *cloud*, repines.
A train of ſleepleſs ſelf-tormenting cares,
Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears;
Who, as around her wither'd *neck* they cling,
Confeſs the parent *hag* from whence they ſpring.

* The Eſſay, to which this Poem was originally annexed, was written in 1711, as a harſh ſatire on the Duke of Marlborough, deſigned perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. ii. p. 280. N.

Here ills of each malignant kind resort,
A thousand monsters guard the dreadful court.
Amidst th' *infernal crowd*, Alecto stands,
And a deep silence awfully commands;
Then, in tumultuous terms like these, express'd
A passion long had swell'd within her breast:
"Shall we supine permit these *peaceful days*,
"So smooth, so gay, so undisturb'd, to pass?
"Shall Pity melt, shall Clemency control,
"A Fury's fierce and unrelenting *soul*?
"What do our iron whips, our brands, avail;
"What all the horrid implements of Hell;
"Since mighty Jove debars us of his *skies*,
"Since Theodosius too his *earth* denies?
"Such were the days, and so their tenor ran,
"When the first happy Golden Age began:
"Virtue and Concord, with their heavenly train,
"With Piety and Faith, securely reign;
"Nay, Justice, in imperial pomp array'd,
"Boldly explores this everlasting shade;
"Me she, insulting, menaces and awes;
"Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
"And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
"From every region banish'd, idly mourn?
"Assert yourselves; know what, and whence, you are:
"Attempt some glorious mischief worth your care;
"Involve the Universe in endless war.
"Oh! that I could in Stygian vapour rise,
"Darken the *sun*, pollute the balmy *skies*;
"Let loose the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
"Break down the *barriers* of the roaring main,
"And shatter Nature into Chaos once again!"
So rag'd the Fiend, and toss'd her *vipers* round,
Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.
A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
Different resolves from different reasons sprung
So when the fury of the storm is past,
When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste;
So sounds, so fluctuates, the troubled sea,
As the expiring *tempests* plows its way.
Megæra, rising then, address'd the throng,
To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong:
Whose food is entrails of the guiltless dead,
Whose drink is children's blood by parents shed.
She scorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
She broke the bow, the savage world did tame;
She nerv'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
She prompted Agamemnon's monstrous Wife
To take her injur'd Lord's devoted life:
She breath'd revenge and rage into the Son,
So did the Mother's blood the Sire's atone:
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him incestuous to a Mother's arms:
She flung Thyestes, and his fury fed;
She taught him to pollute a Daughter's bed.
Such was her dreadful speech:
"Your *schemes* not practical nor lawful are,
With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war:
But, if the peace of Man you would invade,
If o'er the ravag'd Earth *destruction* spread;
Then shall RUFINUS, fram'd for every *ill*,
With your own vengeance execute your will;
"A prodigy from savage parents sprung,
"Impetuous as a Tigress new with young;
"Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
"And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.
"Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
"I first receiv'd him to my nursing care;
"And often he, when tender yet and young,
"Cried for the teat, and on my bosom hung:
"Whilst my *born'd serpents* round his *visage* play'd,
"His features form'd, and there their *venom* shed;
"Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart
"*Deceit* and *craft*, and every hurtful art;
"Taught him t' involve his soul in secret clouds,
"With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.
"Not dying patriots' tortures can assuage
"His inborn cruelty, his native rage:
"Not Tagus' yellow torrent can suffice
"His boundless and unsated *avarice*:
"Nor all the metal of Pactolus' streams,
"Nor Hermus glittering as the solar beams.
"If you the stratagem propos'd approve,
"Let us to Court this *bane* of *crowns* remove.
"There shall he soon, with his intriguing art,
"Guide uncontrol'd the willing Prince's *heart*.
"Not Numa's wisdom shall that *heart* defend,
"When the false *Favourite* acts the faithful *Friend*."
Soon as she ended, the surrounding crowd
With peals of joy the black design applaud.
Now with an *adamant* her hair she bound,
With a blue *serpent* girt her vest around;
Then hastes to Phlegethon's impetuous stream,
Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame;
There lights a torch, and straight, with wings display'd,
Shoots swiftly through the *dun* Tartarian glade.
A place on Gallia's utmost verge there lies,
Extended to the sea and Southern skies;
Where once Ulysses, as old Fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell;
Where oft', with staring eyes, the trembling *bird*
Sees airy *phantoms* skim before the wind:
Hence springs the Fury into upper skies,
Infecting all the region as she flies:
She roars, and shakes the atmosphere around,
And Earth and Sea rebellow to the sound.
Then straight transform'd her snakes to silver hairs,
And like an old decrepid *sage* appears;
Slowly she creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs sustain her weight.
At length, arriving at RUFINUS' cell,
Which, from his monstrous birth, she knew so well,
She mildly thus Hell's *darling hope* address'd,
Sooth'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breast:
"Can Sloth dissolve RUFINUS; canst thou pass
"Thy sprightly youth in soft inglorious ease?
"Know, that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
"Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
"If thou an *old* man's counsel canst obey,
"The subject world shall own thy sovereign sway:
"For my enlighten'd soul, my conscious breast,
"Of Magic's *secret science* is possess'd.
"Oft' have I forc'd, with *mystic midnight* spells,
"Pale *spectres* from their subterranean cells:
"Old Hecaté attends my powerful song,
"Powerful to hasten fate, or to prolong;

" Powerful the rooted ſtubborn oak to move,
" To ſtop the thunder burſting from above,
" To make the rapid flood's deſcending ſtream
" Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
" Nor doubt my truth—behold, with juſt ſurprize,
" An effort of my art—a *palace riſe*."
She ſaid; and, lo! a *palace* towering ſeems,
With Parian pillars and metallic beams.
RUFINUS, raviſh'd with the vaſt delight,
Gorges his *avarice*, and gluts his ſight.
Such was his tranſport, ſuch his ſudden pride,
When Midas firſt his *golden wiſh* enjoy'd:
But, as his ſtiffening food to metal turn'd,
He found his raſhneſs, and his ruin mourn'd.
" Be thou or Man or God," Rufinus ſaid,
" I follow whereſoe'er thy dictates lead."
Then from his *hut* he flies, aſſumes the ſtate
Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
Ambition ſoon began to lift her head,
Soaring, ſhe mounts with reſtleſs pinion ſpread;
But Juſtice, conſcious, ſhuns the poiſon'd air,
Where only *proſtituted tools* repair;
Where STILICO and Virtue not avail;
Where *royal favours* ſtand expos'd to ſale;
Where now RUFINUS, ſcandalouſly great,
Loads labouring nations with oppreſſive weight;
Keeps the obſequious world depending ſtill
On the proud dictates of his lawleſs will;
Advances thoſe, whoſe fierce and factious zeal
Prompts ever to *reſiſt*, and to *rebel*;
But thoſe *impeaches*, who their Prince commend,
Who, dauntleſs, dare his *ſacred rights* defend;
Expounds ſmall *riots* into *higheſt crimes*,
Brands *loyalty* as *treaſon* to the *times*.
An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
Enſlaves the *ſubjects*, and inſults the *Throne*.
A thouſand diſemboguing *rivers* pay
Their everlaſting homage to the *ſea*;
The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
Pour conſtant down their tributary ſtreams:
But yet the *ſea* confeſſes no increaſe.
For all is ſwallow'd in the deep abyſs.
In craving, ſtill RUFINUS' ſoul remains,
Though fed with ſhowers of gold, and floods of gains;
For he deſpoils and ravages the land,
No ſtate is free from his rapacious hand;
Treaſures immenſe he hoards; erects a tower,
To lodge the plunder'd world's collected ſtore:
Unmeaſur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.
Oh! whither would'ſt thou rove, *miſtaken man?*
Vain are thy hopes, thy acquiſitions vain:
For now, ſuppoſe thy *avarice* poſſeſs'd
Of all the ſplendour of the glittering Eaſt,
Of CROESUS' maſs of wealth, of CYRUS' crown,
Suppoſe the ocean's treaſure all thy own;
Still would thy ſoul repine, ſtill aſk for more,
Unbleſt with plenty, with abundance poor.
FABRICIUS, in himſelf, in virtue great,
Diſdain'd a monarch's bribe, deſpis'd his ſtate.
SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Conſul's chair,
So could he guide the plough's laborious ſhare.
The fam'd, the warlike, CURII deign'd to dwell
In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.
Such a retreat to me 's more glorious far,
Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
Give me my ſolitary native home,
Take thou thy riſing tower, thy lofty *dome*:
Though there thy furniture of radiant dye
Abſtracts and raviſhes the curious eye;
Though each apartment, every ſpacious room,
Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loom*;
Yet here I view a more delightful ſcene,
Where Nature's freſheſt bloom and beauties *reign*;
Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,
Playing, diffuſes an eternal ſpring:
Though there thy lewd laſcivious limbs are laid
On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed*;
Yet here, extended on the flowery graſs,
More free from care, my guiltleſs hours I paſs:
Though there thy *ſycophants*, a ſervile race,
Cringe at thy levees, and reſound thy praiſe;
Yet here a murmuring ſtream, or warbling bird,
To me does ſweeter harmony afford.
NATURE on all the power of bliſs beſtows,
Which from her bounteous ſource perpetual flows.
But he alone with happineſs is bleſt,
Who knows to uſe it rightly when poſſeſt:
A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reaſon's ſcale,
Nor Luxury nor Want would thus prevail;
Nor would our fleets ſo frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled *armies* ſtrew the plain.
But, oh! RUFINUS is to reaſon blind!
A ſtrange hydropic thirſt inflames his mind.
No *bribes* his growing appetite can ſate;
For new poſſeſſions new deſires create.
No ſenſe of ſhame, no modeſty, reſtrains,
Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.
When with ſtrict *oaths* his proffer'd faith he binds,
Falſe are his vows, and treacherous his deſigns.
Now, ſhould a Patriot riſe, his power oppoſe,
Should he aſſert a ſinking *nation*'s cauſe,
He ſtirs a vengeance nothing can controul,
Such is the rancour of his haughty ſoul;
Fell as a lioneſs in Libya's plain,
When tortur'd with a javelin's pointed pain;
Or a ſpurn'd ſerpent, as ſhe ſhoots along,
With lightning in her eyes, and poiſon in her tongue.
Nor will thoſe ſam lies eraz'd ſuffice;
But provinces and cities he deſtroys:
Urg'd on with blind revenge and ſettled hate,
He labours the confuſion of the *ſtate*;
Subverts the nation's old-eſtabliſh'd frame,
Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.
If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to ſave
A man, purſu'd by *faction*, from the *grave*;
Then he inverts new puniſhments, *new pains*,
Condemns to *ſilence*, and from *truth* reſtrains*;
Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,
Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.

* Alluding to the ſentence then recently paſſed on Dr Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a profeſſed Advocate. N.

O dreadful mercy! more than death ſevere!
That doubly tortures whom it ſeems to ſpare!
All ſeem enſlav'd, all bow to him alone;
Nor dare their hate their juſt reſentments own;
But inward grieve, their ſighs and pangs confin'd,
Which with *convulſive ſorrow* tear the *mind*.
Envy is mute—'tis treaſon to diſcloſe
The baneful ſource of their eternal woes.
But STILICO's ſuperior ſoul appears
Unſhock'd, unmov'd, by baſe ignoble fears.
He is the Polar Star, directs the *ſtate*,
When *parties* rage, and *public tempeſts* beat;
He is the ſafe *retreat*, the ſweet repoſe,
Can ſooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes*;
He is the ſolid, firm, unſhaken force,
That only knows to ſtem th' invader's courſe.
So when a river, ſwell'd with Winter's rains,
The limits of its wonted ſhore diſdains;
Bridges, and ſtones, and trees, in vain oppoſe;
With unreſiſted rage the torrents flows:
But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,
Whoſe fix'd foundations can repel the ſhock,
Elided *ſurges* roar in *eddies* round,
The rock, *unmov'd*, reverberates the ſound.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN*,

AN APOLOGUE;

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF ÆSOP, WRITTEN TWO THOUSAND YEARS SINCE, AND NOW RENDERED IN FAMILIAR VERSE BY H. G. L. MAG.

GOOD precepts and true gold are more valuable for their antiquity. And here I preſent my good reader with one, delivered by the firſt founder of mythology, Æſop himſelf. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it, as a very excellent part of his production; and Phædrus, Camerarius, and others, ſeem to agree, that his Eagle, and ſe others not yet tranſlated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Though Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Eſtrange had the unhappineſs to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good fortune to diſcover them by the removal of ny old library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now each. They were written, or dictated at leaſt, by Æſop, in the fifty-fourth Olymiad: and though I deſigned them chiefly for the uſe of my ſchool (this being tranſated by a youth deſigned for a Greek profeſſor,), yet no man is ſo wiſe as not to need nſtruction, aye, and by the way of fable too; ſince the Holy Scriptures themſelves, he beſt inſtructors, teach us by way of parable, ſymbol, image, and figure; and David was more moved with Nathan's "Thou art the man," than all the moſt rigid ctures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing his verſion with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it etaphraſtically done, *verbum verbo*, as the beſt way of juſtice to the author. Thoſe hat are meer adorers of ψιλοι λόγοι will not be angry that it is in this ſort of metre, for hich I gave leave, the lad having a turn to this ſort of meaſure, which is pleaſant and greeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my maſter Ariſtotle, hat ῥυθμὸς καὶ ἁρμονία are very far from being unneceſſary or unpleaſant. May this be f uſe to thee; and it will pleaſe thine in all good wiſhes,

HORAT. GRAM.

* The political moral of this little apologue is too evident to need any other comment, than barely ientioning that the lady was Queen Anne; deſiring the reader to recollect the change which ſhe :ade in her miniſtry in 1709, the year in which this poem was written; and referring to "Rufinus." N.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

A LADY liv'd in former days,
That well deſerv'd the utmoſt praiſe;
For greatneſs, birth, and juſtice fam'd,
And every virtue could be nam'd;
Which made her courſe of life ſo even,
That ſhe 's a Saint (if dead) in Heaven.
This Lady had a little ſeat
Juſt like a palace, 'twas ſo neat,
From aught (but goodneſs) her retreat.
One morning, in her giving way,
As was her cuſtom every day,
To cheer the poor, the ſick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing ſtranger by,
On whom ſhe quickly caſt an eye.
The man admiring, made a ſtand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
"What 's that, ſays ſhe, that hangs its head,
Sinking and faint? 'Tis almoſt dead."
"Madam, a Red-breaſt that I found,
By this wet ſeaſon almoſt drown'd."
"Oh! bring him in, and keep him warm;
Robins do never any harm."
They ſoon obey'd, and chopt him meat,
Gave him whatever he would eat;
The Lady care herſelf did take,
And made a neſt for Robin's ſake:
But he perkt up into her chair,
In which he plenteouſly did fare,
Aſſuming quite another air.
The neighbours thought, when this they ſpy'd,
The world well mended on his ſide.
With well-tun'd throat he whiſtled long,
And every body lik'd his ſong.
"At laſt, ſaid they, this little thing
Will kill itſelf, ſo long to ſing;
We 'll cloſet him among the reſt
Of thoſe my Lady loves the beſt."
They little thought, that ſaw him come,
That Robins were ſo quarrelſome:
The door they open'd, in he pops,
And to the higheſt perch he hops;
The party-colour'd birds he choſe,
The Gold-finches, and ſuch as thoſe;
With them he 'd peck, and bill, and feed,
And very well (at times) agreed:
Canary-birds were his delight,
With them he 'd *tête-à-tête* all night;
But the brown Linnets went to pot,
He kill'd them all upon the ſpot.
The ſervants were employ'd each day,
Inſtead of work, to part ſome fray,
And wiſh'd the aukward fellow curſt
That brought him to my Lady firſt.
At laſt they all reſolv'd upon 't,
Some way to tell my Lady on 't.
Meanwhile he 'd had a noble ſwing,
And rul'd juſt like the Gallic king;
Having kill'd or wounded all,
Unleſs the Eagle in the hall;
With whom he durſt but only jar,
He being the very ſoul of war,
But hated him for his deſert,
And bore him malice at his heart.
This Eagle was my Lady's pride,
The guardian ſafety of her ſide:
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay.
For colour, pinions, and ſtature,
The faireſt workmanſhip of nature;
'Twould do one good to ſee him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love:
He was indeed a bird for Jove.
He ſoar'd aloft in Brucum's field,
And thouſand Kites and Vultures kill'd;
Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unleſs to Robin and his crew.
One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A gooſe-quill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by uſe, that, now and then,
A ſword leſs hurt does than a pen.
As for example—What at home
You 've well contriv'd to do at Rome,
A pen blows up—before you come.
You are ſuppoſ'd to undermine
The foe—in ſome immenſe deſign.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There 's forty ways to give a ſign.
Well—all on fire away he ſtalk'd,
Till come to—where the Eagle walk'd.
Bob did not ſhill-I ſhall-I go,
Nor ſaid one word of friend or foe;
But flirting at him made a blow,
As game-cocks with their gauntlets do.
At which the Eagle gracefully
Caſt a diſdaining, ſparkling eye;
As who ſhould ſay—What 's this, a flie?
But no revenge at all did take,
He ſpar'd him for their Lady's ſake,
Who ponder'd theſe things in her mind,
And took the conduct of the Eagle kind.
Upon reflection now—to ſhew
What harm the leaſt of things may do,
Mad Robin, with his curſed flirt,
One of the Eagle's * eyes had hurt;
Inflam'd it, made it red and ſore:
But the affront inflam'd it more.
Oh, how the family did tear!
To fire the houſe, could ſcarce forbear:
With ſcorn, not pain, the Eagle fir'd,
Murmur'd diſdain, and ſo retir'd.
Robin, to offer ſome relief,
In words like theſe would heal their grief:
"Should th' Eagle die (which Heaven forbid)
We ought ſome other to provide.
I do not ſay that any now
Are fit, but in a year or two:
And ſhould this mighty warrior fall,
They ſhould not want a General."
As men have long obſerv'd, that one
Misfortune ſeldom comes alone;

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* Ὀφθαλμὸς, amongſt the Greeks, ſignifies "Honour as tender as the eye." King.

ſuſt in the moment this was done,
Ten thouſand foes in fight were come:
Vultures, and Kites, and birds of prey,
In flocks ſo thick—they darken'd day.
A long-concerted force and ſtrong,
Vermin of all kinds made the throng;
Foxes were in the faction join'd,
Who waited their approach to ground.
By every hand, from common fame,
The frightful face of danger came.
One cries, "What help now—who can tell?
I'm glad the Eagle 's here, and well!"
Another out of breath with fear,
Says, "Thouſands more near ſea appear;
They 'll ſwop our Chicken from the door;
We never were ſo ſet before:
We 're glad the Eagle will forget,
And the invaders kill or beat."
Reſerv'd and great, his noble mind,
Above all petty things inclin'd,
Abhorr'd the thoughts of any thing,
But what his Lady's peace could bring:
Who bleſs'd him firſt, and bade him do
As he was wont, and beat the foe.
Burning and reſtleſs as the ſun,
Until this willing work was done;
He whets his talons, ſtretch'd his wings,
His lightning darts, and terror flings;
Towers with a flight into the ſky,
Theſe million monſters to deſcry,
Repair'd to conquer, or to die.
The party, that ſo far was come,
Thought not the Eagle was at home:
To fame and danger us'd in field,
They knew he 'd quickly make them yield:
But, on aſſurance he was near,
Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear,
They made with hurry towards the lakes;
And he his pinions o'er them ſhakes.
They had not (with ſuch horror fill'd)
The courage to let one be kill'd:
They fled, and left no foe behind,
Unleſs it were the fleeting wind:
Only—a man by water took
Two fine young Merlins and a Rook.
The family had now repoſe:
At with the ſun the Eagle roſe;
Th' imperial bird purſu'd the foe,
More toil than reſt inur'd to know,
The wing'd his way to Latian land,
Where firſt was hatch'd this murdering band;
The darted death where'er he came,
Some of them dying at his name.
Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
Their bowels tore through every hedge:
They flutter, ſhriek, and caw, and hiſs;
Their ſtrength decays, and fears increaſe:
At moſt the chevaliers the Geeſe.
So many ſlaughter'd fowl there was,
Their carcaſes block'd-up the ways;
The reſt he drove, half ſpent, pell-mell,
Quite to the walls of Pontifell.
Robin at home, though mad to hear
The ſhould ſo conquer every where,
Expoſtulated thus with fear:

"Ungrateful I, that ſo have ſtirr'd
Againſt this generous, noble bird,
Waſt thou not firſt by him preſerr'd?
Let 's leave him in his gall to burn,
And back to Pontifell return."
There ſome to chimney-tops aſpire,
To turrets ſome that could fly higher;
Some 'above a hundred miles were gone,
To rooſt them at Byzantium.
Alas! in vain was their pretence,
He broke through all their ſtrong defence:
Down went their fences, wires, and all;
Perches and birds together fall.
None hop'd his power to withſtand,
But gave the neſt to his command:
They told him of ten thouſand more,
In flocks along the Ganges' ſhore,
Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,
Like Partridges among the ſtubble.
He ſpreads himſelf, and cuts the air,
And ſteady flight ſoon brought him there.
Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was!
To find they were but meer Jackdaws.
A hundred thouſand all in light,
They all could chatter, not one fight.
"I 'll deal by them as is their due:
"Shough! cry'd the Eagle; off they flew."
His flaſhing eye their hearts confounds,
Though by their flight ſecure from wounds,
Which was a ſignal, fatal baulk
To a late ſwift Italian Hawk.
The Eagle would no reſt afford,
Till he had ſent my Lady word;
Who when ſhe heard the dear ſurprize,
Wonder and joy ſtood in her eyes.
"My faithful Eagle, haſt thou then
My mortal foes deſtroy'd again?
Return, return, and on me wait;
Be thou the guardian of my gate;
Thee and thy friends are worth my care,
Thy foes (if any ſuch there are)
Shall my avenging anger ſhare."
So—leſt new ills ſhould intervene,
She turn'd the Robin out again.
The Samians now, in vaſt delight,
Bleſs their good lady day and night;
Wiſh that her life might ne'er be done,
But everlaſting as the ſun.
The Eagle high again did ſoar;
The Lady was diſturb'd no more,
But all things flouriſh'd as before.

ROBIN RED BREAST, WITH THE BEASTS,

AN OLD CAT'S PROPHECY;

TAKEN OUT OF AN OLD COPY OF VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRIT BY JOHN LIDGATE, A MONK OF BURY.

ONE that had in her infant ſtate,
While playing at her Father's gate,

Seen and was moſt hugely ſmitten
With young Dog and dirty Kitten,
Had took them up and lug'd them in,
And made the ſervants waſh them clean *.
When ſhe to a fit age was grown,
To be ſole Miſtreſs of her own,
Then to her favour and ſtrange truſt
She rais'd theſe two; in rank the firſt
The Dog: who, with gilt collar grac'd,
Strutted about. The cat was plac'd
O'er all the houſe to domineer,
And kept each wight of her in fear;
While he o'er all the plains had power,
That ſavage Wolves might not devour
Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
To take: but beaſts uncertain are!
Now ſee by theſe what troubles riſe
To thoſe who in their choice unwiſe
Put truſt in ſuch; for he ſoon join'd
With beaſt of prey the Dog combin'd,
Who kill'd the Sheep, and tore the Hind;
While he would ſtand, and grin, and bark,
Concealing thus his dealings dark.
A Wolf, or ſo, ſometimes he 'd take,
And then, O what a noiſe he 'd make!
But with wild beaſts o'er-run yet are
The plains: ſome die for want of fare,
Or torn, or kill'd; the ſhepherds find
Each day are loſt of every kind.
The ſilly Sheep lament in vain;
Of their hard fate, not him, complain.
The ſhepherds, and the ſervants all,
Againſt the traitor loudly bawl:
But there was none that dar'd to tell
Their Lady what to them befel;
For Puſs a Fox of wondrous art
Brought-in, to help, and take their part,
By whoſe aſſiſtance to deceive,
She made her every lye believe.
One lucky day, when ſhe was walking
In her woods, with ſervants talking,
And ſtopp'd to hear how very well
A Red-breaſt ſung, then him to dwell
With her ſhe call'd: he came, and took
His place next to a favourite Rook;
Where Robin ſoon began to ſing
Such ſongs as made the houſe to ring;
He ſung the loſs and death of Sheep,
In notes that made the Lady weep:
How for his charge the Dog unfit,
Took part with foes, and ſhepherds bit;
Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
And ſhew him cur of ſhabby race;
The firſt by wandering beggars fed,
His ſire, advanc'd, turn'd ſpit for bread;
Himſelf each truſt had ſtill abus'd;
To ſteal what he ſhould guard, was us'd
From puppy: known where-e'er he came
Both vile and baſe, and void of ſhame.

The Cat he ſung, that none could match
For venom'd ſpite, or cruel ſcratch;
That from a Witch transform'd ſhe came,
Who kitten'd three of equal fame:
This firſt, one dead, of tabby fur
The third ſurvives, much noiſe of her
Had been: a Cat well known, with eaſe
On errands dark, o'er land and ſeas,
She 'd journies take to cub of Bear,
From theſe intriguing beaſts, who ſwear
They 'll bring him to defend the wrong
That they have done. Again he ſung,
How Tabby once, in moon-light night,
Trotted with letter Fox did write;
In which he ſends his beſt reſpects
To the She-bear, and thus directs:
" Madam, ſaid he, your cub ſafe ſend,
" None ſhall his worſhip ſoon offend;
" It 's all I can at preſent do
" To ſerve him, as his friends well know."
At this the beaſts grew in ſuch rage,
That none their fury could aſſuage;
Nay, Puſs her Lady would have ſcratch'd,
And tore her eyes, but ſhe was watch'd;
For ſhe 'd ſet up her back and mew,
And thrice ev'n in her face ſhe flew.
The Dog, like an ungrateful ſpark,
At her would dare to ſnarl and bark.
Her tenants wondering ſtood to hear
That ſhe their inſolence would bear;
And offer'd their aſſiſtance to
Soon make them better manners know!
But ſhe, to avoid all farther rout,
Her window opening, turn'd Bob out;
Hoping that then her beaſts would live
In peace, and no diſturbance give.
Yet nothing ſhe can do avails,
Their rage againſt her ſtill prevails;
Though Puſs was warn'd to fear their fate
In lines (by old prophetic Cat
Writ before her transformation,
When ſhe was in the Witch's ſtation)
Foretelling thus: " When beaſts are grown
" To certain heights, before unknown
" Of human race, ſome ſhall aloud
" Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,
" Who in vaſt numbers ſhall advance,
" And to new tunes ſhall make them dance:
" When this begins, no longer hope,
" For all remains is ax and rope."
But, not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
With ſome who of their plunder ſhar'd,
T' affront their Lady, and conſpire
To many with her money hire;
Contemning her, to pay undue
Regards unto this beſtial crew:
Though theſe reſembled human ſhapes,
They were indeed no more than Apes;
Who ſome in houſe, and ſome in wood,
And others in high boxes ſtood,
That chattering made ſuch noiſe and ſtir,
How all was due to Fox and Cur;
Till, by their falſe deluding way,
She found her flocks begin to ſtray.

* The political drift of this pretended prophecy is ſtill more evident than that of the preceding poem; the ſatire being abundantly more perſonal. N.

Still Robin does for her his care
And zeal expreſs; on whom yet are
His thoughts all fix'd. On her he dreams
Each night. Her praiſes are his themes
In ſongs all day. Now perch'd on tree,
Finding himſelf ſecure and free,
He pertly ſhakes his little wings,
Sets up his throat: again he ſings,
"That ſhe had left no other way
To ſave her flocks, and end this fray,
But ſoon to her aſſiſtance take
One who could make theſe monſters ſhake;
A well-known huntſman, who has ſkill
The fierceſt beaſts to tame or kill:
At her command he 'd come, and he
Would make her great, and ſet them free;
That, ſhould theſe beaſts ſome evil day
Bring Cub into her grounds, ſhe may
Depend that not herſelf they 'll ſpare,
Since to inſult her now they dare:
All ſhe at beſt can hope for then,
Is to be ſafe ſhut up in den;
Since by ſure ſigns all theſe ingrate,
Are known to bear her deadly hate."
He ends his ſong, and prays to Heaven
That ſhe may have the wiſdom given,
Before it be too late, to take
Such reſolutions as may make
Her ſafe, and that theſe beaſts no more
To ravage in the plains have power.

BRITAIN's PALLADIUM;

OR,

LORD BOLINGBROKE's WELCOME FROM FRANCE *.

"Et thure, et fidibus juvat
"Placare, et vituli ſanguine debito
"Cuſtodes Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium Numidam, ob cujus ex Hiſpaniâ redditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noiſe is this, that interrupts my ſleep?
What echoing ſhouts riſe from the briny deep?
Neptune a ſolemn feſtival prepares,
And Peace through all his flowing orb declares:
That dreadful trident, which he us'd to ſhake,
Make Earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,
Now, by his ſide, on ouzy couch reclin'd,
Gives a ſmooth ſurface and a gentle wind:
Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
And crouds of Nereids round his chariot play.
The ancient Sea-gods with attention wait,
To learn what 's now the laſt reſult of Fate;
What earthly Monarch Neptune now decrees
Alone his great vicegerent of the ſeas.
By an auſpicious gale, Britannia's fleet
On Gallia's coaſt this ſhining triumph meet;
Theſe pomps divine their mortal ſenſe ſurprize,
Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:
Whilſt ſcaly Tritons, with their ſhells, proclaim
The names that muſt ſurvive to future fame;
And Nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
For monarchs who, to purchaſe peace, make war:
Then Neptune his majeſtic ſilence broke,
And to the trembling ſailors mildly ſpoke:
"Throughout the world Britannia's flag diſplay;
"'Tis my command, that all the globe obey;
"Let Britiſh ſtreamers wave their heads on high,
"And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure ſky;
"The reſt let Nereus tell"—
"If I have truth," ſays Nereus, "and foreſee
"The intricate deſigns of Deſtiny;
"I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
"With ſharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood;
"I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
"Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom;
"Muſt ſurely know what, in the womb of time,
"Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime;
"How wars upon the watery realm ſhall ceaſe,
"And Anna give the world a glorious peace;
"Reſtore the ſpicy traffick of the Eaſt,
"And ſtretch her empire to the diſtant Weſt:
"Her fleets deſcry Aurora's purple bed,
"And Phœbus' ſteeds after their labours fed.
"The Southern coaſts, to Britain ſcarcely known,
"Shall grow as hoſpitable as their own:
"No monſters ſhall be feign'd, to guard their ſtore,
"When Britiſh trade ſecures their golden ore:
"The fleecy product of the Cotſwold field
"Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield:
"Iron ſhall their intrinſic value ſhow,
"And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
"Britannia's royal fiſhery ſhall be
"Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
"That mighty taſk to Glaucus we aſſign,
"Of more importance than the richeſt mine;
"He ſhall direct them how to ſtrike the Whale,
"How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
"What treaſure lies upon the frozen coaſt
"Not yet explor'd, not negligently loſt.
"In vaſt Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
"Towns ſhall be built, ſacred to Anna's * name;
"The ſilver fir and lofty pine ſhall riſe
"From Britain's own united Colonies;
"Which to the maſt ſhall canvaſs-wings afford,
"And pitch, to ſtrengthen the unfaithful board:
"Norway may then her naval ſtores with-hold,
"And proudly ſtarve for want of Britiſh gold.
"O happy Iſle! to ſuch advantage plac'd,
"That all the world is by thy counſels grac'd;
"Thy nation's genius, with induſtrious arts,
"Renders thee lovely to remoteſt parts.

* Lord Bolingbroke ſet out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare, one of his under-ſecretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbé Gualtier) Aug. 2; and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712. N.

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" Eliza firſt the fable ſcene withdrew,
" And to the ancient world diſplay'd the new;
" When Burleigh at the helm of ſtate was ſeen,
" The trueſt ſubject to the greateſt Queen;
" The Indians, from the Spaniſh yoke made free,
" Bleſs'd the effects of Engliſh liberty;
" Drake round the world his Sovereign's honour ſpread,
" Through ſtraights and gulphs immenſe her fame convey'd;
" Nor reſts enquiry here; his curious eye
" Deſcries new conſtellations in the ſky,
" In which vaſt ſpace, ambitious mariners
" Might place their names on high, and chuſe their ſtars.
" Raleigh, with hopes of new diſcoveries fir'd,
" And all the depths of human wit inſpir'd,
" Rov'd o'er the Weſtern world in ſearch of fame,
" Adding freſh glory to Eliza's name;
" Subdued new empires that will records be
" Immortal of a Queen's virginity *.
" But think not, Albion, that thy ſons decay,
" Or that thy princes have leſs power to ſway;
" Whatever in Eliza's reign was ſeen,
" With a re-doubled vigour ſprings again:
" Imperial Anna ſhall the ſeas control,
" And ſpread her naval laws from Pole to Pole:
" Nor think her conduct or her counſels leſs,
" In arts of war, or treaties for a peace;
" In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
" Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by ſtealth,
" No nation can fear want, or dread ſurprize,
" Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loſs ſupplies;
" On him the publick moſt ſecurely leans,
" To eaſe the burthen of the beſt of Queens:
" On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
" When war ſhall ceaſe, and Britiſh commerce riſe.
" Alcides' ſtrength and Atlas' firmer mind
" To narrow ſtreights of Europe were confin'd.
" The Britiſh Sailors, from their Royal Change,
" May find a nobler liberty to range.
" Oxford ſhall be their Pole-ſtar to the South,
" And there reward the efforts of their youth:
" Whence, through his conduct, traffick ſhall increaſe,
" Ev'n to thoſe Seas which take their *name* from *peace* †.
" Peace is the ſound muſt glad the Britons' ears:
" But ſee! the noble Bolingbroke appears;
" Geſture compos'd and looks ſerene declare
" Th' approaching iſſue of a doubtful war.
" Now my cœrulean race, ſafe in the deep,
" Shall hear no cannons' roar diſturb their ſleep;
" But ſmootheſt tides and the moſt halcyon gales
" Shall to their port direct Britannia's ſails.
" Ye Tritons, ſons of Gods! 'tis my command,
" That you ſee Bolingbroke in ſafety land;
" Your concave ſhells for ſofteſt notes prepare,
" Whilſt Echo ſhall repeat the gentleſt air.

" The River-gods ſhall there your triumphs meet,
" And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;
" Thames ſhall ſtand wondering, Iſis ſhall rejoice,
" And both in tuneful numbers raiſe their voice.
" The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
" In ſwifteſt ſtreams, confeſs their true content.
" Avon and Severn ſhall in raptures join,
" And Fame convey them to the Northern Tine.
" Tweed then no more the Britons ſhall divide,
" But Peace and Plenty flow on either ſide;
" Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feaſts,
" And all the world invite for welcome gueſts."
Faction, that through the land ſo fatal ſpread,
No more ſhall dare to raiſe her Hydra's head;
But all her votaries in ſilence mourn
The happineſs of Bolingbroke's return;
Far from the common pitch, he ſhall ariſe,
With great deſigns, to dazzle Envy's eyes;
Search deep, to know of Whiggiſh plots the ſource,
Their ever-turning ſchemes, and reſtleſs courſe.
Who ſhall hereafter Britiſh annals read,
But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
How artfully his conduct overcame
A ſtubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
And overthrew the Phaëtons of ſtate!
Theſe wiſe exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
And fir'd their ſouls, to ſee the wondrous man:
The aged counſellors, without ſurprize,
Found wit and prudence ſparkling in his eyes;
Wiſdom that was not gain'd in courſe of years,
Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
But ſtruck by force of genius; ſuch as drove
The Goddeſs Pallas from the brain of Jove.
The youth of France, with pleaſure, look'd to ſee
His graceful mien and beauteous ſymmetry:
The virgins ran, as to unuſual ſhow,
When he to Paris came, and Fontainbleau;
Viewing the blooming miniſter deſir'd,
And ſtill, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
Nor did the Court, that beſt true grandeur knows,
Their ſentiments by leſſer facts diſcloſe,
By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
Seen heretofore, or to be ſeen again;
But they deviſ'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any ſubject of a crown.
The Gallic King, in age and counſels wiſe,
Sated with war, and weary of diſguiſe,
With open arms ſalutes the Britiſh Peer,
And gladly owns his Prince and character.
As Hermes from the throne of Jove deſcends,
With grateful errand, to Heaven's choiceſt friends;
As Iris from the bed of Juno flies,
To bear her Queen's commands through yielding ſkies,
Whilſt o'er her wings freſh beams of glory flow,
And blended colours paint her wondrous bow:
So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' ſight,
With meſſage heavenly; and, with equal light,
Diſpels all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,
And in his Miſtreſs' name for Peace declares:
Accents divine! which the great King receives
With the ſame grace that mighty Anna gives.
Let others boaſt of blood, the ſpoil of foes,
Rapine and murder, and of endleſs woes,

* Alluding to the firſt ſettlement of Virginia.

† The Pacific Ocean.

Deteſted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
With ſpangled enſigns, ſtreaming in the air;
Count how they made Bavarian ſubjects feel
The rage of fire, and edge of harden'd ſteel;
Fatal effects of foul inſatiate pride;
That deal their wounds alike on either ſide,
No limits ſet to their ambitious ends;
For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.
By different methods Bolingbroke ſhall raiſe
His growing honours and immortal praiſe.
He, fir'd with glory and the public good,
Betwixt the people and their danger ſtood:
Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;
And all he ſaid was ſparkling, bright, and clear.
The liſtening Senate with attention heard,
And ſome admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;
Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,
But Demoſthenic ſtrength, and weight of ſenſe,
Such as fond Oxford to her Son ſupplied,
Deſign'd her own, as well as Britain's pride;
Who, leſs beholden to the ancient ſtrains,
Might ſhew a nobler blood in Engliſh veins;
Out-do whatever Homer ſweetly ſung
Of Neſtor's counſels, or Ulyſſes' tongue.
Oh! all ye Nymphs, whilſt time and youth allow,
Prepare the Roſe and Lily for his brow.
Much he has done, but ſtill has more in view;
To Anna's intereſt and his country true.
More I could propheſy; but muſt refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

TO THE

DUKE OF BEAUFORT*.

A PARAPHRASE ON NAUDÆUS'S ADDRESS TO CARDINAL DE BAGNI.

THE time will come (if Fate ſhall pleaſe to give
This feeble thread of mine more ſpace to live)
When I ſhall you and all your acts rehearſe,
In a much loftier and more fluent verſe;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther Eaſt,
To Carolina, and the diſtant Weſt.
Your name ſhall fly, and every where be bleſt;
Through Spain and tracts of Lybian ſands ſhall go
To Ruſſian limits, and to Zembla's ſnow.
Then ſhall my eager Muſe expand her wing,
Your love of juſtice and your goodneſs ſing;
Your greatneſs, equal to the ſtate you hold;
In counſel wiſe, in execution bold;
How there appears, in all that you diſpenſe,
Beauty, good-nature, and the ſtrength of ſenſe.
Theſe let the world admire.—From you a ſmile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

* Dr. King dedicated his Engliſh verſion of that work to the duke of Beaufort.

MISCELLANY POEMS.

SONG.

YOU ſay you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing ſound,
Repeat the eaſe of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thouſands have denied,
To me you freely give;
Whilſt I in humble ſilence died,
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night,
Endymion ſighing lay;
Gaz'd on the Moon's tranſcendent light,
Deſpair'd, and durſt not pray.

But divine Cynthia ſaw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unaſk'd the Goddeſs brings relief,
And falls into his arms.

SONG.

TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames ſhe cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyrſis, cold returns,
Treat her with ſcorn and pride.

You know the captives ſhe has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with diſdain!

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
She bends her knee divine;
Her tears, for Damon's ſake, deſpiſe;
Let her kneel ſtill, for mine.

Purſue thy conqueſt, charming youth,
Her haughty beauty vex,
Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
Men can revenge their ſex!

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were paſt,
When men in bonfires did their firing waſte;
Yet ſtill my monumental log did laſt:
To begging boys it was not made a prey
On the King's birth or coronation day.
Why with thoſe oaks, under whoſe ſacred ſhade
Charles was preſerv'd, ſhould any fire be made?
At laſt a froſt, a diſmal froſt, there came,
Like that which made a market upon Thame:

Unruly company would then have made
Fire with this log, whilſt thus its owners pray'd:
" Thou that art worſhip'd in Dodona's grove,
" From all thy ſacred trees fierce flames remove:
" Preſerve this groaning branch, O hear my
" prayer,
" Spare me this one, this one poor Billet ſpare;
" That, having many fires and flames withſtood,
" Its ancient teſtimonial may laſt good,
" In future times to prove, I once had Wood!"

TO LAURA.

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

AT ſight of murder'd Pompey's head
Cæſar forgets his ſex and ſtate,
And, whilſt his generous tears are ſhed,
Wiſhes he had at leaſt a milder fate.

At Abſalom's untimely fall,
David with grief his conqueſt views:
Nay, weeps for unrelenting Saul,
And in ſoft verſe the mournful theme purſues.

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts ſecure,
Beholds the thouſand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with moſt cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears;
Her eyes betray no careleſs tears,
But perſecute me ſtill with anger and diſdain.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LATE EARL OF ——*,

UPON HIS DISPUTING PUBLICKLY AT CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

MUSE, to thy maſter's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodneſs won't deny;
With due ſubmiſſion, tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this deſign,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard juſt now from vanquiſh'd
" Truth:
" Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis ſtrange that there
" ſhould be
" In this confeſſion pleaſure ev'n to me.
" With well-wrought terms my hold I ſtrongly
" barr'd,
" And rough diſtinctions were my ſurly guard.
" Whilſt I, ſure of my cauſe, this ſtrength poſſeſs;
" A noble youth, advancing with addreſs,
" Led glittering Falſehood on with ſo much art,
" That I ſoon felt ſad omens in my heart.
" Words with that grace," ſaid I, "muſt needs
" perſuade;
" I find myſelf inſenſibly betray'd.
" Whilſt he purſues his conqueſt, I retreat,
" And by that name would palliate my defeat.
" But here methinks I do the proſpect ſee
" Of all thoſe triumphs he prepares for me,
" When Virtue or when Innocence oppreſt
" Fly for ſure refuge to his generous breaſt;
" When with a noble mien his youth appears,
" And gentle voice perſuades the liſtening peers,
" Judges ſhall wonder when he clears the laws,
" Diſpelling miſts, which long have hid their
" cauſe:
" Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail,
" Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, ſhall ſure pre-
" vail:
" Thouſands of wreaths to me he ſhall repay,
" For that one laurel Error wears to-day."

* Probably James the third earl of Angleſea. N.

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wiſhes firſt I ſought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I toaſted you, for you I fought,
But never thought of truth.

You ſaw how ſtill my fire increas'd;
I griev'd to be denied:
You ſaid, " till I to wander ceas'd,
" You 'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of paſſion ſwore,
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I 've ſworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer falſe and vain:
My paſſion is with honour mix'd,
And both ſhall ever reign.

THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breaſt tear fond deſire,
Since Laura is not mine:
I'll ſtrive to cure the amorous fire,
And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling ſhade
Soft ſlumbers I may find:
There all the vows to Laura made,
Shall vaniſh with the wind.

The ſpeaking ſtrings and charming ſong
My paſſion may remove:
Oh, Muſick will the pain prolong,
And is the food of Love.

I'll ſearch heaven, earth, hell, ſeas, and air,
And that ſhall ſet me free:
Oh, Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be.

' ſoul muſt ſtill endure the pain,
And with freſh torment rave:
none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's ſlave.

THE SOLDIER's WEDDING.

SOLILOQUY BY NAN THRASHERWELL.

NO PART OF A PLAY CALLED "THE NEW TROOP."

MY dear Thraſherwell, you 're gone to ſea,
And happineſs muſt ever baniſh'd be
m our flock-bed, our garret, and from me!
haps he is on land at Portſmouth now
he embraces of ſome Hampſhire Sow,
o, with a wanton pat, cries, "Now, my Dear,
ou 're wiſhing for ſome Wapping doxy here."
ox on them all! but moſt on bouncing Nan,
Vith whom the torments of my life began:
he is a bitter one!"—You lye, you Rogue;
a are a treacherous, falſe, ungrateful dog.
I not I take you up without a ſhirt?
e worth the hand that ſcrubb'd off all your dirt!
I not my intereſt liſt you in the Guard?
d had not you ten ſhillings, my reward?
I I not then, before the Serjeant's face,
eat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with diſgrace?
d Thraſherwell before all others chuſe,
ten I had the whole Regiment to louſe.
rs'd be the day when you produc'd your ſword,
e juſt revenger of your injur'd word!
e martial Youth round in a circle ſtood,
th envious looks of love, and itching blood:
u, with ſome oaths that ſignified conſent,
ied "Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the ſword you went.
en I with ſome more modeſty would ſtep:
e Enſign thump'd my bum, and made me leap.
ap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
ave us no power of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the Farmer had a jolly Wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
loſe diligence and cleanlineſs ſupplied
e wit which Nature had to him denied:
t then ſhe had a tongue that would be heard,
d make a better man than Slouch afeard.
is made ceuſorious perſons of the town
r, Slouch could hardly call his ſoul his own:
r, if he went abroad too much, ſhe 'd uſe
give him ſlippers, and lock up his ſhoes.
lking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
an when he was diſturb'd or contradicted:
Yet ſtill into his ſtory ſhe would break
With, "'Tis not ſo—pray give me leave to ſpeak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he muſt exert himſelf, and be
In fact the maſter of his family.
He ſaid, "That the next Tueſday noon would ſhow
"Whether he were the lord at home, or no;
"When their good company he would intreat
"To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his raſh act diſcloſe,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at leaſt,
He might appear as maſter of the feaſt.
"I 'll grant your wiſh," cries ſhe, "that you may ſee
"'Twere wiſdom to be govern'd ſtill by me."
The gueſts upon the day appointed came,
Each bowſy Farmer with his ſimpering dame.
"Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, "why doſt not thou appear!
"Are theſe thy manners when Aunt Snap is here?"
"I pardon aſk," ſays Sue; "I 'd not offend
"Any my dear invites, much leſs his friend."
Slouch by his kinſman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His ſaying, "There was nothing fit to eat:
"The boil'd Pork ſtinks, the roaſt Beef's not enough,
"The Bacon 's ruſty, and the Hens are tough;
"The Veal 's all rags, the Butter 's turn'd to oil;
"And thus I buy good meat for ſluts to ſpoil.
"'Tis we are the firſt Slouches ever ſate
"Down to a Pudding without Plums or Fat.
"What Teeth or Stomach 's ſtrong enough to feed
"Upon a Gooſe my Grannum kept to breed?
"Why muſt old Pigeons, and they ſtale, be dreſt,
"When there 's ſo many ſquab ones in the neſt?
"This Beer is ſour; this muſty, thick, and ſtale,
"And worſe than any thing, except the Ale."
Sue all this while many excuſes made:
Some things ſhe own'd; at other times ſhe laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then Cheeſe was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en ſhall roll:
"I 'm ſure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl:
"This is Skim-milk, and therefore it ſhall go;
"And this, becauſe 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waſte;
Nor longer could diſſimulation laſt.
"Pray let me riſe," ſays Sue, "my dear; I 'll find
"A Cheeſe perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, ſtanding cloſe, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might ſee;
And brandiſhing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occaſion ſmelt;

" I 'll try, my joy!" ſhe cried, " if I can pleaſe
" My Deareſt with a taſte of his Old Cheeſe!"
Slouch turn'd his head, ſaw his wife 's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken ſapling of command,
Knew well the twang: " Is 't the Old Cheeſe, my Dear?
" No need, no need of Cheeſe," cries Slouch: " I 'll ſwear,
" I think I 've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

TWO neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;
But did not in their choice of Wives agree.
Clod thought a Cuckold was a monſtrous beaſt,
With two huge glaring eyes and ſpreading creſt:
Therefore, reſolving never to be ſuch,
Married a Wife none but himſelf could touch.
Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which ſhews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young, handſome, jolly laſs, made court,
And gave his friends convincing reaſons for 't,
That, ſince in life ſuch miſchief muſt be had,
Beauty had ſomething ſtill that was not bad.
Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to ſend
A Tinker to Clod's houſe, with " Braſs to mend."
The good old wife ſurvey'd the brawny ſpark,
And found his chine was large, though countenance dark,
Firſt ſhe appears in all her airs, then tries
The ſquinting efforts of her amorous eyes.
Much time was ſpent, and much deſire expreſt:
At laſt the Tinker cried, " Few words are beſt:
" Give me that Skillet then; and, if I 'm true,
" I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the Tinker goes,
With the ſame ſtroke of pan, and twang of noſe,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a ſprightly dame
That ſet his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, ſighs, faints, at laſt begins to cry,
" And can you then let a young Tinker die?"
Says ſhe, " Give me your Skillet then, and try."
" My Skillet! Both my heart and Skillet take;"
" I wiſh it were a Copper for your ſake."
After all this, not many days did paſs,
Clod, ſitting at Jolt's houſe, ſurvey'd the Braſs
And glittering Pewter ſtanding on the ſhelf;
Then, after ſome gruff muttering with himſelf,
Cried, " Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine?"
" You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; " 't'en't mine;
" But I 'll aſk Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
In truth as 'twas; then cried, " You 've got the better:
" For, tell me, Deareſt, whether you would chuſe
" To be a gainer by me, or to loſe.
" As for our Neighbour Clod, this I dare ſay,
" We 've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

TOM BANKS by native induſtry was taught
The various arts how Fiſhes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and ſingle hair,
And bait conceal'd, he 'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcaſt eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They 'd meet a fate more generous from his ſpear.
To baſket oft' he 'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he 'd ſometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below.
But, when he would a quick deſtruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He 'd through the ſtream, where moſt deſcending, ſet
From ſide to ſide his ſtrong capacious net;
And then his ruſtic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And ſo purſue them down the rolling flood,
Gaſping for breath, and almoſt choak'd with mud,
Till they, of farther paſſage quite bereft,
Were in the maſh with gills entangled left.
Trot, who liv'd down the ſtream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unleſs he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
" Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
" They cannot boil, nor waſh, nor rinſe, they ſay,
" With water ſometimes ink, and ſometimes whey,
" According as you meet with mud or clay.
" Beſides, my wife theſe ſix months could not brew,
" And now the blame of this all 's laid on you:
" For it will be a diſmal thing to think
" How we old Trots muſt live, and have no drink:
" Therefore, I pray, ſome other method take
" Of fiſhing, were it only for our ſake."
Says Banks, " I 'm ſorry it ſhould be my lot
" Ever to diſoblige my goſſip Trot:
" Yet 't'en't my fault; but ſo 'tis Fortune tries one,
" To make his meat become his neighbour's poiſon;
" And ſo we pray for winds upon this coaſt,
" By which on t'other navies may be loſt.
" Therefore in patience reſt, though I proceed:
" There 's no ill-nature in the caſe, but need.
" Though for your uſe this water will not ſerve,
" I 'd rather you ſhould choak, than I ſhould ſtarve."

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the beſt faces,
Had a moſt knotty pate at ſolving caſes;
In any point could tell you, to a hair,
When was a grain of honeſty to ſpare.

t happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,
t home he had occaſion for a light
'o turn Sócinus, Leſſius, Eſcobar,
am'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre:
nd therefore, as he from the chapel came,
xtinguiſhing a yellow taper's flame,
y which juſt now he had devoutly pray'd,
he uſeful remnant to his ſleeve convey'd.
here happen'd a Phyſician to be by,
Vho thither came but only as a ſpy,
'o find out others' faults, but let alone
epentance for the crimes that were his own.
This Doctor follow'd Paddy; ſaid, "He lack'd
To know what made a ſacrilegious fact."
Paddy with ſtudied gravity replies,
That 's as the place or as the matter lies:
If from a place unſacred you ſhould take
A ſacred thing, this ſacrilege would make;
Or an unſacred thing from ſacred place,
There would be nothing different in the caſe;
But, if both thing and place ſhould ſacred be,
'Twere height of ſacrilege, as Doctors all agree."
"Then," ſays the Doctor, "for more light in this,
To put a ſpecial caſe, were not amiſs.
Suppoſe a man ſhould take a Common Prayer
Out of a Chapel where there 's ſome to ſpare?"
"A Common Prayer!" ſays Paddy, "that would be
A ſacrilege of an intenſe degree."
"Suppoſe that one ſhould in theſe holidays
Take thence a bunch of Roſemary or Bays?"
"I 'd not be too cenſorious in that caſe,
But 'twould be ſacrilege ſtill from the place."
"What if a man ſhould from the Chapel take
A taper's end: ſhould he a ſcruple make,
If homeward to his chambers he ſhould go,
Whether 'twere theft, or ſacrilege, or no?"
The ſly inſinuation was perceiv'd:
ys Paddy, "Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
Unleſs in caſes you diſtinguiſh right;
But this may be reſolv'd at the firſt ſight.
As to the taper, it could be no theft,
For it had done its duty, and was left:
And ſacrilege in having it is none,
Becauſe that in my ſleeve I now have one."

THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wandering without fear,
As void of money as he was of care,
nſidering both were waſh'd away with beer,
ith Strap the Conſtable by Fortune meets,
hoſe lanterns glare in the moſt ſilent ſtreets.
ſly, impatient any one ſhould be
bold as to be drunk that night but he:
Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, "at hours ſo late?
Anſwer. Your name; or elſe have at your pate."
"I wo'nt ſtand, 'cauſe I can 't. Why muſt you know
From whence it is I come, or where I go?"
"See here my ſtaff," cries Strap; "trembling behold
"Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold:
"Wooden authority when thus I wield,
"Perſons of all degrees obedience yield.
"Then, be you the beſt man in all the city,
"Mark me! I to the Counter will commit ye."
"You! kiſs, and ſo forth. For that never ſpare:
"If that be all, commit me if you dare:
"No perſon yet, either through fear or ſhame,
"Durſt commit me, that once had heard my name."—
"Pray then, what is 't?"—"My name 's ADULTERY;
"And, faith, your future life would pleaſant be,
"Did your wife know you once committed *me*."

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the Carrier coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accoſt with ſalutation pretty,
As, "How do'ſt, Paul?"—"Thank you: and how do'ſt, Betty?"
"Didſt ſee our Jack, nor Siſter? No, you 've ſeen,
"I warrant, none but thoſe who ſaw the Queen."
"Many words ſpoke in jeſt," ſays Paul, are true,
"I came from Windſor*; and, if ſome folks knew
"As much as I, it might be well for you."
"Lord, Paul! what is 't?"—"Why give me ſomething for 't,
"This kiſs; and this. The matter then is ſhort:
"The Parliament have made a proclamation,
"Which will this week be ſent all round the nation;
"That Maids with *little mouths* do all prepare
"On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
"And that all Batchelors be likewiſe there:
"For Maids with little mouths ſhall, if they pleaſe,
"From out of theſe young men chooſe two apiece."
Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with ſimpering grace,
Cries, "Hem! pray what muſt all the huge ones do
"For huſbands, when we little mouths have two?"
"Hold, not ſo faſt," cries he; "pray pardon me:
"Maids with huge, gaping, *wide mouths*, muſt have three."
Betty diſtorts her face with hideous ſquall,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
"Oh! ho! is 't ſo?. The caſe is alter'd, Paul.
"Is that the point? I wiſh the three were ten!
"I warrant I 'd find *mouth*, if they 'll find *men*."

* Where Queen Anne and her frequently reſided.

HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckieſt of his crew,
Was ſtill contriving ſomething bad, but new.
His comrades all obedience to him paid,
In executing what deſigns he laid:
'Twas they ſhould rob the orchard, he 'd retire,
His foot was ſafe whilſt theirs was in the fire.
He kept them in the dark to that degree,
None ſhould preſume to be ſo wiſe as he;
But, being at the top of all affairs,
The profit was his own, the miſchief theirs.
There fell ſome words made him begin to doubt,
The rogues would grow ſo wiſe to find him out;
He was not pleas'd with this, and ſo next day
He cries to them, as going juſt to play,
" What a fine Jack-daw's neſt is there! look up,
" You ſee 'tis almoſt at the ſteeple's top."
" Ah," ſays another, " we can have no hope
" Of getting thither to 't without a rope."
Says then the fleering ſpark, with courteous grin,
By which he drew his infant cullies in;
" Nothing more eaſy; did you never ſee
" How, in a ſwarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
" Make a long ſort of rope below the tree.
" Why mayn't we do the ſame, good Mr. John?
" For that contrivance pray let me alone.
" Tom ſhall hold Will, you Will, and I 'll hold
" you;
" And then I warrant you the thing will do.
" But, if there 's any does not care to try,
" Let us have no Jack-daws, and what care I!"
That touch'd the quick, and ſo they ſoon complied,
No argument like that was e'er denied,
And therefore inſtantly the thing was tried.
They hanging down on ſtrength above depend:
Then to himſelf mutters their truſty friend,
" The dogs are almoſt uſeleſs grown to me,
" I ne'er ſhall have ſuch opportunity
" To part with them; and ſo e'en let them go."
Then cries aloud, " So ho! my lads! ſo ho!
" You 're gone, unleſs ye all hold faſt below.
" They 've ſerv'd my turn, ſo 'tis fit time to drop
" them;
" The Devil, if he wants them, let him ſtop them."

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode aſtray,
More out of choice, than that he loſt his way:
He let his company the Hare purſue,
For he himſelf had other game in view:
A Beggar by her trade; yet not ſo mean,
But that her cheeks were freſh, and linen clean.
" Miſtreſs," quoth he, " and what if we two
" ſhou'd
" Retire a little way into the wood?"
She needed not much courtſhip to be kind,
He ambles on before, ſhe trots behind;
For little Bobby, to her ſhoulders bound,
Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
He often aſk'd her to expoſe; but ſhe
Still fear'd the coming of his company.
Says ſhe, " I know an unfrequented place,
" To the left hand, where we our time may paſs,
" And the mean while your horſe may find
" ſome graſs."
Thither they come, and both the horſe ſecure;
Then thinks the Squire, I have the matter ſure.
She 's aſk'd to ſit: but then excuſe is made,
" Sitting," ſays ſhe, " 's not uſual in my trade:
" Should you be rude, and then ſhould throw
" me down,
" I might perhaps break more backs than my
" own."
He ſmiling cries, " Come, I 'll the knot untie,
" And, if you mean the Child's, we 'll lay it by."
Says ſhe, " That can't be done, for then 'twill
" cry.
" I 'd not have us, but chiefly for your ſake,
" Diſcover'd by the hideous noiſe 'twould make.
" Uſe is another nature, and 'twould lack,
" More than the breaſt, its cuſtom to the back."
" Then," ſays the Gentleman, " I ſhould be loth
" To come ſo far and diſoblige you both:
" Were the child tied to me, d 'ye think 'twould
" do?"
" Mighty well, Sir! Oh, Lord! if tied to you."
With ſpeed incredible to work ſhe goes,
And from her ſhoulder ſoon the burthen throws;
Then mounts the infant with a gentle toſs
Upon her generous friend, and, like a croſs,
The ſheet ſhe with a dextrous motion winds,
Till a firm knot the wandering fabrick binds.
The Gentleman had ſcarce got time to know
What ſhe was doing; ſhe, about to go,
Cries, " Sir, good b'ye; ben't angry that we part,
" I truſt the child to you with all my heart:
" But, ere you get another, 't'en't amiſs
" To try a year or two how you 'll keep this."

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the Shire of Nottingham there lies
A pariſh fam'd, becauſe the men were wiſe:
Of their own ſtrain they had a teacher ſought,
Who all his life was better fed than taught.
It was about a quarter of a year
Since he had ſnor'd, and eat, and fatten'd there;
When he the houſe keepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a ſort of Pariſh-meeting call;
Promiſing ſomething, which, well underſtood,
In little time would turn to all their good.
When met, he thus harangues: " Neighbours,
" I find,
" That in your principles you 're well inclin'd:
" But then you 're all ſolicitous for Sunday;
" None ſeem to have a due regard for Monday,
" Moſt people then their dinners have to ſeek,
" As if 'twere not the firſt day of the week;

' But, when you have hash'd meat and nothing
" more,
' You only curse the day that went before.
' On Tuesday all folks dine by one consent:
' And Wednesdays only fast by Parliament,
' But Fasting sure by Nature ne'er was meant.
' The Market will for Thursday find a dish,
' And Friday is a proper day for fish;
' After fish, Saturday requires some Meat;
' On Sunday you 're obliged by law to treat;
' And the same law ordains a Pudding then,
' To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
' Take Hens, Geese, Turkies, then, or something
" light,
' Because their legs, if broil'd, will serve at night,
' And, since I find that roast Beef makes you
" sleep,
' Corn it a little more, and so 'twill keep.
' Roast it on Monday, pity it should be spoil'd;
' On Tuesday Mutton either roast or boil'd.
' On Wednesday should be some variety,
' A Loin or Breast of Veal, and Pigeon-pye.
' On Thursday each man of his dish make choice,
' 'Tis fit on Market-days we all rejoice.
' And then on Friday, as I said before,
' We 'll have a dish of Fish, and one dish more.
' On Saturday stew'd Beef, with something nice,
' Provided quick, and toss'd up in a trice,
' Because that in the afternoon, you know,
' By custom, we must to the Ale-house go;
' For else how should our houses e'er be clean,
' Except we gave some time to do it then?
' From whence, unless we value not our lives,
' None part without remembring first our Wives.
' But these are standing rules for every day,
' And very good ones, as I so may say:
' After each meal, let 's take a hearty cup;
' And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we sup.
" Now for the application, and the use:
' I found your care for Sunday an abuse:
' All would be asking, Pray, Sir, where d' you
" dine?
' I have roast Beef, choice Venison, Turkey,
" Chine:
Every one 's hawling me. Then say poor I,
It is a bitter business to deny;
But, who is 't cares for fourteen meals a day,
As for my own part, I had rather stay,
' And take them now and then,—and here and
" there,—
' According to my present bill of fare.
You know I 'm single: if you all agree
To treat by turns, each will be sure of me."
The Vestry all applauded with a hum,
And the seven wisest of them bad him come.

THE MONARCH.

WHEN the young people ride the Skimmington,
There is a general trembling in a town:
Not only he for whom the person rides
Suffers, but they sweep other doors besides;
And by that hieroglyphic does appear
That the good woman is the master there.
At Jenny's door the barbarous Heathens swept,
And his poor wife scolded until she wept;
The mob swept on, whilst she sent forth in vain
Her vocal thunder and her briny rain.
Some few days after, two young sparks came
there,
And whilst she does her Coffee fresh prepare,
One for discourse of news the master calls,
T'other on this ungrateful subject falls.
" Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
" For I believe there 's no great reason for 't,
" As if the folks t' other day swept your door,
" And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"
" There 's nothing in 't," says Jenny; " that is
" done
" Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,
" And, gentlemen, you 'd much mistaken be,
" If any one should not think that of me.
" Within these walls, my suppliant vassals know
" What due obedience to their prince they owe,
" And kiss the shadow of my papal toe.
" My word 's a law; when I my power advance,
" There 's not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
" Not the Mogul or Czar of Muscovy,
" Not Prester John, or Cham of Tartary,
" Are in their houses Monarch more than I.
" My House my Castle is, and here I 'm King,
" I 'm Pope, I 'm Emperor, Monarch, every thing.
" What though my wife be partner of my bed,
" The Monarch's Crown sits only on this head."
His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
And, hearing all, thought his discourse too long:
Her conscience said, he should not tell such lyes,
And to her knowledge such; she therefore cries,
" D' ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?—
" Come down
" And grind the Coffee——or I 'll crack your
" Crown."

JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to see
One that would never discontented be,
But in a careless way to all agree.
He had a Servant, much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind:
" Humpus," says he, " I order that you find
" Out such a man, with such a character,
" As in this paper now I give you here;
" Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
" Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
" For I will break your back, and set you strait.

" Bring him to dinner." Humpus ſoon withdrew,
Was ſafe, as having ſuch a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtleſs air and look profound,
Who, ſolitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to ſay, " Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, " Sir, my Maſter bade me pray
" Your company to dine with him to-day."
He ſnuffs; then follows; up the ſtairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his ſhoes,
But, looking round him, ſaw a handſome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Cloſe to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And, lolling eaſy, doth for ſleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he ſits ſtill,
Thinks, " Let them take the other chairs that
" will!"
The Maſter thus accoſts him, " Sir, you 're wet,
" Pray have a cuſhion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, " If I do ſpoil it, need I care?
" I ſee he has eleven more to ſpare."
Dinner 's brought up; the Wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end muſt be his ſeat.
" This is not very uſual," thinks the Clown:
" But is not all the family his own?
" And why ſhould I, for contradiction's ſake,
" Loſe a good dinner, which he bids me take?
" If from his table ſhe diſcarded be,
" What need I care! there is the more for me."
After a while, the Daughter's bid to ſtand,
And bring him whatſoever he 'll command.
Thinks he, " The better from the fairer hand!"
Young Maſter next muſt riſe, to fill him wine,
And ſtarve himſelf, to ſee the booby dine:
He does. The Father aſks, " What have you
" there?
" How dare you give a ſtranger Vinegar?"
" Sir, 'Twas Champagne I gave him."—" Sir,
" indeed
" Take him and ſcourge him till the raſcal bleed;
" Don't ſpare him for his tears or age: I 'll try
" If Cat-of-nine-tails can excuſe a lye."
Thinks the Clown, " That 'twas wine, I do
" believe;
" But ſuch young rogues are apteſt to deceive:
" He 's none of mine, but his own fleſh and
" blood,
" And how know I but 't may be for his good?"
When the deſſert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the diſmal ſcene of finding fault:
They were ſuch hideous, filthy, poiſonous ſtuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was aſk'd who made them. Trembling he
Said, " Sir, it was my Lady gave them me."—
" No more ſuch Poiſon ſhall ſhe ever give,
" I 'll burn the witch; 't'ent fitting ſhe ſhould
" live:
" Set faggots in the court, I 'll make her fry;
" And pray, good Sir, may't pleaſe you to be by?"
Then, ſmiling, ſays the Clown, " Upon my
" life,
" A pretty fancy this, to burn one's Wife!
" And, ſince I find 'tis really your deſign,
" Pray let me juſt ſtep home, and fetch you mine."

OF DREAMS.

" For a Dream cometh through the multitude of
" Buſineſs." ECCLES. v. 3.

" Somnia, quæ luduut mente volitantibus umbræ,
" Non delubra deûm nec ab æthere numina mit-
" tunt,
" Sed ſibi quiſque facit," &c. PETRONIUS.

THE flitting Dreams, that play before the wind,
Are not by Heaven for Propheſies deſign'd;
Nor by æthereal Beings ſent us down,
But each man is creator of his own:
For, when their weary limbs are ſunk in eaſe,
The ſouls eſſay to wander where they pleaſe;
The ſcatter'd images have ſpace to play,
And Night repeats the labours of the Day.

THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of FOOD, by Britiſh Nurſe deſign'd,
To make the Stripling brave, and Maiden kind.
Delay not, Muſe, in numbers to rehearſe
The pleaſures of our life, and ſinews of our verſe.
Let PUDDING's diſh, moſt wholeſome, be thy
theme,
And dip thy ſwelling plumes in fragrant Cream.
Sing then that Diſh ſo fitting to improve
A tender modeſty and trembling love;
Swimming in Butter of a golden hue,
Garniſh'd with drops of Roſe's ſpicy dew.
Sometimes the frugal Matron ſeems in haſte,
Nor cares to beat her Pudding into Paſte:
Yet Milk in proper Skillet ſhe will place,
And gently ſpice it with a blade of Mace;
Then ſet ſome careful Damſel to look to't,
And ſtill to ſtir away the Biſhop's-foot;
For, if burnt Milk ſhould to the bottom ſtick,
Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make ſoup ſick.
Into the Milk her Flour ſhe gently throws,
As Valets now would powder tender Beaux:
The liquid forms in HASTY MASS unite
Forms equally delicious, as they 're white.
In ſhining diſh the HASTY MASS is thrown,
And ſeems to want no graces but its own.
Yet ſtill the Houſewife brings in freſh ſupplies,
To gratify the taſte, and pleaſe the eyes.
She on the ſurface lumps of Butter lays,
Which, melting with the heat, its beams diffuſes
From whence it cauſes, wondrous to behold,
A Silver ſoil bedeck'd with ſtreams of Gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG *after a* QUAKING-PUDDING.

AS Neptune, when the three-tooth'd ſpear he takes,
With ſtrength divine the globe terreſtrial ſhakes,

The higheſt Hills, Nature's ſtupendous Piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into Iſles;
Set on the ruins grow the lofty Pines,
And Snow unmelted in the vallies ſhines:
Thus when the Dame her HEDGE-HOG-PUDDING breaks,
Her Fork indents irreparable ſtreaks.
The trembling lump, with Butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd;
And yet the tops appear, whilſt Almonds thick
With bright Loaf-ſugar on the ſurface ſtick.

III. PUDDINGS *of* VARIOUS COLOURS *in a Diſh.*

YOU, Painter-like, now variegate the ſhade,
And thus from PUDDINGS there's a Landſcape made.
And Wiſe and London *, when they would diſpoſe
Their Ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
To mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives light and ſhadow as the others want.

V. *Making of a* GOOD PUDDING *gets a* GOOD HUSBAND.

YE Virgins, as theſe lines you kindly take,
So may you ſtill ſuch glorious Pudding make,
That crouds of Youth may ever be at ſtrife,
To gain the ſweet compoſer for his wife!

V. SACK *and* SUGAR *to* QUAKING-PUDDING.

"Oh, Delicious!"

BUT where muſt our Confeſſion firſt begin,
If Sack and Sugar once be thought a Sin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

HID in the dark, we mortals ſeldom know
From whence the ſource of happineſs may flow:
Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have bent
From bright PEWTERIA's love-ſick diſcontent?
Yet ſo it was, PEWTERIA felt Love's heat
In fiercer flames than thoſe which roaſt her meat.
No Pudding's loſt, but may with freſh delight
Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

BUT Mutton, thou moſt nouriſhing of meat,
Whoſe ſingle joint † may conſtitute a treat;
When made a Pudding, you excel the reſt
As much as That of other Food is beſt!

VIII. OATMEAL PUDDING.

OF Oats decorticated take two pound,
And of new milk enough the ſame to drown;
Of raiſins of the Sun, ſton'd, ounces eight;
Of currants, cleanly pick'd, an equal weight;
Of ſuet, finely ſlic'd, an ounce at leaſt;
And ſix eggs, newly taken from the neſt:
Seaſon this mixture well with ſalt and ſpice;
'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding rice;
And you may ſafely feed on it like farmers,
For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's.

IX. A SACK-POSSET.

FROM far Barbadoes, on the Weſtern Main,
Fetch ſugar, half a pound; fetch ſack, from Spain,
A pint; then fetch, from India's fertile coaſt,
Nutmeg, the glory of the Britiſh toaſt.

* The two royal gardeners. KING.

† A Loin. KING.

UPON A GIANT's ANGLING.

HIS angle-rod made of a ſturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in ſtorms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And ſate upon a Rock and bobb'd for whale.

ADVICE TO HORACE,

TO TAKE HIS LEAVE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticizing ſtuff
To Epicurus' School.

But, in excuſe of this, you 'll ſay,
You 're ſo unwieldy grown,
That, if amongſt that herd you lay,
You ſcarcely ſhould be known.

How many butter'd cruſts you 've toſt
Into your weem ſo big,
That you 're more like (at College coſt)
A *porpoiſe* than a *pig*.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
And ſo from ſide to ſide:
You meaſure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you 're wide.

Then bleſs me, Sir, how many craggs
You 've drunk of potent ale!
No wonder if the belly ſwaggs,
That 's rival to a *whale*.

E'en let the Fellows take the reſt,
They 've had a jolly taſter:
But no great likelihood to feaſt,
'Twixt Horace and the Maſter!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.

CÆSAR, poſſeſs'd of Ægypt's Queen,
And Conqueror of her charms,
Would envy, had he Darco ſeen
When lock'd in Zabra's arms.

ZABRA.

Should Memnon that fam'd Black revive,
Aurora's darling Son,
For Zabra's heart in vain he 'd ſtrive,
Where Darco reigns alone.

DARCO.

Freſh Mulberries new-preſs'd diſcloſe
A blood of purple hue;
And Zabra's lips, like crimſon Roſe,
Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA.

The amorous Sun has kiſs'd his face;
And, now thoſe beams are ſet,
A lovely night aſſumes the place,
And tinges all with jet.

DARCO.

Darkneſs is myſtic prieſt to Love,
And does its rites conceal;
O'erſpread with clouds, ſuch joys we 'll prove
As day ſhall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA.

In gloom of night, when Darco's eyes
Are guides, what heart can ſtray?
Whoever views his teeth, deſcries
The bright and milky way.

DARCO.

Though born to rule fierce Libya's ſands,
That with gold's luſtre ſhine,
With eaſe I quit thoſe high commands
Whilſt Zabra thus is mine.

ZABRA.

Should I to that bleſt world repair,
Where Whites no portion have;
I 'd ſoon, if Darco were not there,
Fly back, and be a Slave.

EPIGRAM.

WHO could believe that a fine needle's ſmart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart;
That, from an orifice ſo very ſmall
The ſpirits and the vital blood ſhould fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I 'll be judg'd by you,
If more than this has not been found too true.
From ſmaller darts, much greater wounds ariſe,
When ſhot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes.

EPIGRAM.

SAM WILLS had view'd Kate Bets, a ſmiling laſs;
And for her pretty Mouth admir'd her face.
Kate had lik'd Sam, for Noſe of Roman ſize,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—ſays Sam, Alas, ſo ſay the truth,
I find myſelf deceiv'd by that ſmall Mouth!
Alas, cries Kate, could any one ſuppoſe,
I could be ſo deceiv'd by ſuch a Noſe!
But I henceforth ſhall hold this maxim juſt,
To have experience firſt, and then to truſt!

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWARD TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who, writing this
Wiſhes you in the ſame that now he is,
Though to your perſon he may be unknown,
His wiſhes are as hearty as your own.
For Carter's drink, when in his Maſter's hand,
Has pleaſure and good-nature at command.
What though his Lordſhip's lands are in your truſt,
'Tis greater to his Brewing to be juſt.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you ſupply him ſtill with well-dried Malt.
Still be a ſervant conſtant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous Lord;
Liquor, like him, from ſeeds of worth in light,
With ſparkling atoms ſtill aſcending bright.
May your accompts ſo with your Lord ſtand clear,
And have your reputation like your Beer;
The main perfection of your life purſue,
In March, October, every month, ſtill brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"

NERO.

A SATIRE.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and Senate ſlain;
The Prince, with Brother's gore imbrued;
His tender Mother's life purſued;
How he the carcaſe, as it lay,
Did without tear or bluſh ſurvey,
And cenſure each majeſtic grace
That ſtill adorn'd that breathleſs face:
Yet he with ſword could domineer
Where dawning light does firſt appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole courſe, ev'n to that ſtrand
Where he, abhorring ſuch a ſight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:
Yet he could death and terror throw,
Where Thulé ſtarves in Northern ſnow;
Where Southern heats do fiercely paſs
O'er burning ſands that melt to glaſs.
Fond hopes! Could height of Power aſſuage
The mad exceſs of Nero's rage?
Hard is the fate, when ſubjects find
The Sword unjuſt to Poiſon join'd!

AD AMICUM.

PRIMUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus* in oras,
Palladias artes ſecum, cytharamque ſonantem
Attulit; aſt illi comites Parnaſſido una
Adveniunt, autorque viæ conſultus Apollo:
Ille idem ſparſos longè latèque colonos
Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
Creſcere divitias et ſurgere tecta deorum.
Talibus auſpiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
Sic byrſa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
Carthago regum domitrix; ſic aurea Roma
Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit aſtris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who firſt, from Britiſh ſhore,
Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
His tuneful harp attending Muſes ſtrung,
And Phœbus' ſkill inſpir'd the lays he ſung.
Strong towers and palaces their riſe began,
And liſtening ſtones to ſacred fabricks ran.
Juſt laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
And trade 's briſk current flow'd with wealth's increaſe.
On ſuch foundations learned Athens roſe;
So Dido's thong did Carthage firſt incloſe:
So Rome was taught *old* Empires to ſubdue,
As Tynte creates and governs, now, the *new*.

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

ULYSSES.

TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how,
Eſtate when ſunk, and pocket low,
What ſubtle arts, what ſecret ways,
May the deſponding fortune raiſe?
You laugh: thus Miſery is ſcorn'd!

TIRESIAS.

Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
Home by your Wit, and view again
Your Farm of Ithac, and Wife Pen.

ULYSSES.

Sage friend, whoſe word 's a law to me,
My want and nakedneſs you ſee:
The ſparks, who made my wife ſuch offers,
Have left me nothing in my coffers;
They 've kill'd my oxen, ſheep, and geeſe,
Eat up my bacon and my cheeſe,
Lineage and virtue, at this puſh,
Without the *gelt*, 's not worth a ruſh.

TIRESIAS.

Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averſe to being poor;
Therefore find out ſome rich old cuff,
That never thinks he has enough:
Have you a Swan, a Turkey-pye,
With Woodcocks, thither let them fly,
The Firſt-fruits of your early Spring,
Not to the Gods, but to Him bring.
Though he a foundling Baſtard be,
Convict of frequent perjury;
His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
By juſtice for that crime purſued;
Never the wall, when aſk'd, refuſe,
Nor loſe your friend to ſave your ſhoes.

ULYSSES.

'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
Which is the filthieſt of the two?
Before Troy-town it was not ſo.
There with the beſt I us'd to ſtrive.

TIRESIAS.

Why, by that means you 'll never thrive.

ULYSSES.

It will be very hard, that 's true:
Yet I 'll my generous mind ſubdue.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO.

CANTO III. ST. 3.

SO when bold Mariners, whom hopes of ore
Have urg'd to ſeek ſome unfrequented ſhore:
The ſea grown high, and pole unknown, do find
How falſe is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
If wiſh'd-for land ſome happier ſight deſcries,
Diſtant huzzas, ſaluting clamours, riſe:
Each ſtrives to ſhew his mate th' approaching bay,
Forgets paſt danger, and the tedious way.

FROM HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his ſubjects here
Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were baniſh'd far,
With all the dread of Laws and doubtful War:
But chearful Friendſhip, mix'd with Innocence,
Feaſted their underſtanding and their ſenſe;
Nature abounded with unenvied ſtore,
Till their diſcreteſt wits could aſk no more;
And when by fate, they came to breathe their laſt,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep their flitting vitals paſs'd.
Then to much happier manſions they remov'd,
There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

THAME AND ISIS.

SO the God Thame, as through ſome pond he glides,
Into the arms of wandering Iſis ſlides:
His ſtrength, her neatneſs, in one bed combine,
And both with hands inextricable join.
Now no cœrulean Nymph, or Sea God, knows,
Where Iſis, or where Thame, diſtinctly flows;
But with a laſting charm they blend their ſtream,
Producing one imperial River—THAME.

I waked, ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the Morning.

NATURE a thouſand ways complains,
A thouſand words expreſs her pains:
But for her Laughter has but three,
And very ſmall ones, HA, HA, HE!

THE STUMBLING BLOCK.

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS *.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate.
If earthly things are rul'd by Heaven,
Or matters go at ſix and ſeven,
The coach without a coachman driven?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ſhip left to wind and tide?
A great Firſt Cauſe to be ador'd,
Or whether all 's a lottery-board?
For when, in viewing Nature's face,
I ſpy ſo regular a grace!
So juſt a ſymmetry of features,
From ſtem to ſtern, in all her creatures!
When on the boiſt'rous ſea I think,
How 'tis confin'd like any ſink!
How ſummer, winter, ſpring and fall,
Dance round in ſo exact a hawſ!
How, like a chequer, day and night,
One 's mark'd with black, and one with white!
Quoth I, I ken it well from hence,
There 's a preſiding influence!
Which won't permit the rambling ſtars
To fall together by the ears:
Which orders ſtill the proper ſeaſon
For hay and oats, and beans and peaſen:
Which trims the ſun with its own beams;
Whilſt the moon ticks for her's, it ſeems,
And, as aſham'd of the diſgrace,
Unmaſks but ſeldom all her face:
Which bounds the ocean within banks,
To hinder all its mad-cap pranks:
Which does the globe to an axle fit,
Like wheel to nave, or joint to ſpit!
But then again! How can it be
Whilſt ſuch vaſt tracks of earth we ſee
O'er-run by barbarous tyranny!
Vile ſycophants in clover bleſs'd;
Whilſt patriots with Duke Humphry feaſt,
Brow-beaten, bullied, and oppreſs'd!
Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule;
Whilſt he, who ſeems to be a tool,
Is the prieſt's knave, the placeman's fool!
This whimſical phænomenon,
Confounding all my *pro* and *con*,
Bamboozles the account again,
And draws me *nolens volens* in,
Like a preſs'd ſoldier, to eſpouſe
The ſceptic's hypothetic cauſe:
Who Kent will to a codling lay us,
That croſs-or-pile refin'd the chaos;
That jovial atoms once did dance,
And form'd this merry orb by chance,
No art or ſkill were taken up,
But all fell out as round as hoop!
A *vacuum* 's another maxim;
Where, he brags, experience backs him:
Denying that all ſpace is full,
From inſide of a Tory's ſkull.
As to a Deity; his tenet
Sweers by It, there is nothing in it;
Life 'tis too buſy or too idle,
With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
Anna 's a curb to lawleſs Louis,
Which as illuſtrious as true is;
Her victories o'er deſpotic-right,
That paſſive non-reſiſting bite,
Have brought this myſtery to light:
Have fairly made the riddle out,
And anſwer'd all the ſqueamiſh doubt;
Have clear'd the regency on-high,
From every preſumptuous Why.
No more I boggle as before,
But with full confidence adore;
Plain, as noſe on face, expounding
All this intricate dumb-founding;
Which to the mean'ſt conception is,
As followeth hereunder, viz.

"Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
"To make their headlong fall the greater."

THE GARDEN PLOT. 1709.

WHEN Naboth's vineyard look'd ſo fine,
The king cried out, "Would this were mine!"
And yet no reaſon could prevail,
To bring the owners to a ſale;
Jezabel ſaw, with haughty pride,
How Ahab griev'd to be denied:
And thus accoſted him with ſcorn,
"Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn!
"A king, and weep! The ground 's your own!
"I 'll veſt the garden in the crown."

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* See a ſerious tranſlation, above, p. 598.

With that ſhe hatch'd a plot, and made
Poor Naboth anſwer with his head.
And when his harmleſs blood was ſpilt,
The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.
Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair,
Whoſe hands perhaps were not ſo fair,
Yet had a Jezabel as near.
Hall, of ſmall Scripture-converſation,
Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
By ſome ſtrange accident had got
The ſtory of this Garden Plot;
Wiſely foreſaw he might have reaſon
To dread a modern bill of treaſon,
If Jezabel ſhould pleaſe to want
His ſmall addition to her grant;
Therefore reſolv'd in humble ſort
To begin firſt, and make his court;
And, ſeeing nothing elſe would do,
Save a third part, to ſave the other two.

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD*;

WRITTEN BY DR. KING.

IN THE CHARACTER OF "THE REVIEW."

TO Windſor Canon, his well-choſen Friend,
The juſt Review does kindeſt greeting ſend,
I've found the man by nature's gift deſign'd
To please my ear and captivate my mind,
By ſympathy the eager paſſions move,
And ſtrike my ſoul with wonder and with love!
Happy that place, where much leſs care is had
To ſave the virtuous, than protect the bad;
Where Paſtors muſt their ſtubborn Flock obey,
Or that be thought a ſcandal which they ſay:
For, ſhould a ſin, by ſome grand ſoul belov'd,
Chance with an aukward zeal to be reprov'd,
And tender conſcience meet the fatal curſe,
Of hardening by reproof, and growing worſe:
When things to ſuch extremities are brought,
'Tis not the Sinner's, but the Teacher's, fault.
With Great Men's wickedneſs, then, reſt content,
And give them their own leiſure to repent;
Whilſt their own head-ſtrong will alone muſt curb them,
And nothing vex, or venture to diſturb them,
Leſt they ſhould loſe their favour in the court,
And no one but themſelves be ſorry for 't.
Were I in panegyrick vers'd like you,
I'd bring whole offerings to your merit due.
You've gain'd the conqueſt; and I freely own,
Diſſenters may by Churchmen be out done.
Though once we ſeem'd to be at ſuch a diſtance,
Yet both concenter in Divine reſiſtance:
Both teach what Kings muſt do when ſubjects fight,
And both diſclaim Hereditary Right.
By Jove's command, two Eagles took their flight,
One from the Eaſt, the ſource of infant light,
The other from the Weſt, that bed of night.
The birds of thunder both at Delphi meet,
The centre of the world, and Wiſdom's ſeat.
So, by a Power not decent here to name,
To one fixt point our various notions tame,
Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windſor flew,
Whilſt Shop and Meeting-houſe brought forth Review*.
Your brains fierce Eloquence and Logick tried,
My humbler ſtrain choice Socks and Stockings cried;
Yet in our common principles we meet,
You ſinking from the Head, I riſing from the Feet.
Pardon a haſty Muſe, ambitious grown,
T' extol a merit far beyond his own.
For, though a moderate Painter can't command
The ſtroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand:
Yet their tranſcendent works his fancy raiſe;
And there's ſome ſkill in knowing *what* to praiſe.

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* Taken from an admirable banter of our author's, intituled, "Two Friendly Letters from honeſt Tom Boggy, to the Rev. Mr. Goddard, Canon of Windſor," very proper to be tacked to the Canon's Sermon; firſt printed in 8vo. 1710. His Sermon (full of high treaſon againſt High-church, Hereditary Right, and Sacheverell) was intituled, "The Guilt, Miſchief, and Aggravation of Cenſure; ſet forth in a Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel within her Majeſty's Caſtle of Windſor, on Sunday the 25th of June, 1710. By Thomas Goddard, A. M. Canon of Windſor. London, printed for B. Lintot, 1710."—Mr. Goddard was inſtalled Canon May 26, 1707, and was alſo Rector of St. Bennet Finch, London. He publiſhed a 30th of January Sermon, in 4to. 1703; and "The Mercy of God to this Church and Kingdom, exemplified in the ſeveral Inſtances of it, from the Beginning of the Reformation down to the preſent Time. A Sermon preached in St. George's Chapel at Windſor, on Tueſday the 7th of November, the Day of Thankſgiving, 1710," 8vo. They were all reprinted in 1715, with three others, under the title of "Six Sermons on ſeveral Occaſions," 8vo. N.

* A well-known political paper by De Foe; in which Mr. Goddard's Sermon was immoderately commended. See a long account of this writer, and of Ridpath and Tutchin his aſſociates, in the "Supplement to Swift." N.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. THOMAS SPRAT,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

TO

THE REVEREND DR. WILKINS,

WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

SIR,

SEEING you are pleaſed to think fit that theſe papers ſhould come into the publick, which were at firſt deſigned to live only in a deſk, or ſome private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldneſs to commit them to the ſecurity which your name and protection will give them with the moſt knowing part of the world. There are two things eſpecially in which they ſtand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall ſo infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are ſo little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deſerving rather to be the ſubjects of the nobleſt pens and divine fancies, than of ſuch ſmall beginners and weak eſſayers in poetry as myſelf. Againſt theſe dangerous prejudices, there remains no other ſhield, than the univerſal eſteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the relation you had to this great perſon, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particularly by reaſon of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myſelf to your ſervice: for having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my ſtudies and fortune, having been moulded as it were by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would not only be injuſtice, but ſacrilege: ſo that if there be any thing here tolerably ſaid, which deſerves pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your moſt devoted,

and obliged ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

hy conqueſt rais'd the ſtate, not thee;
hou overcam'ſt thyſelf in every victory.
s when the ſun in a direct er line
pon a poliſh'd golden ſhield doth ſhine,
ſhield reflects unto the ſun again his light:
hen the heavens ſmil'd on thee in fight;
hen thy propitious God had lent
ucceſs and victory to thy tent;
heaven again the victory was ſent.

XII.

land, till thou didſt come,
onfin'd her valour home;
n our own rocks did ſtand
nds to our fame as well as land,
nd were to us as well
s to our enemies unpaſſable:
were aſham'd at what we read,
I bluſh'd at what our fathers did,
nſe we came ſo far behind the dead.
Britiſh lion hung his mane, and droop'd,
To ſlavery and burden ſtoop'd,
With a degenerate ſleep and fear
ay in his den, and languiſh'd there;
At whoſe leaſt voice before,
trembling echo ran through every ſhore,
And ſhook the world at every roar:
hou his ſubdued courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his claws, and from his eyes
ad'ſt the ſame dreadful lightning riſe;
ad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring
floods,
mighty thunder ſounds through all the woods:
hou haſt our military fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt, or clouded ſeem'd:
ay, more, heaven did by thee beſtow
us, at once an iron age and happy too.

XIII.

thou command'ſt, that azure chain of waves,
hich nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every pirate ſlaves,
as rather burden than an ornament;
hoſe fields of ſea, that waſh'd our ſhores,
e plow'd and reap'd by other hands than ours:
o us the liquid maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As it is to the ſun,
nly a bed to ſleep on was:
not as now a powerful throne,
ſhake and ſway the world thereon.
princes in their hand a globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of earth and water too.
But thy commands the floods obey'd,
Thou all the wilderneſs of water ſway'd:
hou didſt not only wed the ſea,
ot make her equal but a ſlave to thee,
tune himſelf did bear thy yoke,
ſtoop'd, and trembled at thy ſtroke:
He that ruled all the main,
Acknowledg'd thee his ſovereign:
And now the conquer'd ſea doth pay
re tribute to thy Thames than that unto the
ſea.

XIV.

Till now our valour did ourſelves more hurt;
Our wounds to other nations were a ſport;
And as the earth, our land produc'd
Iron and ſteel, which ſhould to tear ourſelves be
us'd:
Our ſtrength within itſelf did break,
Like thundering cannons crack,
And kill'd thoſe that were near,
While th' enemies ſecure and untouch'd were.
But now our trumpets thou haſt made to ſound
Againſt their enemies walls in foreign ground;
And yet no echo back to us returning ſound.
England is now the happy peaceful iſle,
And all the world the while
Is exerciſing arms and wars
With foreign or inteſtine jars.
The torch extinguiſh'd here, we lent to others oil.
We give to all, yet know ourſelves no fear;
We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
Where'er we pleaſe our ſwords t' unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate regions breathe:
Like to the ſun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every corner of the world;
Whoſe flame through all the air doth go,
And yet the ſun himſelf the while no fire does
know.

XV.

Beſides, the glories of thy peace
Are not in number nor in value leſs.
Thy hand did cure, and cloſe the ſcars
Of our bloody civil wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
Made us again as healthy and as ſound:
When now the ſhip was well nigh loſt,
After the ſtorm upon the coaſt,
By its mariners endanger'd moſt;
When they their ropes and helms had left,
When the planks aſunder cleft,
And floods came roaring in with mighty ſound,
Thou a ſafe land and harbour for us found,
And ſaved'ſt thoſe that would themſelves have
drown'd;
A work which none but heaven and thou could do,
Thou mad'ſt us happy whether we would or no:
Thy judgment, mercy, temperance ſo great,
As if thoſe virtues only in thy mind had ſeat:
Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
When heaven ſeem'd to be wanted leaſt;
Thy temples not like Janus only were
Open in time of war,
When thou hadſt greater cauſe to fear:
Religion and the awe of heaven poſſeſt
All places and all times alike thy breaſt.

XVI.

Nor didſt thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beſide;
Our after-times and late poſterity
Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When fate did call thee to a higher throne,
And when thy mortal work was done,
When heaven did ſay it, and thou muſt be gone,

Thou him to bear thy burden choſe,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loſs;
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:
'Tis he ſhall perfect all thy cares,
And with a finer thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the choſen people from
Their ſlavery and fears,
Led them through their pathleſs road;
Guided himſelf by God,
H'as brought them to the borders; but a ſecond hand
Did ſettle and ſecure them in the promis'd land.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

(MR. EDWARD HOWARD),

UPON HIS

INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM,

INTITULED

"THE BRITISH PRINCES."

YOUR book our old knight-errants fame revives,
Writ in a ſtyle agreeing with their lives.
All rumours ſtrength their proweſs did out-go,
All rumours ſkill your verſes far out-do:
To praiſe the Welſh the world muſt how combine,
Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
Such loſty ſtrains your country's ſtory fit,
Whoſe mountain nothing equals but your wit.
Bonduca, were ſhe ſuch as here we ſee
(In Britiſh paint), none could more dreadful be:
With naked armies ſhe encounter'd Rome,
Whoſe ſtrength with naked nature you o'ercome.
Nor let ſmall critics blame this mighty queen,
That in king Arthur's time ſhe here is ſeen:
You that can make immortal by your ſong,
May well one life four hundred years prolong.
Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
The ſettled courſe of time and years to move,
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things elſe you borrow help from none:
No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
Their fables and examples you forſake.
With true heroic glory you diſplay
A ſubject new, writ in the neweſt way.
Go forth, great author, for the world's delight;
Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write;
They talk ſtrange things that ancient poets did,
How trees and ſtones they into buildings led:
For poems to raiſe cities, now, 'tis hard,
But yours, at leaſt, will build half Paul's churchyard.

ON

HIS MISTRESS DROWN'D.

SWEET ſtream, that doſt with equal pace
Both thyſelf fly and thyſelf chace,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And liſten to my woe.

Then go and tell the ſea that all its brine
Is freſh, compar'd to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
I' th' glory of her bud
Has paſs'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only ſtroke triumphs about
The greateſt power of love:
Alas, alas! I muſt give o'er,
My ſighs will let me add no more.
Go on, ſweet ſtream, and henceforth reſt
No more than does my troubled breaſt;
And if my ſad complaints have made thee fling
Theſe tears, theſe tears, ſhall mend thy ſpring.

THE

PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

WHICH HAPPENED

IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

FIRST DESCRIBED IN GREEK BY THUCYDIDES;

THEN IN LATIN BY LUCRETIUS.

TO MY WORTHY AND LEARNED FRIEND,

DR. WALTER POPE,

LATE PROCTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

SIR,

I KNOW not what pleaſure you could take in beſtowing your commands ſo unprofitably, unleſs it be that for which nature ſometimes cheriſhes and allows onſters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this de and unpoliſhed copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek id Latin. By this you will ſee how much a noble ſubject is changed and disfigured an ill hand, and what reaſon Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but ſome celebrated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides ſo well and ſo livelily expreſſes it, iat I know not which is more a poem, his deſcription or that of Lucretius. Though muſt be ſaid, that the hiſtorian had a vaſt advantage over the poet; he, having been reſent on the place, and aſſaulted by the diſeaſe himſelf, had the horror familiar to is eyes, and all the ſhapes of the miſery ſtill remaining on his mind, which muſt needs ake a great impreſſion on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow is footſteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I ſpeak, becauſe it ay in ſome meaſure too excuſe my own defects: for being ſo far removed from the lace whereon the diſeaſe acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the ircumſtances, cuſtoms of the country, and other ſmall things which would be of great ſe to any one who did intend to be perfect on the ſubject; beſides only writing by n idea of that which I never yet ſaw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of he painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thruſt himſelf into the midſt of a fight, that he ight the better delineate it). Having, I ſay, all theſe diſadvantages, and many nore for which I muſt only blame myſelf, it cannot be expected that I ſhould come ear equaling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus hen, Sir, by emboldening me to this raſh attempt, you have given opportunity to he Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the ionour of the countries or languages engaged in the compariſon, but that the inequality hould reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reaſon to fear the juſt ndignation of that excellent perſon (the preſent ornament and honour of our nation) whoſe way of writing I imitate: for he may think himſelf as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the ſacred and untimiable noiſe of thunder, by the ſound of braſs and horſes hoofs. I ſhall only ſay

for myself, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propose the noblest pattern to our thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common level, though we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent musician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by straining its throat to follow his notes, destroyed itself in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose myself than to be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve myself,

SIR,

Your most humble and

affectionate servant,

THOMAS SPRAT.

THUCYDIDES, LIB. II.

AS IT IS EXCELLENTLY TRANSLATED BY MR. HOBBES.

IN the very beginning of summer, the Peloponnesians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the son of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedæmon: and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague first began amongst the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos and elsewhere; but so great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before. For at first neither were the physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the most that most approached the sick, nor any other art of man availed whatsoever. All supplications to the gods, and enquiries at oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind, proved all unprofitable, insomuch as, subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt, and Africk, and into the greatest part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in Pyræus, insomuch as they reported that the Peloponnesians had cast poison into their wells; for springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every man, physician or other, concerning the ground of this sickness, whence it sprung, and what causes he thinks able to produce so great an alteration, speak, according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things as one may take his mark by to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it myself, and seen others sick of the same. This year, by confession of all men, was of all other, for other diseases, most free and healthful. If any man were sick before, his disease turned to this: but not, yet suddenly, without any apparent cause proceeding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extreme ache in their heads, redness and inflammation of the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noisome and unsavoury. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breast. And when once it was settled in the stomach, it caused vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that physicians ever named. Most of them had also the hickyexe, which brought with it a strong convulsion, and in some ceased

quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddiſh, livid, and beflowered with little pimples and whelks; but ſo burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lighteſt cloaths or linen garment to be upon them; nor any thing but mere nakedneſs, but rather moſt willingly to have caſt themſelves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, poſſeſſed with inſatiate thirſt, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being ſtill from eaſe and power to ſleep as far as ever.

As long as the diſeaſe was at the height, their bodies waſted not, but reſiſted the torment beyond all expectation, inſomuch as the moſt of them either died of their inward burning in nine or ſeven days, whilſt they had yet ſtrength; or if they eſcaped that, then, the diſeaſe falling down in their bellies, and cauſing there great exulcerations and immoderate looſeneſs, they died many of them afterwards through weakneſs: for the diſeaſe (which firſt took the head) began above, and came down, and paſſed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worſt of it was yet marked with the loſs of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many with the loſs of theſe eſcaped. There were alſo ſome that loſt their eyes, and many that preſently upon their recovery were taken with ſuch an oblivion of all things whatſoever, as they neither knew themſelves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of ſickneſs which far ſurmounted all expreſſion of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared alſo otherwiſe to be none of thoſe diſeaſes that are bred among us, and that eſpecially by this: for all, both birds and beaſts, that uſe to feed on human fleſh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or taſting, periſhed. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifeſt defect of ſuch fowl, which were not then ſeen, either about the carcaſes, or any where elſe; but by the dogs, becauſe they are familiar with men, this effect was ſeen much clearer. So that this diſeaſe (to paſs over many ſtrange particulars of the accidents that ſome had differently from others) was in general ſuch as I have ſhewn; and for other uſual ſickneſſes at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, ſome for want of attendance, and ſome again with all the care and phyſic that could be uſed. Nor was there any, to ſay, certain medicine, that applied muſt have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of body for ſtrength or weakneſs that was able to reſiſt it; but carried all away, what phyſic ſoever was adminiſtered. But the greateſt miſery of all was, the defection of mind, in ſuch as found themſelves beginning to be ſick (for they grew preſently deſperate, and gave themſelves over without making any reſiſtance); as alſo their dying thus like ſheep, infected by mutual viſitation: for if men forbore to viſit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of ſuch as ſhould take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themſelves, and principally the honeſteſt men: for out of ſhame they would not ſpare themſelves, but went in unto their friends, eſpecially after it was come to that paſs, that even their domeſtics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatneſs of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But thoſe that were recovered, had much compaſſion both on them that died, and on them that lay ſick, as having both known the miſery themſelves, and now no more ſubject to the like danger; for this diſeaſe never took a man the ſecond time ſo as to be mortal. And theſe men were both by others counted happy; and they alſo themſelves, through exceſs of preſent joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other ſickneſs hereafter. Beſides the preſent affliction, the reception of the country people and of their ſubſtance into the city, oppreſſed both them, and much more the people themſelves that ſo came in: for, having no houſes, but dwelling at that time of the year in ſtifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the ſtreets, and men half dead about every conduit through deſire of water. The temples alſo where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppreſſed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing

what to do, men grew careleſs, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly uſed touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things neceſſary, after ſo many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends. For when one had made a funeral pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and having caſt thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiouſneſs, which alſo in other kinds was uſed in the city, began at firſt from this diſeaſe. For that which a man before would diſſemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuouſneſs, he durſt now do freely, ſeeing before his eyes ſuch quick revolutions of the rich dying and men worth nothing inheriting their eſtates; inſomuch as they indulged a ſpeedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleaſure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, becauſe they thought it uncertain whether they ſhould die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleaſure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, becauſe they concluded it was alike to worſhip or not worſhip, from ſeeing that alike they all periſhed: nor the latter, becauſe no man expected that his life would laſt till he received puniſhment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads ſome far greater judgment decreed againſt them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy ſome little part of their lives.

THE

PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

UNHAPPY man! by nature made to ſway,
And yet is every creature's prey,
Deſtroy'd by thoſe that ſhould his power obey.
Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
Flattering ourſelves with mighty words;
Of all things we the monarchs are,
And ſo we rule, and ſo we domineer;
All creatures elſe about us ſtand
Like ſome prætorian band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they ſometimes prove enemies,
Sometimes againſt us riſe;
Our very guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thouſand diſeaſes ſent by fate
(Unhappy ſervants!) on us wait;
A thouſand treacheries within
Are laid, weak life to win;
Huge troops of maladies without
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
Some formal ſieges make,
And with ſure ſlowneſs do our bodies take;
Some with quick violence ſtorm the town,
And throw all in a moment down:
Some one peculiar fort aſſail,
Some by general attempts prevail.
Small herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And ſmall is the aſſiſtance they can give:
How can the fading offſpring of the field
Sure health and ſuccour yield?
What ſtrong and certain remedy,
What firm and laſting life can ours be,
When that which makes us live doth every winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within ourſelves the fatal ſeed
Of change, and of decreaſe in every part,
Head, belly, ſtomach, and root of life, the heart;
Not only have our autumn, when we muſt
Of our own nature turn to duſt,
When leaves and fruit muſt fall;
But are expos'd to mighty tempeſts too,
Which do at once what they would ſlowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
From ruin we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of ſtuff
Mouldering and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and deſtructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from ſea, from air,
We like the Roman empire ſhall decay,
And our own force would melt away
By the inteſtine jar
Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæſars and the Pompeys which within we bear:
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the Gothiſh and the barbarous rage
Of plague or peſtilence attends man's age,
Which neither force nor arts aſſwage;
Which cannot be avoided or withſtood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the ſouthern ſands,
The unfrequented coaſts, and parched lands,
Whither the ſun too kind a heat doth ſend,
(The ſun, which the worſt neighbour is, and the beſt friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
With dreadful frowns, the heavens ſcatter'd here
Cruel infections heats into the air:
Now all the ſtores of poiſon ſent,
Threatening at once a general doom,
Laviſh'd out all their hate, and meant
In future ages to be innocent,
Not to diſturb the world for many years to come.
Hold, heavens! hold; why ſhould your ſacred fire,
Which doth to all things life inſpire,
By whoſe kind beams you bring
Forth yearly every thing,
Which doth th' original ſeed
Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
With vital heat and quickening feed;
Why ſhould you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why ſhould it now deſtroy?

IV.

Thoſe Africk deſarts ſtraight were double deſarts grown,
The ravenous beaſts were left alone,
The ravenous beaſts then firſt began
To pity their old enemy man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would themſelves have done.
Nor ſtaid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues preſently forſake
The wilderneſs which they themſelves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and freſh forage find:
The loaded wind went ſwiftly on,
And as it paſs'd, was heard to ſigh and groan.
On Egypt next it ſeiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the ſouth did look,
And wonder'd thence ſhould come th' unhappy ſtroke,
From whence before her fruitfulneſs ſhe took.
Egypt did now curſe and revile
Thoſe very lands from whence ſhe has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
Another Angel's hand, a ſecond Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the ſacred land
Its angry forces did command;

But God did place an angel there
Its violence to withſtand,
And turn into another road the putrid air.
To Tyre it came, and there did all devour;
Though that by ſeas might think itſelf ſecure.
Nor ſtaid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and ſtopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the ſhore divide,
But paſs'd the waters, and did all poſſeſs,
And quickly all was wilderneſs.
Thence it did Perſia over-run,
And all that ſacrifice unto the ſun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with ſecret coals they melt;
The Perſians call'd their ſun in vain,
Their God increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their God no more.
But curſe the beams they worſhipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruin of the eaſt,
She took her wings, and down to Athens paſs'd;
Juſt Plague! which doſt no parties take.
But Greece as well as Perſia ſack,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other flay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'ſt both away.
Thither it came, and did deſtroy the town,
Whilſt all its ſhips and ſoldiers looked on;
And now the Aſian plague did more
Than all the Aſian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army ſate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for Fate.
They ſaw the city open lay,
An eaſy and a boothleſs prey;
They ſaw the rampires empty ſtand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or ſlaughters now,
The plague had finiſh'd what they came to do;
They might now unreſiſted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itſelf to them was wall and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudeſt work of nature and of art:
Learning and ſtrength did thee compoſe,
As ſoul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for fates t' invade;
Thoſe mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
Do only ſerve to make a fatter feaſt for death.
Death in the moſt frequented places lives;
Moſt tribute from the crowd receives;
And though it bears a ſcythe, and ſeems to own
A ruſtic life alone,
It loves no wilderneſs,
No ſcatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult and the town.
What ſtrange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that reſiſt it doth increaſe!
When other conquerors are
Oblig'd to make a ſlower war,
Nay ſometimes for themſelves may fear,
And muſt proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This ſtronger ſtill, and more ſucceſsful grows,
Down ſooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppoſe.

VIII.

The tyrant firſt the haven did ſubdue;
Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
Themſelves by wooden walls did ſave,
And therefore firſt to them th' infection gave,
Leſt they new ſuccour thence receive.
Cruel Pyræus! now thou haſt undone
The honour thou before hadſt won!
Not all thy merchandize,
Thy wealth, thy treaſuries,
Which from all coaſts thy fleet ſupplies,
Can to atone this crime ſuffice.
Next o'er the upper town it ſpread,
With mad and undiſcerning ſpeed;
In every corner, every ſtreet,
Without a guide did ſet its feet,
And too familiar every houſe did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Theſeus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When firſt in walls he did thee cloſe,
When firſt he did thy citizens reduce,
Houſes and government, and laws to uſe.
It had been better if thy people ſtill
Diſperſed in ſome field or hill,
Though ſavage and undiſciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be ſubdu'd,
To be by their own ſwarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be deſtroy'd.

IX.

Minerva ſtarted when ſhe heard the noiſe,
And dying men's confuſed voice.
From heaven in haſte ſhe came, to ſee
What was the mighty prodigy.
Upon the caſtle pinnacles ſhe ſat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midſt ſo many deaths to truſt her very duty.
With pitying look ſhe ſaw at every gate
Death and deſtruction wait;
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above;
But though a goddeſs now did pray,
The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.
She brought her olive and her ſhield,
Neither of theſe, alas! aſſiſtance yield.
She looked upon Meduſa's face,
Was angry that ſhe was
Herſelf of an immortal race,
Was angry that her Gorgon's head
Could not ſtrike her as well as others dead:
She ſat and wept a while, and then away ſhe fled.

X.

Now death began her ſword to whet,
Not all the Cyclops ſweat,
Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
Weapons enough for her.

No weapons large enough, but all the age
Men felt the heat within them rage,
And hop'd the air would it aſſwage,
Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it ſhould relieve.
The air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal poiſon grow;
The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
Only now ſerv'd to fire each part;
What ſhould refreſh, increas'd the ſmart:
And now their very breath,
The chiefeſt ſign of life, was turn'd the cauſe of death.

XI.

Upon the head firſt the diſeaſe,
As a bold conqueror, doth ſeize,
Begins with man's metropolis,
Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleaſure weaker parts ſubdue.
Blood ſtarted through each eye;
The redneſs of that ſky
Foretold a tempeſt nigh.
The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a lion's when ſome innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarſeneſs and ſores the throat did fill,
And ſtopt the paſſages of ſpeech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Doſt take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breaſt,
There all the ſeats and ſhops of life poſſeſs'd.
Such noiſome ſmells from thence did come,
As if the ſtomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's ſide,
The very meat new poiſons to the plague ſupply'd.
Next, to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what uſurping flame,
What unknown furnace, ſhould
On its more natural heat intrude;
Straight call'd its ſpirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.
The tainted blood its courſe began,
And carried death where'er it ran;
That which before was nature's nobleſt art,
The circulation from the heart,
Was moſt deſtructful now,
And nature ſpeedier did undo,
For that the ſooner did impart
The poiſon and the ſmart,
Th' infectious blood to every diſtant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at laſt its ſhare,
And all the ſubtile labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new monſters bear.
Here ſeven days it rul'd and ſway'd,
And oftner kill'd becauſe it death ſo long delay'd.
But if through ſtrength and heat of age
The body overcame its rage,
The plague departed as the devil doth,
When driven by prayers away he goeth.
If prayers and heaven do him control,
And if he cannot have the ſoul,
Himſelf out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour loſe,
But takes away with him part of the houſe:
So here the vanquiſh'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, ſome part, ſome limb.
Some loſt the uſe of hands and eyes,
Some arms, ſome legs, ſome thighs;
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;
Thoſe various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous ſhapes were fled;
And now the ranſack'd memory
Languiſh'd in naked poverty,
Had loſt its mighty treaſury;
They paſs'd the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever leſſer maladies men had,
They all gave place and vaniſhed;
Thoſe petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror ſhrunk their head.
Fevers, agues, palſies, ſtone,
Gout, colic, and conſumption,
And all the milder generation,
By which mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men ſaw themſelves freed from the pain,
Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worſe and ſooner die.

XV.

Phyſicians now could nought prevail,
They the firſt ſpoils to the proud victor fall;
Nor would the plague their knowledge truſt,
But fear'd their ſkill, and therefore ſlew them firſt:
So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
Firſt make the chiefeſt men to feel the ſtroke,
The chiefeſt and the wiſeſt heads, leſt they
Should ſooneſt diſobey,
Should firſt rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juices power,
None of Apollo's art could cure,
But help'd the plague the ſpeedier to devour.
Phyſic itſelf was a diſeaſe,
Phyſic the fatal tortures did encreaſe,
Preſcriptions did the pains renew,
And Æſculapius to the ſick did come,
As afterwards to Rome,
In form of ſerpent, brought new poiſons with him too.

XVI.

The ſtreams did wonder that, ſo ſoon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some caſt into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank;
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank,

But straight the more were scorch'd, the more did burn;
And, drunk with water, in their drinking sank:
That urn which now to quench their thirst they use,
Shortly their ashes shall include:
Others into the crystal brook
With faint and wondering eyes did look,
Saw what a ghastly shape themselves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs forsook,
Some snatch the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup;
They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning store.
So have I seen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden seeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But, when the moistures it provoke,
Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and straight to ashes broke.

XVII.

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
They like some mighty burden bear
The lightest covering of air.
All sexes and all ages do invade
The bounds which nature laid:
The laws of modesty which nature made:
The virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undress'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the disease did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedness once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
No sleep, no peace, no rest,
Their wandering and affrighted minds possess'd;
Upon their souls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unusual shapes and images,
Dark pictures and resemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their distemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their flesh away.
In vain she call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
The vultures afar off did see the feast,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taste,
They rally'd up their troops in haste;
Along came mighty droves,
Forsook their young ones and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his nest;
They come, but all their carcases abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if some bolder fowls the flesh assay,
They were destroy'd by their own prey.
The dog no longer bark'd at coming guest,
Repents its being a domestic beast,
Did to the woods and mountains hide:
The very owls at Athens are
But seldom seen and rare,
The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to stay.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcases,
The streets, the market-place possess,
Threatening to raise a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother and her child,
The infant suck'd as yet and smil'd,
But straight by its own food was kill'd.
Their parents hugg'd their children last,
Here parting lovers last embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here prisoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poison'd by the scent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themselves now dead the air pollute the more,
For which they others cure'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear his friend's last cries,
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to close his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his son heir with an infectious breath;
In the same hour the son doth take
His father's will and his own make.
The servant need not here be slain,
To serve his master in the other world again;
They languishing together lie,
Their souls away together fly;
The husband gaspeth, and his wife by,
It must be her turn next to die:
The husband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide.
They must without their privilege together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe:
The sisters now quite wearied
In cutting single thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One stroke did give whole houses dooms.

Now dy'd the frosty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if asham'd of that,
A conquest so degenerate,
Cut off the young and lusty too:
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys, they had in store:
ut Fate, ere they had finish'd their account, them slew.
The wretched usurer died,
nd had no time to tell where he his treasures hid;
The merchant did behold
His ships return with spice and gold;
He saw 't, and turn'd aside his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidst his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and assemblies cease; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No course of justice did appear,
No noise of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The senate cast away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more resistless sway,
Whilst that with dictatorian power
Doth all the great and lesser officers devour.
So magistrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did shew;
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legislators sit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harsher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading place they leave,
About the streets they run and rave:
The madness which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit
For the advantage of the state,
Now his successors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up starts the soldier from his bed,
He, though death's servant, is not freed,
Death him cashier'd, 'cause now his help she did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himself have fled.
He snatch'd his sword now rusted o'er,
Dreadful and sparkling now no more,
And thus in open streets did roar;
How have I, Death, so ill deserv'd of thee,
That now thyself thou should'st revenge on me?
Have I so many lives on thee bestow'd?
Have I the earth so often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, so many slain?
And must I now thy prey remain?
Let me at least, if I must die,
Meet in the field some gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Persian troops again:
No, they 're a base and degenerate train;
They by our women may be slain.
Give me, great heavens, some manful foes,
Let me my death amidst some valiant Grecians choose,
Let me survive to dye at Syracuse,
Where my dear country shall her glory lose.
For you, great Gods! into my mind infuse,
What miseries, what doom,
Must on my Athens shortly come!
My thoughts inspir'd presage
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I die upon that glorious stage!
Oh! that! but then he grasp'd his sword, and death concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy sword, O Fate!
Lest thou repent when 'tis too late,
Lest, by thy making now so great a waste,
By spending all mankind upon one feast,
Thou starve thyself at last:
What men wilt thou reserve in store,
Whom in the time to come thou may'st devour,
When thou shalt have destroyed all before?
But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy stomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou must kill,
And if thy jaws are craving still,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coasts,
The northern wilderness and eternal frosts!
Against those barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are strangers yet;
Where thou may'st kill, and yet the loss will not be great.
There rage, there spread, and there infect the air,
Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worst against those savage nations dare,
Those whom mankind can spare,
Those whom mankind itself doth fear:
Amidst that dreadful night and fatal cold,
There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.
Unto the farthest seas, and nature's ends,
Where never summer's sun its beams extends,
Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing sweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoice at such a doom,
They 'll bless thy pestilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They 'll thank the very flames with which they do consume.

XXV.

Then if that banquet will not thee suffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'st tyrannize;
Search every forest, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Those wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the rest of men secure,
And that the rest of men will thank thee for.
Let all those human beasts be slain,
Till scarce their memory remain;

Thyſelf with that ignoble ſlaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that blood to ſpill.
Meaſure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean's ſhores about,
Only paſs by and ſpare the Britiſh iſle.
Go on, and (what Columbus once ſhall do
When days and time unto their ripeneſs grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
Attempt thoſe lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beſide;
There thou may'ſt ſteal a victory,
And none of this world hear the cry
Of thoſe that by the wounds ſhall die;
No Greek ſhall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to poſterity.
Go, and unpeople all thoſe mighty lands,
Deſtroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the Spaniard's ſword prevent,
Go, make the Spaniard innocent;
Go, and root out all mankind there,
That when the European armies ſhall appear
Their ſin may be the leſs,
They may find all a wilderneſs,
And without blood the gold and ſilver there poſſeſs.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou ſhould'ſt full employment want,
(We do permit) in Greece thy kingdom plant.
Ranſack Lycurgus' ſtreets throughout,
They 've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud Corinth ſeize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appeaſe.
Let Cyprus feel more fires than thoſe of Love:
Let Delos, which at firſt did give the Sun,
See unknown flames in her begun,
Now let her wiſh ſhe might unconſtant prove,
And from her place might truly move:
Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'ſt in field, or camp, or ſhop:
Make havock there without controul
Of every ignorant and common ſoul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conqueſts ſtop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there eſcape,
Upon Minerva's ſelf commit no rape;
Touch not the ſacred throng,
And let Apollo's prieſts be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and ſtrong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilſt I
Strive to keep off the miſery,
The learned too, as faſt as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All Nature's ſtores againſt this plague ſupply;
And though beſides they ſhunn'd it every where,
They ſearch'd it in their books, and fain would
meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient time,
And chiefly thoſe that were made famous by their
crimes,
To find if men were puniſh'd ſo before;
But found not the diſeaſe nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now ſurpriz'd,
And all her forces ſeiz'd,
Before ſhe was how to reſiſt adviſ'd.
So when the elephants did firſt affright
The Romans with unuſual ſight,
They many battles loſe,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they underſtood ſuch dreadful troops t'oppoſe.

XXVIII.

Now every different ſect agrees
Againſt their common adverſary, the diſeaſe,
And all their little wranglings ceaſe;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts ſwerve,
No more their ſilence they obſerve,
Out of their ſchools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now deſir'd their metempſychoſis;
Not only to diſpute, but wiſh
That they might turn to beaſts, or fowls, or fiſh.
If the Platonicks had been here,
They would have curs'd their maſter's year,
When all things ſhall be as they were,
When they again the ſame diſeaſe ſhall bear:
All the philoſophers would now,
What the great Stagyrite ſhall do,
Themſelves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The Stoicks felt the deadly ſtroke,
At firſt aſſault their courage was not broke,
They call'd in all the cobweb aid
Of rules and precepts, which in ſtore they had;
They bid their hearts ſtand out,
Bid them be calm and ſtout,
But all the ſtrength of precept will not do't.
They can't the ſtorms of paſſion now aſſwage;
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
The Gods gave no releaſe unto their pain,
The Gods to fear ev'n for themſelves began.
For now the ſick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They ſacrific'd, and died there,
A ſacrifice not ſeen before;
That heaven, only us'd unto the gore
Of lambs or bulls, ſhould now
Loaded with prieſts ſee its own altars too!

XXX.

The woods gave funeral piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror o'erpower.
The noble and the common duſt
Into each other's graves are thruſt,
No place is ſacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to confound

Their ashes no distinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghosts of those great heroes that had fled
From Athens, long since banished,
Now o'er the city hover'd;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th' immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did them move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the blessed seats they went,
And now did thank their banishment,
By which they were to die in foreign countries sent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its magazines of lust did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of souls were thither sent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, such wickedness,
Such irreligion did increase,
That the few good which did survive
Were angry with the plague for suffering them to live:
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though sure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air sure to be punished.
Some nor the shrines nor temples spar'd,
Nor Gods nor Heavens fear'd,
Though such example of their power appeared.
Virtue was now esteem'd an empty name,
And Honesty the foolish voice of fame;
For, having past those torturing flames before,
They thought the punishment already o'er,
Thought heaven no worse torments had in store;
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

UPON THE POEMS OF THE

ENGLISH OVID, ANACREON, PINDAR, AND VIRGIL,

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

IN IMITATION OF HIS OWN PINDARIC ODES.

I.

LET all this meaner rout of books stand by,
The common people of our library;
Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
And be hung up within this sacred room:
Let no prophane hands break the chain,
Or give them unwish'd liberty again.
But let his holy relick be laid here,
With the same religious care
As Numa once the target kept,
Which down from heaven leapt;
Just such another is this book,
Which its original from divine hands took,
And brings as much good too, to those that on it look.
But yet in this they differ. That could be
Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand;
But this which here doth stand
Will never any of its own sort see,
But must still live without such company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever shall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

II.

Cowley! what God did fill thy breast,
And taught thy hand t' indite?
(For God 's a poet too,
He doth create, and so do you)
Or else at least
What angel sat upon thy pen when thou didst write?
There he sat, and mov'd thy hand,
As proud of his command,
As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel,
And spins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
Thy hand too, like a better sphere,
Gives us more ravishing music made for men to hear.
Thy hand too, like the sun which angels move,
Has the same influence from above,
Produces gold and silver of a nobler kind;
Of greater price, and more refin'd.
Yet in this it exceeds the sun, 't has no degenerate race,
Brings forth no lead, nor any thing so base.

III.

What holy vestal hearth,
What immortal breath,
Did give so pure poetic flame its birth?
Just such a fire as thine,
Of such an unmix'd glorious shine,
Was Prometheus's flame,
Which from no less than heaven came.
Along he brought the sparkling coal,
From some cœlestial chimney stole;
Quickly the plunder'd stars he left,
And as he hasten'd down
With the robb'd flames his hands still shone,
And seem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
Thy poetry 's compounded of the same,
Such a bright immortal flame;
Just so temper'd is thy rage,
They fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'st seem to us
A true Prometheus,
But that thou didst not steal the least spark of thy fire.

IV.

Such as thine was Arion's verse,
Which he did to the listening fish rehearse;
Which when they heard play'd on his lute,
They first curst nature that she made them mute.

So noble were his lines, which made the very waves
Strive to turn his ſlaves,
Lay down their boiſterous noiſe,
And dance to his harmonious voice,
Which made the Syrens lend their ear,
And from his ſweeter tunes ſome treachery fear;
Which made the dolphin proud,
That he was allow'd
With Atlas, the great porter of the ſkies, to take
Such heavenly muſic up, and carry 't on his back.
So full and graceful thy words go,
And with the ſame majeſtic ſweetneſs flow.
Yet his verſe only carried him o'er the ſeas;
But there 's a very ſea of wit in theſe,
As ſalt and boundleſs as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's ſong,
Which brought the wondering ſtones along;
The wondering ſtones ſkipt from their mother earth,
And left their father cold as his firſt birth;
They roſe, and knew not by what magic force they hung.
So were his words, ſo plac'd his ſounds,
Which forc'd the marbles riſe from out their grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them ſhine,
A work which can be outdone by none but thine!
Th' amazed poet ſaw the building riſe,
And knew not how to truſt his eyes:
The willing mortar came, and all the trees
Leap into beams he ſees.
He ſaw the ſtreets appear,
Streets, that muſt needs be harmonious there:
He ſaw the walls dance round t' his pipe,
The glorious temple ſhew its head,
He ſaw the infant city ripe,
And all like the creation by a word was bred.
So great a verſe is thine, which though it will not raiſe
Marble monuments to thy praiſe;
Yet 'tis no matter, cities they muſt fall,
And houſes, by the greateſt glutton Time be eaten all:
But thy verſe builds a fame for thee,
Which fire cannot devour, nor puriſy,
Which ſword and thunder doth defy,
As round, and full, as the great circle of eternity.

VI.

To thee the Engliſh tongue doth owe,
That it need not ſeek
For elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek;
To thee, that Roman poets now may hide,
In their own Latium, their head:
To thee, that our enlarged ſpeech can ſhew,
Far more than the three weſtern daughters born
Out of the aſhes of the Roman urn:
Daughters born of a mother, which did yield to admit
The adulterate ſeed of ſeveral tongues with it;
More than the ſmooth Italian, though nature gave
That tongue in poetry a genius to have,
And that ſhe might the better fit it to 't,
Made the very land a ſcot.
More than the Spaniſh, though that in one mals
The Mooriſh, Jewiſh, Gothiſh treaſures has,
And juſt as in their kingdom, in their tongue,
Moſt quarters of the earth together throng.
More than the courtly French, though that doth pace,
And not trot o'er the tongue its race:
That has not any thing, ſo elaborate wit;
Though it by its ſliding ſeems to have more of it in it.
Thy ſoul hath gone through all the Muſes' track;
Where never poets feet were ſeen before,
Hath paſs'd thoſe ſands where others left their wrecks,
And ſail'd an ocean through, which ſome thought had no ſhore.
Thy ſpirit has diſcover'd all poetry;
Thou found'ſt no tropics in the poet's ſky.
More than the ſun can do, haſt brought a ſtrict flower
To Mount Parnaſſus; and haſt open'd to our hand
Apollo's holy land,
Which yet hid in the frigid zone did lie.
Thou haſt ſail'd the Muſes' globes,
Not as the other Drake, or Ca'ndiſh did, to rob.
Thou haſt brought home the treaſure too,
Which yet no Spaniard can claim his due:
Thou haſt ſearch'd through every creek,
From the Eaſt-Indies of the poet's world, the Greek,
To the America of wit,
Which was laſt known, and has moſt gold in it.
That mother-tongue which we do ſpeak,
This world thy greater ſpirit has run through,
And view'd and conquer'd too,
A world as round and large as th' other is,
And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets till now deſerv'd excuſe, not praiſe,
Till now the Muſes liv'd in taverns, and the bays
That they were truly trees did ſhew,
Becauſe by ſucking liquor they did only grow.
Verſes were counted fiction, and a lye
The very nature of good poetry.
He was a poet that could ſpeak leaſt truth:
Sober and grave men ſcorn'd the name,
Which once was thought the greateſt fame.
Poets had nought elſe of Apollo, but his youth:
Few ever ſpake in rhyme, but that their feet
The trencher of ſome liberal man might meet.
Or elſe they did ſome rotten miſtreſs paint,
Call her their goddeſs, or their ſaint.
Though contrary in this they to their maſter run,
For the great god of wit, the ſun,
When he doth ſhew his miſtreſs, the white moon,
He makes her ſpots, as well as beauty, to be ſhewn.
Till now the ſiſters were too old, and therefore grew
Extremely fabulous too:
Till you, Sir, came, they were deſpis'd;
They were all heathens yet,
Nor ever into the church could get;
And though they had a font ſo long, yet never were baptis'd.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
By bringing in more ſtore of it:
Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
Reign without diſſembling too.
You 've ſhewn a poet muſt not needs be bad;
That one may be Apollo's prieſt,
And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad:
Till now, wit was a curſe (as to Lot's wife
'Twas to be turn'd to ſalt)
Becauſe it made men lead a life
Which was nought elſe but one continual fault.
You firſt the Muſes to the Chriſtians brought,
And you then firſt the holy language taught:
In you good poetry and divinity meet,
You are the firſt bird of paradiſe with feet.

IX.

Your Miſcellanies do appear
Juſt ſuch another glorious indigeſted heap
As the firſt maſs was, where
All heavens and ſtars incloſed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great cenſor them beſtow'd,
According to their ranks, in ſeveral tribes abroad;
Whilſt yet ſun and moon
Were in perpetual conjunction:
Whilſt all the ſtars were but one milky way,
And in natural embraces lay.
Whilſt yet none of the lamps of heaven might
Call this their own, and that another's light,
So glorious a lump as thine,
Which chemiſtry may ſeparate, but not refine:
So mixt, ſo pure, ſo united does it ſhine,
A chain of ſand, of which each link is all divine.

X.

Thy Miſtreſs ſhews, that Cupid is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muſe do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.
Such ſongs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtſhip to ſome ſiſter-mind above
(For angels need not ſcorn ſuch ſoft deſires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the ſame fires).
So when they clothe themſelves in fleſh,
And their light in ſome human ſhapes do dreſs
(For which they fetch'd ſtuff from the neighbouring air):
So when they ſtoop, to like ſome mortal fair,
Such words, ſuch odes as thine they uſe,
With ſuch ſoft ſtrains, love into her heart infuſe.
Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;
Clean, and from corruption free,
Such as affections in eternity ſhall be;
Which ſhall remain unſpotted there,
Only to ſhew what once they were:
Thy Cupid's ſhafts all golden are;
Thy Venus has the ſalt, but not the froth o' th' ſea.

XI.

Thy high Pindarics ſoar
So high, where never any wing till now could get;
And yet thy wit
Doth ſeem ſo great, as thoſe that do fly lower.
Thou ſtand'ſt on Pindar's back;
And therefore thou a higher flight doſt take:
Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
Thou haſt brought him from the duſt,
And made him live again.
Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it juſt
To be led by thee to the Engliſh ſhore;
An honour to him: Alexander did no more,
Nor ſcarce ſo much, when he did ſave his houſe before,
When his word did aſſuage
A warlike army's violent rage:
Thou haſt given to his name,
Than that great conqueror ſav'd him from, a brighter flame.
He only left ſome walls where Pindar's name might ſtay,
Which with time and age decay:
But thou haſt made him once again to live;
Thou didſt to him new life and breathing give.
And as in the laſt reſurrection,
Thou haſt made him riſe more glorious, and put on
More majeſty; a greater ſoul is given to him, by you,
Than ever he in happy Thebes or Greece could ſhew.

XII.

Thy David too—
But hold thy headlong pace, my Muſe;
None but the prieſt himſelf doth uſe
Into the holieſt place to go.
Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to ſweat;
'Tis but an infant yet,
And juſt now left the teat,
By Cowley's matchleſs pattern nurſt:
Therefore it is not fit
That it ſhould dare to ſpeak ſo much at firſt.
No more, no more for ſhame.
Let not thy verſe be, as his worth is, infinite:
It is enough that thou haſt learn'd, and ſpoke thy father's name.
He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praiſe you,
Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.

EPIGRAM

ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.

BESTRIDE an ant a Pigmy great and tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;
Under th' unruly beaſt's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
"Behold, baſe, envious world, now, now laugh on,
"For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaëton!"

THE

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOST SACRED MAJESTY KING CHARLES II.

FAREWEL, great Charles, monarch of bleſt renown,
The beſt good man that ever fill'd a throne;
Whom Nature as her higheſt pattern wrought,
And mix'd both ſexes virtues in one draught;
Wiſdom for councils, bravery in war,
With all the mild good-nature of the fair.
The woman's ſweetneſs, temper'd manly wit,
And loving pow'r, did crown'd with meekneſs ſit;
His awful perſon reverence engag'd,
With mild addreſs and tenderneſs aſſwag'd:
Thus the almighty gracious King above,
Does both command our fear, and win our love.
With wonders born, by miracles preſerv'd,
A heavenly Hoſt the infant's cradle ſerv'd:
And men his healing empire's omen read,
When ſun with ſtars, and day with night agreed.
His youth for valorous patience was renown'd;
Like David, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our nation's glory and its ſhame:
They bleſt the iſle where ſuch great ſpirits dwell,
Abhorr'd the men that could ſuch worth expel.
To ſpare our lives, he meekly did deſeat
Thoſe Sauls, whom wand'ring aſſes made ſo great;
Waiting till heav'n's election ſhould be ſhown,
And the Almighty ſhould his unction own.
And own he did—his powerful arm diſplay'd;
And Iſrael, the belov'd of God, obey'd;
Call'd by his people's tears, he came, he eas'd,
The groaning nation, the black ſtorms appeas'd,
Did greater bleſſings, than he took, afford;
England itſelf was more, than he, reſtor'd.
Unhappy Albion, by ſtrange ills oppreſs'd,
In various fevers toſſ, could find no reſt;
Quite ſpent and weary'd, to his arms ſhe fled,
And reſted on his ſhoulders her fair bending head.
In conqueſts mild, he came from exile kind;
No climes, no provocations, chang'd his mind;
No malice ſhew'd, no hate, revenge, or pride,
But rul'd as meekly, as his father dy'd;
Eas'd us from endleſs wars, made diſcords ceaſe,
Reſtor'd to quiet, and maintain'd in peace.
A mighty ſeries of new time began,
And rolling years in joyful circles ran.
Then wealth the city, buſineſs fill'd the port,
To mirth our tumults turn'd, our wars to ſport:
Then learning flouriſh'd, blooming arts did ſpring,
And the glad Muſes prun'd their drooping wing:
Then did our flying towers improvement know,
Who now command as far as winds can blow;
With canvaſs wings round all the globe they fly,
And, built by Charles's art, all ſtorms defy:
To every coaſt with ready ſails are hurl'd,
Fill us with wealth, and with our fame the world;
From whoſe diſtractions ſeas do us divide;
Their riches here in floating caſtles ride.
We reap the ſwarthy Indian's ſweat and toil;
Their fruit, without the miſchiefs of their ſoil.
Here in cool ſhades their gold and pearls receive,
Free from the heat which does their luſtre give.
In Perſian ſilks, eat Eaſtern ſpice; ſecure
From burning fluxes, and their calenture:
Under our vines, upon the peaceful ſhore,
We ſee all Europe toſt, hear tempeſts roar:
Rapine, ſword, wars, and famine, rage abroad,
While Charles their hoſt, like Jove from high, aw'd;
Us from our foes, and from ourſelves did ſhield,
Our towns from tumults, and from arms the field;
For when bold Faction goodneſs could diſmay,
Unwillingly he us'd a ſtraiter rein:

the ſtill gentle voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
t could with thunder harden'd rebels break.
t though they wak'd the laws, his tender mind
as undiſturb'd, in wrath ſeverely kind;
mpting his power, and urging to aſſume;
ius Jove in love did Semele conſume.
, the ſtout oak, when round his trunk the vine
es in ſoft wreaths and amorous foldings twine,
ſy and ſlight appears; the winds from far
mmon their noiſy forces to the war:
it though ſo gentle ſeems his outward form,
is hidden ſtrength out-braves the loudeſt ſtorm:
rmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the field,
ewing ſtout minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.
when the good man made the crowd preſume,
e ſhew'd himſelf, and did the king aſſume:
ir goodneſs in exceſs may be a fin,
ſtice muſt tame, whom mercy cannot win.
hus winter fixes the unſtable ſea,
nd teaches reſtleſs water conſtancy,
hich under the warm influence of bright days,
he fickle motion of each blaſt obeys.
o bridle factions, ſtop rebellion's courſe,
y eaſy methods, vanquiſh without force;
elieve the good, bold ſtubborn foes ſubdue,
lildneſs in wrath, meekneſs in anger ſhew,
'ere arts great Charles's prudence only knew.
o fright the bad, thus awful thunder rolls,
hile the bright bow ſecures the faithful ſouls.
Such is thy glory, Charles, thy laſting name,
righter than our proud neighbour's guilty fame;
ſore noble than the ſpoils that battles yield,
r all the empty triumphs of the field.
'is leſs to conquer, than to make war ceaſe,
nd without fighting, awe the world to peace:
or proudeſt triumphs from contempt ariſe;
he vanquiſh'd firſt the conqueror's arms deſpiſe:
'on enſigns are the gaudy marks of ſcorn,
hey brave the victor firſt, and then adorn.
ut peaceful monarchs reign like gods: while none
iſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence their throne.
igers and bears, with all the ſavage hoſt,
lay boldneſs, ſtrength, and daring conqueſt boaſt;
ut the ſweet paſſions of a generous mind
re the prerogative of human-kind;
he god-like image, on our clay impreſt,
he darling attribute which heaven loves beſt:
Charles ſo good a man and king, we ſee
double image of the deity.
h! had he more reſembled it! Oh, why
'as he not ſtill more like, and could not die?
ow do our thoughts alone enjoy his name,
nd faint ideas of our bleſſing frame!
Thames, the Ocean's darling, England's pride,
he pleaſing emblem of his reign does glide:
hames the ſupport and glory of our iſle,
icher than Tagus, or Ægyptian Nile:
hough no rich ſand in him, no pearls are found,
et fields rejoice, his meadows laugh around;
eſs wealth his boſom holds, leſs guilty ſtores,
or he exhauſts himſelf, t' enrich the ſhores.
Mild and ſerene the peaceful current flows,
lo angry foam, no raging ſurges knows;
No dreadful wrecks upon his banks appear,
His cryſtal ſtream unſtain'd by widows tear,
His channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary inundations ſweep
The ploughman's hopes, and life into the deep;
His even waters the old limits keep.
But oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling waves decay,
For ever, lovely ſtream, for ever ſtay!
To the black ſea his ſilent courſe does bend,
Where the beſt ſtreams, the longeſt rivers, end.
His ſpotleſs waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee, how clear, how bounteous, ſweet, he was.
No difference now, though late ſo much, is ſeen,
'Twixt him, fierce Rhine, and the impetuous Seine.
But, lo! the joyful tide our hopes reſtores,
And dancing waves extend the wid'ning ſhores.
James is our Charles in all things but in name:
Thus Thames is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

ODE

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

I.

WHILST black deſigns (that direful work of Fate)
Diſtract the labouring ſtate;
Whilſt (like the ſea) around loud diſcords roar,
Breaking their fury on the frighted ſhore;
And England does like brave Vienna ſtand,
Beſieg'd by Infidels on either hand;
What means this peaceful train, this pompous ſight?
What means this royal beauteous pair?
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair,
That does at once aſtoniſh and delight;
Great Charles, and his illuſtrious brother here,
No bold aſſaſſinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts and Beauty here can wound.

II.

How grateful does this ſcene appear
To us, who might too juſtly fear
We never ſhould have ſeen again
Aught bright, but armour on the plain!
Ne'er in their chearful garb t' have ſeen the fair,
While all, with melting eyes and wild diſhevel'd hair,
Had mourn'd their brothers, ſons, and huſbands ſlain.
Theſe duſky ſhadows make this ſcene more bright;
The horror adds to the delight.
This glorious pomp our ſpirits chears; from hence
We lucky omens take, new happineſs commence.

III.

Thus when the gathering clouds a storm prepare,
And their black force associate in the air;
(Endeavouring to eclipse the bounteous light,
Who, with kind warmth, and powerful rays,
Them to that envy'd height
From their mean native earth did raise)
A thoughtful sadness sits on all,
Expecting where the full-charg'd clouds will fall:
But if the heavenly bow
Deck'd like a gaudy bride appears,
And all her various robes displays,
Painted by th' conquering sun's triumphant rays,
It mortals drooping spirits chears;
Fresh joy, new light, each visage wears:
Again the seaman trusts the main,
The jocund swains their coverts leave again;
Again, in pleasant warbling notes,
The chearful poets of the wood extend their tuneful throats.

IV.

Then, then, my Muse, raise with the lyre thy voice,
And with thy lays make fields and woods rejoice:
For, lo! the heavenly pledge appears,
And in bright characters the promise bears:
The factious deluge shall prevail no more;
In vain they foam, in vain they rage,
Buffet in vain the unmov'd shore,
Her charms, and Charles's power, their fury shall asswage.
See! see! how decently the bashful bride
Does bear her conquest; with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire shake;
Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
The frighted Roman Eagles fled.

V.

Whatever then was his desire,
His cannons did command in fire:
Now he himself for pity prays,
His love in timorous sighs he breathes,
While all his spoils, and glorious wreaths
Of laurel, at her feet the vanquish'd warrior lays.
Great prince! by that submission you 'll gain more
Than e'er your haughty courage won before;
Here on your knees a greater trophy gain,
Than that you brought from Lunsden's famous plain;
Where, when your brother, fired with success,
Too daringly upon the foe did press,
And was a captive made, then you alone
Did with your single arm support the throne:
Your gen'rous breast, with fury boiling o'er,
Like lightning through their scatter'd troops you flew,
And from th' amazed foe the royal prize in triumph bore.

VI.

You have your ancestors in this one act out-done,
Though their successful arms did this whole isle o'er-run.
They, to revenge a ravish'd lady, came,
You, to enjoy one spotless as your fame:
Before them, as they march'd, the country fled,
And back behind them threw
Their curses as they flew;
On the bleak shore, expecting you, they stand,
And with glad shouts conduct to land:
Through gaping crowds you 're forc'd to [illegible] your way,
While virgins sigh, the young men shout, [illegible] ones pray.
And with this beauteous lady you may [illegible]
(This lady, that alone
Of greater value is than any throne)
Without that rapine, guilt, and hate,
By a calm and even fate,
That empire, which they did so short a [illegible] maintain.

ODE

ON THE SAME OCCASION*.

I.

HINC, hinc, Camœnæ, cedite inutiles,
Nam cor potenti numine gaudium
Afflavit, exultansque pectus
Corripuit meliore flammâ.
Talesque cantus fundere gestio,
Ismene, quales auribus hauseras
Utrisque, quandò Dithyrambis
Pindarus incaluit solutis.
Dum nescit æquo flumine gaudium
Prolabi, et arctis limitibus, vagè
Nunc huc redundans, nunc retrorsum,
Vorticibus furit inquietis.
Adsis, triumphos dum canimus tuos,
Adsis, Cupido, illabere pectori:
Dum personamus te, decoris
Carminibus, bona Cypris, adsis.
Cypron beatam sperne volatilis,
Huc, huc Amorum septa cohortibus,
Molire gressus, ad Britannos
Cæruleos age, Diva, currus.
Fallor? an ex lævâ Convexi parte [illegible]
Diva vocata venit?
Ecce! citis magnum (pendens in verbera [illegible])
Tranat inane rotis.
Fronde comas, auroque premit pulcherrima [illegible]
Qualis adire solet.
Gaudia, Blanditias, hilari vultuque [illegible]
Spargit ubique Jocos.
Lascivus pictas jactantior explicat alas
Idaliusque puer.
Adventu dispersa Deæ sunt nubila, venti
Nec fremuêre minis.

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* From the "Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis [illegible] tabrigiæ, 1683."—See the preceding [illegible] Mr. Montagu, in English, on the [illegible] This Latin Ode (or rather [illegible] better than his English piece. [illegible]

Dum Nymphas una ante alias formoſior omnes,
Dignaque cura Deæ,
Hic pæana canit, cœlum et modulamine complet
Vox ſociata lyræ:

"Egregiam laudem, Venus, et ſpolia ampla refertis
Tuque, Puerque tuus; ſi Virgo Britannica victa
Agnoſcat numen (mentem jam ſaucia) veſtrum.
Si votis, ſi ſæva ullis inſueta moveri,
Aut precibus præbere ſuas tractabilis aures,
Illum jam ſentit, quem non miſerata furorem eſt.
Fervidus et Daniæ Princeps, cui prælia curæ,
Deteſtata Tibi) pictis et ſplendor in armis,
Qui nec militiam veſtram, nec caſtra, Cupido,
Novit, ſed flammas et inania ſpicula riſit,
Dum trepidos Suecos ardens agit æquore campi,
Jam Venerem accipiens invicto pectore totam,
Extendit palmas ad numina læſa rebelles.

Jam non bella placent, et lituo lyram
Præfert, atque caput Itali caſſide ferreâ
Urgeri ſolitum, divitis Itali
Unguentum redolens, ſuæ

Reclinat gremio Conjugis; immemor
Somni, dumque vagis luminibus Deam
Perluſtrat, roſeis oſcula quæ labris
Libavit ſitiens bibit,

Deponitque gravi militiâ latus
Deſeſſum in thalamo lætus amabili:
Hâc mercede juvant vulnera, ſic caput
Objeciſſe periculis.

Plaudit, Dione, lætâ Britannia,
Olim cruentum nec meminit mare,
Fuſosve Cives indecorè, aut
Regna Dano populata ſorti;

Hæc dum renidens vindicat omnia
Pulchris ocellis Anna, Georgium
Ducenſque captivum catenis,
Per thalamum graditur triumphans.

Tuiſque ſurgit laudibus Haſſnia,
Volvendo retrò ſecula præcinens.
Cum Cimber Anglo junctus omni
Det trepido ſua jura Mundo.

Iõ Dione! Suecia jam canit,
Pulſos colonos dum neque fulgidis
Deterret armis, nec tremendo
Georgius indomitus tumultu.

Vos, Par beatum, ter, ter et ampliùs,
Vos obligatam ferte Deæ dapem,
Semperque amantes Hanc benignam
Perpetuo celebrate plauſu!"

CAROLUS MONTAGU,
Generoſus, et A. M. Trin. Coll.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

OCCASIONED BY

A POSTSCRIPT OF PENN'S LETTER.

NOT all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleaſure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of ſtate,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even paſſions, and with ſettled face,
He would remove the harlot's falſe embrace.
Though all the ſtorms and tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That church-magicians in their cells adviſe,
And from their ſettled baſis nations teaſ,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.
For this, brave Shrewſbury and Lumley's name
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the liſt of fame;
Who firſt with ſteady minds the current broke,
And to the ſuppliant monarch boldly ſpoke;
"Great Sir, renown'd for conſtancy, how juſt
"Have we obey'd the crown, and ſerv'd our truſt,
"Eſpous'd your cauſe and intereſt in diſtreſs,
"Yourſelf muſt witneſs, and our foes confeſs!
"Permit us then ill fortune to accuſe,
"That you at laſt unhappy councils uſe,
"And aſk the only thing we muſt refuſe.
"Our lives and fortunes freely we 'll expoſe,
"Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe;
"Honour, that ſpark of the celeſtial fire,
"That above nature makes mankind aſpire;
"Ennobles the rude paſſions of our frame
"With thirſt of glory and deſire of fame;
"The richeſt treaſure of a generous breaſt,
"That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt.
"Wit, ſtrength, and courage, are wild dangerous
"force,
"Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their courſe;
"And would you rob us of the nobleſt part?
"Accept a ſacrifice without a heart?
"'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a throne,
"To take the caſket when the jewel's gone;
"Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
"And teach the nobles to be falſe and baſe;
"What confidence can you in them repoſe,
"Who, ere they ſerve you, all their value loſe?
"Who once enſlave their conſcience to their luſt,
"Have loſt their reins, and can no more be juſt.
"Of honour, men at firſt like women nice,
"Raiſe maiden ſcruples at unpractis'd vice;
"Their modeſt nature curbs the ſtruggling flame,
"And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with ſhame:
"But once this fence thrown down, when they
"perceive
"That they may taſte forbidden fruit and live;
"They ſtop not here their courſe, but ſafely in,
"Grow ſtrong, luxuriant, and bold in ſin;
"True to no principles, preſs forward ſtill,
"And only bound by appetite their will:
"Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
"But ſhift with every veering blaſt their ſails.
"Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your power,
"They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
"And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.
"On higher ſprings true men of honour move,
"Free is their ſervice, and unbought their love:

" When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
" With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
" When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
" And shook with gathering multitudes the throne,
" Where were the minions then? What arm, what
" force,
" Could they oppose to stop the torrent's course?
" Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly stood,
" Free of their lives, and lavish of their blood;
" But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
" With the same constancy they all resign."
Thus spake the youth, who open'd first the way,
And was the Phosph'ras to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid host,
Than any age, or any realm can boast:
So great their fame, so numerous their train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame:
Rise, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The storm is past, th' impending tempest fled;
Had Fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
It had not given such sons so brave a race;
When for destruction heaven a realm designs,
The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
These men would prop a sinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their mastery we grant.
But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
With virtue which no dangers can control;
Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
That horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend;
These are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the same in misery and success;
To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
Such are our souls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry priests the scale?
All merit 's light when they dispose the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the state,
Defame those heroes who their yoke refuse,
And blast that honesty they cannot use;
The strength and safety of the crown destroy,
And the king's power against himself employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of these, he must become their slave.
Men, like our money, come the most in play,
For being base, and of a coarse allay.
The richest medals, and the purest gold,
Of native value, and exactest mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private closets shine,
For vulgar use too precious and too fine;
Whilst tin and copper with new stamping bright,
Coin of base metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the business of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn;
So shining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whose guilty actions fly the searching light:
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whose rash misjudging sense
Increases the weak measures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those dangers which the others shun:
Who, slow to act, each business duly weigh,
Advise with freedom, and with care obey;
With wisdom fatal to their interest, strive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where priests and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looser rein.

AN EPISTLE TO CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S VICTORY IN IRELAND, 1690.

WHAT! shall the king the nation's genius raise,
And make us rival our great Edward's days;
Yet not one Muse, worthy a conqueror's name,
Attend his triumphs, and record his fame?
Oh, Dorset! you alone this fault can mend,
The Muses' darling, confident, and friend;
The poets are your charge, and, if unfit,
You should be fin'd to furnish abler wit:
Oblig'd to quit your ease, and draw again,
To paint the greatest hero, the best pen.
A hero, who thus early doth out-shine
The ancient honours of his glorious line;
And, soaring more sublimely to renown,
The memory of their pious triumphs drown;
Whose actions are deliver'd o'er to fame,
As types and figures of his greater name.
When Fate some mighty genius has design'd
For the relief and wonder of mankind,
Nature takes time to answer the intent,
And climbs, by slow degrees, the steep ascent:
She toils and labours with the growing weight,
And watches carefully the steps of fate;
Till all the seeds of providence unite,
To set the hero in a happy light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious hour,
Exerts her force, and calls forth all her power.
In Nassau's race she made this long essay;
Heroes and patriots prepar'd the way,
And promis'd, in their dawn, this brighter day.
A public spirit distinguished all the line,
Successive virtues in each branch did shine,
Till this last glory rose, and crown'd the great design.
Blest be his name! and peaceful lie his grave,
Who durst his native soil, lust Holland, leave!
But William's genius takes a wider scope,
And gives the injur'd, in all kingdoms, hope;
Born to subdue insulting tyrants' rage,
The ornament and terror of the age;

he refuge where afflicted nations find
elief from thoſe oppreſſors of mankind,
hom laws reſtrain not, and no oaths can bind.
im, their deliverer Europe does confeſs,
ll tongues extol, and all religions bleſs;
he Po, the Danube, Bœtis, and the Rhine,
ited in his praiſe, their wonder join;
hile, in the public cauſe, he takes the field,
nd ſhelter'd nations fight behind his ſhield.
is foes themſelves dare not applauſe refuſe:
nd ſhall ſuch actions want a faithful Muſe?
oets have this to boaſt: without their aid,
he freſheſt laurels nipp'd by malice, fade,
nd virtue to oblivion is betray'd:
he proudeſt honours have a narrow date,
nleſs they vindicate their names from fate.
But who is equal to ſuſtain the part?
ryden has numbers, but he wants a heart;
ojoin'd a penance, which is too ſevere
or playing once the fool, to perſevere.
thers, who knew the trade, have laid it down;
nd, looking round, I find you ſtand alone.
How, Sir, can you, or any Engliſh Muſe,
ur country's fame, our monarch's arms, refuſe?
'Tis not my want of gratitude, but ſkill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil.
cannot ſing of conqueſts as I ought,
nd my breath fails to ſwell a lofty note.
know my compaſs, and my Muſe's ſize,
he loves to ſport and play, but dares not riſe:
dly affects, in this familiar way,
n eaſy numbers looſely to convey,
What mutual friendſhip would at diſtance ſay.
Poets aſſume another tone and voice,
When victory's their theme, and arms their choice.
To follow heroes in the chace of fame,
Aſks force and heat, and fancy wing'd with flame.
What words can paint the royal warrior's face?
What colours can the figure boldly raiſe,
When, cover'd o'er with comely duſt and ſmoke,
He pierc'd the foe, and thickeſt ſquadrons broke?
His bleeding arm, ſtill painful with the ſore,
Which, in his people's cauſe, the pious father bore:
Whom, cleaving through the troops a glorious way,
Not the united force of France and hell could ſtay.
Oh, Dorſet! I am rais'd! I 'm all on fire!
And, if my ſtrength could anſwer my deſire,
n ſpeaking paint this figure ſhould be ſeen,
Like Jove his grandeur, and like Mars his mien;
And gods deſcending ſhould adorn the ſcene.
See, ſee! upon the banks of Boyne he ſtands,
By his own view adjuſting his commands:
Calm and ſerene the armed coaſt ſurveys,
And, in cool thoughts, the different chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with fame and eager of renown,
Reſolves to end the war and fix the throne.
From wing to wing the ſquadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their ranks to meet their king's command;
The drums and trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly noiſe
Of neighing ſteeds, and cannons louder voice,
Suſpended in attention, baniſh far
All hoſtile ſounds, and huſh the din of war:
The ſilent troops ſtretch forth an eager look,
Liſtening with joy, while thus their general ſpoke:
" Come, fellow-ſoldiers, follow me once more,
" And fix the fate of Europe on that ſhore;
" Your courage only waits from me the word,
" But England's happineſs commands my ſword:
" In her defence I every part will bear,
" The ſoldier's danger, and the prince's care,
" And envy any arm an equal ſhare.
" Set all that 's dear to men before your ſight;
" For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
" To ſave your wives from rape, your towns from
" flame,
" Redeem your country ſold, and vindicate her
" name:
" At whoſe requeſt and timely call I roſe,
" To tempt my fate, and all my hopes expoſe;
" Struggled with adverſe ſtorms and winter ſeas,
" That in my labours you might find your eaſe.
" Let other monarchs dictate from afar,
" And write the empty triumphs of the war;
" In lazy palaces ſupinely ruſt;
" My ſword ſhall juſtify my people's truſt,
" For which—But I your victory delay;
" Come on; I and my Genius lead the way."
He ſaid, new life and joy ran through the hoſt
And ſenſe of danger in their wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the flood,
In vain the waves, the banks, the men, withſtood:
The king leads on, the king does all inflame,
The king—and carries millions in the name.
As when the ſwelling ocean burſts his bounds,
And foaming overwhelms the neighbouring grounds,
The roaring deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps cities in its courſe, and bears whole foreſts down;
So on the foe the firm battalions preſt,
And he, like the tenth wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot through every place,
Urging their flight, and hurrying on the chace;
He hung upon their rear, or lighten'd in their face.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! allay that generous flame,
Enough is given to England, and to fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the centre ſtand,
Europe's divided intereſts you command,
All their deſigns uniting in your hand:
Down from your throne deſcends the golden chain,
Which does the fabric of our world ſuſtain;
That once diſſolv'd by any fatal ſtroke,
The ſcheme of all our happineſs is broke.
Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! fleets may repair again,
And routed armies rally on the plain:
But ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo great a man!
Hear, how the waves of French ambition roar,
Diſdaining bounds, and breaking on the ſhore,
Which you, ordain'd to curb their wild deſtructive power,
That ſtrength remov'd; again, again, they flow,
Lay Europe waſte, nor law, nor limits know.

Stop! stop! brave Prince!—what, does your Muse, Sir, faint?
Proceed, pursue his conquests—faith, I can't:
My spirits sink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and fury carry'd me thus far
Transported and amaz'd———
That rage once spent, I can no more sustain
Your flights, your energies, and tragic strain,
But fall back to my natural pace again;
In humble verse provoking you to rhyme;
I wish there were more Dorsets at this time.
Oh! if in France this hero had been born,
What glittering tinsel would his acts adorn!
There 'tis immortal fame, and high renown,
To steal a country, and to buy a town;
There triumphs are o'er kings and kingdoms sold,
And captive virtue led in chains of gold.
If courage could, like courts, be kept in pay,
What sums would Lewis give, that France might say
What victory follow'd where he led the way?
He all his conquests would for this refund,
And take th' equivalent, a glorious wound.
Then, what advice, to spread his real fame,
Would pass between Versailles and Nôtredame?
Their plays, their songs, would dwell upon his wound,
And operas repeat no other sound;
Boyne would, for ages, be the painter's theme,
The Gobelins labour, and the poets dream:
The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms:
And bleed for ever scarlet in the looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful pen:
And can your Muse be silent? Think again.
Spare your advice; and since you have begun,
Finish your own design; the work is done.
Done! nothing 's done! nor the dead colours laid,
And the most glorious scenes stand undisplay'd;
A thousand generous actions close the rear;
A thousand virtues, still behind, stand crowding to appear.
The Queen herself, the charming Queen should grace
The noble piece, and in an artful place
Soften war's horror with her lovely face.
Who can omit the Queen's auspicious smile,
The pride of the fair sex, the goddess of our isle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her fears for him her prudence for the state?
Disguising cares, she smooth'd her looks with grace,
Doubts in her heart, and pleasure in her face.
As danger did approach, her spirits rose,
And, putting on the king, dismay'd his foes.
Now, all in joy, she gilds the chearful court;
In every glance descending angels sport.
As on the hills of Cynthus, or the meads
Of cool Eurotas, when Diana leads
The chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A thousand shining maids, and form the dance;
The stately Goddess with a graceful pride,
Sweet and majestic, does the figure guide,
Treading in just and easy measures round;
The silver arrows on her shoulder sound;
She walks above them all. Such is the scene
Of the bright circle, and the brighter Queen.
These subjects do, my Lord, your skill command,
These none may touch with an unhallow'd hand:
Tender the strokes must be, and nicely writ,
Disguis'd encomiums must be hid in wit,
Which modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit,
Who made no other steps to such a throne,
But to deserve, and to receive, the crown.

WRITTEN AT ALTHROP,

IN A BLANK LEAF OF WALLER'S POEMS,

UPON SEEING

VANDYKE'S PICTURE OF THE OLD LADY SUNDERLAND.

VANDYKE had colours, softness, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sacharissa was his fond desire.
Why then at Althrop seem her charms to faint,
In these sweet numbers and that glowing paint?
This happy seat a fairer mistress warms;
This shining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brightest Sacharissa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could soar;
But she ne'er made a finish'd piece before.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

Duchess of ST. ALBANS.

THE line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Albans charms:
Her conquering eyes have made their race complear;
They rose in Valour, and in Beauty set.

Duchess of BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace:
You with double charms surprize,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parents wit, and her first blooming face;

Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty reſtrain.

Ducheſs of RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boaſt,
Theirs was the firſt, and ours the brighteſt toaſt;
Th' adorers offerings prove who 's moſt divine,
They ſacrific'd in water, we in wine.

Lady SUNDERLAND.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reaſon clear:
Yet ſtill their force, to men not ſafely known,
Seems undiſcover'd to herſelf alone.

Mademoiſelle SPANHEIME.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The ſtubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toaſts enrol your name.

ON THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF ****.

COURAGE, dear Moll, and drive away deſpair.
Mopſa, who in her youth was ſcarce thought fair,
In ſpite of age, experience, and decays,
Sets up for Charming, in her fading days;
Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,
Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
This goodly gooſe, all feather'd like a jay,
So gravely vain, and ſo demurely gay,
Laſt night, t' adorn the court, did overload
Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:
Her ſteps were manag'd with ſuch tender art,
As if each board had been a lover's heart.
In all her air, in every glance, was ſeen
A mixture ſtrange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
Admiring fops about her crowding preſs;
Hambden himſelf delivers their addreſs,
Which ſhe, accepting with a nice diſdain,
Owns them her ſubjects, and begins to reign;
Fair Queen of Fopland is her royal ſtyle;
Fopland! the greateſt part of this great iſle!
Nature did ne'er ſo equally divide
A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay
Prayer-books, patch-boxes, ſermon notes, and paint;
At once t' improve the ſinner and the ſaint.
Farewel, friend Moll: expect no more from me;
But if you would a full deſcription ſee,
You 'll find her ſomewhere in the Litany,
With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocriſy.

VERSES BY LORD HALIFAX.

FROM DR. Z. GREY'S MSS.

ALL the materials are the ſame
Of beauty and deſire,
In a fair woman's goodly frame
No brightneſs is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
Then tell me what thoſe creatures are,
That would be thought both chaſte and fair?

Go aſk but thy philoſophy
What gives her lips the balm,
What makes her breaſts to heave ſo high
What ſpirit gives motion to her eye,
Or moiſture to her palm?
Then tell me, &c.

Ah Celia, then, be not ſo nice,
For that betrays thy thoughts and thee
There 's not a feature or a grace
Bedecks thy body or thy face,
But pimps within for me.
Then tell me, &c.

ON

ORPHEUS,

AND

SIGNORA FRANCISCA MARGARITA.

HAIL, tuneful pair! ſay, by what wondrous charms,
One 'ſcap'd from hell, and one from Greber's arms?
When the ſoft Thracian touch'd the trembling ſtrings,
The winds were huſh'd, and curl'd their airy wings:
And when the tawny Tuſcan rais'd her ſtrain,
Rook furls his ſails, and dozes on the main.
Treaties unfiniſh'd in the office ſleep,
And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.
Thus equal charms and equal conqueſts claim;
To him high woods and bending timber came,
To her ſhrub Hedges, and tall Nottingham.

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